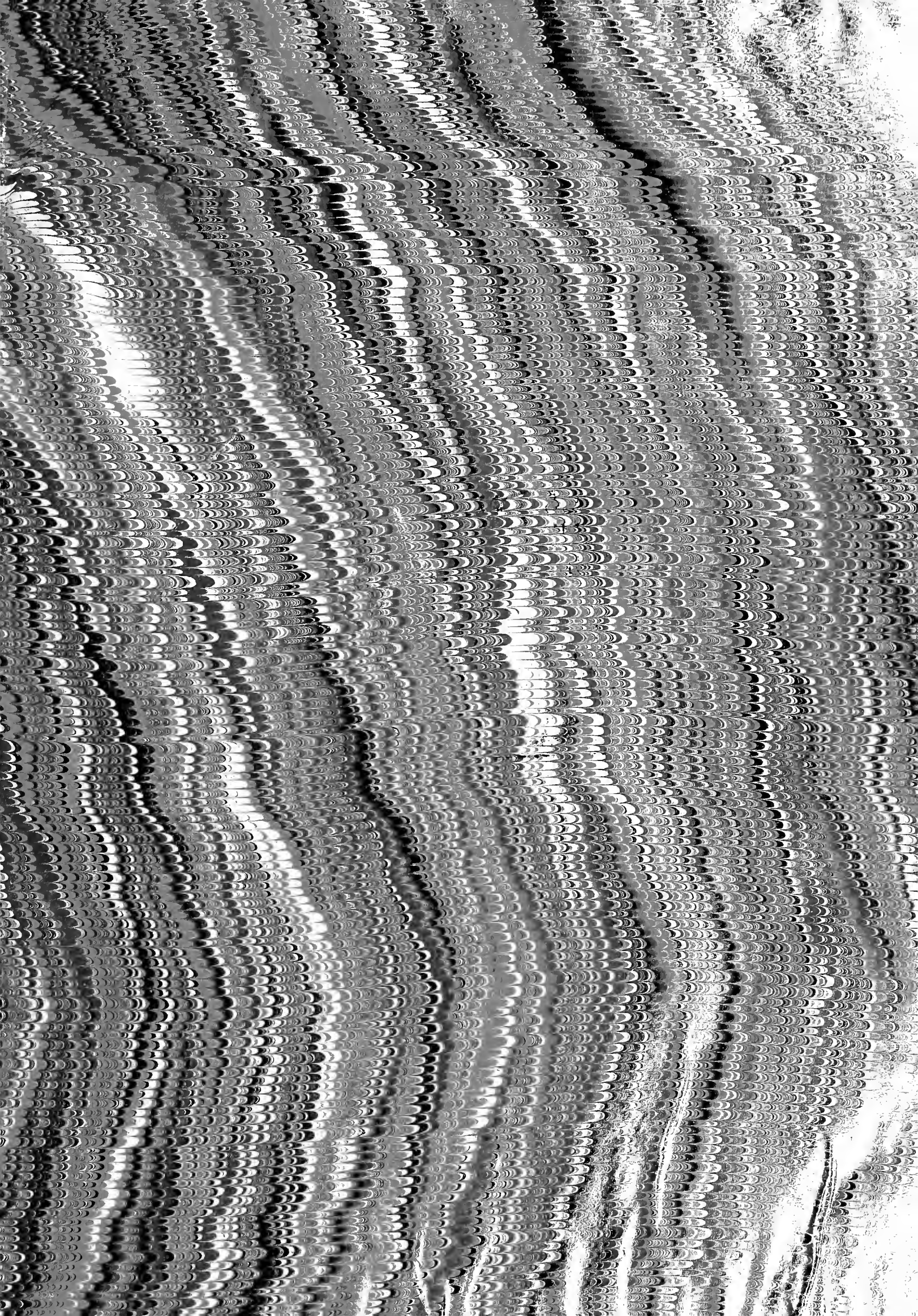


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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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A Prima Donna's Triumph in "Fidelio."

(From an unpublished story in the "Brown Papers.")

Descriptions of the ovations paid to the prim donne of the Opera, are too familiar to the readers of Operatic annals, to require me to fill up my pages with any particular account of Julia's success in Vienna. Whatever had clouded her mind, it was now completely banished. The story of Sontag, of Malibran, or Jenny Lind, would but be repeated. She lived during this period for Art, and gave herself up to the delights of success. The critics at length could find no new superlatives, by which to describe the grandeur of her tragedy, the depth of her pathos, the archness of her comedy, her marvellous execution, the purity, compass, power and delicacy of her voice, and the beauty of her person. When she sang Donna Anna, they reprinted Hoffmann's fantasy-piece, as the best description of her in the part, congratulating the public that its tragical close was not true of the new songstress. Never was there such a "Daughter of the Regiment;" Rossini's sensuous, golden-hued music had never before had an interpreter, and this they held to be her native language, until the severe simplicity of Gluck showed her to belong to a higher sphere. The critics knew not the unspeakable woe, which had opened all her fountains of feeling, until not a chord in the human heart could vibrate without finding an echo in her own. Hence her power of identifying herself with every character she sustained. They knew not that the intense brightness of her comedy arose from the shadows, so dark and deep, which so long had laid upon her soul. The reckless gaiety of the scherzo, which so often succeeds the darkest and gloomiest of Beethoven's adagios, gives a true picture of that phase of our mental constitution, by which in our heaviest afflictions

come moments of extravagant mirth. Every deeply sensitive nature, which has passed through the fire, will understand what I would say, will see how much Julia's greatness as an artist was due to her trials as a woman. One man may have lived, who can read the heart, and whose power was not based upon his own experience; but if so, we may well call William Shakespeare superhuman. Hence it was that while in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," or Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage," Julia convulsed her audience with laughter, she held the strings of every heart in her terrible pictures of the outraged womanhood and lacerated heart of Donna Anna, or of the awful grief of Clytemnestra.

The six weeks of her engagement were at an end. She was to appear once more for her own benefit, and for this evening she chose the part of Fidelio. She had hitherto refrained from singing in this opera, that it might be her crowning effort. In few operas is the heroine so from first to last the prominent character. The music may be less adapted to vocal display, but how is each and every note the language of the heart! The music, from the first note of the overture to the last note of the final chorus, is an integral whole—the singer and the auditor are alike borne along by it as upon a resistless current. The plot, though simple, is one of intense interest, and the passions represented are admirably contrasted—the hate and revenge of a bad man, with the patient endurance, heroic courage, the hopes and fears and the boundless love of a perfect wife. Whether with good reason or not, the part of Fidelio held in the mind of Julia the highest rank; and when she saw it announced for her benefit, she almost trembled at the task she had undertaken. * * *

The overture and the scene between Marcelina and Jacquino were over, and the latter at length opened the gate of the prison, and Fidelio came forward in a suit of black velvet, her face somewhat pale, and her dark eyes lighted up with an emotion visible even beyond the footlights, and exciting at the outset the sympathies of the audience. As she stood at the front of the stage with her post-bag and the chains she had purchased, the vast audience, which occupied every spot where the actors could be seen, rose as one man. The presence of royalty was forgotten, and the theatre rang with cheers.

At length silence was restored.

In the spoken dialogue with old Rocco, Julia at first could hardly sustain her part, but gaining her self-command as she proceeded, she joined in the exquisite canon: *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, her glorious mezzo soprano notes lending it a beauty and sweetness until then unknown. Her com-

plete identification with her part was felt by the other actors, and they, borne away by their sympathy with her, gave a unity of effect to the performance, which carried the force of illusion to its farthest limits. The orchestra and the audience caught the spirit. Old play-goers renewed the delights of childhood in their complete abandonment to the feeling of the reality of the history acting before them. As she, during the choros of prisoners, sought in their faces, one by one, the features of her husband, and at length in despair threw herself at the foot of a column, a thrill of compassion ran through the house. Had the audience known her real feelings, they might well have had pity for her. She was but acting the part of a devoted wife. Yet in the feelings, which the part inspired, she saw mirrored the boundless capacity for domestic love and happiness, which existed within her heart. During her engagement, she had banished all thought of the future from her mind, and enjoyed with the keenest zest her successes and triumphs. She had lived for the present, and no artist ever drank with sweeter relish of the intoxicating cup of applause. This night, for its triumph and its complete realization of her artistic hopes and aims, was to have had the loftiest place in future years, among the pleasant recollections of the past. She *did* remember it only for its agony.

For as she assumed, and identified herself with, a character, which could never, never be hers in reality, and, in the parquette, her eye caught a face, which in spite of herself *would* haunt her dreams sleeping and waking, and the thought of what must be, in contrast to what might have been, came over her, it was too much.

As she sat in her dressing-room between the acts, all the sad thoughts and feelings, which she had for weeks so successfully kept at bay, came crowding unimpeded into her mind, and gained complete control. The past was there. The future was there. The present was there. Each brought its current into the overwhelming flood of her woe.

But the overture to Leonore, which was played as an introduction to the second act, now was heard veiled and indistinct, before the curtain, and soothed and calmed her. The notes of the trumpet, which speak hope and joy and safety to Florestan and Leonora, are introduced into this overture, and are given behind the scenes; when they came they spoke to her heart of a higher joy and a nobler salvation than even those depicted in Beethoven's Opera. But still though she regained her self-command, the agony was there.

In the scene where she assists in digging the grave for the prisoner, whose face she cannot

sec—and whose identity with Florestan she cannot certainly determine, there was a terrible force of truth imparted to her acting by the struggle within her, which was actually painful to the audience. She was playing as to an audience of statues. Rocco went for Pizarro. He drew near. He examined the grave. He ordered Fidelio to retire, and then made himself known to his victim. What passed between him and the prisoner was scarcely heeded by the spectators, for all eyes were fixed upon Julia, who, concealed from Pizarro, stood aside waiting for the moment to attempt the rescue, pale as death and leaning for support upon a projection of the scenery. The savage aria, in which hate and triumph are so awfully expressed, ended, and the dagger was raised to be plunged into the breast of the victim. As Julia rushed between the two actors, the astonishment and recoil of Pizarro were not acting. To him, too, the scenes had long since lost their unreality, and as he caught and hurled her from him, it was with a violence from which her arm long felt the effects. Again Pizarro rushed upon the prisoner. She again interposed and pointed the pistol to his breast. The trumpet was heard in the distance, and Florestan was saved.

As Pizarro, with his face muffled in his cloak, left the dungeon with old Rocco, Julia followed a short distance, then dropping the pistol, she stood as if bewildered. She looked wildly round, as if asking, is this all unreal? She pressed her hands to her eyes for a moment, and then rushing into the arms of Florestan, would have fallen but for his support. The audience was too much excited for applause. The few hands which applauded were immediately hushed, and all waited in profound silence for the ritornel of the duet. It was played but there was no response from the stage. A burst of tears relieved the actress, and she gave the signal for the orchestra to repeat it. Then and there was heard Beethoven's immortal duet: *Oh namenlose Freude*, (Oh joy beyond expression). I cannot describe it. Some, who find in music the almost articulate speech of the heart, may perhaps imagine the depths of expression which the divine tones of her voice conveyed. And yet through all the torrent of "joy unspeakable," which was expressed, was felt a something which told too truly of the woe of the singer. The singers retired. The tears of the audience were wiped away, and a few hands began hesitatingly to applaud. The spell was broken. The audience rose. How many times Florestan assisted her to appear and bow her acknowledgments, while wreaths, bouquets and presents of value were showered upon the stage, I have forgotten. It was long before the machinists could prepare for the closing scene.

The opera was at last over. And Julia had left the stage forever! Her triumphs were at an end.

A Splendid Hall in Worcester, Mass.

The Worcester *Palladium* has an account of the new "Mechanics' Hall" inaugurated recently, from which we take the following description:

The building is 105 feet wide on Main street, 145 feet long and three stories high. The view on Main street is of the Corinthian order of Architecture, with a heavy projecting cornice and entablature resting upon twelve fluted columns standing in pairs or couples, each pair resting on

one pedestal. Those supporting the corners are square, while those in the centre are round. The entablature and cornices are ornamented with appropriate mouldings and brackets, the contours of which are embellished with a profusion of sculptured enrichments. The soffit of the corona is broken into panels, between the brackets, with appropriate mouldings in the sinkage. The ovolo, torus, scotia, cavetto, fillet, bead, cymarecta and cyma reversa are the elements from which the mouldings and ornaments have been designed. A great portion of the front is made with iron, while the remainder is built with brick and covered with mastic. The surface is finished with paint and sand so as to imitate the Jersey sandstone, laid in courses. The front view presents a grand and imposing effect as the eye glances over its outlines, from the side walk to the peak of the roof. The relief produced by the light and shade of the various indentations and projections, exhibits a deep but pleasing contrast to the surrounding scenery.

The first story is arranged for stores in connection with a broad entrance to the main corridor that leads to the halls above. * * * After passing through the front door you enter a vestibule which is connected with the corridor by glass doors. A passage way 12 feet wide extends the entire length of the building from Main to Waldo street. On the east end two flights of stairs ascend to the upper stories. On the west end also, two flights of stairs ascend upward, which, for solidity, beauty of design and thorough workmanship are worthy of a passing remark. The grade of these stairs is remarkably easy, being composed of 30 steps of 6 1-2 inches rise and 14 1-2 inches tread. The newel post, rail and ballusters, are of a new and novel pattern, of massive size and solid materials. The hand rail is about 4 by 8 inches, with a mahogany cap on top and ogee moulding on the sides. The ballusters are of oak, 4 1-2 inches square, top and bottom, and the middle is turned to a graceful pattern. The treads are of southern hard pine 1 1-2 inches thick. These stairs land in a transverse corridor 20 feet wide, from which you can enter all the rooms on the second story. There are eight rooms upon this floor, including a Hall, 50 by 80, with permanent circular seats, a platform, desk and two ante-rooms adjoining. This Hall is well adapted for concerts, lectures and social assemblies. Upon this floor, the Association will probably reserve two spacious rooms for its library and for holding the monthly meetings of the board of trustees, and the remainder will be rented for offices or other purposes.

From each end of the transverse passage at the head of the main street way, a flight of stairs ascends upwards to a broad stair, 6 by 10 feet, thence branching to the right and left, reaches the large Hall above at four different points, making, with other entrances, 8 places of ingress and egress to the main Hall. The hand rails, newel posts, ballusters, risers and treads of all these stairs correspond with those before described, and they certainly present one of the most attractive features about the building.

The great Hall is on the third floor and is 130 feet long and 80 feet wide, with galleries on each side and across one end, extending over three of the ante rooms. There are seven rooms upon this floor, either one or all of which may be used as drawing rooms in connection with the Hall. On the east end, an organ case of great beauty and richness has been constructed and it was confidently hoped that an organ would have been procured and placed within it, in season for the dedication, but, we are sorry to say, in this particular, with many others, we are doomed to be disappointed. The Hall itself independent of its surroundings, is a curiosity of rare excellence and of great beauty. As a work of art it is not surpassed by any thing in the country, if it has an equal. The gallery front is a very beautiful feature of the hall, with its salmon colored damask curtain stretched behind an ornate railing of little columns. The scroll brackets, underneath the galleries, of beautiful design but of mammoth dimensions and sculptured exterior, give solidity

and grace to what might have been otherwise deemed defective in point of strength as well as offensive to the eye. The ceiling is the great point of attraction to persons visiting the Hall. It derives its chief beauty from the chaste design and happy combination of colors with which it is decorated. It is thrown into panels, both square and parallelograms, with about 12 inches recess from the face of the margin which separates them. These panels are painted in fresco so as to present one of the most rich and mellow tinted shading of colors imaginable. The ornaments upon the margin of the panels, representing flowers of various tints, give a bold relief to the whole picture. The numerous fret work pendants, through which the gas fixtures are suspended, are got up with such taste that they are considered ornaments rather than blemishes. At the angle of the ceiling with the walls there is a beautiful dentil cornice and frieze with sculptured mouldings and brackets, the whole entablature resting upon graceful arches which are supported by pilasters extending down to the gallery floor. Over the stage, in front of the organ case, are several mechanical fixtures or diagrams, painted in fresco, representing the genius of mechanism in the act of demonstrating the theories and problems of philosophy which mark the age in which we live.

The whole establishment is lighted with gas, and warmed by steam generated by a furnace outside of the building.

OPENING ADDRESS

FOR THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA.

Written by the Hon. Robert T. Conrad.

SPOKEN BY MISS CAROLINE M. RICHINGS.

When Time was young, and Music's spell, 'tis said,
Moved stones and trees, and e'en recalled the dead,
Then, (when the poet's dreams were sooth,) the lyre
Once bade a city's prostrate walls aspire:
Quick throbs the granite rock—a living thing;
The ruins tremble with the trembling string;
They move, responsive to the lyre's command;
They form—they rise—a towery wall they stand!
Such power had Music's self. But, lo! a thought—
Her shadow here a mightier work hath wrought;
Spoils of the Past here bade the walls arise,
While listening Hope leaned o'er, with glad surprise;
Soon towers the done—the temple soon expands;
For thousand needs quick meet a thousand hands;
The purpose plann'd, 'tis jostled by the deed;
And wonder, wonder crowds with eager speed.
'Tis done, and nobly done! Exulting Art
Smiles o'er the pile so perfect in each part.
Wide and harmonious as bright music's reign,
Her newest triumph lights her noblest fane.
Long may it stand! Loud yield the tribute due
To Art, to joys reproachless—and to you!
Music! whose hymn the Stars of Morning sung,
Ere the sweet spheres by Discord's hand were wrung;
Whose rules great Kepler in the planets saw,*
And knew, in them, the Universal Law—
The law by which the stars their orbits sweep,
And 'quiring worlds their course in concert keep;
Music! whose code by bright Ægea's tide,
(So Plato tells), o'eruled all codes beside; †
For Athens trembled o'er the Lydian lute,
And Sparta battled to the soft-voiced flute;
Music! whose boundless wealth, like day can give
At large, unless 'd unto all who live
Costless, yet priceless, free as Ocean's wave,
Alike to Fortune's darling or her slave;
The peasant's joy—'t thrilled Arcadia's sky;
The poet's bliss—it lighted Milton's eye;
The courtier's grace—'twas gallant Raleigh's pride;
The lover's voice—so burning Sappho sigh'd;
The warrior's summons, when, 'mid Alpine snows,
Gaul's quick strength falter'd and her hot blood froze.
When squadrons fainting paused, or stark and stiff,
Topped to gulfy death, far down the cliff,
Sudden, Napoleon bids the war-charge sound,

* See Kepler's *Harmonices Mundi*—afterwards confirmed by Newton's discoveries.

† Plato said that Demon's music could not be changed without changing the constitution of the state itself.

And wild and high the glaciers echo round;
They start—they burn—their nerves are fire again—
They win the height—to conquer on the plain!
Music! which sins not—cannot fail or fade—
Exalter, Friend, Consoler, Soother, Aid—
Here, in her temple, we her altars rear,
And service meet—hearts—hopes—all—offer here!

Nor sole, though regnant, here our sovereign's sway!
The *Drama*, too, shall know its better day;
Bright in the splendor of immortal youth,
Rich in rare Wisdom, Poetry and Truth—
What though her mirror darkling mists distain;
Clear but its surface, it will shine again;
Shine with the wild and weird-like glory shed
By Poet-seers, the myriad-minded dead.
In such a home, where ardent service tends,
Where wealth is zealous and where worth befriends,
No more shall scenes unmeet the stage profane,
Nor Vice nor Folly steal into her train.
Afar, the tastes that with her Genius war;
The sullyng jest, the sordid taint, afar;
The *Drama* here in vestal fame shall live,
And crave no triumph virtue cannot give!
As when the morn on Memnon's marble shone,
The marble warm'd, breath'd Music's sweetest tone,
So, in your kindling smiles our dawn will break,
And music here, in grateful witchery wake;
The buskin'd muse with solemn step descend,
And their sweet spells the Arts and Graces lend.
We, of our temple proud, our triumph too,
Proud of our cause, and, patrons, proud of you,
Will call up words of Fancy, pure and bright,
With Genius, Wit, Mirth, Melody, Delight;
While white-rob'd Virtue, from her sacred throne,
Smiles o'er the Scene, and claims it as her own!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Home, Sweet Home."

"G. M. F." writes as follows to the Boston Journal:

Master Paine's School in Berry street, (now Channing street), was one of the prominent schools of Boston. Many of our public men were educated by Master Paine. His school, his teaching, and his great care of his scholars, will ever be remembered by those who were under his tuition. He was the father of John Howard Paine, who in his youth was called the young "*Roscius*" of America, and the old "Boston Theatre" was often filled with Boston folks to witness the histrionic powers of the young "Boston Boy." He was the author of some fine plays, which have contributed to the pleasure of Boston audiences.

John Howard Paine was the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the sweetest song, embracing the purest sentiments, ever penned by man. How many sweet homes are cheered by this song, and how many turn to home and its fond remembrances as they hear it when absent! I have heard it in the far West—in the sunny South, and never without feelings of deep sympathy for its author, for *he had no home*. He was for years a wanderer in foreign lands. I knew him well, and when he was first appointed Consul at Tunis, he was a constant visitor at my house. He was poor, and complained of neglect. I have often been with him when he would speak of what he had done for the amusement and pleasure of the world, and how poorly he had been paid. I well remember of an evening's walk in New York, when we heard voices singing "Home, Sweet Home." We stopped under a window, and at the conclusion he gave a hearty sigh, and remarked, "how little they know of the author who has no sweet home."

John Howard Paine died in a foreign land, and there is no monument at home to his memory. Mount Auburn does not contain a more interesting memorial, than one which should be erected to the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

I appeal to every lady who has ever sang or played this sacred song, and to every man who has listened to its melody—and to every *Bostonian* who values the credit of his native city—to unite in placing some memorial at Mount Auburn to the memory of

JOHN HOWARD PAINE,
THE AUTHOR OF
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

One evening at the house of Mr. Vroom, the American minister at Berlin, *Home, sweet Home*,

was sung, and I innocently remarked, that it was creditable to American literature that this very popular song was written by an American. The remark excited some surprise, and on the part of an Englishman present was received with no little incredulity. The fact is however so, notwithstanding. In Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," vol. ii. p. 140, *et seq.*, is a sketch of Payne, drawn from two articles by T. S. Fay, now minister to Switzerland, contributed many years since to the old N. Y. *Mirror*. The reader will find there that this song was sung by Miss M. Tree, (elder sister of Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Chas. Kemble,) and that she gained a rich husband by it, &c. &c. It was in one of those mixed plays, called operas in England, entitled "Clari," which was changed from a comedy to the operatic (English) form, at the request of Charles Kemble, who had just succeeded Henry Harris in the management of Covent Garden Theatre. My purpose now is to give some account of "Clari."

The opera is in three acts, music composed by Bishop, then a young man, and becoming very popular.

"Clari, or the Maid of Milan," was acted for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 1823, with the following cast:

Duke Vivaldi.....	Abbott.
Rolamo, a farmer, father of Clari.....	Fawcett.
Jocoso, Duke's valet, in love with Vespina.....	Pearman.
Nimpedo, a villager, about to be married to Ninetta.....	Meadows.
Nicolo, Ninetta's father.....	J. Isaacs.
Geronio, a drunken actor.....	Keeley.
Clari.....	Miss M. Tree.
Vespina, domestic in the Duke's family, in love with Jocoso.....	Miss Love.
Fidolma, Clari's mother.....	Mrs. Vining.
Ninetta.....	Miss Hallande.
In the Episode,	
Nobleman.....	Baker.
Pelgrino, a farmer.....	Chapman.
Leoda, his daughter.....	Miss Beaumont.
Pelgrino's Wife.....	Mrs. Pearce.

The story is this.—The Duke falling in love with Clari, has at length persuaded her to leave her lowly home, the "thatched cottage," and take up her abode in his house, under a solemn promise of marriage, which, though sincerely in love with her, he does not intend to keep. Clari, however, is looking forward with full confidence to the marriage, meantime preserving her innocence. Her eyes are opened to her situation and danger by the performance of a play at the chateau, the subject of which is similar to her own history. The Duke happening to be called away at the time of the performance to answer letters, he does not know the drift of the piece until it is too late to prevent its effects upon the mind of his intended victim. She is deeply affected by the mirror thus held up to her, and making her escape, returns from the splendor which "dazzles in vain" to the humble home of her father. Her mother believes in her innocence and forgives her; her father refuses forgiveness. The duke, unable to live without her, visits Rolamo, who levels a gun at him; Clari springs before the duke, and her father drops the weapon. The duke now makes honorable proposals of marriage, which are accepted, and the farmer places his daughter's hand in that of her high-born lover.

The play ran twelve nights. It was revived in the autumn of 1824, and again produced Nov. 26, 1825, when Miss Paton—the Mrs. Wood whom we all remember—took the part of Clari. It was given again in November, 1826, again in Nov. 1829, Miss Foote as Clari, and beyond this deponent saith not.

A. W. T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27.—Who can dispute the supremacy of humbug in this country, when even THALBERG finally succumbed to it? The Brown and lunch movement, mentioned in a former letter, was only the beginning of the maestro's homage to this American god, of the nineteenth century; during the past week his influence has grown more and more sure, until at last, with the aid of STRAKOSCH and the Academy, he was brought out triumphant, in all his glory. A history of the last rapid strides of this divinity will interest you. On Monday, the 16th inst., Mr. Thalberg gave a "grand Combination Festival," nominally for the benefit of the German Society. But it was so well understood that *only half the profits* were to be applied to this object, while the other half were to fill certain private pockets, that many persons would not countenance the proceeding at all, who would otherwise have contributed largely. Nevertheless, the house was crowded, and the performances, consisting of a miscellaneous concert by the orchestra, Thalberg, d'Angri, and various German singing societies, (the best of which, however, had withdrawn their services in view of the above-mentioned condition), and the first act of *Fidelio*. At the foot of the programme it was announced that on Saturday the concert would be repeated, with various alterations, and the *second act of Fidelio*! The newspaper advertisements, however, for several succeeding days, promised the *whole of the Opera*; but when Saturday came, behold the following change: The concert was transferred to the Academy, and the aid of the functionaries of that institution announced: "Mr. Thalberg—*prime donne*—German and Italian Opera, etc., etc." The programme was literally as follows: the first act of *Norma*; a miscellaneous concert by Thalberg and d'Angri; the second act of *Don Giovanni*; the second act of *Fidelio*, and (*finis coronat opus*), the last act of *Trovatore*!!! "On account of the length of the programme," the performances commenced at 7 1-2; when they were to end, no one could know. Perhaps the remark of one of our dailies, concerning Manager Stuart's speech, at the first representation of Mrs. Howe's play, might apply to them also: "If he gets through in time, the piece will be repeated to-morrow evening." In the end, *Fidelio* was left out, after all.

After all this humbug, it was a great relief to see one of EISFELD's unpretending, sober, sterling soirées announced, which could remind one that there are still some earnest, striving musicians in existence. We had a lovely Quartet, in G, by Mozart, and Beethoven's Quintet in C, for stringed instruments, in which Mr. BURKE played the first violin, with his usual sweetness. The Trio was the one in G minor, by Rubinstein, the piano part of which fell to Mr. MASON. It is the same that he played at two of his own Matinées last winter; but he has improved exceedingly since then, and played with much more spirit. The Trio itself I did not like as well as last year; there did not seem to me to be so much in it as I then thought.

The singer of the evening was a Mme. HENRIETTE SIMON, a young French lady, who has a pure, clear, but rather thin voice, with very little flexibility, and who sang her two pieces: *Va, dit-elle*, from *Robert*, and Cherubini's *Ave Maria* so apathetically, almost stonily, as to waken no sympathy at all in her hearers. The effect of the last piece was much improved by an accompaniment on the Viola, by Mr. L. SIMON, a relative of the singer.

On this same evening, Mme. EUGENIE DE ROODE, sister to the singer of the same name, gave a concert at Niblo's, assisted by her sister and the three brothers MOLLENHAUER. The first-mentioned *very* young lady, (she is hardly more than a child), is

said to play the piano exceedingly well, and to have acquitted herself admirably in a concerto of Chopin—immensely difficult—and some smaller pieces. It is said that she received a medal from the Conservatoire in Paris, for reading music. The concert, the tickets to which were mostly disposed of by the wealthy and fashionable patrons of the young sisters, is said to have been poorly attended, to a lamentable degree.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28.—A visit to the new Opera House is one of the most unmistakable duties of every stranger at present visiting the Quaker City. On every side he will hear its praise resounding, and the interest taken in it by all classes of citizens is really astonishing. They are quite convinced that there never was such another opera house in the world—that at Milan may be somewhat larger, but it is otherwise far inferior; and as to that at New York—its a pigeon-house beside their own.

This very gratifying self-satisfaction is impregnable to all attempts at argument. It is true, many of them have never seen the New York Opera House, or indeed any other; but at the same time they are perfectly convinced, that in Philadelphia *must* of necessity be the largest and best in this hemisphere, if not in the world. Why, they cannot exactly tell, excepting from the simple fact of its location—it is in Philadelphia, and must therefore surpass any of its species, located in less favorable quarters of the globe.

And it is indeed a house to be proud of. Though lacking in the gorgeous decorations that add such a splendor to our Opera House in New York, and about one-third smaller in size, it yet appears to me to be the most complete and perfect I have ever seen. I would like to give you some idea of the architectural elegance of the proscenium, the comfortable arrangements of the seats, the great conveniences of egress, the magnificent effect of the princely stair-ways, &c.; but no mere word-description and collocation of figures would give a correct notion of the reality. I felt an impotent desire to be transmuted into a Philadelphian, and thus have as my prerogative the right of erowing with delight over my new Opera House, clapping my hands with joy, and skipping about like a young lamb upon the mountains—all of which the Philadelphians seem inclined to do, whenever they think of their new lyric establishment, the "American Academy of Music."

As to the scenic attractions, they far surpass anything of the kind I have ever yet seen. The banquetting scene in *La Traviata* was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed within a theatre. The stage represents a handsome apartment, with frescoed walls and ceiling, with corridors leading off in the back ground, and illuminated by real chandeliers. Rich furniture adorns the room, and the banquetting tables are profusely decorated with flowers. Nothing is spared to make the illusion complete; and the *tout ensemble* forms a splendid contrast to the conventional banquetting scenes on the stage.

Having a splendid house, a spacious stage, all necessary scenic requirements, and an enthusiastic audience, the "American Academy of Music" of Philadelphia next requires a good opera troupe, and this they also have, under the supervision of the "indefatigable Max," as the newspaper critics invariably call MARETZKE. The company comprises names familiar to Boston opera-goers. BRIGNOLI is the tenor, AMODIO the baritone, COLETTI the basso, and ALDINI the contralto, though I understand the place of the latter has been taken by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS. The prima donna is Mme. GAZZANIGA, and the seconda Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS.

Mme. Gazzaniga, as a stranger, and the bright particular star of this company, demands the first notice. I witnessed her performance in two operas—*Norma* and *Traviata*, and as it was in the latter

she achieved her greatest triumphs, it is to her wonderful rendition of the role of Violetta that I would chiefly confine my remarks.

Mme. Gazzaniga is not handsome; her voice is not at all remarkable for either compass or tone; her execution is very mediocre, and yet withal she is a lyric vocalist, that can arouse into a wild enthusiasm the most blasé of opera habitués. In the *Traviata*, an opera generally considered as one of the weakest Verdi has ever written, she achieves triumphs, that are due more to the singer than the composer. Verdi merely gives the foundation, upon which Gazzaniga builds a glorious operatic fabric.

When she first appears upon the stage, it is as Violetta, the fashionable mistress of a brilliant establishment, in all the bloom of youth, and revelling in the delights of gay society. It is true we all know that her assumed happiness is but a mask to hide her sorrows; but for the moment, she appears to have forgotten them herself, and carols the drinking song with all the spirit of bacchanalian glee. This is the "point" of the first act, the remainder of the music being such as to tax a singer's powers of vocal execution, rather than her dramatic ability, and it is only in the latter that Gazzaniga excels. In the second act, Violetta is visited by old Germont, who implores her to forsake his son. In this fine scene, Gazzaniga sings and acts wonderfully, making more out of the comparatively insignificant music, than one would suppose possible. It is truly thrilling, the intense passion she throws into her performance, as she repeats the words:

"Morro! La mia memoria
Non fia ch'ei maledica,
Se le mie pene orribili
Vo sia che almen gli dica.
Conosca il sacrificio
Ch'io consumai d'amor
Che sarà son fin l'oltimo
Sospiro del mio cor."

But it is in the last act that Gazzaniga excites the greatest *furor*. Throughout the whole of this portion of the opera, where Violetta is struggling with consumption, the sympathies of the audience are excited to a degree that is almost painful. The short cough, the pale cheek, and the symptoms of bodily pain, are heightened by the expression of mental anguish, which in the aria: *Addio del passato*, finds vent in agonized cries, that, though written in the music, produced, as sung by Gazzaniga, an effect entirely different from that which would be given to it by any other singer. And then, after Violetta is rejoined and forgiven by her lover, and about to be happy in his love, she is suddenly struck by the thought that she must die—that fell thought that "hangs like a slimy snail on the rich rose of love"—and in a wail of anguish her breaking heart pours forth its misery—then it is that Gazzaniga throws an intensity of passion into her performance that is almost awful. I have never heard anything on the stage to surpass it, and can never again think of *La Traviata* without Gazzaniga's agonized—

"Gran Dio! morir sì giovane,"

ringing in my ears.

A cold, conscientious critic might find fault with this prima donna's lack of vocal cultivation. She cannot sing a chromatic scale with clearness, and is deficient in many of the graces of vocalization. But then her every tone is replete with deep feeling, and when required, she can portray with thrilling effect the most intense passion. In this she surpasses any singer I have ever heard, not excepting GRISI herself, though the latter is of course a much more finished artist in other respects.

So much for Gazzaniga. She appears in New York next month, and will probably shortly visit Boston, where you can judge her for yourself.

Miss RICHINGS, the seconda donna, whom I heard sing the role of Adalgisa in *Norma*, has recently debuted on the lyric stage. Though favorably

known as a vocalist and actress, I believe her Adalgisa is her first essay as a singer in Italian Opera, and as far as I can judge, she promises well. Her voice is clear, and tolerably well cultivated, but cold and unsympathetic. She appears to be a great favorite with the Philadelphians, and in a more prominent role her dramatic as well as vocal abilities will appear to better advantage. The Adalgisa is a stupid character at the best—a passive nonentity, who can in her action express no emotion beyond an occasional lachrymose demonstration, and in whom both passion and gaiety are out of place. Miss RICHINGS will shortly appear as Amina in the *Sonambulo*.

That was a shocking accident that occurred the other night at the Philadelphia Opera House, just before the curtain rose on the first act of *Linda*. One of the chorus women, the Signora LOCATILLA, was suddenly taken ill of disease of the heart, and in a few moments expired. She was a large woman, always took a prominent position among the chorus singers, and her familiar form was an inevitable fraction, and no small one either, of every opera troupe we have had for years. Poor woman! it is all over with her now, and if it do no good, it may do no harm, to let out a bit of green-room gossip, and tell that some time ago she had a quarrel with another lady of the chorus, who, in a fit of spleen, applied to her the epithet, "cow." The name was immediately taken up by her associates, and as "the cow" was she known in the green-room until the night of her death. This event did not, however, stop the performance. The opera, after a short delay, was played with unusual success, but few of the audience being aware that, directly behind the gay scene, lay the dead body of the unfortunate opera singer. She had for the last time taken her place in the stiff row of awkward chorus women—for the last time made those angular gestures so suggestive of the pump-handle—for the last time had tripped forward in peasant costume to welcome the young Amina—for the last time had sailed majestically in the train of the guilty Lucrezia—for the last time had shuffled about the stage in the clumsy robes of the nuns in *Trovatore*, and for the last time had wandered in a huge blue cloak through the masquerade scene of *Ernani*. Her troubles and her triumphs were now forever past; she had trodden the boards for the last time.

Among the musical celebrities of Philadelphia, is the pianist, Mr. GEORGE F. BENKERT, whom I had the pleasure of hearing. He performed several of his own compositions, among them a quaint "Marche Chinois" and a highly colored fantasia, suggested by the fourth act of King Lear. Mr. Benkert is quite a young man, but has composed extensively, over thirty of his piano pieces having been published in Europe. At present he devotes himself chiefly to orchestral works, of which he has whole mountains of manuscript scores. For the past five years he has been pursuing his musical studies in Germany, under LINDPAINTNER, of whom he has written a biographical article that appeared in the last number of *Fitzgerald's City Item*. Mr. Benkert has given several concerts in his native city with success, and now conducts one of the best musical societies that Philadelphia can boast. He has taken up his permanent residence in the Quaker City, in which he was born and brought up, and where his family reside.

My time in Philadelphia was limited, and consequently I was unable to attend an organ exhibition, advertised to take place in one of the city churches, at which Mr. Benkert and a number of other organists were to perform. Philadelphia can boast some very superior organists, and among its church musicians whose names are familiar all over the country, are HOMMANN, CROSS, B-CARR, DARLEY, EMERICK, STANBRIDGE, and others. TROVATORE.

SALEM, MASS., MARCH 26.—We look to your Journal, Mr. Editor, for musical news from all parts of the world, and doubtless it will please many of your readers to hear from the good old city of Salem, as we are by no means the hindmost in musical matters. Although we send a large delegation to attend every good concert which you announce in Boston, we are not without such entertainments occasionally at home. We have not heard from the "Salem Academy of Music" nor from the "Choral Society" during the past winter, although the previous season the latter society brought out Mozart's Twelfth Mass and Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," under the able conductorship of Mr. M. FENOLLOSA, a gentleman of thorough knowledge and judgment, whose labors have done much to improve the taste and ear of our community. He has now under his charge a private class of some thirty or more good voices, whose exquisite rendering of many classical selections reflects the highest credit upon Mr. F. We are much indebted to the "Young Mens' Union," who have treated us to some good lectures and concerts during the past winter, the gem of which was an evening's entertainment from the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club." It was a delightful performance, and gave extreme pleasure to the large audience. The last of the series took place on Monday evening, the 23d inst., when a very attractive programme was presented, including the names of Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mr. B. J. LANG, &c. The lady sang even better than ever before, and received hearty applause from all parts of the house. Every piece she sang was encoored, and some pieces were reëncoored. Mr. Lang fairly surprised the audience; he has made a remarkable improvement within a short time, which we in a great measure attribute to his attention to the Thalberg concerts. His mind's eye and ear have been wide open to the performance of that great artist, and we could not but admire how prominent he kept his subject throughout the performance of his highly embroidered selections. He is our townsman, and we feel truly proud of him.

Speaking of THALBERG, on his first visit to Boston, he gave us an evening, and indeed it was such an evening as your humble servant never expected to enjoy in Salem. We shall go to Boston to every performance that he announces, and we shall go everywhere we can to hear such wonderful performances. Our churches cannot boast of very superior choirs, but we shall revivie them at another time. We have two Brass Bands, who produce some fine music, for the enjoyment of those who are fond of the *fortissimo* of such instruments—it sounds better to us in the distance. CARL FAUSE is very popular here. He is very industrious and attentive to his profession. His many pupils speak of him as being a most obliging, patient and conscientious teacher, adding this to his fame as a performer of the first school. After his day's labor, he may retire to bed with a happy heart. His pupils are among the best families here, and some of them have become excellent performers under his careful tuition. The "Old Folks," from Chelsea, gave us a concert this week, and considering that the profits went to the benefit of one of our benevolent institutions, we shall not speak a word against them. PRESTO.

CINCINNATI, O., MARCH 27.—You see by the following programme, that not only your enumeration of our public musical attractions, found in the Journal a few weeks ago, is just, but that we really have promise of a high musical taste in our city, such as shall penetrate the social life:

FIRST SOIREE OF THE PHILHARMONIC QUARTET CLUB.

PART I.

- 1—Overture Don Giovanni.
- 2—Quartet by Mozart No. 2.
- 3—Adagio, Haydn, op. 51. Theme from "The Creation."
- 4—Solo for the Violin. De Clercq.

PART II.

- 1—Overture Zampa.
- 2—Beethoven's Quartet No. 1, Adagio.
- 3—Andante with Variations.
(Grand save Francis, the Emperor.)
- 4—Sounds from Home.
De Clercq, 1st Violin; Weber, 2d Violin; Biesing, Viola; Junkermann, Violoncello.

This private concert was attended by a company of some seventy or eighty persons, who sat in breathless enjoyment throughout all the pieces. Our artists here are very fine, equal to anything perhaps you have in Boston; which is no marvel, when you remember that nearly a half of Cincinnati is a completely German city; the German manners, customs and speech prevailing exclusively. Prof. CLERCQ of New York, has taken up his residence in this city, and has given a new impulse to music. He is a very superior violinist, and is fresh from the tuition of F. Dewit, (David?) of Leipzig. Our friend WILLIS, of the *Musical World*, was present on this occasion, and expressed his admiration.

We have here an admirable St. Cecilia-Verein, which has given us the *Paulus*, and next week is to give us Romberg's music of Schiller's "Bell," and the 42d Psalm of Mendelssohn. Our Philharmonic Society is busy also in rehearsal of Beethoven's beautiful 2d Symphony, and some of the music of the *Somnarnachtstraum* for their fourth Subscription Concert. Let Boston look to her laurels. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 4, 1857.

"Fidelio" at the Boston Theatre.

We had both rejoicings and misgivings when we saw Beethoven's only opera—a work which has taken its place by the side of *Don Giovanni* as one of the two greatest lyric dramas yet presented to the world—suddenly announced for performance at the Boston Theatre, on Wednesday night. We had never heard the opera, but from what we had heard and read about it, from a profound interest and faith in the genius of BEETHOVEN, and from such imperfect glimpses of its glories as we could get from frequent study of the music in a mere piano and vocal score, we were prepared to welcome any opportunity of hearing it and seeing it upon the stage as a most particular God-send. Hence the rejoicings—not unmingled with thanks to the management of Mr. Thalberg, to whose enterprise we owe this opportunity. But then were these misgivings: *Fidelio*, as the highest specimen of *purely* German opera, is also the most difficult of operas, and needs to be exceedingly well done to speak for what it really is. Will this first, almost extempore attempt, by an indifferent German Company from New York, with almost no rehearsal here, the chorus of prisoners supplied by our "Orpheus" Club, who, good singers as they are, were never in their lives upon the stage, with no female chorus at all, and an orchestra essaying almost at first sight music of the greatest difficulty—will it exert a desirable influence upon the unformed taste of our semi-musical public? Will it help to prepare the way for a gracious and appreciative reception of German Opera, of which much has been said, but of which no specimen was ever yet produced in Boston?

Since the performance our rejoicings and misgivings both remain with equal force. It was in truth, considered as a whole, a very bad perform-

ance of the very best of music. To us, and to a few like us, who have made some study of the music, it was a rare privilege to hear the music and the drama put together audibly and bodily for once, though the performance had been twice as bad. We found out what *Fidelio* was, and shall know how to receive it and appreciate it, unconfused by novelty, when the time shall come for hearing it presented as it should be.

But with the mass of the audience the case was different. Coming to it with no musical preparation, and even with a contrary bias in favor of their familiar, darling Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini; accustomed too, in every case, to think more of the singer than the music, what notion did they, could they get of German Opera, and of *Fidelio* especially, curtailed as it was, not half rehearsed, sung out of tune by mostly coarse or ineffectual voices, and without even the usual assistance of a libretto? Surely the Italians had their triumph—they relished the performance marvellously well! Surely there is no shaking off a fear that German opera has gained but little foothold in the musical love of Boston, by this rash experiment; that its establishment among our musical institutions or habits is only the more postponed.

And yet we do not lose faith or hope. With some of that same hope which in Beethoven's drama lights the heroine and the victim on through glooms and disappointment to the triumph of the good and true, we have but to remember how in all our experiences of Art, we have had to grope our way through most imperfect, miserable first representations, and almost perversions, to at last a clear presentment of the thing. So we came to the great Symphonies, now so generally loved; so to *Don Juan*, which suffered worse the first times given here than did *Fidelio*; so to nearly all great compositions. Attention to the roughest, most bewildering rehearsal, helps one immensely to appreciate a work in clear performance. The work of understanding great things, and learning to enjoy and feel them perfectly, is, like every other work of value, one beset with difficulties, doubts and disappointments. We are thankful to begin with seeing through a glass darkly, so we only may *begin*, and afterwards keep on. But it is useless to expect an opera audience to listen with this spirit, and we have no reproaches for any one who found himself disappointed Wednesday night.

But do not let us give too dark an impression of that experiment. We shall have to give credit, when we come to details, for good intentions generally, and in some parts felicitous achievement. Mme. JOHANNSEN is certainly in many respects an excellent artist, Mr. BERGMANN an excellent conductor, and the acting was generally good. The mistake was the not making a more serious business of introducing Beethoven's great work, or any German opera, in Boston. Instead of a hasty, slovenly preparation for one night, it should have been thoroughly prepared and studied for a run of several nights, with great care to present it whole and perfect in its every part; taking plenty of time for that, and also to prepare the public. This would have resulted very differently, as the marked appreciation of many points of the opera, even as it was, assured us.

In the absence of librettos, the history and plot

of the opera were thus briefly sketched upon the bills:

Beethoven's Opera, "Fidelio," was produced in November, 1805, at the Imperial House at Vienna, under the title of "Leonora." In 1814, it was revised throughout, and put upon the stage, under its present title; since which time, no work has been a greater favorite upon the German stage. The plot is simple: Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, and intimate friend of the Prime Minister, has, in some manner fallen into the power of his arch enemy, Pizarro, Governor of one of the castles of the kingdom, used as a prison, who has thrust him into one of the lowest dungeons, and is reducing his portion of bread and water daily, to destroy him with all the horrors of slow starvation. Leonora, the wife of Florestan, seeking her husband in all directions, at length has her suspicions aroused that he is in this prison, assumes male attire, and enters the service of Rocco, the head jailer.

In the opening scene, we have some by-play between Jacquino, another servant, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, in which the girl breaks off her engagement of marriage with Jacquino, in favor of the elegant and cultivated Fidelio. The latter comes in from the city with chains purchased for Rocco, and with letters for Pizarro. Marcellina announces her desire to marry Fidelio; old Rocco consents and blesses the union. Pizarro enters; Rocco requests him to appoint the future son-in-law his assistant, which is granted. Among the letters is one sent by a friend to the Governor, informing him that the Minister is secretly on his way to examine the prison and that he must prepare to meet him that day. Pizarro sees that his only means of escape is in the death of the prisoner, and tempts Rocco to murder him. He refuses utterly. He then orders him to clear out an old cistern in the dungeon for a grave, and will commit the deed himself. After he retires, Fidelio persuades Rocco to allow the prisoners to come out of their dungeons into the court of the castle to inhale the fresh air, and enjoy the sunshine. They appear and she scrutinizes their faces, in hope of finding Florestan, in vain. Pizarro appearing again, is enraged to find the prisoners out of their cells, and Rocco excuses it as a custom upon the King's birthday, and reminds him that one is dying in the deep vaults beneath the castle.

In Act Second, we follow Rocco and his new assistant into the vaults, whither they come to dig the grave. Florestan, chained to his hard couch, is seen lying in the dim obscurity of the dungeon. The grave is dug; Fidelio, trying in vain to catch a sight of the prisoner's features. She persuades Rocco to give the dying man the piece of bread and the pitcher of water they have brought with them for their refreshment. When all is ready, Pizarro is called. In the first act, the Governor has ordered a watch in the tower of the castle, to give a signal upon a trumpet, the moment the Minister appears. Now the monster approaches the prisoner, ordering Fidelio to retire. She has at length seen the features of her husband, and in an agony of suspense, hides herself behind a neighboring pillar. Ordering Florestan to be loosed from his confinement, he addresses him in an aria expressive of hate, satiated vengeance, and infernal triumph—an aria, in the mouth of a competent singer, and before an audience whose knowledge of the German language enables them to feel its truthfulness, which is a masterpiece of unbridled rage and passion. He raises his dagger, and Fidelio rushes between them. "Slay first his wife!" she cries. Throwing her violently aside he raises the weapon, but she again springs before him and points a pistol to his breast. At this instant the trumpet comes faintly sounding down from the ramparts, and Florestan is saved. Pizarro baffled retires, and leaves the husband and wife to the joy, too great for words, which can only find vent in the sweetest sounds of music.

Here was a subject after Beethoven's own heart. No dramatic story could better embody the sentiment that burns in all his music. The struggle of the soul with destiny, of light with

darkness; Joy ("Choral Symphony"), Freedom, Truth, Humanity, bright ideals, natural rights and objects of the soul, postponed by human wrong and error; darkness, confinement and long suffering for the present, but glorious delivery at last by heavenly, all-conquering, human Love. The deliverance of the prisoner, made so because he "dared to utter Truth," through the high faith and persevering heroism of a devoted wife! The moral sublimity of this inspired him to his task. The fortune of his effort was alike characteristic. The first production was a failure. Vienna then, (in 1805), was occupied by the French army; the theatres were deserted; an audience of unmusical French soldiers, with but a sprinkling of friends of the true sort, found it tedious. He had written more for Art, than for the convenience of singers, and these important personages murmured at the difficulty of the music; he had enemies besides; the German libretto, adapted by Sonnleithner from an earlier one in French, was not altogether well managed; it was badly divided in three acts; the composer had not studied popular effect sufficiently, and was persuaded into endless bother of altering and re-altering. Peace restored in 1814, it was again brought out in Vienna, wisely compressed into two acts, and with many parts omitted or re-written; and in this form we have it now.

Beethoven wrote for his opera four overtures. The first did not satisfy. The third, known in our concerts as the "Leonora" overture, in C, is a different treatment of ideas found in No. 2. This is by far the finest of the four, as well as by far the fittest introduction to the opera, since it is a resumé of its leading themes and incidents, and conceived in the lofty tone and spirit of the whole. Beethoven much preferred the overture in C; but many thought it too long and too great a work for the commencement, and hence he substituted the lighter and brighter overture in E, now commonly played before *Fidelio*. This borrows nothing from the opera itself; has on the contrary a lively and *Don Juan*-like expression, and only connects itself as a natural prelude to the lighter and half-comic situations with which the play commences. There is only this advantage about it, that it conforms to the remarkable *crescendo* of the entire music, beginning with the lightest and least exciting, and growing more and more intensely tragical and grand until the climax where the prisoner is saved. The composition consists of sixteen numbers.

No. 1 is a gay and charming, half-comically serious duet, (in A), between Marcellina and Jacquino, who presses her to name the happy day; but she, poor simpleton, is all in love with the supposed youth Fidelio. The music is Mozartish, clear and sparkling. Knocks at the door keep interrupting the luckless lover just as he thinks he is getting on so famously in his suit. Mme. BERKEL makes a pretty little Marcellina; her voice is flexible and bright, and runs glibly through her high and often florid role; but it is hard, thin, unsympathetic, and very often out of tune. Herr NEUMANN acted and sang respectably.

No. 2, in C minor, commencing Andante, is a sentimental Aria by Marcellina, in which she sighs and dreams of union with Fidelio, and then as the richly sombre instrumentation, "growing to a point," dashes down a scale of triplets and quickens to a livelier movement, she gives utter-

ance to the inspirations of hope. Mozartish still, beautifully and truly so, except in the Beethoven climax and change just mentioned.

No. 3 is unmistakably Beethoven, a few bars of his mystical and deeply shaded introduction leading into the Quartet in G, (Andante): *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, between Marcellina, Leonora, Jacquino and Rocco. This Canon is so exquisite, the characters so set apart in their answering and imitative phrases, (Marcellina longing and hoping for Fidelio; Leonora painfully conscious of it, yet countenancing the illusion, intent on her great purpose and its dangers; Rocco, too, noticing it and liking the idea well; Jacquino, his "hair on end" at sight of his poor prospects), that it was greatly relished and encored, in spite of an execrable rendering, the voices being harsh and out of tune; even Mme. JOHANNSEN sang with so rough an edge that, had we heard her then for the first time, we should have thought her a tenth-rate singer. She looked and acted the part of Fidelio charmingly throughout, and the inflections of her voice in spoken dialogue, (with which the music alternates in this as other German operas), were beautiful and natural.

No. 4. Rocco, (Herr OEHRLICH), a person stout enough for a jailor, with a bass voice of uncertain truth, but a fair singer, sings a song in praise of money;—the least important number in a musical point of view, though it might pay the best.

The music waxes in warmth and inspiration, and in richness of ideas, in No. 5, a Trio, full of life and movement, in which Rocco applauds Fidelio's courageous determination to enter the prison service, tells him (her) he will succeed by perseverance, that the heart gets hardened by familiarity with horrors; she trusts in God and her heart's pure purpose; Marcellina hints that love, too, is a motive worth consideration.

Nos. 6 and 7. A quick march heralds the entrance of Pizarro, who sings an Aria, (D minor), with chorus, a terrific outburst of vengeful rage and hatred, in which he gloats with fiendish delight upon the thought that he shall soon have the heart's blood of Florestan, his fallen enemy and prisoner. The orchestra is lashed into a tempest, and we have the Beethoven energy under its most fearful aspect. The effect is marvellously enhanced, where, as the song thunders along in B major, a low whispered chorus of the guards in B flat comes in: "He talks of death, &c." But of the chorus not a note was uttered on our stage; the guards were dumb show. Herr WEINICH has an energetic action, and a strong, hard, telling kind of basso, better suited to such declamatory music than to most other kinds; yet his tones were dry and rattling, and his rage somewhat too blustering. Nor was he free from the prevailing distemper with regard to pitch.

No. 8. Duet of lasses, in which Pizarro proposes to Rocco to make way with the prisoner, but, he refusing, declares his intention to do the dark deed himself; so his revenge will taste the sweeter; but Rocco must prepare a grave by the old cistern in the cell. The contrasted feelings of the two men are powerfully and wonderfully depicted in the music, which, with Beethoven's dark and mysterious modulations, is singularly suggestive and exciting.

No. 9 is the great recitative and Aria of Leonora, who has overheard the plot: *Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?* (Monster! to what deed art thou hastening?) It is a piece constructed like the scene in the *Freyschütz*: first a recitative, in which the orchestra, (Allegro agitato), depicts her horror and alarm at the thought of his cruel "tiger sense," but yielding to the rainbow of hope which rises in her mind at the thought that she may save her husband; then a heavenly Adagio, (in E), with prelude and accompaniment of mellow horn and bassoon tones: "Come Hope, let not the last star of the weary pale; however distant the goal, Love will reach it," &c.; then an Allegro of immense fire and energy: "I follow the inward impulse!" with rapid running accompaniments of horns and reeds in full chords, exceedingly effective and inspiring when well done, but nearly spoiled by

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of C. M. von Weber.

By Dr. HERMANN ZOFFE, of Berlin.

It has become more and more common, in estimating artists, to consider the circumstances under which they have produced their works. Yet few have thought enough of the importance of viewing these circumstances in the light of the special individuality, the temperament, the character of the man, especially his mind and every intellectual influence upon the same.

In this regard unquestionably WEBER and MENDELSSOHN, those two leading representatives of musical Romanticism, have much in common, in spite of the great difference in outward manifestation, and especially in the outward relations amid which they wrought.

C. M. VON WEBER, so far as Art was concerned, spent his youth in rather a wild and irregular manner, as his youthful compositions clearly show. Not until he studied, in company with MEYERBEER, under the Abbé VÖGLER, was there more intelligence and clearness in his efforts, and here he received at least a genuine impulse in regard to contrapuntal studies.

It is well known that Meyerbeer learned here, so to speak, as much again as Weber, in whom the consequences of a, not to be sure careless, but yet not well regulated education were very clearly manifested in his want of perseverance. In short he was, in this respect, to the regret of Vogler, totally outstripped by the tough pertinacity of Meyerbeer, and never could attain to the same eminent dexterity in harmony and polyphonic composition.*

* For instance, the attempt at fugue in the overture to *Euryanthe*, which is splendid in invention, but lame in execution.

Weber was, like Mendelssohn, of a feeble constitution, sickly, sensitive, and irritable. The consequence was mistrust towards himself and others, so that, much as his otherwise large and noble character strove to suppress it, he was not entirely free from envy.

But being on the other hand, as we have said, full of a deep, noble and essentially true German feeling, he exhibited this latter very early in the urgent way in which he repeatedly conjured Meyerbeer—who in his first period inclined to the Italian taste and manner—and, when he met him in Dresden on his return from Italy, besought him with tears in his eyes to become German again in his compositions, and to remain so, and no longer deny his nationality—not considering at all, that he was here appealing more to Oriental than to German blood. But what was most remarkable about it, some peculiar fatality, or chain of harsh experiences, led this same glowing advocate of the pure German, this same Weber, in his later years, to lean to the Italian music more than any other native German composer.

I but allude in passing to the real triumph which Weber celebrated with his *Freyschütz*, as a genuine German national opera, which he was obliged to conduct at Berlin, (where he had become the king of Prussia's kapellmeister,) fifty times within one year, and by the publication of which the house of Schlesinger in Berlin acquired the name of "the *Freyschütz* house." Various circumstances, to be sure, conspired to produce this most remarkable success. Besides his good fortune in a text precisely suited to his nature, which gave him an opportunity to provide a lasting place for his favorite *people's melodies*, collected in Bohemia and Hungary, there was the excitement of the times, the period of the war of liberation; there was the awakening of the Prussian, the German people, to a livelier national feeling than has been shown since; these greeted this romantic opera as their own possession, all the more gladly, since a people inspired with the thought of self-emancipation, and consciously living in a heroic period, always inclines to the romantic.

In short, Romanticism had acquired a various foothold in this opera; it even went so far, not reckoning some downright absurdities, as to lift up and adorn all the more the purely popular and purely natural element. But Weber, at the same time engaged in the composition of Körner's Songs of Freedom, felt here in his element, and grew more and more at home in it; he revelled in it, like every tender nature, unconcerned about the causes of the success in this one case.

All the more bitterly therefore was he soon undeceived and taught to recognize that he had

been in a great measure led and borne along by circumstances, instead of (what is indispensable to a great artist) standing above them and controlling them. In a distinguished Berlin circle, —I am not sure whether it was at Mendelssohn's or at Fouqué's,—he made the acquaintance of the authoress, Helmine von Chezy, who read there in his presence her opera poem, "*Euryanthe*." No spark could kindle up more quickly than this poem in the mind of Weber, so susceptible to all that was noble and ethereal. Those tender, ethereal, womanly rhymes, with their almond bloom, their chivalrous romance, their mystical demonic element, their splendid and darkly brooding intrigue! What a rich field for description, for revelling in all the shades of sentiment, for melting melodies and awe-inspiring harmonies!

There moved at that time in those circles a small reviewer, (*Refendarius*), in whom we meet soon after one of the sharpest musical heads, now world-famous as a theorist,* who shook his head and prophesied no good result from an opera text so full of faults, and especially upon the ground that the people's first enthusiasm had passed, and that this middle age chivalrous romance was already too remote from all our sympathies, to take a lasting hold on many minds. But Weber listened to him with distrust; he was outvoted by Fouqué and Tieck, and finally ignored by all. In short *Euryanthe* was swallowed whole in this *concio in pleno*. Weber, naturally at the head, heard and saw nothing. They saw the lameness and the want of action, saw the obscurity and the unsatisfactoriness of the catastrophe, saw above all that a successful lyric poetess was far from being equal to a drama. At the first representation in Vienna, these defects obscured the beauties of Weber's music. The Viennese, who in connection with the failure of important operas, such as the *Idomeneo* of Mozart, his *Don Juan*, and furthermore the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, had earned a proverbial fame, not only let the *Euryanthe* fall completely through, in spite of the most carefully prepared performance, in which the first and most distinguished singers did their utmost to produce it in a worthy and successful manner, but the popular wit of the Viennese took compassion only too soon on the fatal title, *Euryanthe*, and changed it into *Ennuyante*. Indeed, when Weber made the trial of a second performance at Berlin, this witicism pursued him there on wings, like a fate, in spite of the then extremely slow and difficult communication. Besides, the *Euryanthe*, at its first production in Vienna, was half as long again as in its present dress; for Mme. Von Chezy in her lyrical effusion could not find an end; and

* The celebrated Professor, Dr. A. B. Marx.

so it happened that the greatest beauties of the composition were overlooked and found fatiguing by the superficial pleasure-seeking public of Vienna, who had expected a second *Freyschütz*, only with even more, if possible, of people's music. Criticism chimed prudently in, and even among learned musicians this noble work found small response. Even Beethoven himself, at least at first, pronounced a rather hard judgment on it, although in the justest manner. He missed decision, firm carrying through of characters, found fault with the composer's revelling in soft and sweetish melodies, and his ever ready "back doors," as he called those transitions with the so-called *superfluous sixth** chord, which had become one of Weber's hobbies, and characterized his overtures as *potpourris* and epilogues, faulty in as much as they might serve for postface better than for preface.

[To be continued.]

Weber's "Oberon" in Paris.

Translated from Le Ménestrel.

Till very lately the Carvalho management had proved its skill and success—two excellent elements, no doubt, for carrying on a theatre. To day it has a new claim on us, and has acquired a right to the gratitude of the musical world and of true artists. Its revelation of *Oberon* will be accounted as a real mark of honor for it. *Oberon*, that last chef-d'œuvre of Weber, was known to the public of Paris only by a few fragments executed at concerts, and by the overture, a majestic preface, stamped with that fantastic poetry of which Weber's genius seemed to have concentrated the essence. A few musicians alone were initiated in the treasures of the score, and hoarded them up in their souls. We are speaking of the musicians of Paris, for London has enjoyed the good fortune of hearing the entire work by the light of the float. London had the first fruits of *Oberon*—a melancholy piece of good fortune, alas! since it was, also, Carl Maria's dying strain of the swan.

We know under what circumstances the immortal author of *Der Freischütz* composed *Oberon*. After the success of *Preciosa*, the German managers, anxious to bring out the new works of this master, besieged his door to obtain operas. *Euryanthe* followed very closely the score of *Preciosa*. This time success was counteracted by the complete nullity of the poem, to which it was impossible to listen without being wearied. The libretto killed the music.

Weber, who had become the spoilt child of the public, felt this failure very sensitively. His melancholy character was affected by it, and, consequently, when asked to write a work for Covent Garden Theatre, London, he began by refusing. The perseverance of the envoy triumphed, however, over Weber's will.

"When shall you be ready?" inquired the envoy.

"In eighteen months," was the reply.

The ambassador cried out at this; the time named struck him as too long.

"I shall require three months to read the book of *Oberon*; three months more will be necessary for me to understand the plot of it, and I shall take twelve to write the score."

At the epoch named, he was ready.

On the 2d of March, 1826, he embarked for England, already suffering from the first attacks of a complaint of the chest, which was destined to allow him no repose till his death. On the 12th of April, an eager crowd were awaiting the rising of the curtain at Covent Garden Theatre.

Oberon obtained only a success d'estime, which has since increased.

This blow to his amour-propre proved fatal to

* For instance: (from B flat major to D major) with the chord: b flat, d, f, g sharp to a, d, f sharp. a; a very striking, softly sweet harmonic succession, of genuine romantic coloring.

Weber. From that day, the progress of the disease which was consuming him became fearful. On the 2d of June, before the performance of *Der Freischütz*, which he was directing, he wrote his wife a touching letter, in which he described his sad presentiments as to his approaching end.

Three days afterwards, he had ceased to live.

Oberon is the work of a master, and has never left the repertory of the German theatres. But almost everywhere, in Germany as in England, the execution is defective, as far as the vocal part of it is concerned. In assimilating this work to the French stage, the first and ruling idea was to present it to the public in a becoming and complete manner. Nothing could be more legitimate than such ambition, and the entire audience, ravished and enthusiastic, sanctioned the hardihood of the enterprise.

But before paying each person the tribute of praise due to him in this revelation of *Oberon*, we must mention the valuable services and laborious efforts of the conductor, M. Deloffre. This excellent artist, during his long sojourn in England, had frequent occasions of hearing and executing himself Weber's entire score, fragments of which he had previously interpreted under the direction of Habeneck. No one could, therefore, be better calculated for the task, with reference to an exact acquaintance with the traditions, the secret of the details, and the organization of the whole. Assisted by his recollections, M. Deloffre set to work, and has succeeded in accomplishing a formidable task—a triple collaboration: he was obliged to help the writers of the libretto in the appropriation of the words; to consult and compare the German score, the original English score, and that of the library of the Conservatoire, in order to become completely imbued with the intention of the author, and to remain true to the text, to the music, to the various nuances and varieties of expression: he undertook this work by degrees. When all these materials had been well combined, there was still another task to be accomplished: the vocal and instrumental study, the labor of the rehearsals, and the direction of the orchestra. Lucent toil for three months and indefatigable solicitude—such are the bonds by which M. Deloffre is associated with the fitting production of *Oberon*. The theatre will not forget, and the artistic world will recollect it.

The subject of *Oberon* is as naïve as that of *Die Zauberflöte*. What do we care about the king of the fairies separated from his wife by an incompatibility of temper, or about the puerile love of Sir Huon of Bordeaux, for the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad? Let us devote our attention to Weber's music, and enter on the consideration of a score which all Paris will wish to know. Let us listen to the splendid overture, commencing with the mysterious summons of Oberon's magic horn; a fine phrase of the violoncello comes to lend a coloring to this introduction; it terminates by a chord fortissimo, which seems to separate us abruptly from the domain of fancy, and bring us back to the actual world. The allegro is full of spirit and grace. A melodious song of the clarinet, a phrase of violins taken from the body of the score, a return to the principal subject, and, lastly, the vigorous peroration of the violins, complete this admirable overture—which was encored, a thing unheard of on the stage.

The introduction of the first act, (the chorus of fairies), corresponds in coloring with the commencement of the overture. It is the same instrumental design. Oberon's air, which follows, affects the form of a recitative, except a single phrase with a melodic turn. The vision of Rezia is formulated by a simple recital ad libitum, with a harp accompaniment. After this, there is a great scene between Huon, Oberon and the fairies, the finale of which is most energetic; it requires a real tenor de force—a singer who can give the high B flat from the chest to resist the masses which accompany him. Huon's air which succeeds this scene is of a chivalrous character. The first part of it appears to be transposed half a tone lower. The andante, restored in the original mode, calls to mind the phrase announced by the clarinet in the overture. There is a great

charm about this andante. The return of the subject is effected by a crescendo, and takes place in E flat, ending in a coda, quasi à l'*Italienne*. As for the finale, it has been frequently executed at the Société des Concerts of the Conservatory. Nothing can be more original than the commencement of hautbois and bassoons. The duet between Rezia and Fatima is delightfully spirited, and the march of the "Guardians of the Harem," executed on the stage, in combination with the choruses and the vocalists of Rezia, forms a most pungent whole.

A march which, in the original score, forms part of the finale of the work, is now introduced between the acts. Weber here gives us, fortissimo, the introduction of his overture, a curious repetition, which will escape more than one hearer. The chorus of the harem, which, in the second act is linked with this piece, is highly characteristic. Fatima's arietta strikes us as somewhat vague in the first part, but the termination is charming. It is followed by a quartet commencing as a duet in a very graceful manner, and ending in an ensemble borrowed from the principal motive of the overture. This quartet is succeeded by the invocation of Puck, a grand and admirable scene. The morceau of the tempest is simply a master-piece of genre, and may be compared to that in the overture of *Guillaume Tell* and the *Pastoral Symphony*. Another master-piece, in a more tender style, is Huon's prayer. This piece, accompanied only by the tenors and violoncellos divided, produces most strikingly the effect of an organ. What a model, and what an example for many modern composers, who seek their effects in the number of notes! We then have Rezia's scene and air, a worthy counterpart of the great air in *Der Freischütz*. The finale of the second act is well known to concert-goers, who will recollect the charming little duet between Puck and Oberon, with a violin solo, to which is linked the chorus of sea nymphs, a combination which imparts to the end of this act a most mysterious coloring.

The third act differs greatly from the first two, as far as the musical character and type are concerned. It seems as if all we hear now is merely light music, and pieces in the comic opera style. Fatima's arietta and the following duet partake of this character; the duet terminates in a 6-8 movement, written altogether in the happy spirit of Weber's rondos. The following trio forms one of the finest pages of the work. We will say as much for the seduction scene, the principal motive of which is remarkable for its grace and freshness. Lastly, almost original waltz, and the final chorus on the apotheosis of Oberon complete this magnificent score.

We said just now that a tenor de force was requisite to resist the vocal and instrumental masses in *Oberon*. Such a tenor has been found: his name is Michot. The public were as much surprised as charmed at the vigorous manner in which Michot, a pupil of M. Guillot, acquitted himself of the part of Huon of Bordeaux. In his air of the first act, so difficult to sing, the finale, and all the concerted pieces, he was most warmly applauded. Madame Rossi-Caccia, formerly one of the stars of Favart, represented very conscientiously the character, rather young for her, of Rezia, the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad. She sang her air in the second act with a great deal of animation.

Fromant is an unsatisfactory Oberon, but we know that this king of the fairies who gives his name to the work, plays a very secondary part in it. To Mme. Borghese, (Puck), and to Mme. Girard, (Fatima), we offer the most sincere praise. Both excellently accomplished their task. Mme. Girard sang her air of the second act with real expression. Her charming aria in the third act was encored; the snave and celebrated romance of Puck, (Mme. Borghese), was also encored. Girardot undertook to enliven the audience under the rather trivial type of Aliboufar.

But to the orchestra belong the honors of the evening, for it truly distinguished itself. It reaped the largest share of the bravos of the audience, and it was but right it should.

The mise-en-scène, likewise, enjoyed its ova-

tions; the scenery, the costumes, the tempest in the second act, the final tableau, the amusing scene in the compulsory dance, and the apotheosis, form a most attractive sight. The magnificent score of *Otello* has, we see, been surrounded with all theatrical splendor. Honor to the Théâtre-Lyrique! J. LOVY.

Operatic Composers and their Works.

(From Fitzgerald's City Item).

Some musicians compose at such a rate, as if to give the world assurance of a "plentiful season;" and as though to provide against the inevitable "dearth" of original talent, the "barren years" in the annals of musical art.

There are others again who employ a lifetime with one single work, that is to make their reputation for evermore. Examples of certain composers of the dramatic art will prove very entertaining. We will only cite the most celebrated of these names. The earliest and at the same time most productive composer of renown was Scarlatti, (1650-1725,) who managed to bring forth nearly 200 Operas; certainly none equal in length to the present grand Operas, yet very amazing to consider when we think of his 200 Masses, 400 Cantatas, and so on to infinity! Such examples are, however, rare, although the Italian school has ever been remarkably productive. Witness the labors of Piccini, (1728-1800,) and of Paisiello, (1741-1816), two celebrated composers who have had their day; the former is credited to the amount of 175 Operas, while the latter was contented with the modest sum of 150! However, such fertility was due to the good old times. Handel composed no less than 42 Operas, and not one of them has outlived him. His immortality is contained in 23 Oratorios, the brightest stars of which, "The Messiah," "Judas Macabæus," "Israel in Egypt," will long yet illumine the firmament. It is not generally known that Haydn composed 25 Operas, whose "tongues are mute" to this day. Still, had he never written anything else but "The Creation," this alone would furnish him with a passport to immortality. The great reformer of dramatic music, Gluck, had composed over 40 Operas in the "dolce far niente" style of his predecessors before he opened his eyes to the fact—that he had done nothing yet for posterity. What a gigantic step in the history of dramatic art! The next ten of Gluck's Operas were of a kind that will forever hand down his name and deeds to future generations. What Gluck had originated was then carried out and brought to the highest point of perfection by Mozart, who has perpetuated his name and fame in the pages of "Don Juan," "Figaro" and "Zauberflöte." Next to Mozart should Beethoven be mentioned. His single Opera "Fidelio" is worthy a niche in the temple of Fame. The genial Weber has created an Opera in "Der Freyschütz" that will never die as long as Music is endowed with heart and soul. The Italian school was in the beginning of this century enriched by the illustrious name of Rossini, who contributed 50 Operas to the stage of his native country. "The Barber of Seville," and "William Tell" are his master-pieces. His success brought forth a host of imitators; of whom, only Bellini and Donizetti were the most remarkable. Of the two, Bellini had cultivated the Sentimental school with most success. Of his ten Operas (for he died in the flower of his life) "Norma," "Sonnambula," and "I Puritani," were most successful. The latter opera gave great promise of coming excellence. The productiveness of Donizetti was extraordinary. In a space of 30 years he had composed 63 Operas, which is an almost herculean task in our days. Of these Operas some 30 were successful, and many gave evidence of remarkable talent.

The composers of the French school of the present day are headed by Auber, who has composed some 40 operas. His "Masaniello" is a work of great dramatic excellence. Among the English composers, Sir Henry Bishop was the best and most prolific. About 75 musical dramas claim him as author; the best of them are: "Maid of the Mill," "Clari," and the "Miller

and his Men." Among the living, Meyerbeer stands lofty and unapproachable as Olympus, in the grandeur and variety of his operas. He favors no particular school, but combines the chief excellencies of each. His reputation commenced with "Il Crociato in Egitto," (in 1825), and reached the highest point with "Robert le Diable," (in 1831) and "Les Huguenots," (in 1836). But it must be remembered that Meyerbeer takes a period of five years to compose an Opera, and is besides the most careful of composers in keeping back every new Opera for some years longer, until a fitting occasion presents itself to have it produced with the greatest possible *eclat*. With Meyerbeer we close our list of remarkable men. Verdi is still a young composer who has much to do yet for posterity. At another time we will resume the subject. In the meantime we subjoin a list of the principal composers with their works:

Auber, 40 operas; Adam, 30; Balfe, 16; Bellini, 10; Bishop, 75; Boildieu, 31; Carafa, 31; Cherubini, 31; Cimarosa, 76; Donizetti, 63; Fioravanti, 25; Galuppi, 52; Gluck, 50; Gretry, 60; Guglielmi, 80; Halevy, 31; Handel, 42; Haydn, 25; Herold, 26; Isouard, 39; Jomelli, 40; Kreutzer, 30; Leo, 28; Lindpaintner, 26; Lulli, 45; Marschner, 20; Mehul, 49; Mercadante, 47; Meyerbeer, 18; Mozart, 18; Pacini, 60; Paer, 60; Paisiello, 150; Piccini, 175; Porpora, 20; Ricci (brothers) 26; Rossini, 59; Scarlatti, 24; Spohr, 12; Spontini, 25; Verdi, 20; Wagner, 8; Weber, 11; Weigl, 46; Winter, 54.

Monster Organs.

The following table of comparative sizes of some of the largest organs yet built, will be of interest. The number of stops given is intended in every case to represent the *speaking* stops only.

	Mannals.	Stops.	Pipes.
St. George's Hall, Liverpool, England.....	4	100	8,000
Cathedral, Uim.....	4	100	7,000
Marien Kirche, Lubec.....	3	82	4,700
York Minster, England.....	3	80	8,000
Cathedral, Rotterdam, (incomplete).....	4	76	5,700
do do (when completed).....	4	92	7,000
Cathedral, Merseburg.....	4	75	3,000
St. Paul's, Frankfurt.....	3	74	5,000
Cathedral, Halberstadt.....	3	74	5,400
St. Dominico, Prague.....	4	71	5,050
Cathedral, Seville.....	3	71	5,300
St. Michael's, Hamburg.....	4	70	5,150
St. Dennis, Paris.....	4	70	4,500
St. Eustache, Paris.....	4	67	4,110
St. Sulpice, Paris.....	4	66	5,000
Abbey of Weingarten.....	4	66	6,775
Church Halberstadt.....	4	65	4,250
Cathedral, Beauvois.....	5	64	3,200
Church, Gruningen.....	—	60	3,000
Haarlem.....	3	60	4,088
Paupoticon.....	4	60	4,114
St. Catherine, Hamburg.....	4	54	4,000
Bremen Cathedral.....	3	59	3,672
Temple, Boston.....	4	56	3,518
Ashton, Under Lyne, England.....	3	55	3,000
Great George St. Chapel, Liverpool, England.....	4	52	4,000
Town Hall, Birmingham, England.....	4	52	4,000
Concert Hall, Chester, England.....	4	52	2,500
Doncaster Church, England.....	3	50	3,556
Madeline, Paris.....	4	48	3,000
Metropolitan Church, Paris.....	4	43	3,992
Presbyterian Church, Savannah, Georgia.....	3	45	3,300
Collegiate Institute, Liverpool, England.....	3	40	3,600

THE "ORGUE ALEXANDRE."—This instrument, played by THALBERG in his Matinées, and recently introduced with effect by Mr. G. W. WARREN, the popular teacher and organist, in concerts at Albany, N. Y. is thus described in the "Crotchets and Quavers" of the Albany Times:

The "Alexandre Organ" is destined to be as popular and useful an instrument in America as it is now in Europe. For small Churches and Chapels it is the best thing to take the place of a good organ that can be obtained, (and much better than any *small* organ,) and in such places will produce all the grand effects of a *large* organ. Thalberg has just introduced them at his Matinées in New York, and with the greatest success. The critics call it a small *Orchestra*, and under his magic fingers it can be nothing less. As it has been lately heard in our city, a little description of its capabilities cannot be amiss. The Alexandre Organ (or Harmonium) is made in size from one stop to fifteen, and varies in price from \$35 to \$600. The one used by Mr. Warren at the Concert just spoken of has twelve stops, which successfully imitate the tones of the Flute, Hautboy, Clarinet, Bassoon, English Horn,

Piccolo and Organ Diapason. The bass runs down to what is termed 16 ft. C, and all the effects of light and shade depend upon the blowing, which takes more skill than strength. A very ingenious thing, called the Percussion Action, is attached to the "Flute Stop," and with it the most brilliant passages can be executed with all the promptness and elasticity of a pianoforte action. The highest priced instruments have other like ingenious arrangements for prolonging tones, etc., and some have an extra key-board with an excellent piano attached, (all in the same case,) and one was made for Liszt with "Grand Piano" combined, that cost several thousand dollars. The tones are all produced by what is called flat reeds, which take very little room, and a pipe organ of the same power would occupy six times the space and would also cost three times as much as one of these fine little instruments. Alexandre & Sons, of Paris, the makers, have the greatest of European reputations and their circulars contain high testimonials from such men as Auber, Adam, Liszt, Berlioz, Thalberg and others. The same style of instruments, under the name of "Harmonium," are now made in this country, but the quality of tone does not compare with the *Alexandre* Organs, which are received direct from the factory by Mr. Bernard, of New York, the sole importer, who has appointed Firth, Pond & Co. agents for New York, who will attend to any order or inquiry on the subject.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Note to "An Up-Country Doctor."

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Since the publication of your letter complaining of the management of a certain concert in Manchester, I have been waiting for some friend of Mr. Satter's to come out and relieve him from the blame you attach to him in the affair. But as no one seems inclined to reply, I have taken it upon myself to say a word or two, premising that I do it only as an act of justice; for I do not know Mr. Satter, except as I have seen him in the concert-room, and have no personal interest whatever in the matter.

In your letter, you take it for granted that Mr. Satter had a hand in getting up this humbug of an Eastern Princess, that he lent his name to give some prestige to her sham royalty, and that he deserves the castigation due for whatever insult might have been offered to Art on each repetition of the exhibition.

My Dear Doctor, you make a great mistake; in the city we understand these things better. Let me tell you the facts which seem to have eluded your observation, and then I think you will restore our pianist's image to the pedestal on which it was wont to stand, and from which I conceive you deposed it.

Some weeks since a person—to all appearance a gentleman—called upon Mr. Satter and inquired if he was free from engagements on three nights which were mentioned. On receiving an affirmative answer, he stated that on those nights he wished to give concerts in Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester, and would be glad to have Mr. Satter perform; adding that Pinter, Stein, Heinicke and others would assist. *Not a word was said of any "Princess Krmazinga."* He then offered Mr. Satter his own price, and the bargain was struck. Doubtless a similar management induced the other gentlemen to join the troupe. And it was only when the day of performance was at hand, that Mr. Satter knew that there was another name on the programme. He had but two alternatives: to play in the company of the "Delhi Princess," or throw up his contract, at a forfeiture.

A pianist must live, you know, Doctor, and that not on air. The sum to be received for three nights' playing is not so inconsiderable as to be rashly lost. So Mr. Satter went and played; you tell us that he played well. If, now, he played so finely, did such justice to the authors whose compositions he undertook, and in no way slighted his share of the even-

ing's performances, why should you charge him with a loss of feeling for true Art, with descending to "clap-trap," and disgracing his high position? If you were repaid for your attendance, why should you deduct from the sum of your real enjoyment because of a humbugging manager? Why not charitably think that the man who could deceive an audience, might possibly deceive the performers?

At least, it seems to me that you might have delayed your letter until you had learned the facts, on both sides.

Hoping that your equanimity will not again be disturbed by a similar combination of incongruous material, and that I have succeeded in restoring Mr. Satter to the honorable estimation in which you formerly held him,

I am, my Dear Doctor,
Very truly yours,
ADVOCATUS.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6.—With the exception of OLÉ BULL'S Concerts, there has been no musical event whatever, during the past week, to record. The Norwegian violinist has but partially recovered from his recent illness, and did not play with his usual brilliancy and effect; yet his concerts were fully attended, and gave general satisfaction. By the way, everybody may not be aware that the dazzling diamond set in the end of his bow, and which flashes upon the eyes of his audience with every movement of the bow across the strings, is a present from the Duke of Devonshire, and is valued at quite a fabulous amount of money. Indeed, the market value of Ole Bull's three favorite violins is estimated at three thousand dollars!

Our bovine violinist is assisted at his concerts by Signors GASPARDONI and GIANONI, second-class Italian vocalists, and by Miss VICTORIA GILLER, a young lady of this city, who has been attacked with an ambition to become a public singer. The lady is young, exceedingly prepossessing in appearance, but her style of singing is better adapted for the parlor than the concert-room. Her execution is very good, and she sings with some taste, but her greatest fault is that, (owing most probably to timidity), she refuses to emit her notes with clearness. If you shut your eyes, you would think from the tones of her voice, that she was a musical Desdemona, whom some unseen Othello was trying to smother. Until this fault be remedied, it is impossible to form a correct estimate of the lady's abilities.

The Harmonic Society give a concert to night, at which Dr. Loewe's Cantata, "The Seven Sleepers," will be produced, Miss MARIA BRAINERD taking the principal soprano part. A *Jubilate* and *Te Deum*, by GEORGE BRISTOW, will also be performed. Mrs. ELLIOT, so well known in Boston as Miss ANNA STONE, singing the solos.

The New York American Music Association, to which I have already several times alluded, is progressing favorably, and has received quite an impetus in the accession to its ranks of Dr. CHARLES GUILMETTE as conductor. The next concert takes place on the 27th inst., when several new compositions, among them an elaborate Anthem by W. H. WALTER, organist of Trinity Chapel, will be produced. This society is composed entirely of resident musicians, and has for its chief aim the development of native talent; and I am glad to hear that it has every prospect of ultimate success. It is, in my opinion, the most deserving of success of any of our musical societies.

Mr. SCHMEISSER, a pianist who appears to rate his own abilities very highly, and announces himself as the only pianist able to extemporize on any given air, that has ever visited this country, will give a

concert on the 13th, assisted by CORA DE WILHORST, Signor MONELLI and others.

MAX MARETZKE commences his opera season at Niblo's on Monday next, with GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, that very estimable young lady, and highly promising singer, who has never received, even in her native city, the credit as a vocalist, to which she is so justly entitled.

TTOVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1857.

Beethoven's "Fidelio."

(Conclusion.)

We proceed briefly to describe the contents of the second Act.

No. 11. It opens with a remarkable instrumental introduction of some thirty measures, very slow, (*Grave*), in F minor, and sublime in its suggestion of a high soul languishing in chains, in dreary solitude and darkness. The loud, long bursts of the wind instruments in full chords answering to the low monotone of the strings; the plaintive exclamations of the 'celli, echoed by violins and oboes; the symphonic accompaniment of the drums (in minor fifths) to the wild diminished seventh chords, &c., lend a singular impressiveness to this prelude to the gloom of Florestan's cell, and to the prisoner's touching recitative: "God, what darkness! O heavy trial!" and with a change of key, (to E major): "I murmur not, God's will is just." A beautiful modulation to A flat introduces the exquisite tenor melody, (*Adagio cantabile*), which forms a leading feature in the "Leonora" overture, (No. 3). In this song all the tenderness and sweetness of Beethoven's heart flow out. The words are:

In the Spring time of my life,
I dared to boldly speak the truth,
And chains are my reward.
Willingly I suffer every pain,
And an ignominious end,
With the sweet consolation in my heart,
That I have done my duty.

The music quickens to an Allegro, (in F), as in a sort of "tranquil inspiration bordering on delirium," the prisoner thinks he feels a softer air about him, and sees as it were an angel of deliverance, in the form of Leonora! Such a scene demands the very best of tenors.

No. 12 opens with a piece of "Melodrama," short, expressive bits of instrumentation preluding to the brief sentences of spoken dialogue between Rocco and his new assistant, Fidelio, (Leonora), who have come down into the cell to dig the grave. Leonora: "How cold it is here in this subterranean vault!" Rocco, (pointing to the prisoner), "There he is!" L. "God stand by me, if it is he!" &c. Then follows the marvellous duet in A minor, *Andante con moto*, in which they proceed to dig, she watching the prisoner, as Rocco's back is bent during the prelude. The orchestral part, in dull, ponderous triplets, is descriptive of their work, and the contrast of their voices, (the old jailor exhorting to fresh efforts, Fidelio brave, but almost fainting), is wonderfully expressive. At length, with a struggling, upward roulade of the double basses, a great stone is heaved up, and on goes the work again to the same movement, she more and more overcome by fatigue and terror, but still anxiously scrutinizing

the poor prisoner. This duet, not difficult for orchestra or singers, is such as only Beethoven's imagination could have invented, and cannot but be heard with thrilling interest. Indeed how the spell of this tragic music deepens and grows upon you with more and more intensity, as the dark drama proceeds! Musically and dramatically, nothing in the whole range of opera is more exciting than this whole Act.

No. 13. A most lovely Terzetto, between Florestan, Leonora and Rocco; a sweet, flowing Allegro, in A major, smooth and melodious enough for Mozart, and yet the tenderness and depth are Beethoven's. The prisoner asks heaven's blessing on the youth who shows such humane interest; Leonora, now persuaded that it is her husband, is agitated by heavenliest hopes, and fears; she has a bit of bread which she would give him; the jailer is touched, but hints it will not do, it is forbidden. Wonderful is the modulation just here, as Fidelio coaxingly suggests: It can do no harm, it is so soon all over with him! The bread is given, and the Trio kindles to a brighter blaze of feeling. This Trio would be exquisite without the action, sung as a concert piece, if well accompanied; but with true, fervent, natural action, it is as pure a fusion of situation, character and music, as purely lyrical a moment, as any in *Don Juan*.

No. 14. Quartet, Allegro con brio, in D. Pizarro steals in, throws off his dark mantle and reveals himself to the prisoner: "Pizarro, whom thou wouldst have overthrown, Pizarro, the avenger, stands before thee!" The agitated music yields for a moment to a heroic, measured strain of horns and trumpets, as Florestan with composure replies: "A murderer stands before me." He lifts the dagger, when Leonora throws herself before her husband. He flings the rash youth back; she covers him again: *Tödt' erst sein Weib!* (kill first his wife!) she screams upon a high note—the climax of the opera. "His wife!" "My wife!" exclaim Pizarro, Rocco, Florestan; the swift quartet proceeds, until Pizarro seeks to kill them both, when she presents a pistol to his breast, and just then in a changed key (B flat) resounds faintly from behind the scenes the trumpet announcing the arrival, (so dreaded by Pizarro) of the Minister. It is the well known trumpet passage of the "Leonora" overture. A few wonderfully expressive bars, in which the wild delight of Leonora and Florestan: "Thou art (I am) saved!" the mortification and curses of Pizarro, and the joyful astonishment of the old jailor find utterance, and again the trumpet strain rings nearer and louder. The quartet closes with a breathless Allegro, like clouds flying before the wind, that sweeps the dull skies clear which is the only piece of music that ever reminded us at all of the quick part of the Sextet in *Don Juan*.

Here our Boston Theatre performance closed—a mere dramatic, or rather, melodramatic close. But not so Beethoven; he never slights the end of a great work; he is too much in earnest.

No. 15. Duet between Leonora and Florestan, expressing the joy of meeting after long separation: *O namen—namenlose Freude!* (O joy beyond expression!) It is a rapturous *Allegro vivace* movement of indescribable beauty, and the true Beethoven inspiration. Its animated rhythm, its alternate mingling and separation of voices, (which, now by short ecstatic responses, and now

flowing together, seem literally to rush into each other's arms, and then to hold each other off as if to realize the union with distinct assurance), the directness, simplicity and earnestness of the main melody, and then the delicious strangeness of the modulation with each new flash of thought or new shade of emotion; all is full of joy and love and gratitude and wonder, of sense of trial past and heavenly reward, a whole eternity in one miraculous and glorious moment.

No. 16. Finale. Scene the court yard of the prison. A quick and buoyant march, (in C), accompanies the entrance of the Minister and his train. The stage fills with men and women. Pizarro, as governor of the prison, accompanies the Minister; on the other side the prisoners come forth, with Marcellina and Jacquino. The march becomes accompaniment to a grand burst of full chorus: "Hail to the day, the much longed for, yet unexpected, when Justice and Mercy appear before the door of our prison grave!" Fernando, the Minister, (basso), announces the royal mercy and deliverance to the prisoners, (they are supposed to be political prisoners). Again a snatch of chorus: "Hail to the day!" Old Rocco comes in, leading Leonora and Florestan. The Minister, astounded, recognizes his dear, his noble friend, whom he had supposed dead. Rocco relates the plot and the deliverance; Pizarro is denounced. "And Leonora," adds old Rocco. "Leonora?" "Yes, the ornament of womanhood I lead before you!" Pizarro would interpose "two words," but is silenced. The prisoner's chains are taken off; it is the wife's privilege to do it. In all this hurried recitative, the orchestra keeps up a continuous movement, full of life and complex beauty; and finally the key gets back to the broad sunlight of C major, (the key of the Leonora overture which Beethoven intended to commence the work), and the whole concludes with a grand ensemble of chorons, with quintet of principals, in praise of Leonora and of Woman's high devotion, borrowing the first lines from Schiller's "Hymn to Joy:"

"Who a gentle wife has won.
Join he in our jubilee! &c."

The Italians (musically speaking).

We find the following in the *Transcript* of last Monday:

MUSICAL FANATICISM.—*Mr. Editor*: Allow me a small space in your paper to make a few observations upon a passage in Dwight's *Journal of Music* of April 4th, in which it says: "Surely the Italians had their triumph—they relished the performance marvellously well!" I wish to inquire of the Editor of that paper, what right or reason he has to suppose that the Italians should relish the complete *fiasco* of that evening's performance? or to believe that they are so frantic and narrow-minded as to consider their music exclusively good, and all others "mean," "superficial," "secular" and "showy," epithets used by that same Editor on Rossini's *Stabat Mater*? The Editor shows himself utterly ignorant of Italy and Italian minds. If he will take trouble to study the nature of the Italians a little, he will soon perceive his error. The Italians are cosmopolitan in their taste, and love the beautiful and good wherever they find it; and although they may have a preference for their own style of music, they do not for this consider all others worthless, nor do they insult every foreign composer because they may not like his style of writing!

I wish also to remind the said editor, that the Germans themselves (at least in Germany) have more respect and appreciation of Italian talents; and as I do not feel competent to give examples in musical matters, as I am not a musical man, I will only mention that the Germans are more learned in Italian literature and fine arts than any other nation; and there cannot be found a single German scholar who is not only acquainted with all the great authors, not only the ancient, but also the modern ones of Italy;

and they are more just and liberal in their criticism and appreciation of Italian talent than either the French or English, to say nothing of the Americans, to whom, with some rare exceptions, the knowledge of Italian modern authors of eminent merit, such as Gioberti, Romagnosi, Rosmini, Leopardi, and many others, is utterly unknown.

Excuse me, *Mr. Editor*, if I diverge from my subject, but I could not in any other way prove the fact of the German's appreciation of the Italian's mind, than by the examples of literature; for I am fully convinced that no German of any education would use towards Italian authors such epithets as the Editor of the *Journal of Music*, who is not a German, has used towards the greatest musical genius of modern times. Besides I consider it unfair to assail those who have not the means of defending themselves, who have neither newspaper nor men competent to do it; and if I have written these few words it is merely to defend *my own* country, so shamelessly slandered, and perhaps to induce some person, competent in musical matters, to defend that country which has always stood as the palladium of the Fine Arts, even in the gloomiest days of her political degradation. Finally, I cannot comprehend why the Editor above named should have used those words in that article; but I suppose that, as he has continually endeavored to drag into the mud the Italian music, perceiving the sad *fiasco* in the execution of that really beautiful composition which has elicited his criticisms, (for I do myself consider it a work of superior merit!) he, in his inflamed imagination, mistook all the foreign physiognomies which filled the theatre that evening, to be Italians sneering at him. But I assure him that he was mistaken, for they were Germans excepting two, a popular teacher of singing, and your humble servant, who is *not* a MUSICIAN.

Did anybody but this writer once suppose that by "Italians" we meant those born in Italy? We used the term in a quite usual colloquial sense. The "Italians" in our mind's eye that night were partly Italians, partly French and even Germans, but principally Yankees. We meant that numerous class of music-lovers, who think there is no music except opera, and no opera except Italian; and by Italian even then they mean the Donizettis, Verdis, that now occupy the foreground, with Rossini quoted occasionally for glory's sake, but kept quite willingly in the background; for what chance does the ruling taste allow the "Barber" or the "William Tell" in comparison with *Il Trovatore* and *La Favorita*?

If there were but two Italians in the theatre (personally we could not vouch that there was one), it is the less likely that we should have referred to them. That would have been entirely too personal. And had we seen them, we were too deeply occupied in cultivating acquaintance with Beethoven's music at first hand, to be studying its reflection in their faces. But let no one tell us that the numerous class of exclusive, partisan admirers of the Italian *Trovatore* school of music did not enjoy their triumph that night over the *fiasco* of *Fuilelio*! There is no denying that there are those (who talk in private and who write in public) who habitually sneer at all things German and especially at works of genius supposed to be too good to be popular.

We assure our friend that we have the greatest respect for the Italian Art and literature, for Italian scholarship like his own (if he be whom we suspect), and the warmest sympathy with that Italian patriotism which we have unwittingly wounded in his own sensitive person. There is, or has been rather, an Italian music, too, which has our admiration. To go back no further than Rossini, we would that our Italian opera troupes, and their peculiar publics to whose tastes they cater, showed practically half as much regard for that great master as we feel. If the general report be true, Italy to-day has fallen below herself in the respect of music; Verdi has usurped the seat of her Palestrinas, even in the churches; music has become so much a matter of mere

temperament, that it has run out into a certain common-place trick of melody, florid cadenzas and effects, which are but the ringing of perpetual seeming changes on the same essential story. Rossini, who had ten times more genius, more invention than all his followers put together, (although he left off as soon he had once showed that he could be really in earnest, in his "Tell"), is far less often heard than any of them.

As to Rossini, our own readers do not need to be reminded that no journal in this city has said so much in praise of him as we have; although we have not been blind to the fact, which he himself confesses, that he rarely wrote sufficiently in earnest, and compromised his brilliant talent for the most part to the syren of success. No one has done more to persuade an unbelieving public of the beauties of *Il Barbiere*, of the truly noble character, as a work of Art, of "William Tell." No one has oftener pleaded, and in vain, for repetition of such few performances as we have had of these. We assure our friend that that same "German" taste, which leads one to love Beethoven and Mozart, listens with keen appetite to "Tell" and to "The Barber," when our "Italians" *par excellence* declare them tedious, and cry out for *Trovatore*.

And this brings us to Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. We are quoted as having applied disparaging epithets to that so-called sacred and, we admit, beautiful composition. Would it not be more thoughtful and more fair to quote the circumstances with the words? We were reporting of a performance of Mozart's sublime and solemn *Requiem*, followed immediately by the leading themes of the *Stabat Mater*, hashed up in the shape of an overture by Mercadante. Then it was we felt and wrote: "After the Mozart's *Requiem*, how mean, superficial, secular, &c., seemed that *Stabat Mater* business!" Had it been the *Stabat* itself, opening with chorus, and all, we probably should not have called it *mean*. After the *Requiem*, what we heard was so *in comparison*. It was a great descent from one tone of feeling to another. The terms "secular," "superficial," &c., (in spite of our perception of the great beauties and occasional grandeurs of the work), are not unfitly applied to it at any time. It is the general European opinion, the opinion of most musicians and appreciative publics everywhere, that the prevailing style of this *Stabat* is more operatic than sacred; and that in many parts, as for instance, the *Cujus animam*, the music makes its own sparkling plaything of the solemn words. But that there may be no further question about it, we have the testimony of Rossini himself, who in a conversation with Ferdinand Hiller, at a watering place the summer before last, confessed that he never meant it for publication, and that he only wrote it "mezzo serio," in a half-serious style. Here is the passage from the conversations as reported by Hiller:

"But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I do so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill, and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi would have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

GERMAN OPERA.—*Fidelio* was followed last week at the Boston theatre by two operative medleys. On Friday evening a small audience were very agreeably entertained by extracts from four operas. First came the scene from the first Act of *Der Freyschütz*, in which Max, (tenor), sings the air: *Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen*, the wild music darkening and brightening as the evil genius Zamiel creeps behind or leaves him; and then Caspar, (bass), sings his drinking song, and tempts Max to go with him to the Wolf's Glen. Herr BEUTLER was Max, and WEINLICH, Caspar; and both quite inadequate. Then came that Minna and Brenda duet between Agatha and gay Annchen, (Mmes. JOHANNSEN and VON BERKEL). The latter lady acted in a very sprightly, pretty manner, and sang more true than in *Fidelio*; the voice, however, is thin and hard. Agatha's recitative, prayer and aria: *Wie nahlte mir der Schlummer*, closed the scene. Johannsen sang it with true feeling, and with fine abandon in the spirited finale.

Herr OERTLEIN, in the character of the Burgomaster, sang a comic solo from Lortzing's *Czar and Zimmermann*, (one of the many operas founded on the story of Peter the Great's apprenticeship in the ship yards). The subject of the song was the burgomaster's importance, and the music as much like Rossini's Figaro, (*Largo al factotum*), as a burgomaster could be supposed to sing. It was quite amusing. Lortzing's music is more Italian than German.

For part third was announced the second Act of *Fidelio*, with the *Leonora* overture, No. 3. But instead of No. 3, we again had the No. 4, in E, and the Act this time was curtailed of the beginning as well as of the end. The extract commenced with the grave-digging music.

The best performance of the evening was a sparkling comic duet from Auber's "Mason and Locksmith," sung by Mmes Johannsen and Von Berkel. It is clear that this company are better suited to such light opera, than to *Fidelio*.

On Saturday afternoon the same programme was represented, with the omission of the *Fidelio* extract; and so ended this first and most imperfect experience of German Opera in Boston.

CONCERTS.—For the third week the field has been almost wholly THALBERG'S. Last Saturday evening the Music Hall was filled, even upon the stage, with audience to his "last." The bill contained the names of Mmes. D'ANGRI, JOHANNSEN, VON BERKEL, the principals of the German Opera troupe, Mrs. BARROW, (who recited Gray's Elegy), Herr SCHREINER, the trumpeter, and CARL BERGMANN with an orchestra. The programme was one of the lengthy sort, embracing various kinds. The orchestra gave the overture to "Egmont," and that to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai—not a bad overture, but about as suggestive of the "Merry Wives" as it was of "Waverley," for the overture to which by Berlioz we found it substituted at the very last moment; also a march from *Tannhäuser*. THALBERG played with orchestra, and with masterly power and beauty, the first movement of Beethoven's E flat Concerto; also his "Home" and Concert Waltzes, his *Norma* fantasia, and the *Vollständ* and *Frühlingslied* of Mendelssohn. The Quartet from *Fidelio*: *Mir ist's so wunderbar*, was sung almost as badly as in the opera; and the Trio from *Don Juan*, we are told, fared not much better. Mme. JOHANNSEN sang again the scene from *Freyschütz*, and Mme. D'ANGRI an air from the "Barber of Seville" and *Ah! mon fils*.

A theme of much talk, wonder and amusement at this "last" concert, was a Card of the Management, scattered over the seats, announcing, with grave reasons and gracious revelations of the mysteries of management, a series of three "Half Dollar Con-

certs." Two of these took place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, of this week, before large audiences, with D'Angri, Johannsen and Schreiber as assistants, and the usual selection of pieces. The third will be to-night. But the last of the last, and Thalberg's "positively last" appearance in Boston, is proclaimed for next Tuesday afternoon.

The interest in the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION deepens, if the audience does not increase, as they approach their close. Last Wednesday's was the *thirteenth* and last but one. The performances were excellent, and the programme a particularly good one, as follows:

- 1—Symphony, (E flat).....Mozart
- 2—Aria from "Zanetta".....Auber
With solos for Clarinet by I. Schultz.
- 3—Overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream,".....Mendelssohn
- 4—Waltz: "Vorstadler,".....Lanner
- 5—Andante from Symphony No. 2,.....Beethoven
- 6—Concordia Quadrille.....Zerrahn
- 7—Finale from "Lohegrün,".....H. Wagner

Next Wednesday will be the last—and then we shall begin, when it is too late, to miss our orchestral privileges. May we not suggest, for one item of the programme, that *Leonora* overture, the No. 3, which was promised us and not given in the German opera, and which has not been heard in any concert here this winter. It was always a favorite, and the recent performance of *Fidelio* will clothe it with fresh interest, and make its motives more intelligible.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR:—There is a remark in the criticism of last Saturday's "Journal of Music," on the performance of *Fidelio*, which I cannot let pass without a few words. It is as follows: "We have had to grope our way through most imperfect, miserable first representations, and almost perversions, to at last a clear presentment of the thing. So we came to the great symphonies now so generally loved." Here is a trifling difference to be noticed, viz.: the "first representations" of the great symphonies, as given by our old Boston Academy, with somewhat limited means and far from perfection, were equally far from being miserable representations; they were liked—enjoyed—and created a taste and desire for repetitions. I think it will generally be found that *first representations* of classical compositions, imperfectly and miserably given, are not likely to produce that effect—as was the case last week with *Fidelio*.

Yours truly,

WM. KEYZER.

Boston, April 6, 1857.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The days fixed for the great Musical Festival here are Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 21st, 22d and 23d of May, immediately preceding "Anniversary week." There will be an oratorio each morning, a concert with Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" on Saturday evening, and possibly some oratorio or sacred concert also on Sunday evening. THALBERG gives us the *fourteenth* concert, (to say nothing of *Matinées*), of this his second visit, this evening, and his *very* last on Tuesday afternoon. After that he will re-visit Hartford, Albany, &c., and in the latter part of the month he will join STRAKOSCH and Company, under whose agency he will make a two months' concert tour of the West. Mme. D'ANGRI in the meantime will go South. Mr. ULLMAN, we understand, expects to import HECTOR BERLIOZ and a grand orchestra, for concerts in the New York Academy during the coming year. Among his thousand and one great plans, too, it is said, he contemplates a series of *twelve oratorios* in that same Academy. Query: Can these be possibly the twelve unwritten oratorios which one of our American composers wanted to contract with a Boston music publisher to bring out at the rate of one a month?.....The MARITZER-GAZZANIGA troupe, fresh from their Philadelphia triumphs, open in New York next Monday, with *La Traviata*.

Something new in the way of concerts is announced at the Tremont Temple for next Wednesday evening. Mr. H. S. CUTLER, organist at the Church of the Advent, and a zealous advocate of English Cathedral music, as sung *antiphonally*, by answering choirs of boys, is to give us some specimens of that style of music. He will be aided by historical and critical explanations by Mr. A. W. THAYER, our well known "Diarist" and correspondent. The programme will be found below. Master ERNST PERABO, a youth of eleven years old, of German parentage, but reared in New England, is well known among our Boston musicians as possessing decided talent for music. He already plays upon the piano and the organ, and knows by heart difficult fugues, by Bach, &c. He also plays the violin. He is full of native intelligence. All he needs is thorough education in a musical sphere, where humbug has not entered, and we are happy to hear that an effort will be made by subscription among our liberal friends of music, to send him to the Conservatoire at Leipzig. It is really due to such decided indications of the true gift.... We have received a most capital photographic likeness of THALBERG from Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case.

The following, from a foreign paper, will interest those who are curious to know about Beethoven's only opera:

As I have already taken up the pen for *Fidelio*, another not so well known notice of the other forms in which the same subject was treated may be here appropriate. In the year 1798, there was produced in Paris *Leonore; ou, l'Amour Conjugal, opéra en trois actes, paroles de J. N. Bouilly, musique de Gaveaux*. It was successful, and, some years afterwards, the text was translated for Beethoven into German by the then secretary of the Theatre Royal, Joseph Sonnleithner, and into Italian for Fernando Paer, by some one unknown. Paer's opera, *Leonora, ossia l'Amore Coniugale*, was produced at Dresden in the year 1805, (simultaneously, therefore, with Beethoven's *Leonore*) and subsequently, translated into German, produced on the 8th of February, 1809, at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna. Paer's music was not successful (after Beethoven's) even in Vienna, for it was given some few times in 1810. From that period, however, *Leonore* disappeared entirely from the stage, while, it is to be hoped, *Fidelio* will long maintain its ground.

Musical Intelligence.

LONDON.—The concerts of Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, the pianist, and her performance of some of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, (op. 109, 110, and 111.) are the theme of general and unqualified laudation with the London press. Some papers speak as if the difficulties of these sonatas had proved insurmountable, and as if their beauties had been a sealed book; but we believe they are pretty well known among the best pianists in Germany, where the Beethoven of the latter or third period is no stranger.... The great Handel Festival stands postponed to the 15th, 17th and 19th of June.... Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ has gone to Paris to engage an orchestra for a series of concerts to take place during the great Art exhibition at Manchester.

The *Musical World* is very severe upon the Philharmonic Society, which, at a recent election of new members, black-balled such musicians as Mr. Henry Smart and Charles Hallé in favor of candidates of little note. The *World* ceases "to attach any artistic importance to that Society and its doings.".... Mr. Charles Salaman has been delivering three lectures at the Marylebone Institution on "Music and the Dance," with illustrations of the dance music of various times and nations.... Ella's "Musical Union" concerts, for some time suspended, are resumed. The first programme was as follows:

- Quartet, B flat, No. 78 (Play-Ed.).....Haydn
Trio in D, Op. 70, Piano, &c.....Beethoven
Part Song—"Departure".....Mendelssohn
Quartet in E, Op. 43.....Spohr
Elegy—"Peaceful Reposing"—MS.....Graun
Gigue, G-S, in G; Fantasia Melodique, MS.....Mozart & Berlioz
Madrigal—"Hard by a fountain".....Waelreut

The quartets were played by Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Goffrie and Piatti. The Herr Derffel, whose name is so oddly coupled with Mozart's, was commended on Mr. Ella's programme as a wonderful pianist. "With the exception of Liszt," he says, "few pianists more graphically transcribe on the piano-forte the elaborate score of great orchestral works,"—whereat the *Musical World* is funny.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.—We take from *The London Daily News* the following account of the performances to be given at the Queen's Theatre during the approaching season:

"The following are the company engaged: Madame Alboni; Mlle. Maria Spezia, of La Scala, Milan &c. (her first appearance); Mlle. Angiola Ortolani of La Scala, &c. (her first appearance); Mlle. Baillon, Mme. Franchi, Mlle. Berti, Mlle. Poma; Mlle. Treneta Ramos, from Turin (her first appearance); and Mlle. Piccolomini. The tenors and basses are: Signor Antonio Giuglini, of La Scala, &c. (his first appearance); Signor Jacopi, Signor Mercuriali, Signor Luigi Bottardi (his first appearance), Signor Belletti, Signor Benvenuto, Signor Napoleone Rossi Signor Giovanni Corsi (his first appearance), Signor Baillon, Signor de Sros, Signor Gariboldi, and Signor Filippo Vialletti (his first appearance).

"This list, beside the principal favorites of last year, contains several new names of great Continental fame, particularly Mlle. Spezia, Mlle. Ortolani, Signor Giuglini, the most celebrated tenor in Italy, and Signor Vialletti, a basso profundo of renown. For the ballet we are to have our old favorites, Marie Taglioni, Rosati, Paul Taglioni, &c., beside a number of others whose names are as yet unknown in England.

"The theatre is to open on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *La Favorita* in which the new stars Mlle. Spezia, Signor Vialletti, and Signor Giuglini, will appear, and with the ballet *La Esmeralda* (for the first time these ten years), in which the heroine will be represented by Mlle. Pocchini, described as a *dansusee* of the highest order. Soon after the opening of the theatre, Mlle. Ortolani will appear, with Giuglini, in the *Puritani*. Mlle. Piccolomini will arrive early in April, and will appear in a number of new characters beside those which she performed last season. Mme. Alboni is to arrive before the 1st of May, and will make her first appearance this season as Azucena (the gipsy), in the *Trovatore*. *Don Giovanni* is promised, with a cast of unprecedented strength, including Spezia, Ortolani, and Piccolomini, in the characters of Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Zerlina. Nothing is said about the production of any new opera; but two new ballets are announced, the one for Marie Taglioni, the other for Rosati. The subscription for the season will consist of thirty nights."

PARIS.—The immediate hopes of the Grand-Opera are founded on the new ballet of MM. Scribe and Auber, to be called *Marco Spada*, doubtless taken from the opera of the same name, by the same authors, produced last year at the Opera-Comique. Mesdames Rosati and Ferraris will both sustain principal parts. Some expectations are also entertained of a new two-act opera, *Francois Villon*, by M. Membré. The indisposition of Madame Stefanone has led to the postponement of *I Puritani*, at the Italiens, which theatre is announced to be closed on the 31st instant. The success of *Oberon* at the Theatre-Lyrique increases nightly. The Bouffes-Parisiens has produced a new operetta in one act, entitled *Après l'Orage*, the words by M. Boisseaux, music by M. Galibert, which promises to have a run. On Monday week Mozart's *Requiem* was executed by the Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire in the Church of the Madeleine, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. M. Calzadò intends having a new repertoire for the Theatre-Italien next year. His son has gone to Italy for the purpose of negotiating with Mercadante. M. Calzadò wishes to produce in the Salle-Ventadour, several of the works of this celebrated composer, who is admired everywhere but in Paris. It is, however, desirable, indeed important, that the illustrious composer should superintend their production himself. Mercadante, (says M. de Ryvray, in his last feuilleton in the *Moniteur*), is the intimate friend of Rossini, and perhaps this fact may triumph over his natural idleness; for nothing in the world has yet induced him to leave Naples, where he is perfectly contented, greatly esteemed, and enjoys the same position as Auber in Paris. At this moment Mercadante has a new opera in rehearsal at the San Carlo. If the work succeeds as every one expects, M. Calzadò will produce it in Paris. M. Calzadò's troupe will be strengthened by the addition of new talent, worthy of being placed at the side of Mario, Alboni, Graziani, and other distinguished artists. Everybody is speaking about Giuglini, one of the best tenors in Italy.

At the Opera Comique the *reprise* of M. Halévy's *L'Eclair* proved a great success. The principal characters were sustained by Madame Duprex-Vandenheuvel, Mlle. Boulart, MM. Barbot and Jordan. Mademoiselle Piccolomini took her benefit on Monday the 23th ult. at the Italiens, when *La Traviata* was given with a concert. The Salle Ventadour was crowded to excess, and the lady recalled several times in the course of the performance. M. Calzadò has

re-engaged Mademoiselle Piccolomini for three supplementary representations of *La Traviata*. When these are given, Verdi's opera will have been performed sixteen times at the Italiens. Signor Mario and Graziani have appeared on each occasion in the *Traviata* with Mademoiselle Piccolomini.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Fitzgerald* gives us the following report of opera at the new Academy of Music during the last week of March:

Wednesday, March 25th.....*La Traviata*.
Friday, " 27th.....*Barbiere di Seviglia*.
Saturday, " 28th.....*Lucrezia Borgia*.
Monday, " 30th.....*Linda di Chamounix*.
Wednesday, April 1st.....*Barbiere di Seviglia*.

Friday night witnessed the *début* of Miss Adelaide Phillips, from Boston, in the sparkling rôle of Rosina. This lady has been successful lately in Havana, and comes to us heralded with no mean reputation as an American Prima Donna. Miss Phillips is good looking, has a volubrious form, and with more animation might show off to better advantage. Nevertheless, she has a fine voice, and is to all appearances an excellent musician. As Rosina, she lacked the vivacity but not the musical education of that young lady. She has studied in a good school, and we think she deserves great credit as an artist of the Divine Art. The Music Lesson, in Act 2nd, was remarkable in point of execution; there Miss Phillips displayed the resources of her voice to great advantage. And so in the Finale, where she introduced *Non più mesta*, from *Cenerentola*, very effectively. Next in importance comes Figaro, the merry barber, with a not very fitting representative in Assoni. Amadio seemed to us the most successful in his rôle of Prior Basil, which he rendered with exceeding *gusto*. Brignoli, poor Signor, was incorrigible. *Count Almaviva* was missing from the scene; we only saw and heard Brignoli, with his sweet, tender, bewitching, ravishing voice. The orchestra wanted nicety, of execution, it was all too noisy and unpractised, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of the handsome and indomitable Max to control it.

On Saturday night was repeated "Lucrezia Borgia," with Miss Phillips in the rôle of Orsini. She gave much satisfaction in this character, and on the whole was better liked than on the first night.

"Linda di Chamounix" was repeated on Monday night to a fine house, with even greater *clat* than the first night. Miss Adelaide Phillips pleased very much in the rôle of Pierotto. Signor Arnoldi, unfortunately, did not and could not please.

Mme. Gazzaniga's benefit took place on Friday of last week in Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, which has since been repeated several times. The rôle of Luisa Miller, it is said, was written for her.

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- 2—Te Deum.....Tallis, 1556.
This composition is written in the Dorian key, D minor, without the B flat.
- 3—Full Anthem (without Organ).....Farrant.
"Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake."
- 4—Full Anthem.....S. Webbe, Sen.
"His glory with perpetual hymns proclaim."
- 5—Psalm 74.....To an Anglican Chant.
- 6—Trio (Three Trebles).....From "Elijah."
"Lift up thine eyes unto the mountains."
- To be sung by three Boys, without accompaniment.
- 7—The Nivene Credo.....Dr. Benjamin Rogers.
"I believe in one God."
- 8—Te Deum (in F).....Travers.
- 9—Verse Anthem.....Boyce.
"For the Lord shall comfort Zion."

PART II.

- 1—Solo.....From the "Messiah."
"Every valley shall be exalted."
Song by Mr. C. R. Adams.
- 2—Chorus....."Messiah."
"And the glory of the Lord."
- 3—Solo....."Messiah."
"Come unto him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."
Song by Master Fred. White.
- 4—Solo....."Elijah."
"If with all your hearts ye truly seek me."
Song by Master Loring.
- 5—Chorus.....From "Saulson."
"O first created beam, and thou great word. 'Let there be light,' and light was over all."

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of C. M. von Weber.

By Dr. HERMANN ZOPFF, of Berlin.

(Concluded from page 10.)

Weber, apart from the judgment of Beethoven and others, (on his *Euryanthe*), had much to suffer from criticism, for the very reason that men knew he took it all too much at heart. What did he do in his distress, when he heard the judgment of Beethoven, but lay the score, with tears, at the great master's feet! The latter suggested one principal improvement, soon undertaken by Weber, in these words: "Do with it as I did with my *Fidelio*; cut out a third of it." Beethoven, it is said, had not fared much better with his own opera.

In Berlin *Euryanthe*, on its first appearance, had not such poor success as in Vienna; for here the above named party of the Romantic school, which had given Weber the first impulse and encouragement, had prepared beforehand juster expectations. But even here such success as the *Freyschütz* had had, was out of the question; it was only a *succes d'estime*, won by the exertions of his friends. Weber found himself not particularly elated by this ambiguous success, when the next morning he received a visit in his chamber from that young lawyer,* who with such true perception of the spirit of the times, had predicted all this. When Marx, after the first greetings, proceeded to congratulate Weber on the success obtained in Berlin, the latter could make no reply but: "You too!" For pain and mistrust pressed tears from his eyes. But although there lay so open a confession in this outright utterance of

his noble, much deceived heart: although he felt the force of criticism and all too candidly perceived and owned the errors which he had committed to his own harm, still his declining health, and the neglect of thorough critical self-studies in his youth, interfered with that classical aspiration, to which he felt an ever livelier impulse, and of which he more and more recognized the necessity. The rusty, homely *rococo* critics of the time tormented Weber after his *Freyschütz* with their learned objections: that it was too much *people's music*; that it had nothing which betrayed the educated musician, who had learned something; that it was tasteless, horribly trivial, &c. Weber consequently set about it in earnest to meet these objections, and, as he said, to satisfy "the learned" also. But already this remark betrayed that what he wished to do was something altogether strange to him, something that lay beyond him; and the result was that in the *Euryanthe*, which he was moved to compose for the very reason that he found in it material for "learned music," the critical gentry wholly overlooked or purposely ignored these efforts he had made to stop their cry; while on the other hand the public, for whom the melodious passages and pieces of this opera were intended, had their impression obliterated by these very efforts of the composer, and pronounced the opera unintelligible and "too learned."

Weber's natural tendency to the romantic-sentimental is sufficiently impressed upon the one side on his youthful compositions, and on the other on his strongest work, the *Freyschütz*. Unfortunately, too, with velvet glove, it often drew him down again into a less justifiable sentimentality, at times when his genius sought to gather itself up as for a grander and more lasting effort. This sentimental relapse is all the more perceptible, when some nobler characteristic trait has unfolded itself the moment before, and when the music has been on the point of transporting the audience in the most vivid manner to the situation represented.

A striking instance, among many others, in which, owing to less decided situations, this fault does not stand so sharply out, is the great aria of Caspar in the first Act. With genial abandon Weber unfolds a true portrait of this mysterious, malicious, misanthropic character, this creature of despair, and enchains our interest in a high degree by the closeness of the music to the subject. All at once Herr Caspar falls entirely out of his rôle and becomes as tender as a woman; and with this sentimentality our deeper interest begins to cool, and there is nothing left us but mere musical delectation in its graceful and attractive turns. In the same way Weber loses

himself many a time in the character of Agatha, which certainly for a composer of his nature was one of the most inveigling. On the other hand all that pertained to the popular, the purely natural element, as almost the entire part of Aennchen, (little Anna), is everywhere carried out in a wholesome, natural, fresh and life-like manner, without any halfnesses or too great tendency to darling turns. On the other hand, a genius like Weber's alone was able to protect the childish "Wolf's Glen" for any length of time against just ridicule; and his characteristic tone-pictures are too well known and celebrated, to require that anything should be said about them.

But I cannot refrain from one remark about his very rich and fascinating overtures. With instrumental works without text, the larger public fare in about the same way that they do with paintings; those are their favorites which offer them an effective treatment either of something that lies near to actual life, so that they are charmed with its naturalness, as in a picture of "still life;" or, on the contrary, of objects lifted to the clouds, etherialized, wherein one may sweetly revel in the heaven of his own fancy. Intermediate objects seldom captivate the greater multitude. The public think too little in things, which, from want of culture, excite in them no deeper interest beyond mere sensuous delectation (whence the term *dilettante*); they do not think, and do not enjoy from the standpoint where the intention of the artist seeks to place us; they enjoy absolutely, simply. Hence historical paintings, taken from a past age remote from our own interests, charm the least, unless they be mere tinsel for the eye.

An overture should prepare the hearer, by a concise description, for the situations, for the passions of the opera; yet without presupposing any sort of acquaintance with the drama that is to follow. But for such a preparation those ideas alone are proper, which will serve for the unfolding of such a description; that is, such as make only this impression, are readily apprehended and do not lead the mind off. Thus the overtures of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and not less those of Mendelssohn, at least in this respect, present a rounded and complete preface, without presupposing any acquaintance with the melodies of the opera. Weber, on the contrary, turned off into a path, which has been variously travelled since him with unavoidably the greatest aberrations, when he used for main themes to his overtures the taking melodies from the opera itself—melodies based often upon some situation which contributes nothing to the *denouement*, and which, being without text, lose all hold upon a deeper understanding. By this means certainly he ca-

* *Referendarius*: a small lawyer who practices in the courts without emolument, and not a reviewer, as it was wrongly translated in our last.—Ep.

tered better for the thoughtless crowd of absolute dilettanti, and perhaps exercised more attraction on the masses; but as an artist he prejudiced beforehand their understanding of the matter he had undertaken to present. Mozart, Beethoven and Gluck also interweave thoughts from the opera into their overtures; but they are very careful to take only those of such decided stamp, that they help to prepare the mind correctly; and then they employ them only as introduction or as episode, as in the overtures to *Don Juan*, *Iphigenia in Aulis*, *Leonora*, (in C major). Weber's overtures, on the contrary, especially in the second theme, fall off into the Potpourri style; this is true of the *Freyschütz*, as of the *Euryanthe*, the *Preciosa*, &c., and most strikingly true of the *Oberon*. At this point Weber violently breaks the spell of his life-like description, so full of character and so faithful often to the truth; makes far too great a concession to the multitude, and all the beautifully germinating devotion is over; the audience is simply amused and longingly waits, after the return of the first more tedious thought, for the repetition of that tempting sugar work, which does not keep them waiting long, and now dazzles them with all the greater splendor. By this turn Weber gave the signal for a whole host of similarly put together, but not equally inspired overtures; they had learned of a revered master, both for themselves and for the pleasure-loving public, to take life easily.

Rossini was already peeping in here like a rogue, who had just then begun completely to turn the heads of the best and bravest people. When the composer had cooked up enough to furnish forth his splendidly and daintily set tables, then, like a prudent and experienced cook, he never omitted to stimulate the appetite by the nicely prepared ragout of his overtures.

Precisely at the time when Weber's fame, that had been kindled by the *Freyschütz*, was threatened with extinction by the sad fate of the *Euryanthe*, did Rossini reap his first dazzling triumphs. This was not without its injurious influence upon Weber's mind, which more and more opened itself to bitterness; it so excited him and dazzled him, that this same Weber, who had once so earnestly conjured Meyerbeer to remain German, now unfaithful to these principles, frequently in his *Oberon* strayed off after Rossini, and studied effect by an arbitrary mixture of German and Italian turns.

Nevertheless *Oberon* contains still glorious treasures of true German music, and what is far more important, true description; as for example in the elfin scenes, which even Mendelssohn has not surpassed; in the overture too, there is a brave essay of polyphony. But Weber was, alas! too sick to exercise the necessary self-control. Outward impressions gained ever more a stronger influence over him, and challenged him as to a formal conflict with the hostile elements. His enfeebled body yielded to this soul struggle, and to the chicanes to which he was exposed in England, in a foreign language, on the part of narrow-minded singers, arising from the bad translation of the *Oberon*. Weber was, as we have said, in spite of all there was new, invaluable, popular, and thus far unsurpassable in his works, too specific a musician, too much a man of feeling, to soar up to that summit of the arch of Reason, whence the classical musician, standing above his impressions, overlooks, controls and regulates himself and his emotions.

The Italians in Russia.—Mme. Bosio.

(Correspondence Lond. Mus. World.)

All your readers who profess an unbounded admiration for Madame Bosio (and I address myself to no others) will be glad to hear how she has been occupied during her recent sojourn in Russia. In the first place, I must hasten to say that the liquidity of her tones has not been interfered with by the congealing power of the Russian frost. In the second, I must chronicle her almost unprecedented success at St. Petersburg, and her altogether unprecedented success at Moscow—where no first-rate Italian singer, properly supported, ever appeared before the epoch of the coronation of the present emperor. I am aware that many persons will laugh at the idea of a Russian reputation, and sneer at the notion of a success achieved in Moscow. In truth, when so accomplished a singer as Madame Bosio makes her appearance before a new public, the principal honor involved in her success is that which reflects upon the discernment and taste of her audiences. But it should be remembered at the same time, that almost all the great Italian singers, who have been heard in London and Paris for the last twenty-five years, have found their way to St. Petersburg, and that the representations of the Italian Opera and the concerts of the Philharmonic Society are attended with so much eagerness, that it is difficult to find a place on the subscription list of the former, and almost impossible to obtain a season ticket for the latter. In short, the Russian amateurs really love music; they have been accustomed to hear music of the first kind, and the excellence of their orchestras, composed, for the most part, of native instrumentalists, proves that the nation can execute as well as appreciate. I speak especially of the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, which consists of only forty performers (about the number of Mr. Alfred Mellon's band of the Orchestral Union), and which, by long and continuous practice, has attained almost the perfection of *ensemble*. The orchestra at the Italian Opera, numbering twice the number of executants, owes its completeness to the fact that the performers take rank in the Government service, to preserve which it is necessary they should remain in the band of the Government theatre. After a certain number of years' service, each performer is entitled to a pension, like any other Government officer; and when, in addition to this, it is considered that the musical reputation of the St. Petersburg Italian Opera is considerably higher than that of any other theatre in Russia, it will be at once understood that its musicians are not in the habit of quitting it for any slight reasons, but that on the contrary, most of them remain in it during the whole of their professional lifetime. This "permanency," so much admired by Mr. Carlyle, of course produces its usual results in music as in all other things, and the orchestra of the St. Petersburg Italian Opera exhibits an excellence which, under another system, might never have been attained.

All this is intended to show that Bosio's success in Russia is a success not to be despised; indeed she has nowhere been more thoroughly and more warmly appreciated, from her appearance in Moscow at the State representation, when her brilliant vocalization in *Norina* was received in involuntary silence by an audience which had been invited by the Emperor to hear *L'Elisir d'Amore* without being permitted to laugh at Lablache!—down to her last appearance in the *Traviata*, when her pathetic acting and her charming execution of music, which with all its original insipidity becomes touching as "interpreted" by her, caused her to be "recalled" some dozen times, and with an enthusiasm which I had imagined was not to be found out of Italy. It will be remembered that Bosio was advertised to appear last season in the *Traviata*, at the Lyceum, but Piccolomini having forestalled her in the part at Her Majesty's, and the public moreover appearing satisfied with that young lady's style of singing, it of course became unbecoming on the part of the former vocalist to enter into a competition from which nothing was to be gained.

This summer, however, in case of Piccolomini's non-appearance, it will be profitable to her late admirers to have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the part of Marguerite Gauthier, executed without "piquancy" or *accroche-cœurs*, by the most accomplished soprano of the present day. A low-minded realist might object in Madame Bosio's performance of the part to her lady-like demeanor. She, in fact, looks like a young girl accidentally living in the region of the *Dames aux Camélias*, where she appears quite *depaycée*. But it seems to me that the *Dame aux Camélias*—on the stage as in real life—is tolerable under no other circumstances, and that in order not to be offensive, it is necessary, in the first instance, that she should not look like what she is. It has always been my conviction that the original representative of the part in Dumas' drama (or comedy as it ought to be called,—its chief merit being that it gives us a lively representation of manners in the *quartier Bréda*) owed a large part of her success to the lamentable fact that she "looked the part." And in support of the truth of this assertion, it may be mentioned that in the provinces where the public are not familiar with the dress, manners, and bearing of the first-class *lorette*, Madame Doche failed. But the *Dame aux Camélias* at the Vaudeville, to a more pure-minded person than an habitual theatre-goer is likely to be, was doubtless a very offensive exhibition. At all events there is a great contrast between the performance of the French actress and that of the Italian singer in the same part, and one that cannot be entirely ascribed to the purifying influence of the music, although the air of the last act is angelic as executed by Madame Bosio.

Calzolari was Madame Bosio's tenor, of whom it is unnecessary to speak, as the public of London have already heard and applauded the feeble gentleman in the ungrateful character of the *amant de cœur*. Do not think, however, that we had no tenor but Calzolari at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The "robust" parts were taken by Bettini (the big one), and his performance with Bosio and the *contralto*, de Méric (who has vastly improved), in the *Trovatore*, was especially successful. The principal baritone was de Bassini. The *seconda donna* (appearing sometimes as *prima donna*—in the *Norina* of *Don Pasquale*, for instance) was the interesting Marai.

Boarding School Music.

(From "Music and Education," by Dr. MAINZER. London, 1848.)

Whence does music receive its greatest injury, its deepest wounds? From those who should be its natural guardians, and the most jealous defenders of its beauty and purity—the parents of children and the managers of schools, especially schools for female education. To study music is, to them, nothing but to learn to *play the piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours *daily* before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyze a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or, have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a *sonata*, perhaps a *concerto*; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call *accomplishment*, a *refined education*; and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they

have devoted themselves, is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who, generally, are clear-sighted enough to make it an important item of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet?

If, in musical education, great errors are committed by teachers, the greatest of all arises from their submitting to the tyranny of these matrons, and their complacency in satisfying the wishes and the vanities of the parents. Unacquainted with music, its loftier purposes, and even with its mechanical department, the latter are over-anxious, in their paternal solicitude, to hear their offspring play or sing great pieces. The day is fixed beforehand, when, at a certain party, the young prodigy should take the whole company by surprise. The teacher, or governess, are alone initiated into the secret; and these poor martyrs of ignorance try every means to show the star in all its magnitude. The day, the great day arrives; the company begin to gather; the grand-papa has taken his arm-chair, and now, O misery! begins the musical entertainment. Papa feels quite uneasy; mama is in a fever; and the juvenile Corinna is all but fainting. However, the glorious moment has come when the sun is to rise and dazzle every eye. We all have heard such prodigious performances. One bar after the other makes slowly its appearance, and is, as it were, forced out; when she sings, it is, in stammering notes that she produces the eloquent *A te o cara*, or *Una furtiva lagrima*. Often overcome with fear and emotion, not of the music, but of the heads and candles around her, she stops short, goes on again, but, alas! the black and white keys begin to melt into each other, and to interchange colors, until—all is darkness and confusion. So ends the first musical entertainment, and so begins the musical career of young persons in general: each party-day is a new disappointment for the family and visitors, and a day of deep distress for the poor victim of such vanities and follies.

It is very certain that music, so acquired, must become irksome and tedious, that it can offer no enjoyment for the moment, no nourishment for the mind, and throughout a whole lifetime, no compensation for the time, the money, and the tears it has cost. In going directly against the purpose, it would be unreasonable to expect to attain it. We would wish to learn and love music; but you teach us to dread and hate it:—a system which resembles that of the night police, who carry lanterns, that the thieves may see them from a distance. Well may we say to those parents, and boarding-school Minervas, that music is a dangerous art, if thus it becomes, in their unholy hands, an instrument of torment to the young, or if it has to pass as a blighting blast, over the happy days of youth, and is, thanks to them, a handmaid of vanity, an empty, idle, stupid show, on the one side, and a greedy, cunning speculation, a vile, contemptible trade on the other. Well may we say to the musician, who thus sacrifices his dignity, betrays the art, and, as a sordid usurer, sells it to the highest bidder, what Schiller said to the literary tradesman: "Unhappy mortal! who, with science and art, the noblest of all instruments, effectest and attemptest nothing more than the day-drudge with the meanest; who, in the domain of perfect freedom, bearest about thee the spirit of a slave."

"But," continues he, "how is the artist to guard himself from the corruption of his time? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his comforts and his wants."

As we do not expect to change this degrading system of musical education, unless the parents show a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the art, it is to them we expose the necessity of a total reform in musical tuition, and say, either release the child entirely from this odious, mechanical and stupefying study, good only for nourishing ostentation and self-conceit, or make it a rational, intellectual and noble agent of moral education and mental refinement. The

more solid, the more elementary the beginning, the sooner the end is attained. All those who learn music with the view to shine, will never learn it to satisfy the better judge. They will find the general road too long, and, unlike common mortals, begin where others finish; fly without wings. They learn, by heart, like a bird, a *Cavatina* and a great *Aria*, and display their science in drawing-rooms, turning henceforth—a living hurdy-gurdy—in endless rotation from the *Cavatina* to the *Aria*, and from the *Aria* to the *Cavatina*. How different those who have learned thoroughly the principles of music! they sing every choral or solo composition, though never seen before.

(From the Home Journal, Dec. 1852.)

A TRIBUTE TO BOOTH.

The veteran actor, whose recent death brought a heartfelt "Alas! poor Yorick" to many a lip, is kindly treated in the verses below, by an esteemed contributor. Booth was not an ordinary man; and we are glad that his decease has called forth so worthy though inadequate a tribute to his memory:

BOOTH.

Just now it came into my head,
I know not how it came,
That somewhere I have heard or read,
That Junius Brutus Booth was dead,
An actor of great fame.

In Richard he was really great,
Though Kean's was lauded higher:
All parts, when not in tipsy state,
He played with judgment accurate,
With spirit, force and fire.

His tragic powers high praise bespeak—
His comic claims as high;
Profound in the absurd or weak,
He made you laugh at Jerry Sneak,
And almost made you cry.

For to his sense with feeling rife,
The "fun" was not the best—
That tragedy of common life,
The loving fool, the tyrant wife,
He deemed a serious jest.

He was a scholar deeply versed
In old and modern lore;
A poet, too, and not the worst;
His lines, when by himself rehearsed,
Were seldom thought a bore.

At Holland's lodgings once we met—
Our speech on trifles ran—
The nothings that we soon forget,
But leaves me an impression yet
Of "wit and gentleman."

A bard, the humblest of our times,
While sauntering down the street,
Together strung these careless rhymes,
And thought how oft ambition climbs
As poor reward to meet!

What lasts of Booth?—a paragraph
Some flippant paper gives;
A lie, or only true by half,
To set on barren fools to laugh—
And thus his "glory" lives!

Green boy, who seest on the stage
Some bully foam and roar,
Thinkest it glorious to engage
Applause, by shamming grief or rage,
Go—be a fool no more!

Few idols of the box or pit
Might well with Booth compare:
A genius, scholar, poet, wit,
For every range of talent fit—
And Booth is—what?—and where?

In vain his mind was heaven-inspired,
By study, too, refined—
All nature gave, or art acquired,
Was only for the hour admired,
And then it passed from mind.

The next German Festival.

To the last number of Fitzgerald's *City Item*, Philadelphia, we are indebted for the following:—

SEVENTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE GERMAN VOCAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNION.—Coming summer, our city will be witness of one of those grand celebrations for which our song-loving Germans have of late years become so famed, and which promises to surpass all others of the same kind, whether held in New York, Baltimore, or in this City of Brotherly Love. These festivals have been justly considered as possessing an eminently national character, and displaying in a remarkable degree the social elements of German public spirit and life, in the midst of American conventionalism, and have won encomiums of admiration from all classes of our society.

The preliminary proceedings were commenced last May, and the preparations are of the most complete kind, no expense or pains being spared to give eclat to this celebration. The following is the order of proceedings:—

- 1—Saturday (June 13th) Eve of the Festival. Reception of the Societies, and Torch light procession; Salutation by the President of the Delegation; Supper at the Head Quarters; Escort to the lodgings of the Guests.
- 2—Sunday Morning, at 8; Introduction and Rehearsal. In the Evening, Oratorio at the Festive Hall, by the Vocal Societies of Philadelphia.
- 3—Monday Morning, at 8, General Rehearsal for the Festive Concert; then Procession and Reception in Independence Square; Evening, at 7, Concert.
- 4—Tuesday, Pic Nic in the usual manner; Evening, Opera and Ball.
- 5—Wednesday Morning, at 10; Meeting of the Delegation; Afternoon, Chorus-Singing of the different Societies; Conclusion of the Festival, Grand Banquet.
- 6—Departure of Guests.

The Direction of the Music has been placed in the hands of Mr. P. M. WOLSEIFFER, Conductor of the Oratorio on Sunday Evening; and GEORGE FELIX BENKERT, Conductor of the Monday Concert.—Both gentlemen have been long and favorably known in the musical world.

The Officers of the Delegation are:

M. Rosenthal, President.
M. Kaiser, Vice-President.
A. Langguth, Recording Secretary.
P. Rohr, Corresponding Secretary.
A. Saxe, Secretary of Finance.

The programme of the two Concerts is as follows:

PART I.

Oratorio of "The Brazen Serpent,".....Loewe.

PART II.

- 1—Credo, from Twelfth Mass,.....Mozart.
- 2—Solo, (vocal).
- 3—Chorus: "The Heavens are Telling," (Creation), Haydn.
- 4—Solo.
- 5—Hallelujah Chorus, (Messiah),.....Handel.

The principal celebration will, however, be on Monday. The festive procession will be magnificent, and will take place after the Rehearsal.

Second Concert, on Monday evening:—

PART I.

- 1—Grand Overture,.....Orchestra.
- 2—Chorale: Eine feste Burg, (United Societies), Luther.
- 3—(Baltimore Societies).
- 4—The 67th Psalm, (United Societies),.....F. Otto.
- 5—(New York Societies).
- 6—Battle Chorus, from "The Prophet," (United Societies),Meyerbeer.

PART II.

- 1—Grand Overture (National),.....Benkert.
- 2—Double Chorus: Wine and Water Drinkers, (United Societies),.....Zoellner.
- 3—Concerted Piece.
- 4—Scena and Chorus, from "Euryanthe," (Philadelphia Societies),Weber.
- 5—"The American Revolutionary Hero," Wolsieffer.
- 6—Pilgrim Chorus, from "Tannhäuser," (United Societies),Wagner.

Both Concerts will be held at our Academy of Music, and will be arranged in a manner commensurate with the magnitude and splendor of the Festival. The following Societies have accepted the invitation and will attend:—New York, eighteen Societies, with eight hundred members; Baltimore, six Societies; Philadelphia eleven Societies; Richmond, Va., two Societies; Newark, two Societies; Norwich, New Haven, Poughkeepsie, Hartford, Easton, Buffalo, Rochester, Williamsburg, Hoboken, Trenton, Reading, Harrisburg, Wilmington, Petersburg, Washington city. Together, fifty-six societies, with fifteen hundred members, a force sufficient to

shake the walls of the Academy, and which will create a lasting impression on our citizens by the almighty power of song.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Diary at Home.

A New York paper says:

"Signor Jacopsi, (Charles Jacobs of New York), has been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, London."

Signor Jacopsi, of course, can sing better than Mr. Jacobs. Are not Italian singers best?

Two hundred years ago Alexander Stradl went from Germany to Italy, and as Alessandro Stradella, won imperishable renown. The books all say he was a Neapolitan by birth, but he was born in Suabia. From that day to this, few people become great singers until their names are changed.

Sophie Cruvel, after she became Signora Cruvelli, was worthy of the first place in the grand opera at Paris.

Fräulein Deutsch, after she became Signora Tedesco, turned the Havana and Boston musical globe topsy-turvy.

Miss Jennings, after becoming Signora Fiorentini, played a great part at London and Paris. Fräulein Ungher of Vienna, having become Madame Sabbatier, was a great Italian contralto.

Possibly the name of Signora Canzi, who thirty years ago was the great singer at La Scala, and on other Italian stages, and then shared the triumphs of Pasta in London and Paris, may be known to some readers. Well, she was Fräulein Canzi, born of German parents, at Baden, near Vienna. But the notices of her at that time of course made her of Italian birth.

The name of Madame Fodor-Mainvielle, the so long ruling spirit at the grand opera at Paris, may also be familiar. She was Fräulein Fodor originally, the daughter of a German pianist, who about 1795 settled in Amsterdam.

Musical history, however, does give us some instances, in which singers have attained a reasonable degree of fame, without sailing under false national colors.

As instances, these names occur to us: Maria and Pauline Garcia, Mrs. Billington, a certain Fräulein Sontag, and a Miss Lind, Cæcilia Davies, Mara, Clara Novello, Johanna Wagner, Cinti-Damoreau, Miss Paton, the original Rezia in Weber's *Oberon*, with whom he was delighted, (we know her as Mrs. Wood), and too many others to be cited here.

Of these some never saw Italy, and others only went there after their fame had brought them engagements at Naples, Florence or Venice.

When the next manager brings us an opera troupe from sunny Italy, and engages Zacariah Smith, Habakuk Townsend, Pelatiah Jones, Abigail Barnes, Lois Bigelow and Hepzibah Bacon—how the—ahem!—will he Italianize their names? For certainly, under such every-day cognomens, no human being could sing!

Musical Intelligence.

PORTLAND, ME.—A new sacred Music Society has been formed here, under the title of "The Haydn Association." It is said to embrace the best musical talent of the city; and the following is the list of officers:

President, Francis Blake; Vice-President, Albert P. Pennell; First Conductor, George A. Churchill;

Second Conductor, Samuel Thurston; Secretary, Charles P. Carlton; Treasurer, Parmenio W. Neal; Librarian, Cyrus Staples; Investigating Committee, John L. Shaw, Arthur M. Hsley, George M. Howe.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Mr. G. W. STRATTON's first Soirée took place at his Piano-forte rooms, March 20th. In the programme we notice Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; the overture to *Tannhäuser*, (for violin, clarinet and piano); a "Lament," by Schubert, (for two clarinets); Variations by Mozart, for clarinet solo; a fantasia for piano, by Strakosch; and in the vocal portion a sacred Quartet by Kreissmann, a Quartet and a Trio by Stratton, the Trio from *Belisario*, songs from Donizetti, Auber, &c. The Manchester paper says the Soirée was a complete success.

"The performers were all natives. The vocal parts were by Mrs. Win. Reynolds, Mrs. H. B. Carter, Mr. J. R. Dudley, Mr. David Alden and Mr. Stratton, who performed some Trios and Quartets in a superior manner. Mrs. Reynolds sang two songs with much taste and expression. Stratton's Trio and Quartet were much liked, and appeared quite original compared with the general run of this kind of music. The instrumental parts were performed by Miss S. A. Osgood, Pianist, Mr. E. K. Foss, Violinist, Mr. J. S. Hucksins, Clarinetist, Mr. Stratton, Pianist and Clarinetist. Miss Osgood's Fantasia was played in a neat and finished style, which did credit to herself and teacher, Mr. Stratton. The clarinet pieces were much admired."

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mrs. Wentworth, have been in our city for two or three days, delighting our citizens with their performances and playing to all classes of music lovers. On Friday evening they performed at Washburn Hall, (a fine place, it is said, for chamber concerts), giving a programme of light music. On Saturday afternoon they gave in the Mechanics' Hall a concert for the school-children and others, suiting the performances to their tastes. It was advertised as a "ten-cent concert," packages of five tickets being sold for fifty cents. Had the tickets been sold singly, for a dime, the hall would have been crowded.

But the crowning glory of the Club's visit among us was reserved for Saturday evening, at which time they gave a soirée of classical music in the parlors of the Bay State House, which was an occasion of unalloyed enjoyment. The programme was well chosen, and, throughout, well performed. It opened with Haydn's Quartet in G, No. 75, which the strings gave with delicate grace and perfect appreciation throughout. We have never heard the Club play better than in this quartet. The Introduction and Allegro movement of the Beethoven quintet in E flat was characteristic and interesting; and the canzonet from Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, proved to be one of the gems of the evening. Ryan's quintet arrangement of one of the simplest yet most charming of the Songs without Words, was very acceptable; and the clarinet quintet in A, No. 6, op. 108, was a fitting close for so fine an evening's entertainment, being in Mozart's best vein, and, most excellently played withal. The programme was interspersed with singing by Mrs. Wentworth, who gave, with her accustomed taste, Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, and the air, *Come unto Him*; and solos by Krebs and August Fries—accomplished players of the flute and violin.

The performance, on Fast evening, of the oratorio of the Creation, by the Mozart Society, should fill our Mechanics' Hall to overflowing.—*Palladium*.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—(From the Berkshire Co. Eagle, April 10.)—The winter session of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute closed on Tuesday evening last, with a soirée given by the Young Ladies, under the direction of the principal, Prof. E. B. Oliver. The occasion was a pleasant one to all, and especially to those who, like ourselves, with some idea of the designs of the founder, have watched the progress of the Institute from its beginning. The novelty and boldness of the undertaking, and the singular fitness of Mr. Oliver and his associates for giving it success, early gave us a lively interest in it. A passionate devotee of high art and an enthusiastic believer that music—designed to express all the finer feelings of the soul, and all the more delicate fancies of the mind, could only be perfectly cultivated in proportion as the heart, the taste and the judgment are cultivated, and only perfectly expressed by the most thorough artistic skill, Mr. Oliver undertook to establish a school of classic music upon a basis corresponding with his theories. In the system established, music is, of course, made the central point of instruction. The course pursued is extremely thorough, and the favorite style taught is of the severe classic school of Germany. At the soirée on Tuesday evening, the programme contained fifteen pieces, from the following brilliant constellation of authors, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Von Weber and Concone, an unusual combination at least to be found in the

programme of an evening performance by young ladies, and one characteristic of the school. That something more of music must have been learned by them than is often taught, was evident to those who listened to them. And aside from the general musical skill acquired, it was well remarked by a gentleman present, that these pieces now learned were, like the works of Milton and Shakespeare in poetry, always fresh, and would as much delight the hearer if the performers repeated them twenty years hence, as they do now—perhaps the truest test of classic music as distinguished from the fashionable.

So much for the central point of the school. Accessory to this, the sister art of painting and drawing is taught with great skill, by Miss Merrill, and French, German, Latin and some branches of English studies are pursued under teachers of the first class. The primary object of Mr. Oliver in selecting these studies, is that variety which the mind of the student must have, and especially to give that cultivation which he believes essential to the character of the true artist.

By an advertisement it will be seen that a new term of Mr. Oliver's Institute has just commenced.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The "Beethoven Orchestra" gave their third concert on the 23d ult., assisted by "a resident lady singer, of excellent talent," and by the "Providence Flute Club." The programme was:

PART I.
March—Mein Gruss an Berlin.....Gung'l.
Overture—Califé de Bagdad.....Boieldieu.
Song—Kathleen Mavourneen.....Crouch.
Quintet—Andante.....Reicha.
By Flute, Clarinet, Cornet, Viola and Violoncello.
Duet Concertante.....Schneider.
By Flute and Clarinet, with Orchestral Accompaniments.

PART II.
Second Overture.....Kalliwoda.
Andante, Moderato and Allegro.....Rossini.
By the Flute Club. Adapted for six Flutes, by W. F. Marshall.
Waltzer—Nur Leben.....Strauss.
Song—Eulogy of Tears.....Schubert.
Graceful Polka.....Gung'l.

From the Committee of Management's card to the public, we extract the following paragraphs:

The Orchestra was formed and commenced its rehearsals in March, 1856, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Marshall, and is now composed of the following instruments: 8 violins, 3 violas, 4 violoncellos, 2 double basses, 3 flutes, 1 oboe, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 1 horn, 2 trombones, 1 basso tuba, large and small drums, triangle, cymbals, and kettle drums. Their object, principally, is to encourage and develop, in a large form, the instrumental talent of this city.

They hope that the citizens generally will take an interest in the establishment of a first class Orchestra in this city, and be induced to give such encouragement to the efforts they are now making as will have the effect to increase the numbers and strengthen the efficiency of the Orchestra, thus enabling them to perform music of a higher and more classical character, and perhaps stimulate them to the performance of the grand instrumental compositions of the immortal composer whose name the Association have assumed—BEEHÖVEN!

NEW YORK.—Maretzek and company commenced a season of Italian Opera at Niblo's on Monday evening, when Mme. GAZZANIGA made her New York debut in *La Traviata*, with BRIGNOLI, ANODIO, &c. The *Courier & Enquirer* says:

Madame Gazzaniga, to be so poor a vocalist, is one of the most remarkable artists we have had upon our lyric stage. Her merits are her own peculiar gifts; her faults are in the form of defective acquirement. She possesses that rarity in music, a truly sympathetic soprano voice. No mezzo-soprano, no tenor, is more penetrating in quality, more pathetic in tone; and to this it adds a peculiarly feminine expression which, strange to say, does not always accompany a female voice. She has a great range, quite two octaves and a half, we should say, and more power than any soprano we have heard, except Jenny Lind. Her volume of voice, too, seems to be all music; very little of it runs to waste in mere noise. These merits she in a measure counterbalances by certain defects, which, though they are not fatal, still limit her range, and we fear, unless they are remedied, will prevent her from attaining the rank of a prima donna of the first class. She vocalizes very badly; and in fact cannot sing scale passages or arpeggios, or the ordinary figures of rapid melody, in a manner which would do credit to a pupil of a year's standing under a good master. If we may judge by her performance last evening, her intonation is not reliable; and in passages which require her either to force or to subdue her voice she sings sharp; this however may be the temporary effect of illness or agitation. She delivers her voice with great freedom and purity, but seems to lack elasticity of spirit or of utterance, to a degree which almost reaches monotony; and, consequently she is never brilliant.

Madame Gazzaniga's style is the purely declamatory dramatic style which has been brought into vogue by the later compositions of Donizetti and by those with which Verdi alternately delights and offends us. As

a musical declaimer she has few superiors; and the unusual richness and fullness of the lower register of her voice, gave her great advantages in this respect. As an actress she has much merit; and her person—she is a blonde and has a very pretty figure—wins her favor before she sings.

The illness of Mme. Gazzaniga prevented a repetition until Friday....The PYNE and HARRISON troupe are giving six nights of English Opera at Burton's theatre with W. V. WALLACE as conductor;—their farewell before returning to England.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A very beautiful "musical soirée" was given by Mr. Corcoran, in behalf of Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, for the purpose of introducing him to some of our most influential families as a pianist and artist of great merit, previous to his giving a public concert here. Though he comes unheralded, yet with the strong introduction he brings from Baron Humboldt and other distinguished European friends of his, we cannot for a moment doubt of his future success in this country, where, we believe, he intends to take up a permanent residence, having already met with marked favor in New York, where he has established himself. But now, to return to Mr. Corcoran's Soirée, where the guests were accomplished in music; we understand that Mr. Goldbeck delighted and astonished his audience. The neatness and precision of his playing cannot well be surpassed, and his classical performances of Beethoven's celebrated Sonata in A flat could not fail to stamp him as an artist of true merit. In short, he gave most entire satisfaction to all who had the pleasure of hearing him.—*Intelligencer*.

SAVANNAH, GA.—We have received a copy of the Constitution of the "Mozart Club," which has existed in this city since 1855. Its object is "the performance of instrumental and vocal music, and the cultivation of correct musical taste." It has active members, (professional and amateur), who pay \$5 a year, the professional excepted, and associate members, who pay \$10; and all members are privileged to attend rehearsals and concerts. The rehearsals take place every Wednesday evening from October into March, and at least four concerts are given during the season. The number of active members for 1856-7 is: Professors 6, Amateurs 14; of associate members, about 63. Of the programmes of the four concerts given this past season, that of the last, (March 4th), may serve as a specimen:

PART I.

1. Overture—La Muette—Orchestra.....Auber.
2. Song—Como è bella Lucrezia.....Donizetti.
3. Duet—March Brillante.....Auber.
4. Song—Una Voce, de Barbieri.....Rossini.
5. Quintet—Adagio ma non troppo, and Finale.....Kuhlaue.

PART II.

1. Overture—Le Mignon—Orchestra.....Auber.
2. Grande Fantasia—Cello and Piano.....Kummer.
3. Song—Romance, Lied de Chauvonnix.....Donizetti.
4. Quartet—Variations, two Violins, Viola, Cello.....Haydn.
5. Song—Barcarole, with Violin obligato.....Schubert.
6. German Singer March—Orchestra.....arr. by Scherzer.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—Since our last concert report was written, there has been a performance of the *Creation*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and one of *St. Paul*, at St. Martin's Hall, under Mr. Hullah's direction. There has been one of the Concerts for the People, at which Miss Dolby was advertised as giving her aid: this is one of the contributions which, coming naturally from an artist, are graceful and commendable. There has been, also, Mr. Howard Glover's monster concert at Drury Lane.

The programme of Mr. Ella's second Soirée was interesting. It was made up of Herr Molique's Quartet in B flat, a work full of ideas, which, if not very new, are distinct, and of contrivances excellent in their ingenuity; of Mendelssohn's Second Trio, very finely played by Herren Molique and Halle and Signor Piatti, and Dr. Spohr's elegant Sestetto, op. 146, the first movement of which is one of its master's most graceful compositions. Then there were glees—one of them so excellently led by Mr. Foster, the best male counter-tenor we have ever heard, and so evenly sung as to deserve an encore—a glee, by the way, when well sung, makes a variety in better proportion with concerted instrumental chamber music than nine-tenths of the songs to be named and singers attainable could make.—*Athenæum*, March 21.

The music selected to open the Art-Treasures Exhibition in Manchester will probably be the National Anthem, the Old Hundredth Psalm, and the final chorus to Handel's *Cæcilian Ode*—since we cannot imagine our contemporaries correct in announcing the entire work for performance on the occasion. Madame Novello is engaged. There is also to be a grand concert on the evening of the opening day—but this, we imagine will not be held in the building.—*Ibid*.

PARIS.—Mme. De Staudach's concert, in Erard's Rooms, was fashionably attended. She played a

sonata by Scarlatti, and some compositions by Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Heller. M. Reichardt was the vocalist. He sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," a romance by Donizetti, and Blumenthal's "Chemin de Paradis." The Parisian press are prodigal in their eulogiums on the singing of M. Reichardt.

The London *Athenæum*, (March 21), has the following items:

"Madame Steffanone seems not to have contented her public in *I Puritani*—Signor Mario having been the real star of the Italian season there about to close. When music has ended in the Theatre Ventadour, Madame Ristori will begin her two months' season."

We are glad to see M. Stephen Heller's third Sonata, (the best modern piano-forte Sonata we know), keeping its place in the chamber programmes of the Paris season. Further, there is good hope in the promise of another three-act opera by M. Reber, to come out at the Opera Comique. Lastly, we may note that M. Sax, whose inventions in brass instruments need no epithet, and who has long been vexed by the piratical proceedings of other instrument-makers, has, after ten years of law, gained his cause against the counterfeiters of Paris, whose further operations are henceforward prohibited, and who are sentenced to heavy costs and to retrospective reimbursements."

ITALY.—The *Athenæum* gives the following list of new Italian operas:

Lida da Carcano, by Signor Taddei, produced at Milan; *Il Conte di San Germano*, by Signor Traversari, at Novara; *Guzmano il Prode*, by Signor Sanelli, at Parma. Somewhat more important than the above may be *La Punizione*, by Signor Pacini, given at Rome with Madame Albertini and Signor Baucarde as principal singers.

LEIPZIG, March 3.—The London *Musical World* translates from the New Vienna *Musikzeitung* thus:

On Thursday was Liszt the hero of the day, and to-morrow he will be so again. We shall see Wagner's *Tannhäuser* brought upon the stage under his direction; the Weimar singers, Milde, Wife, and Caspary, as well as the harp-virtuosa, Mme. Pahl, are at his orders. The performances are for the benefit of the operatic stage-manager, Behr.

Liszt was made much of, Thursday; he was received with bravos and welcomed with sturdy applause. His two symphonies are the essence of the whole matter. Both were listened to with approbation by the audience. The "Preludes" must be pronounced as indisputably the most successful; *Mazepa* was but faintly applauded. After hearing both of these much-talked-of works with our own ears, we, also, are cured of the erroneous idea that they are something special, something we never heard before, something immense. They may be listened to very well with other things. Berlioz has made my head ache much more. People, however, must not allow themselves to be persuaded that they are music with any claims to importance, or destined to enjoy a great future. We have discovered one important peculiarity about them, it is true. But Dr. Franz Liszt will not be exactly proud of it. We mean the great poverty of ideas, and the want of melody and harmony distinguishing them.

In addition to this poverty of ideas and monotony of form, the No. I, or E flat major concerto, for the pianoforte, played, and in a most masterly manner, by Hans von Bülow, is most unrefreshing. As the artist was honored with too much applause, there were some very audible hissing, to mark the worthlessness of the composition. The barytone Milde sang a very pleasing romance by Liszt, which pleased ourselves and the public very well. So much for Liszt. Milde and his wife sang also a duet out of the *Holländer*; they sang it magnificently, and were rewarded accordingly with hearty applause. Wagner's music reminds us of Weber, Meyerbeer, Marschner, and *Tannhäuser*, which was born at a later period. The first part, under Rietz, introduced us, unfortunately, to a not very valuable posthumous work of R. Schumann, a "Singspiel Overture," to a poem in the style of *Herrmann and Dorothea*. It was nearly damned. Mine von Milde rehabilitated Schumann by singing the prayer of "Genoveva" with great feeling and artistic finish.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1857.

The Handel and Haydn Society's Festival.

The great musical event of this year, 1857, will undoubtedly be the Festival in May, for which preparations are now making. Besides all the other reasons for our anticipating much gratification and enjoyment during the successive performances in prospect, we feel no small inter-

est in the success of the project, from the fact that it is another effort of our finest and oldest musical association—we believe the oldest in the country—to give a new impulse to music in the right direction.

We think the public generally is unaware how much has been done in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society, for the cause of music. We are unable to go very deeply into this subject now, but shall in this article direct the attention of the reader to a few topics in point. Previous to 1813, occasional concerts of sacred music, called Oratorios—as grand concerts of vocal and instrumental music in Vienna went by the name of *Academies*—had been given, some by a man named BAILEY, (of whom we should be glad if any correspondent would tell us more), and others under the direction of Dr. G. K. JACKSON. This gentleman, a noted music teacher of his day, was an Englishman, and during the war of 1812, as an alien, was sent away from Boston. It was at this time, that many of the leading singers of the town—some of whom still survive, and whose reminiscences we would gladly have given insertion in the Journal of Music—formed themselves into a choral association, under the name of the "Handel and Haydn Society." The society cast away at once the miserable music which was then the staple of popular performance, and devoted its time and labor to conquering the difficulties, then formidable, of the highest class of vocal music—that of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and others of their schools.

Within ten years after the formation of the society, it had published several volumes of choruses and other sacred music at its risk, we may perhaps say expense, for we doubt if any of those volumes sold to any good extent out of the society. The credit belongs to it of having set an example and adhering to it, of singing none but music of the highest order, and of giving a new impulse and direction to public taste by its publications. Though not in due order, we will speak of its collection of psalmody here.

The "Bridgewater Collection," the "Village Harmony," and perhaps other collections, had made some advance from what is now called "old folks' music," but no editor had dared to confront popular prejudice and taste, with a work which should be free from all trace of Billings, Holden, Stephenson, Kimball and the like.

In 1821, Dr. LOWELL MASON, then a young man, and resident in Savannah, came North with the manuscript of a collection of music, which was something as new and out of the common course then, as ZEUNER'S "Harp" was twenty years later. His book was made up from the best English sources, discarded all the old fuguing tunes, contained many arrangements from the noble Adagios and Andantes of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Pleyel, &c., and above all was harmonized under the eye and instruction of ABEL, a thorough German musician. This manuscript had been offered in Philadelphia, and to booksellers in other cities freely, save on condition of his receiving such copies as he needed gratis.

No bookseller would touch it. At length, when there seemed to be no hope, the Handel and Haydn Society took it, placed their name upon the title page, printed it, and thus began the greatest revolution we have yet had in psalmody.

To the Handel and Haydn Society, so far as

we have been able to learn, our country owes the credit of having first given an oratorio entire. During the first four years of its existence, it gave a number of concerts of miscellaneous sacred music. For instance, at Christmas, 1815, it engaged the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society,* and gave: Part I., the "Creation," as far as the chorus: "The Heavens are telling;" and for Parts II. and III. miscellaneous selections, mostly from Handel.

The performers were about one hundred, says the *Centinel*, and appeared to embrace all the musical excellence of the town and the vicinity. The performances—the concert was in the Stone Chapel—drew a crowded house, at a dollar for a single ticket, five for \$4, and eight for \$6, and pleased so much that the concert was repeated on the 18th of January.

But the Society determined to do something more than as yet had been accomplished, and on the 22d of March, 1817, they announced a series of concerts which, considering the extent of Boston at that time—not so large as several other New England cities are now—the condition of the community still suffering from the effects of the war, and the small advance which a true taste for music had then made, we think shows a determination and spirit which might well be a model for imitation at this day. All honor to the few that still remain, that took part in that musical enterprise!

The announcement was as follows:

SACRED ORATORIOS.

The Handel and Haydn Society propose to perform in King's Chapel, on the first week in April ensuing, those two celebrated musical compositions, the "Messiah," by Handel, and the "Creation," by Haydn.

The first performance, which will be on Tuesday evening, the first of April, will consist of the first part of the "Messiah" and the first part of the "Creation," together with an intermediate selection.

The second performance, on Thursday the third of April, will consist of the second part of the "Creation" and the second part of the "Messiah," with an intermediate selection.

The third performance, on the fourth of April, will consist of the third part of the "Messiah" and the third part of the "Creation," with an intermediate selection.

Books containing the words of the oratorios, and the order of the performances, may be obtained at the several places where tickets are for sale. Tickets for admission to the three performances for \$2, and tickets for performances separately at \$1 each, may be obtained at the bookstore of O. C. Greenleaf, Court street; West & Richardson and Monroe & Francis, Cornhill; S. H. Parker's circulating library, No. 1 Water street; Franklin Musical Warehouse, Milk street; G. Graupner's, Franklin street, and David Francis's bookstore and library, Newbury street.

It appears from a notice of a rehearsal, that the Philharmonic orchestra was engaged for these concerts; and from another source we have learned that an organist was brought from New York, owing to some difficulty in relation to the pecuniary consideration demanded by Dr. Jackson. (?)

As a specimen of the "intermediate selections," the following is a list of the pieces in Part II. of the second concert:

Chorus—From Handel's "Joshua": "The Great Jehovah is an awful theme."

Solo—Oliver Shaw, ("Blind Shaw" of Providence): "This world is all a fleeting show."

Chorus—"Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord."—Handel.

Recitation—Handel: "He measureth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

Solo—"Thou dost blow with Thy wind."

Chorus—"He gave them hail-stones for rain."

Three months later, when President Monroe came to Boston, the Society was invited by "the committee of arrangements of the town of Boston," to give a select oratorio in his presence. It

took place July 5th, at 5 P. M., in Chauncy Place church. Some of the pieces sung were the choruses: "Hail Judea, happy land," "The horse and his rider," "Hailstone," "Welcome, welcome, mighty King," "Achieved is the glorious work," &c., &c. Among the solos was Shaw's sweet song: "Were not the sinful Mary's tears."

Another fact which will ever stand in honor of the Society, is that some of its members sent an order to Vienna, to have BEETHOVEN compose an oratorio for it, without limiting him in any manner as to price, subject or style—and this only from the specimens of the master, which they had sung from the "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

The society, like other musical associations, has at times had its firmament clouded, but a large-minded and generous policy will, we sincerely trust, be followed at length by an appreciation on the part of the public, which shall enable it to remain as it now is, one of the institutions of Boston.

We have other things to say in this connection, but our article is already long enough. If musical taste be higher in Boston than in other American cities, as is sometimes claimed, we do not hesitate to attribute it to the long and well-directed influence of our noble old Choral Society.

CONCERTS.

THALBERG has gone! The last of the half-dollar concerts, being the fifteenth and last of his second visit to Boston, took place in the Music Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The storm thinned the audience. The character of the entertainment was such as we have many times described, and with the usual assistants, D'ANGRI, JOHANNSEN and Herr SCHREINER. With all their names and shapes Protean—Thalberg's concerts simple, Thalberg's concerts grand, Thalberg's oratorios, festivals, children's concerts, matinées, soirées, piano recitals, &c., &c.—they are all over now. They always had delighted audiences; they have given us a great variety of fine music, and a great deal of pleasure, in which a very large part of the community have been participators.

THE AFTERNOON CONCERTS, too, are over. The last, on Wednesday, drew a crowd, and programme and performance were particularly good. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—in more than one sense one of his *happiest* efforts, was a delicious treat. The *Tannhäuser* overture told well, too, for a conclusion; though we would rather have heard the *Leonora* just at this time. There was a fine set of Waltzes by Lumbye, a spirited Gallop by Zerrahn, and an elaborate Fantasia for clarinet, composed by Reissiger and played by RYAN. Much interest was created by the remarkable piano-forte playing of Master ERNST PERANO, a lad only eleven years and three months old. The motive for this single public exhibition of his talent was a good one: it was simply to show that he *has* talent such as should not be allowed to run to waste, and to interest our music-lovers if possible enough to give him the means of seeking solid education in Germany. Of course the child did not do his best; and yet what he did was evidence enough of most decided musical talent. He played the first Song without Words, by Mendelssohn, clearly, (but of course without the expression which such pieces require); a florid *melodie variée*, by Döhler, in the modern style; a *Souvenir de Mendelssohn*, by Krug, in which he made the melody stand distinctly out amid a wealth of accompaniment; and finally a composition of his own, a sort of minor church air, of not a little beauty, followed by half a dozen variations, astonishingly clever for a boy. His musical memory is remarkable; and so is his power

of reading music. We have heard him play correctly and clearly *at sight* a pretty difficult prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn; and from memory various fugues of Bach, Mozart, &c., of which he carries some thirty in his head and fingers.

The Afternoon Concerts have been a success. We have no doubt they might go on successfully for a month more.

BOSTON CHORISTERS' SCHOOL—To nothing for some time have we listened with more fresh and peculiar interest than to the concert given by Mr. H. S. CUTLER, on Wednesday evening, at the Tremont Temple. Its objects were to give the audience some idea of English Cathedral Music, and to exhibit the practicability and proper use of boy choirs in the Episcopal service. The pieces of the first part were prefaced and interspersed with very instructive and interesting explanations and historical notices by Mr. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, who won the warm thanks of the audience. We hope to give our readers his entire lecture in our next.

We have no room now to do much justice to the concert, or to treat, as we hope some time to be able to do, several important questions which it raised anew in our mind. Of the real artistic worth, or creative genius, of this old English music, we are still unprepared to judge with confidence. But as a ritual, as a branch of a church service, it has at least the merit of uniform dignity, and freedom from poor triviality and sentimentality. Some of the pieces sung that evening impressed us very deeply. We are no believer in the old Church Modes as *absolute and permanent types*; we see in them only rude, imperfect efforts to get at the only complete Scale yet in their very limitations there is a certain quaint grandeur of effect, which no one will deny. We felt it and enjoyed it in the two first pieces, the Gregorian *Venite*, and the *Te Deum* by Tallis. Both these and the quite elaborate fugued *Te Deums* and anthems of later date (by Farrant, Webbe, Rogers, Travers and Boyce), seemed (to judge from that experiment) to be most fitly rendered by choirs in which the soprano part is sung by boys.

But leaving for the present all discussion of the compositions, we would simply bear our testimony to the rare charm and perfection of the execution of the entire programme. The two choirs were arranged antiphonally at opposite ends of the stage, each consisting of six boys (orchoristers), two counter-tenors, two tenors and two basses. The boys were from the Church of the Advent; among the older singers, called in for the purpose, we noticed Messrs. MOZART and GARRETT, basses, Messrs. HOWARD and ADAMS, tenors, &c. The choirs had been marvellously well drilled, and sang, sometimes without accompaniment, long and difficult anthems, with such perfect truth and clearness as we rarely hear in any concert. The boys' voices were all pure, sweet and musical, always in time and tune, and they sang with an earnestness and an unaffected joy in what they did, free from all sign of vanity or individual self-consciousness, that was refreshing to witness. The whole behavior of these young gentlemen was as commendable as their musical accomplishment.—Three of them sang the Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, without aid of instrument, with delightful sweetness and silvery purity of harmony.

The song from Handel: *Come unto Him*, by young Master WHITE, was so beautiful as to elicit an encore. In the place of another lad, who was unwell, Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang: *If with all your hearts*, very finely. Choruses from the "Messiah" and from "Samson" were sung by the two little choirs united, and with an effect and volume of tone that surprised us. Mr. Cutler, who is one of our best organists, accompanied. He is plainly quite in earnest in his devotion to this school of church music; he modestly and simply merged *himself* in his work; whatever might be our doubts and prejudices about the English music, here was a *genuine* opportunity to learn about it, and all who embraced it could not but feel rewarded and grateful to Mr. Cutler and to Mr. Thayer.

* Who can give us any account of this society?

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, MARCH 8th.—(From a private letter.)—I have just been looking through a book, which perhaps has not come under your notice—"BEETHOVEN, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs, par OULIBICHEFF." It does not strike me as a very valuable work; but noteworthy are the criticisms which he has therein collected; for instance, what Wagner and Berlioz have said upon the Ninth Symphony.

Oulibicheff divides Beethoven's works into three periods, and is of opinion that during the third Beethoven was already so deaf, that he no longer retained fully in his memory the separate tones, with the good and bad effects which they may produce, and hence composed and combined things, which, if he could have heard them, he would have avoided. Oulibicheff even gives some passages from the Ninth Symphony as proofs of this point. But he seems to me, to use a German phrase, "to be quite in a bye-way"; for how is it possible that Beethoven should have so missed filling his soul with music and its effects, that he needed to hear his compositions with the physical ear?

On the other hand I believe that he only can fully understand these later compositions, who has first made himself master of the earlier works, and who is thus enabled to follow Beethoven into his thoughts and feelings.

We have not been this season, as in so many winters past, overwhelmed with too many concerts, and (what is especially worthy of honorable notice) all mediocre talent has been so prudent as to turn its back upon our city and bless other places with its presence.

Herr STERN [Star], the conductor of the great choral association, [Singverein,] has done honor to his name, and has caused a star of the first magnitude to appear to us—the Grand Mass of Beethoven, which was also given last year. This work is so effective and mighty that one is completely carried away by it, and never thinks of passing judgment upon it; as when one enters the cathedral at Cologne and feels as if it was not built, but had stood so from the beginning of things, and that every stone must from necessity lie just so; so it is with this mass of Beethoven's. The parallel with the cathedral is also carried out in this, that it is so perfectly catholic. For instance, introducing the *Dona nobis pacem*, [the prayer for peace,] suddenly are heard the bright notes of the horns, which impresses the hearer with the idea that Beethoven intended to convey the idea of war instead of peace. I had opportunity to attend one of the rehearsals. In this way, through the frequent repetitions of the separate parts, one is enabled to get an idea of their full beauty. And this is the work, which twenty years ago it was said must have been composed by a crazy man!

The Singakademie has performed another work of Handel, "Saul," which is far less important than the "Messiah," "Alexander's Feast," &c. At Easter, as has been done I believe for twenty-five years, that society will sing Bach's *Passions-musik*. That is music to which the auditor needs to bring only his heart; no need of musical knowledge there; and therefore I am always sorry, that it is not sung in a church.

CLARA NOVELLO is singing here with élan, as she did many years ago. She has a voice of great compass, which it is true fails in many points, but many of its tones are of truly wonderful beauty, real flute tones, and neither the Lind nor our Johanna Wagner can produce such. And then her style is in the highest degree graceful and pleasing; she also knows the weak points of a gradually failing voice, and so well how to cover them that the hearer hardly notices them. She sings for the most part Handel's music, and in English, being English by birth. Also, airs

from Haydn. I heard the air from the "Creation," *With verdure clad*. It is not possible to imagine it better, so pure and simple was its style. The king, who eighteen years ago had her often come to the palace to sing Handel's music, attends her concerts, which she may consider as a high honor, (if she was an American, not, perhaps?) as he now goes to no concerts but those of the Dom Chor.

We have had no new operas but DORN's "Day in Russia," which has not given satisfaction, and is no longer repeated. A kapellmeister who is continually directing operas, thinks too easily, "Such an opera you can also compose;" but the public has often more judgment than it has credit for, and does not allow itself to be dazzled by beautiful decorations.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Bound volumes of our Journal, for the past year, will soon be ready. . . Mrs. MOZART deserves a large attendance at her concert this evening. She has one of the richest soprano voices, and is one of our best singers. The concert is prior to her departure for Europe, where she will seek musical improvement in the best schools of Paris, Italy and Germany. She will have excellent assistance to-night, and the programme will be rich and varied. . . We have just had a good specimen of English church music, and now we are invited, by Mr. WERNER, to a concert of purely Catholic music, including Mozart's *Requiem*, to be sung by Catholic choirs, Sunday evening, May 3d. . . Read NOVELLO's advertisement, if you would find choice, abundant and cheap supplies of Madrigal and Glee music, both of the English and the German schools.

FRY, of the *Tribune*, says of Mme. GAZZANIGA, that "her voice is an absolute soprano—rich, full, loud, potent, true, steady, tearful, passionate, heroic," and that although deficient in some respects, she is in others "the greatest singer that has ever been in America." . . . A "Grand Verdi Festival," at Exeter Hall, London, was announced for Easter Monday, at which all the choicest music of *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata* was to be performed "in a more perfect manner than ever before attempted;" the list of distinguished artists includes Mr. MILLARDI, besides CLARA NOVELLO, Miss DOLBY, SIMS REEVES, &c. . . . "Dr. MARK and his little men," is the title of a juvenile orchestra, of 30 instrumental performers and 40 singers, composed of little English, Scotch and Irish boys, from five to fifteen years of age, whom Dr. Mark has taught gratuitously, to illustrate his new system, and with whom he is giving concerts in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, &c.

They have what is called a "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" in London, which was to hold a Choral Meeting in Exeter Hall, March 31st, when the chair would be taken by W. E. Hickson, Esq., author of "The Singing Master," and an essay on "The Use of Singing;" and when a choir of 800 voices, entirely without the aid of any instrumental accompaniment, would sing selections from Mendelssohn, Nægeli, Becker, Spofforth, Webbe, and other eminent composers. . . . BALFE has composed a song to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud," and SIMS REEVES sings it. . . . Our old friend BADIALI, baritone superbo, sang last month in Paris at a concert given by HENRI HERZ, who brought out some new piano pieces of his own; namely, a fantasia on *La Favorita*, a *Galop brillant*, and *Le Chant du Pèlerin*. Mme. VIARDOT GARCIA sang at the same concert two of Chopin's Mazurkas, set to English words, and an antique air or recitative by Lulli. BOTTESINI was there, too, without his double bass, but as conductor. Verily not a few of the names that figure now-a-days in European operas and concerts have a look of "old acquaintance" to Bostonians and New Yorkers. . . . LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the "lion-pianist," has arrived in Paris, where he proposes to

remain some months. He has been playing at the Hague and Brussels, and before the king of Holland.

Among the notices of new books abroad, we read: "Germany has sent us a thick octavo treatise on Beethoven, his critics and glossators, and a new biography, (six vols.), of Mozart, with an analysis of his principal works, by A. OULIBICHEFF, both written in French." We wonder if the new biography of Mozart, in six volumes, is anything more than a new (perhaps enlarged) edition of his old one, in three volumes, a work with which the readers of this Journal should by this time be somewhat familiar. Few composers ever found so appreciative a biographer; but now that M. Oulibicheff has taken Beethoven in hand, we trust that he has found out how to appreciate him better than he did when Mozart filled his whole horizon. . . . New York papers mention the death in that city of WILLIAM H. REEVES, the English tenor, who came to this country with Mme. Anna Bishop. He leaves a wife and children in a state of destitution. He was a brother of the famous SIMS REEVES.

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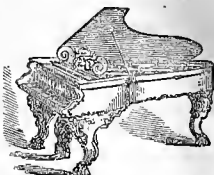
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Sunday in Florence—A Visit to the Villa Catalani.

Translated from "Les Nuits Italiennes," by Méry.

Sunday is indeed a beautiful day in Florence. The indolent city enjoys it with the calm delight of reflective happiness. When I recall my memories of Tuscany, it seems to me that Florence reserves for her Sundays a peculiar sunshine, a softer light, a river of deeper blue, a more luxurious shade in the walks of "the Cascine." In other cities, the people pass their Sundays in coarse pleasures abroad, or in idleness at home, that they may forget the toils of the week. At Florence, the people walk about, quietly; they have an appearance of wealth, dignity, comfort and respectability. It is, doubtless, the only city in the world, where there are no rags to be seen among the lower classes. What an excellent argument in favor of the happiness of the masses can be drawn from the fact that the peasant women wear feathers in their bonnets, while their husbands wear kid gloves! I believe that no where else but in Florence do the country people wear gloves.

The first impression made on the mind on entering a new city, is always the deepest. I was fortunate in entering Florence on Saturday evening. The next morning the city appeared to me under an aspect of strange beauty. Never did the sun shed a more brilliant light.

I prefer "the Cascine" to the gardens of the Tuileries. The trees of the Tuileries seem to look down upon you with a patronizing air, like the oak in the fable. One feels almost inclined to wipe his feet at the gate, as if at the entrance of a richly-furnished drawing-room. Cincinnatus and Spartacus would hardly be admitted there;

there is an aristocratic air about it which embarrasses the humble citizen. But the garden of the *Cascine* belongs to everybody. In the first place, there are no iron gates. Wherever there are gates, the place is nothing but a prison; if sentinels are placed before them, the prison is complete. At the *Cascine* there are neither soldiers nor iron barriers; it is a delightful wood, beginning at the outskirts of the city, in which a few straight walks have been laid out; but it still remains almost wholly untouched by art. The Arno borders the *Cascine* as the Seine does the Tuileries, but with this difference, that there is no rampart, strong enough to maintain a siege, between the garden and the river. A strip of fresh greensward leads the visitor along the bank of the Arno.

A visit to the garden of the *Cascine*, on Sunday, is a charming Italian recreation. It is a weekly *Long champs*. Two long rows of vehicles, mingled with parties of equestrians, move through the principal avenue, while those on foot wander among the side-walks of the wood. The whole scene forms a quiet picture, elegant and graceful, like everything in Florence. There is no shouting among this peaceable crowd; the liquid and silvery Italian of beautiful Tuscany falls melodiously from every mouth, forming harmony delightful to the ear. There is no strife, no quarrelling, no rude language. This is not from the absence of passion in these people; they are passionate enough when they are aroused. They are a truly artistic race, who do not think it proper to waste their energies in street riots. They walk so peaceably in the garden of the *Cascine*, because they are unwilling to create a disturbance in the open street. But see them at the theatre. There they weep—laugh—stamp their feet. They encore a song, twenty times, with all the frenzy of the South. Or watch them listening to a sermon at the *Duomo*, where one of those eloquent monks, such as I have often heard, preaches in Advent, or during Lent. Every phrase of the preacher tells upon the expressive faces of the immense audience. They clasp their hands tighter together to keep from applauding. After the sermon, the preacher is prudently placed in a covered litter, for the people, in their zeal, would carry him off in triumph. They are obliged to guard the priest against this ovation.

One fine Sunday in spring, I went out of Florence by the *Porta San Gallo*, to answer an urgent invitation, that I had received the evening before; I was going to hear the "Litany of the Virgin," in the chapel in the village of Loggia. Madame CATALANI was to sing with her daughter, Madame DUVIVIER. The country-seat, which by the command of the Grand Duke, bears

the name of the illustrious singer, is in the neighborhood of Loggia.

I know of nothing in the world more touching than the services of the Catholic church, performed in an humble village chapel. In Italy especially, as in the south of France, we feel, in spite of ourselves, touched with pious emotion, among these quiet villagers, with their simple faith, and, by a sudden transition, the mind reverts once more to the sweet monitions of childhood.

Mass was performed by a venerable octogenarian priest. The chapel was filled with peasants, all kneeling in careless attitudes, but joining fervently in the prayers at the altar. In the chancel were a few invited guests, among them Madame GAETANO MURAT and a noble Polish exile, Count POTOCKI.

Madame Catalani chanted the Litany with that magnificent voice which all Europe has heard and admired. She had on this occasion, for an audience, neither the pit of *La Scala* nor the boxes of *San Carlo*; neither an assembly of Parisians, Russians and English, nor a congress of kings. Only poor peasants were listening to her, open-mouthed; their faces were expressive of enchantment—ecstasy. I have rarely seen a picture so touching. The celebrated singer, kneeling at the foot of the altar, was as beautiful and majestic as we had so often seen her at the Italian opera, in Paris; her eyes as brilliant, and her face trembling with emotion. It was beautiful to see Semiramis thus abandoning the Babylonian people to give pleasure to a whole village, by her Prayer to the Virgin, pouring forth the solemn notes of the Christian invocation. It was delightful to me to hear those earnest prayers which burst forth in their rich, sonorous Latin from Italian lips. The simple village chapel had never thrilled to such sounds before. To those sublime invocations, "Mystical Rose," "Tower of Ivory," "Comforter of the Afflicted," the village choir responded, "Pray for us." The harmonious "Ora pro Nobis" was sung with wonderful effect, and with that natural precision of note and perfect harmony which belongs to every Italian ear. The arrangement of the chants and responses was severe and simple, just as it was written by St. Bernard, the great servant of Mary. The singer did not alter the original simplicity of the hymns, but she uttered each address with an inspired ardor and deep enthusiasm, that gave an unexpected beauty to the delicate poetry of the prayer. Her divine voice seemed to rise to Heaven, full of faith and hope, and then descend to earth to be lost amidst the full response of the congregation; these alternate chants were not broken by a pause, agreeably to the written law

which declares that "the prayer of the Church shall never fall to the ground," and that the silent mouth shall receive the last pious sound from the lips that have just closed.

I have heard many concerts in Italy, but I have never heard anything that would compare with this village service. In the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, during the performance of the divine *Miserere* before the frescoes of Michael Angelo, I have recalled with emotion the Litany of Loggia. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Sacred College, even Michael Angelo himself, more imposing than all the Court of Rome, never caused me to forget that quiet audience of villagers, responding to Madame Catalani, in that poor, dilapidated chapel. While I was thinking of the Litany, I was moved by the *Miserere*; and if God listens to the prayer of assembled men, He may have lent a favorable ear to the peasants of Loggia, which would be closed against the Soprani of the Chapel of the Vatican.

After service, Madame Catalani invited us to her villa. Artistic Europe has built this splendid residence. Florence cannot boast a more beautiful country-seat. The Villa Catalani is surrounded by a belt of lemon and orange trees. It is built on a plain, its winter front facing the sun, its summer front the woods. It has a court-yard, surrounded by a colonnade, where are displayed four pieces of sculpture, by Luca della Robbia, the great artist, who might have worked upon the Panathenaic procession of the Parthenon, from the scaffold of a Phidias.

One feels a thrill of pleasure as he enters this perfumed villa; an air of unostentatious luxury refreshes the eye; amidst the heat of the South, one feels as if in a marble bath; in every direction are marble and rich pavements of Mosaic. On all sides is seen Italian elegance, artistically disposed to repel the heat of summer. Venetian blinds in a hundred windows wave in the breeze from the Arno, and carry fresh, cool air into the galleries and staircases. Graceful arabesques cover the walls, lemon trees perfume the corridors, sweet odors from the gardens fill every alcove. We seem transported into one of those palaces that painters love to build upon their canvass, as if to console themselves for never finding them upon earth, while the frame of this picture is the Campagna of Florence. From every balcony can be seen that luminous expanse of azure, crowned with deep blue mountains, bathed by its caressing river.

Beautiful Florence is seen thus under the hills of the Villa Strossi and San Miniato. It seems to rest luxuriously on the banks of the Arno, with its Duomo and two colossal towers, like an indolent woman, stretching out her arms as she goes to sleep.

A sumptuous breakfast was prepared for us in a beautiful hall adjoining the orangery. The priest who had said Mass, had been invited to breakfast. He came, but begged to be excused for not sitting at the table with the other guests. Madame Catalani urged him, warmly, in her beautiful Tuscan, which can hardly be resisted, but the priest smilingly persisted in his determination. He would take nothing but a cup of chocolate, which was served in another room. These scruples seemed to me appropriate and right in the old man.

The conversation at table turned upon Music, and especially upon the French Operas that are

unknown in Italy. They spoke of "Robert," which had never yet crossed the Appennines. The Italians look upon this as a serious misfortune. Some have even gone from Florence to Paris to see it represented, and have paid a thousand crowns for their balcony tickets. In music, the Florentines know no narrow system—no exclusiveness. They are passionate lovers of anything beautiful, and do not ask whence it comes. I was present at the first representation of the Symphonies of Beethoven at Florence. "The Heroic" and "the Pastoral" were received with a perfect ecstasy of delight. At the first hearing these masterpieces were thoroughly understood, appreciated and adopted. In the evening, the same people who had already admired Beethoven, went into raptures at *La Pergola*, over Donizetti, the maestro of the season. I inquired if the opera of *Robert* would never be brought out at *La Pergola*. The company at that theatre might execute it with success. They had a French tenor, Dupré, whose voice was deliciously sweet; an excellent basso, whose name I have forgotten, and two talented singers of great merit, Persiani and Delsere. I was told that *Robert* would always be excluded from their stage on account of the scene in the church at Palermo, in which nuns, monks and priests appear. These scruples were too ill-founded to give me a moment's hesitation.

"It is astonishing to me," I replied, "that difficulties so slight should not have been removed, since there is so strong a desire to hear *Robert*. It is not necessary to be strictly confined to the French libretto; a few alterations, which would not injure the effect of the music as a whole, would give you an expurgated *Robert*, which would not offend even the most fastidious and exacting of Tuscans."

"We should like nothing better—but how would you do all this?" "Instead of nuns, bring other ghosts on to the stage, (there is no reason why these ghosts should have a large cross on their breasts), and let them dance before the tomb of Saint Rosalie. Then, in the fifth act, you will all admit that the Church of Palermo plays only the part of a decoration, like the Vesuvius in the *Muette*. If you leave out the church scene and finish the opera with the Trio, you will lose nothing of importance. With true lovers of music the spectacle is always subordinate to Art. Monks, priests, nuns, cathedral and silver lamps might all be dispensed with, without the sacrifice of a single note of this masterpiece, amidst the destruction of scenery. When I return to Paris, I will ask Herr Meyerbeer if he approves of my idea, and if the composer does not object to this mutilation, I will procure for you an orthodox libretto, even if you have to take such apparitions as you have at hand in the Castle of Udolpho, between Sienna and Poggi-Bonzi.

My reasoning convinced the most incredulous, and I have no doubt that my idea will be carried out, some day, on the Italian stage.

Our breakfast ended according to the precepts of the ancient philosophers. In that brilliant, perfumed hall, adorned with Tuscan grace, in the midst of the orange groves, glowing with life, where the air of the Florentine spring seemed almost to inspire us with immortality, a solemn funeral chant began, forming a strange contrast with the scene around us, which threw the listen-

ers into a delicious reverie. Madame Catalani sang the *Dies Irae* of the English Church, a hymn which embraces all the terrible poetry of the Puritans. This grand chant might have been written upon sepulchral marble, with a branch of cypress. The slow notes of the English horn accompanied the hymn; they resounded like the knell of the archangel's trumpet. Never was there a more unexpected pleasure. How ingenious and inventive is the hospitality of the Villa Catalani! An exquisite repast, served between the singing of the Hymn to the Virgin and the *Dies Irae*. At dessert, vulgar ostentation introduces songs in praise of wine and love; while here, on the banks of the Arno, our glasses filled with French wines, seated between beautiful women of France and Italy, we listened with delight to a funeral hymn. The breeze played among the orange-trees upon the terrace; noon came on with its strange Italian languor; a soft light shone through the windows; transparent shadows floated over the frescoes; it was a scene like that in the triclinium at Tibur, when Horace says to Sextius: "Nunc deest aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae. Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres. O beate Sexti, Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam."

This whole day was one long concert. The days in Florence are made up of music, and they often last late into the night. The piano was seized upon, the audience filled the couches of the saloon, the music books were arranged upon the stands. Madame Duvivier, Madame Catalani's daughter, has one of the finest contralto voices ever heard in Italy. She sang duets with her mother, and they exhausted *Norma*, *La Donna del Lago* and *Semiramide*. The elegant and artistic Parisian "Salon" was worthily represented, at the piano, by Madame Gaetano Murat, the daughter of M. de Méneval, who was the friend of the Emperor. Visitors arrived constantly from Florence; but neither the sound of wheels nor the stamping of horses on the flag-stones of the court-yard, nor the pompous announcement of the illustrious names of the Tuscan nobility, interrupted the music for a moment; nothing could stop the excitement of musical execution. The mistress of the mansion was *Norma* or *Semiramide* and we, her guests, here at Babylon or in the forest of Irminsul. No one noticed what was going on outside of the hall. It was the passion for Art, in all its divine ecstasy, of which I had so often dreamed. There was none of the condescension of the artist or singer; no effort to escape dullness or fatigue by the diversion of music; no intervals, during which people exchanged compliments and congratulations. No programme had laid out the order of our entertainment; no time was lost in unmeaning preludes, or in pretended unwillingness. No: everything floated on with vigor and true passion—cavatina, cantilena, polonaise, duet, trio, romanza. The singer was always ready and the audience were not detained in long anticipation; they would have prolonged the concert forever! The parts were promptly executed, and the piano gave no rest to the voice, nor the voice to the piano. This is the way a concert is given at the Villa Catalani.

THE AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—delight of gay young Boston and especial consolation of desolate suburbs,—are now discontinued, their glory has departed, and the Music Hall shall know them no more—at least, for a season. The last of the

course was given yesterday afternoon, and young Boston, touched by the solemnity of the occasion, kept up a respectable appearance of decorum throughout, which, we trust, did them no harm. And now, the afternoon concerts being over, what will become of the promising embryo musical cognoscenti of the city, who patronized them with such appreciative enthusiasm, going into epileptics of ecstasy over the Anvil Chorus, with or without the anvils, and rushing into the corridors or a lively conversation whenever the serenest spirits of Mozart or Mendelssohn claimed a hearing! What will become of that long line of eager eyeglasses, with weak-minded young men attached, who, at the close of each concert would organize themselves into a phalanx in Winter Place, making themselves ridiculous, and everybody else uncomfortable, staring at the faces and figures passing out? What shall become of that stream of youthful humanity that, just before five o'clock each Wednesday afternoon, oozed from the hall, and flowing through Winter street, flooded for hours the popular thoroughfare, sweeping all before it with its magnificent swell; engulphing all intruders in its amplitudes of erinoline; bewildering, and almost carrying off his slender legs, as he "works with his sinuosities along," the feeble young man adjusting his glass for a critical examination of the beauty whose circumference forbids his near approach! What will become of all these? Their occupation's gone. No more for them the orchestra shall form, nor Zerrahn ply his baton in the air; Heinicke's shrill clarion nor the echoing horn, no more for sweet sounds shall their ears prepare. The Music Hall will no more on Wednesday afternoon be lighted up with bright eyes, pink bonnets, and many-colored ribbons. The corridors will no longer be a trysting-place for maidens and their sweethearts, and the pat of gentle feet will no more echo through the dark labyrinth of the passages, distracting the listeners within. Rather hard for young Boston, but even young Boston must take its share of the woes of this world.

The afternoon concerts have been very well patronized this season, although their success has not been equal to that of those given by the Germanians a few years ago, which was so great that it really induced the delusion that Bostonians must be an intensely musical people. The popularity of these well remembered "rehearsals," and the subsequent rapid decline of interest in entertainments of this character, form a striking example of the unreliability of the great public, and the utter vanity of all earthly glory. "Afternoon concerts" first came into favor in the time of the Musical Fund Society, whose "rehearsals" did good work in their day. The good old Musical Fund fulfilled its mission and departed, yielding, rather reluctantly, to the march of musical improvement, and making a few glorious struggles before giving up the ghost. The Germanians, handsome fellows, had won the hearts of the Boston maidens, and their triumph followed as a matter of course. For two years, with little Jaell, they carried themselves bravely, but, as their success was not based upon any real sound Art-enthusiasm, they, in their turn, were obliged to dissolve and disperse. A number of them came to Boston, their first love, and through their exertions we have had occasional returns of the merry old times. The other members of the society migrated to different portions of the United States, where, with one exception, we believe they are all prospering. The exception is Mr. Louis Hehl, of whose death we were grieved to hear a few days since. Mr. Hehl was well known as a violinist and an admirable pianist, whose opportunities of establishing himself in an honorable position in this city were very great. He, however, thought his interests would be benefitted by visiting the West. He lived for a while at Detroit, without meeting the success he had anticipated, and died a short time since in New Orleans.

Commencing with the intention merely to jestingly announce the demise of a series of concerts, we have almost involuntarily recorded the actual death of one who was in former times intimately associated with similar concerts. The

allusion, however, is not wholly inappropriate, and a word of regret is due the memory of a gentleman once so well known and so warmly regarded in our musical circles.—*Courier*, 16th.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

From the German of KOERNER.

I.

Father, I call on Thee!
Round me is roaring the smoke of the battle,
Hissing and flashing, the lightning-bolts rattle;
Ruler of battles! I cry to Thee!
Father, O lead Thou me!

II.

Father, O lead Thou me!
Lead me to victory—death—if Thy will be;
Lord, my commander, Thou, Thou shalt still be;
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me.
God, I acknowledge Thee!

III.

God, I acknowledge Thee!
As in the woodland's autumnal moaning,
So in the battle-thunder's groaning,
Fountain of mercy, I'm near to Thee!
Father, O bless Thou me!

IV.

Father, O bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand my life I surrender,
Thou art its Author, Disposer, Defender;
O, living or dying, bless Thou me.
Father, all praise to Thee!

V.

Father, all praise to Thee!
Not for the goods of the world we're contending,
All that is holy our swords are defending;
Then, falling, and conquering, praise I Thee!
God, be Thou nigh to me!

VI.

God, be Thou nigh to me!
When death shall come with his thunder-greeting,
When the last pulses of life are fleeting,
Then, O God, be Thou nigh to me!
Father! I call on Thee! C. T. N.

An Actor upon Audiences.

[In Fitzgerald's paper the behavior of Philadelphia audiences is thus shown up by an actor. We fear there are few places, in this land at least, where the portrait, even if a little caricatured, will not suit.]

EDITORS OF THE CITY ITEM—Gentlemen:—To abuse a public upon whose kindness my success depends, and of whose appreciation I have received so many tokens, would seem ungrateful and impolite. Yet to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and to abuse our best friends is often to most oblige them. The public have been kind to me, and so I shall be kind to the public.

An audience, sirs, whether operative or theatrical, is a great overgrown, ignorant, peevish, whimsical baby. Having no respect for others, and none for itself, it supplies the vacuum with an overplus of self-esteem. All it seeks is its own gratification. Its very applause is not so much a tribute to the merits of an actor, as a declaration of its own discrimination.

It puts in its thumb

And pulls out a plum,

And says, "What a good boy am I!"

It sees upon the stage the reflection of its own intelligence, and smiles benignly on the mirror. It reduces all beauty to its own distorted standard, and breaks all the statues not cast in its own model. But in reality this universal censor is the most ignorant and superficial of dilettanti.

In its ignorance of the very objects it admires, it applauds at the very moment it should listen, and rapturously demands an encore in the middle of a Brindisi. To hear Thalberg play four fantasias, it crowds a concert room, and after insisting upon his playing a dozen, finally in the very middle of the last piece encored, puts on its overcoat and goes home. It enters late to show its superiority to forms, and goes out early to show

its contempt for courtesy. It is a poor compliment to grant it the supremacy it asserts.

To me, Messrs. Editors, it appears that in some unknown delusion, the audience consider themselves the actors, and the ladies and gentlemen on the stage, spectators. It is under this impression that they perform those astonishing farces and burlesques upon politeness which have gained them the honor of being better clowns than any who tumble in the sawdust.

But is their conscience so poor a call boy that they cannot better time their entrances and exits?

In conclusion, I hope I may not be accused of stepping beyond my proper sphere, for if the audience insist on being actors, what wonder that the actor should become

A CRITIC.

English Cathedral Music.

[From the Remarks read by A. W. THAYER at the Concert of the Boston Choristers' School, April 15.]

The object of the present Concert is three-fold: to give the audience some idea of English Cathedral Music, and its principal composers; to exhibit the practicability and proper use of boy choirs in the Episcopal service; and finally, to show experimentally, what such choirs can accomplish with a little careful training. * * * * *

In the older English cathedral music there are many peculiarities, some of which at first grate rather harshly upon our ears. But as the ear in modern instrumental music soon delights in combinations of sounds at first displeasing; as the eye learns to forget violations of perspective and laws of color, in contemplating the deep religious sentiment oftentimes expressed in old paintings, so we learn to love the peculiar effects of old sacred music.

The peculiarities mentioned are traceable directly to the music of the middle ages, and thence back to the days of the primitive churches.

What the vocal music of the ancient Greeks and Hebrews, from whom the primitive Christians derived theirs, really was, has been for some centuries a subject of vast research and speculation on the part of musical writers. But as modern discoveries in astronomy have thrown a flood of light upon history and chronology, so recent discoveries in relation to laws of sound relieve us at once of many of the difficulties which old musical writers met. We know that the laws of nature are uniform and unchanging. When the fiat went forth, "Be light!" and light was! the white sunbeam then as now was a compound of the seven colors of the spectrum; and from the vibrations of a sonorous body then as now could be drawn the seven sounds of the scale.

A tone with its third and fifth, *must* have always been included in some manner in all forms of music. The great difference, then, between ancient and modern music is a difference in Mode. In modern music we have two modes, which we call Major and Minor, the one cheerful and noble, the other sad and melancholy. We all know that in our octave or scale of eight notes we have five musical intervals known as whole tones or steps, and two intervals known as semi-tones or half steps. The *mode* depends entirely upon the order of succession of these tones and semi-tones. If you run an octave on the white keys of the piano-forte, from *C* to *c*, the semi-tones occur between 3, 4, and 7, 8, and we have the Major mode. If you run from *A* to *a*, the semi-tones come between 2, 3, and 5, 6, which is the old imperfect form of our Minor mode. If you run from *D* to *d*, the semi-tones come between 2, 3, and 6, 7, which gives another mode. And thus each note taken as the basis of the octave, leads to some particular position of the semi-tones, which gives us a new mode.

Many of these modes are found to be imperfect as soon as we attempt to put harmonies to them. But where no harmony is employed in the services of the church, the melodies founded upon them continue down to our own times, and the traveller can hear

now in the Greek convents of Asia Minor, such chants as St. Ambrose heard and studied more than 1500 years ago.

To our ears, which are accustomed to only two modes, music in any other is at first repugnant; but in some of them it soon becomes delightful.

The Greeks gave particular names to their various modes: as, Lydian, Myxolydian, Æolic, &c. One of these, the Æolic, improperly called Lydian, was adopted by Beethoven in one of his last stringed quartets, in an adagio, which he calls "Prayer of thanksgiving by a Convalescent," as being peculiarly appropriate for the expression of religious gratitude.

About the middle of the fourth century, just about 1500 years ago, St. Ambrose passed from Antioch into Italy, and settled at Milan. Here he introduced four of the modes, used in the music of the Greek Christians, taking such as seemed to him most devout, and caused the psalms to be chanted to them.

Two hundred and thirty years later, about the year 600, Gregory the Great reformed the musical services of the church, restoring the simplicity of Ambrose's chants, and introducing four new Modes or Tones—for the terms Mode and Tone in this connection are synonymous—which he called *plagal*, or collateral tones. Every singer of psalmody has seen tunes which are said to be arranged from the Gregorian tones, and has probably been led to suppose that the eight tones are eight tunes, used by Gregory in the church service. This is a mistake; for as *tone* in this case means *mode*, you may write as many tunes in our sense of the word to each mode as you please.

It so happens that not one of the modes adopted by Ambrose corresponds either to our major or minor scale. Hence every tune written in those modes in their original form, would sound imperfect to our modern ears. To confirm what I have said about these tones, allow me to quote half a dozen lines from Dr. Burney:

"As it is," says he, "no one scale or key of the eight Ecclesiastical Modes is complete: for the first and second of these modes [i. e. the first of the Ambrosian modes, with the corresponding Gregorian or plagal,] being regarded according to the modern rules of modulation, in the key of D minor, want a flat upon B; the third and fourth, having their termination in E, want a sharp upon F; the fifth and sixth modes, being in F, want a flat upon B; and the seventh and eighth, generally beginning and ending in G major, want an F sharp."

Pope Gregory the Great was consecrated to that high office in 590, when 40 years of age. He was a man of extraordinary energy of character, but of a very feeble physical constitution. Maimbourg says in his history of his pontificate: "Though he had upon his hands all the affairs of the universal church, and was still more burdened with distempers than with that multitude of business which he was necessarily to take care of in all parts of the world, yet he took time to examine with what tunes the psalms, hymns, oraisons, verses, responses, canticles, lessons, epistles, the Gospel, the prefaces and the Lord's prayer, were to be sung; what were the tones, measures, notes, modes, most suitable to the majesty of the church, and most proper to inspire devotion; and he formed that ecclesiastical music, so grave and edifying, which at present is called the Gregorian music." He instituted singing academies, and though Pope, taught himself.

It was during this pontificate that the mission to Great Britain was sent, and our Saxon ancestors converted to Christianity. Doubtless the story, as told by Bede in his Ecclesiastical History, is familiar to you. In few words, it is this: A few years before his elevation to the papal see he visited the slave market in Rome, and was struck by the beauty of three boys of fair hair and fair complexion. He was

told that they were from Britain. Asking of what nation, he was told they were Angles. "Right," said he, "for they have an angelical face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven." Being told that the name of their king was Elle, "Ellelajah," said he, "the praise of God must be sung in those parts."

With the deacons or preachers sent to England, were also sent teachers of singing; and in becoming Christians the inhabitants became singers of Gregorian music. A couple of centuries later, when the musical service had become corrupted, famous singers were sent from Rome to restore the music to its purity, and the introduction of the ancient organ was a means of preserving it.

Down to the era of the Reformation, there was one church, one ritual, one language of the clergy, one music. During the century or two preceding that era, secular music was greatly developed, and its influence had entered the church. With the revival of learning came a revival of Art. Raphael, Palestrina, Michael Angelo, Martin Luther, Thomas Tallis, Clement Marot, lived at the same time.

Music, painting and architecture, during the 14th and 15th centuries were very much cultivated; the two latter reached their highest development; the former has only come to its culminating point within our own era.

Henry VIII. and Charles V. the Emperor, and Thibaut, King of Navarre, are memorable proofs of the attention paid to music. Henry VIII. wrote music for the church, and an anthem ascribed to him is to be found in Boyce's Collection. When he travelled, six singing boys and six gentlemen of the choir formed part of his retinue. To sing a part in the anthem in church was a necessary accomplishment of a prince in those days. Henry's children, Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, were all accomplished musicians, and all labored to have the musical service of the church as perfect as possible.

To the student of musical history, the interval between 1520 and 1600 is as interesting as to him who studies the history of religion during that period. It was then that Luther, with his friend George Rhau and others, gave form and comeliness to the choral, which has been developed to perfection in the works of Bach, and of which the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn is a legitimate fruit. Calvin and his disciples at the same time were the fathers of our psalmody. Palestrina improved and saved the music of the mass, and led in the way since followed by Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, and in England were laid broad and deep the foundations of that Cathedral Music, which inspired Handel, and has in our own days given us Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The only change which at first occurred in the musical service of the English church, after the rupture of Henry VIII. with the Pope, was the adaptation of an English text to the old music. In September, 1547, the Litany was first chanted to English words in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1550 the "Boke of Common Prayer," noted by John Marbeck, made its appearance, and his notation to the suffrages and responses is widely used, even to the present day.

During the short reign of Edward VI. the service was improved, and the books of the Roman Ritual, of all kinds, were ordered to be collected and destroyed. Then came the reign of Bloody Mary, when the Latin service was again adopted, and the books of the English service in their turn were destroyed.

Then came the long and prosperous reign of Elizabeth, whose zeal for Protestantism and for music, led to the firm establishment of the English service, and to the rise of a new school of music.

The works of this school being founded upon the severe style of the old church, retain a certain nobleness and grandeur, which the experience and invention of ten centuries had introduced into sacred mu-

sic; at the same time, the change of text from a dead to a living language, necessarily led to a greater infusion of the sentiment of the text into the music. Innovations were sparingly admitted, and yet the great progress in secular music could not but have its effect in the new style of composition. The more distinguished composers of that school were Marbeck, Tye, Tallis, Bird, Morley, Gibbons, Parsons and Farrant.

During the long reign of Elizabeth, the quarrel between Protestantism and Episcopacy in relation to church music, was kept up. The former would banish all music from the church service, save the singing of psalms, as allowed by Calvin. Hence Shakspeare's allusion to the psalm-singing Puritans. But the queen, herself a musician, refused to abolish the boy choirs and musical services of the cathedrals and chapels, and confirmed by special decrees, the statutes which provided for and sustained the Ecclesiastical music schools.

It was the mistake and misfortune of the Puritans that they carried their dislike for, and opposition to, the high-handed ecclesiastical tyranny, under which they had been imprisoned and burnt at the stake, in the days of Mary, to everything which could remind them of Roman Catholicism. Hence such petitions as the following, copied from a pamphlet dated 1586: "That all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another, with the singing of chanting choristers in white enripices; some in corner caps, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist, the Pope, that man of sin and child of perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings."

In spite of this and immense masses more of such fanatical cant, Elizabeth and James I. sustained the music of the cathedral, and the science and practice of the divine Art flourished. But the old school fell at last under the increasing power and influence of Puritanism, and we may say ended with Dr. William Child, who died at the age of 90, in 1697, after holding the office of organist at St. George's Chapel the extraordinary period of sixty-five years.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church Music.

BY A CHORISTER.

After hearing the lecture of Mr. A. W. THAYER at the concert of Cathedral Music, in the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, April 15th, the question: Have we a strict style of church music in our religious service? naturally suggested itself.

It is evident, from attempts made here and there to break up the present system of singing for display, that the people are not fully satisfied. They choose their committee on music; and a leader is made responsible for the music throughout the year. He may be a communicant; ten to one he is not. His selections are to his own taste, not to the advancement of the service of God! That he has good singing is his only care—not for a moment does the thought occupy his attention, that perhaps this solemn strain may lead one to a realizing sense of his own responsibility to God and man. It is with a desire of reaching this want that the present article is written. It shall be our duty first, to glance at the two opposite styles predominant in the church service throughout the country.

First. Simple music, as used in the country churches. A choir of volunteers readily seize on this style, from its being easy of execution,

requiring little practice, and quickly comprehended. "Tunes" having but the harmonies of the tonic, dominant, sub-dominant with added sixth, is all they require, and Sunday after Sunday a listening congregation are satiated with selections in which the trebles run in thirds or sixths—tenors harping on fifths or octaves; basses changing now and then to perfect a cadence. Such music is stupid and insipid; it neither suggests worship, nor fills the heart with an intense longing to be "pure as God is pure." Is it strange that a congregation should tire of such monotony and aspire to higher forms of sacred song, as given in the tone poems of Beethoven, Handel, Haydn and Mozart?

Second. The elaborate, or "opera style," as some have designated it, is mostly sung by a well-drilled and well-paid quartet, with an obligato accompaniment by an organist, prolific with harmonies! The moral of the anecdote related by Mr. Thayer of Dr. Boyce, in regard to organ-playing, would apply here. As the fault of the former style is extreme simplicity, this errs as far the other way. A melody, however simple, is so elaborated by embellishments, startling harmonies, interrupted cadences, that it fatigues the ear, and often the final cadence is so unsatisfactory, that a nervous disquiet is kept up through a whole congregation. The music is mostly taken from secular operas, or composed by writers with scarcely ideas enough to warrant a half-phrase being original. The style is superficial, it speaks only to the sense, tickles the ear with delicate ornaments, and though a crowded audience is the result, as soon as the model quartet and the splendid music leaves off, how suddenly are well-filled seats made vacant!

It is evident that neither of the above styles is in itself adapted to a strict church service; the former lacks in conception, the latter is superficial, sensual! A quotation from Dr. Marx is to the point. He writes: "Shall the Evangelical Church be perpetually deprived of her own appropriate music, which centuries ago was created for her? Shall the Catholic Church, in whose sacred service music assumes so important a function, suffer in our country so deep a degradation as it has endured in Italy, where movements from Rossini's and Bellini's operas, and Auber's overtures disgrace the most holy moments of the service? Or in Spain, where, in recent times, church music is dumb even to the psalmody of the priesthood? We fear it not, and those who with us have a higher trust, will labor incessantly with all their strength, and on all occasions, to attain the highest object."

Having thus briefly considered two opposite styles of music in our churches, a few inquiries as to the purpose of music in the church, should occupy our attention. It is a powerful auxiliary to the service of God. The united voice of a whole congregation, joining in the strains of a solemn choral, cannot but strike the heart of a careless observer with awe, that theoretical sermons have failed to create. The littleness of his own perverse will is in striking contrast with the majestic strains of a hymn inviting to repentance. The object being a high and holy one, the character of the music is of the greatest importance. Arrangements of frivolous melodies but call attention to a sweet voice—a studied rendering—a thorough knowledge of vocalization. Simplicity begets indifference. Albrechtsberger truthfully

says: "The principal object of a religious composition is to express, in notes, the true sense of the words, which ought to be deeply felt, studied with pious faith and rendered with serious dignity." Such a style is between the simple and the superficial; choral forms, fugue imitations in well conceived anthems, enter largely into its composition. The same author says: "Every church composer should give his principal attention to the sense of the words to be set—should work the four-voice parts in flowing harmony and ingenious interweavings, and consider all else as embellishing additions!"

The music sung at the concert in question, was eminently in the church style. It was not a display of individuals, but a conscientious rendering of tone forms set to solemn words. Suspensions, imitations, prolonged cadences invite the attentive mind to examine more closely the sentiment thus made more emphatic by the said suspensions, etc. The music was truly devotional; no trifling melodic phrase drew one's attention from the sacred solemnity of the words; the mind felt lifted up—ennobled. He, who after hearing such, could go into busy life without one better thought to study upon, must be past redemption.

A careful study of the masses, oratorios, &c., of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and hosts of others, will furnish models worthy of imitation by our young church composers. The flooding of our choirs with sentimental, wish-wash, "do, mi, sol, do" music, is extremely hurtful to the service of the church; enfeebles the comprehension of good music; and only nourishes a morbid appetite.

It is to be hoped that these attempts to introduce a more solid system of church music may be successful. It is a great and noble work. God speed it!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1857.

Music in Boston—Review of the Season.

The concerts are over. With the exception of a few straggling performances, we shall have no more music in public before the great Festival, about the end of May. It is a good time therefore to look back and see what we have had, count up our garnered sheaves, and see how well the harvest compares with past years, and whether we have made any progress. Four years ago, about this time, we made a famous count, and showed a list of compositions of the best masters that Boston had enjoyed that winter, which excited some astonishment abroad. That big wave onward and upward did not prove to be a faithful measure of our continuous, habitual musical life. The sea subsided somewhat in the following winters. Either there was too much of accident, or fashion, or chance epidemic in the musical excitement of that season, or the distracting, dazzling influence of the Jullien concerts came in just then at the wrong time, or what increase of taste and culture there has been among us has naturally sought more genuine or private channels of enjoyment and grown indifferent to public exhibitions;—whatever be the causes, no winter since the one alluded to has given us anything like the same addition to our stock of musical treasures laid up in the memory of hearing.

Naturally, too, the confession and complaint of this has gone on growing, until we have got to see the case much worse than it really is. Throughout the winter past, it has been quite the fashion to lament the falling off of musical appreciation and appetite, the paucity of good concerts, the poor remuneration of concert-goers, &c., &c. Repeatedly have we been asked, even near the end of the season: "Well, pray when are we going to have some music in Boston? How little we do get!" The answer should be to present a list of some hundred or two concerts and operas that have actually been performed here this same barren winter. The operas, however, have been few, fewer than usual, and the question in most cases comes from individuals who ignore all music but Italian Opera. As a matter of curiosity, and as one fixed note of progress, we propose to show, (as nearly as we can without much time and without all the materials at hand), what quantities of valuable music, in the various departments, orchestral, chamber music, oratorio, opera, &c., have been publicly performed in Boston since October to this time.

We shall begin with music for grand Orchestra.

1. SYMPHONIES.—We have not, to be sure, had all the nine of Beethoven, as we did four years since; but we have had a goodly share of them. In the five Philharmonic Concerts of Carl Zerrahn and the fourteen Afternoon Concerts we have had:

Beethoven, No. 2, in D.....	2 times.
" " 4, in B flat.....	3 "
" " 5, in C minor.....	3 "
" " 8, in F.....	3 "
Mozart, in C, ("Jupiter").....	2 "
" in G minor.....	1 "
" in E flat.....	1 "
Haydn, "Surprise".....	1 "
" No. 9.....	1 "
Schubert, in C.....	2 "
Schumann, No. 4, (D minor).....	1 "

To which add, single movements from all these, the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's No. 3, the Allegretto from his Symphony-Cantata, (Song of Praise,) repeatedly, &c. We have not yet had the "Choral Symphony," which we only half had last year, but it is promised for the May Festival. We have had no whole Symphony of Mendelssohn, and nothing new of Mozart or of Haydn. The substantial gain upon last year has been the Symphonies of Schubert and of Schumann—though only the latter was quite new to us.

2. OVERTURES.—Our list is probably not quite complete, and of course does not include the regular business of the theatres. It is rather singular that it does not contain one of the well-known and ever favorite ones of Mozart; nor the *Leonora*, No. 3, though we have had the opera; nor one of Cherubini's, nor more than two of Mendelssohn's. The list is meagre in the best of the old masterpieces, but on the other hand the *Faust* of Wagner, the *Carnival* of Berlioz, the *Manfred* of Schumann, and the one by Rietz, have helped to extend our knowledge into the compositions of to-day. We have had the overtures to—

Freyschütz (Weber).....	4 times.
Oberon ".....	4 "
Egmont (Beethoven).....	2 "
Fidelio, in E. ".....	2 "
Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn).....	3 "
St. Paul ".....	1 "
Tell (Rossini).....	3 "
Semiramide (Rossini).....	1 "
Seige of Corinth (Rossini).....	2 "
Tannhäuser (R. Wagner).....	1 "
Faust ".....	2 "
Carnival Romain (Berlioz).....	1 "
Manfred (Schumann).....	1 "

Concert Overtures (Kalliwoda).....2 times.
 Festival (Rietz).....1 "
 Merry Wives (Nicolai).....1 "
 Yelva (Reissiger).....1 "
 Zanetta, Zampa, Stradella, Martha, &c., &c.

3. CONCERTOS.—Thalberg has played us the first movement only of Beethoven's two in C minor, and in E flat, each twice. This, with a few De Beriot violin concertos, is all that we recall under this head. Decidedly meagre.

We have had all of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, (at Mrs. Kemble's reading), and frequent extracts from it. Of course, too, we have had indefinite and not to be remembered quantities of lighter orchestral confectionary: arrangements from operas, potpourris, dances, solos and variations, and what not.

4. INSTRUMENTAL CHAMBER MUSIC. Here our fortune has been richer. It is perhaps a natural result of the increase of real taste for music in a community, that those who share it should become partial to the smaller and more select kinds of concerts, where with "fit audience though few," they may commune more intimately with the best thoughts of the nobler masters. Our Mendelssohn Quintette Club—German Trio, and Mr. Gustave Satter, have each given us series of Chamber Concerts, to which we may add the Matinées, &c., of Thalberg, and numerous incidental benefits, soirées, &c. Among the works in classical form, which have been performed in this way, we may count the following:

HAYDN. Quartet, in G. No. 63, (new).....twice.
 " " in G. No. 66, " "
 " Adagio, variations and minuetto, from Quartet, in B flat. No. 77.
 MOZART. Quintet, C minor, No. 1.
 Quintet, with Clarinet, in A. Op. 106.
 Quartet, B flat, No. 3.
 " " in A, No. 5.....twice.
 Sonata, piano and violin, No. 4.
 " piano and cello.
 BEETHOVEN. Quintet, in C. Op. 29.
 Septet, (as Quintet), op. 29.
 Quartet, in G. Op. 18. No. 2.
 " " in A flat. Op. 18. No. 5.
 Trio, C minor. Op. 1.
 " E flat. Op. 1.....twice.
 " E flat. Op. 70. No. 2.....three times.
 " B flat. Op. 97.....twice.
 " B flat, (for piano, clarinet and cello.)
 Sonata, (piano solo), in A. Op. 2.
 " " in C sharp minor. Op. 27.
 " " in A. Op. 101.
 HUMMEL. Septuor, (piano, violin, oboe, horn, &c.)
 Quintet, (piano and strings), E flat, op. 87.
 Trio, E flat. Op. 93.....twice.
 Rondo brilliant, for piano.
 MENDELSSOHN. Quintet, in A. Op. 18.....twice.
 " " in F minor. Op. 80.
 " B flat. Op. 87. three times.
 Quartet, in E. flat. Op. 12.
 " " in D. Op. 44.
 " " in E minor. Op. 41. twice.
 " " in E. Op. 81.
 " (with piano), in F. Op. 7.
 Sonata, (piano and cello), B flat. Op. 45. twice.
 " for organ.
 Rondo capriccioso.
 Songs without Words, &c., &c.
 ONSLOW. 34th Quintet.
 CHERUBINI. Quartet, No. 1, in E.
 SPOHR. Quintet, No. 3, in G. Op. 69.
 Quartet, No. —
 Adagio, from 2d clarinet concerto.

To these add a Quartet (with piano) by Willmiers, a Trio by Thalberg, Mr. C. C. Perkins's Quintet in D, Mr. Satter's "Sardanapalus" Trio and "Kosciusko" Quartet, and a great variety of minor pianoforte compositions of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, &c., to say nothing of the Fantasias &c., of Thalberg, Liszt and others of the virtuoso school. With all this wealth, what genuine lover of the poetry of music has not missed the concerts, to which past years had accustomed us, of Otto Dresel!

Here we must make pause, reserving the account of vocal concerts, oratorios, operas, &c., till next week.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21.—I have not written you in a long time, partly because there has been little to write about, and partly because I have been prevented by illness from hearing even that little. OLE BULL has given two or three more concerts on his own account, and with his "troupe," assisted at one for the benefit of the Masonic Board of Relief. Last week Miss BRAINERD gave a concert, with the help of Mr. GOLDBECK, Sig. MORELLI and some others. It is said to have been satisfactory and quite successful; I regretted that I was unable to be present. The lady is to sing at our last Philharmonic, next Saturday, which promises to be the best of the season. The "Eroica," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and a new Overture by Litolff, are the orchestral pieces, and Mr. TIMM undertakes the instrumental solo. Our concert season holds on longer than yours. Besides the above, we have still EISELDT's last Soirée to expect, and for next week a novelty is promised us in the shape of the "Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, to be sung at a concert of the German Liederkranz. This entertainment is in aid of the German Ladies' Benevolent Society, whose attractive and very successful concert of last year was mentioned in your columns. Mr. Goldbeck has also kindly volunteered to play, and other miscellaneous attractions are held out.

The Harmonic Society have made two unsuccessful attempts to perform Loewe's beautiful cantata of the "Seven Sleepers." Both were spoiled by very unfavorable weather, which kept away not only the listeners, but also many singers. Nothing daunted, however, this persevering society have announced a third performance for next Monday evening, for which, with great liberality, tickets were distributed to those who had braved the storm the last time. They certainly deserve success in their third trial.

HINGHAM, MASS., APRIL 21.—Among the many communications that have appeared in the columns of your Journal of Music, (which by the way are quite an interesting feature to those of your readers interested in musical matters "about home"), I do not recollect of ever seeing any from this quarter of the old Bay State, familiarly known as "bucket town."

In the way of concerts, I regret to say that we have had but three during the past winter; two of them in the early part of December, by the vocal quartet, consisting of Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWITCHELL, Messrs. ADAMS and MOZART, who the year previous were received with much favor by our musical public, but from some unaccountable cause met with but poor encouragement the present season. For the last five or six years, it has also been customary for the Mendelssohn Quintette Club to give one or more of their series of concerts, which were not only popular, but in a pecuniary point successful. The past winter, however, we have failed entirely in obtaining that substantial aid in the way of subscription, which is a guaranty to the artist for services rendered, and a security to the concert-goer of respectable audiences. This apparent lack of musical interest among us may be accounted for in part, from the fact that quite a number of our people, who are generally interested in having good musical entertainments in our own town, have found it convenient to make Boston a temporary abode during the winter months—and then the usual story of "hard times," &c., &c.

Our third, and only paying concert of the season, was given at Loring Hall on Fast Day evening, with the following talent: Mrs. ELLEN FOWLE, Miss SARAH HUMPHREY, Mr. JOHN LOW, Mr. GEO. WRIGHT, JR., Mr. H. C. BARNABEE; also Master

GEO. M. LINCOLN, violinist, and Mr. T. P. RYDER, pianist. The vocal part of the entertainment, with slight exception, was received with much favor by the large audience present, and frequent applause cheered the performers in their attempts to please a miscellaneous assembly. Master Lincoln, the youthful violinist, also distinguished himself on this occasion by his modest deportment and facile execution, besides adding much to the interest of the entertainment.

SQUANTO.

BANGOR, ME., APRIL 21.—Our Choral Society, which has been practising Mozart's Twelfth Mass during the past winter, under the direction of Mr. J. W. TUFTS and Mr. S. WILDER, gave us a Concert last Thursday (Fast) Evening, assisted by Mr. ARTHURSON, with the following selections:

Chorus: Kyrie Eleison.....Mozart
 Recitative and Aria: "Total Eclipse".....Handel
 Chorus: Quoniam.....Mozart
 Trio: Piano, Violin and Cello. Larghetto from Symphony in D.....Beethoven
 Aria from "David": "Mighty Jehovah".....Neukomm
 Chorus: Gloria.....Mozart
 Solo, Quartet and Chorus: Et incarnatus est.....Mozart
 Trio: Andante.....Haydn
 Recit. and Aria: "Ye people, rend your hearts".....Mendelssohn
 Chorus: Sanctus.....Mozart
 Recit. and Aria: "And they all persecuted Paul".....Mendelssohn
 Chorus: Dona nobis pacem.....Mozart

The Choruses, by the Society, were sung very creditably, giving evidence of the able direction of Messrs. Tufts and Wilder, and the industry and perseverance of its members.

The arias, by Mr. Arthurson, who also sang the solo in the *Incarnatus*, fully sustained his reputation as an oratorio singer, and some of our singers may well admire and pattern after his style of rendering such music.

The Aria: "Mighty Jehovah," was well sung by Mrs. FULLER, evincing in no small degree her taste and ability as a solo singer.

The Trios, by Messrs. J. W. TUFTS, C. E. HOOKE and J. D. CONLEY, were finely given with that artistic finish which is so indispensable in compositions of this kind. The accompaniments throughout were played by Mr. Tufts, whose excellent performance is too well known here to need any compliment.

As an effort to establish a love of good music among us, it was successful, and much credit is due to those who have labored so long and so faithfully for the advancement of this object.

IMPROMPTU.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—On Fast evening, the Mozart Society brought out the oratorio of the "Creation," at the Mechanics' Hall, which, to the credit of our citizens be it spoken, was filled with an audience of nearly three thousand people. That our Music Hall, within six weeks of its completion should be the scene of the performance of an entire oratorio and in so creditable a manner, speaks well for art in Worcester. The audience, large as it was, evinced an evident interest in each portion of the work, and showed, by their frequent bursts of applause, their appreciation of this wonderfully beautiful work of Haydn's. A second performance would not be lost upon them. The society, numbering over a hundred voices, gave the choruses for the most part with fine effect, evincing the careful drill which they have received. The symphonies and accompaniments were played by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, Mr. B. D. ALLEN, and Mr. S. R. LELAND. The club, with the addition of a bass viol, did excellent service, each instrument telling finely, in the symphonies, upon all who were near enough to hear them; but, as an orchestra they could not meet the requirements of so large a chorus. The Chickering "Grand" and the organ harmonium in the hands of the above-named members of the society, were most acceptably played. The solos in the oratorio were sustained by Mrs. ALLEN, whose air "With Verdure Clad" was beautifully sung; Miss WHITING, who only lacked somewhat the confidence to give full effect to the clarion-like air, "The Marvellous Work;" and Miss FISKE, who fairly surpassed her former efforts, as Eve, and in the splendid "Mighty Pens" aria, which is a trying piece for any singer after Jenny Lind's inspired interpretation of it. The tenor and bass solos were given to Messrs. Draper and Baker of Boston, the former of whom gave unqualified satisfaction. Mr. Baker sang with much finish of style, but his voice proved hardly equal to the part of

Raphael. With an organ and a larger orchestra, the concert would have been a complete success. May we yet hear the "Creation" with those advantages? Mr. Hamilton's excellence as a conductor was never more apparent than on Thursday evening, several circumstances combining to make the occasion somewhat trying to his skill, which, however, overcame all difficulties.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—We have received the programme of the musical service performed by St. Matthew's Choir, on Easter Sunday, under the direction of F. NICHOLS CROUCH, who is said to have established here one of the finest choirs existing in America. Here it is, signed and "approved:"

MORNING SERVICE.

1. Corale. Hummel.
"Hoc quod in Orbe."
Orchestra.
2. Mass, No. 3. Haydn.
Full Orchestra.
3. Before the Sermon. Duet.
Soprano and Bass.—Weiss.
Mrs. Young and Mr. Crouch.
4. For the Offertory. "Jubilate."
Chorus and Full Orchestra.
Mrs. Young.

VESPERS.

1. Psalms.
 2. Hymn before the Magnificat. Handel.
"Thou didst not leave."
Mrs. Young.
 3. Magnificat. Webb.
 4. Anthem for Season. "Regina Celi"
 5. "Tantum Ergo" Bach.
- The following are the names of the principals:
- Conductor. F. N. Crouch.
Organist. John B. Caulfield.
First Soprano. Mrs. C. Young of Baltimore.
Basso. F. N. Crouch.
Leader Orchestra, (21 instruments). W. Wagner.
Vocal Corps. 46 Voices.
Total Strength. 70 Persons.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus for a new season of the Royal Italian Opera, commencing April 14th, (the same night with Lumley's), at the Lyceum, Covent Garden being not yet rebuilt. The *Daily News* says:

Like Mr. Lumley, Mr. Gye makes no promise of absolute novelty in the production of operas. The nearest approach to it is an Italian version of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, "with entirely new recitatives, and additional poetry and music," written expressly for the Royal Italian Opera by Scribe and Auber themselves. Several revivals are promised: Herold's *Zampa*, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* and Mercadante's *Giuramento*. The promise of the *Matrimonio Segreto* is especially welcome. Of course we are to have the *Traviata*, with Madame Bosio as the frail heroine, a part in which she has had immense success during the last season at St. Petersburg.

All the principal members of last year's company will re-appear: Grisi, Bosio, Marai, Didie, Mario, Tamberlik, Ronconi, Graziani, Tagliafico, Polonini, Zelger and Formes. There will also be Lablache, (after two years' absence) and Gardoni. Mme. Victorine Balfe, (the daughter of our popular composer), is to make her first appearance on the stage. Great expectations are entertained of the debut of this young lady, whose gifts of nature have been cultivated by a thorough musical education under her father's care. Another novelty is Mme. Eufrosyne Parepa, a young singer who has lately gained a high continental reputation. She is related to a well-known English musical family; is a charming comedian and an accomplished singer.

Costa, of course, is the musical director. Mr. Smythson is the chorus master, and Signor Maggioni the poet. Mr. A. Harris is stage manager, Mr. W. Beverley scene painter, and Mr. Alfred Mellon leader of the ballet. The subscription will be for forty nights, commencing on the 14th of April.

This is the substance of Mr. Gye's arrangements for the opera. But another very important circumstance is to be added: the reengagement at the Lyceum of Madame Ristori, with her Italian dramatic company. She is to give fifteen performances, commencing in the first week in June.

The NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its concerts for the season April 1st, with Dr. Wylde as sole conductor and a fine performance of the following pieces:

- Overture (Roy Blas) Mendelssohn
Air: "Batti, batti," Mozart
Serenade for 13 instruments. Mozart
Sinfonia Eroica, No. 3. Beethoven
Concerto in G minor (piano-forte) Mr. Barnett. Mendelssohn
Cacoval de Venie (with variations) Mme. Cassier. Benedict
Overture (The Ruler of the Spirits). Weber

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance of *Israel in Egypt* this season has conferred the highest possible credit upon the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society and their accomplished conductor. As this is to constitute one of the three

oratorios to be given during the great festival in honor of Handel at the Crystal Palace, it has no doubt enjoyed the advantage of more than usually careful preparation. Nevertheless, whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that an execution so generally effective of *Israel in Egypt* was never accomplished before in Exeter Hall, or probably anywhere else. So satisfactory, indeed, was the result, that even the impracticable chorus, "The people shall hear," went well, and was sung in almost irreproachable tune throughout. The whole of the first part—which includes the sufferings of the hardly-burdened Israelites under the dominion of that Pharaoh "which knew not Joseph," the plagues brought upon the Egyptians by Divine power through the interposition of Moses, and the miraculous passage through the depths of the Red Sea—was marvellously rendered. Every chorus told, and the encore elicited by "He gave them hail-stones," thoroughly well deserved as it was, must, nevertheless, be regarded rather as a tribute to the immediately recognized beauties of a familiar masterpiece than as an acknowledgement of the execution having been superior to that of any other chorus in this portion of the oratorio. The second part—from the overpowering "Horse and his rider" to the conclusion, where that sublime hymn of exultation and worship is repeated—was almost equally gratifying. Some exceptions might be made, it is true; but in so admirable a performance it would be mere hypercriticism to insist upon a few minor defects which alone prevented the whole from being anostrophized as blameless. The audience were evidently impressed in the highest degree, and many, previously incredulous, were heard to avow that *Israel in Egypt*, if not greater than *The Messiah*, was at least quite as great—a proposition which, with those competent to form an opinion, is incontrovertible.

The solo singers—Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Thomas—all exerted themselves in such a manner as to win unanimous approval. The purest Handelian singing of the evening was demonstrated in the two contralto airs, "Their land brought forth frogs," and "Thou shalt bring them in," both of which were given to perfection by Miss Dolby. The duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," declaimed with great animation by Mr. Thomas and Signor Belletti, was honored by the stereotyped encore—by no means favorable, by the way, to the general effect of the performance, since the duet itself is very long, and one or two passages executed, not one of Handel's most remarkable compositions. At the termination of the oratorio Mr. Costa was loudly applauded, and the compliment was well deserved.—*Times*.

MUSICAL UNION.—The third and last of the *soirées* intended to precede the regular series took place on Tuesday, in presence of a fashionable assembly. The great point of interest was the first appearance of Ernst, who was perhaps never in finer play, and this was exhibited, among other things, in his "*chevaux de bataille*"—the quartet, No. 4, of Mendelssohn. We subjoin the programme:—

- Quartet, in D. (No. 10). Mozart
Trio, in A. (Op. 27). "Silas
Glee—"By Celina's arbor" T. Slavov
Quartet—E minor. Mendelssohn
Glee—"Discord, dire sister" Wahbe
Duet—pianoforte and violoncello—in F. (Op. 5). Beethoven
Madrigal—"Come, let us join the roundelay" Beale

Musical Chat.

We are now ready to furnish bound volumes of the past year of our JOURNAL.... We heartily share in the general wish, which we have heard expressed, that Mr. CUTLER should repeat that interesting concert of English Cathedral Music; and we learn that he will be happy soon to do so, unless the illness of one of the most important members of the boy choir should continue to prevent.... We are glad to see announced a benefit concert to Mr. HENRI JUNGNICKEL, the excellent violoncellist, to take place at Mercantile Hall tomorrow evening. The German Orpheus, led by Mr. Kreissmann, German Trio, Mr. Satter, Mrs. Mozart and Miss Twichell will assist.

The Annual Complimentary Benefit Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club is announced for Thursday evening next, with an excellent programme.

LISZT appears to have had a great time in Leipzig, where, besides his own new works before mentioned, he conducted a brilliant performance of the *Tannhäuser*. On the next day, (March 5th), at the nineteenth of the Gewandhaus concerts, were performed Handel's "Alexander's Feast" and Beethoven's C minor Symphony. Another Leipzig Society, the Euterpe, gave Cherubini's *Requiem*, (for mixed chorus), and Beethoven's fourth Symphony.

Mons. JULLIEN contemplates a month's tour with his orchestra in Holland.... Mr. ELLA's "Analy-

tical Programmes" to his classical soirées are the theme of much animadversion and amusement with the London critics. It seems he not only puffs, but criticizes, his own wares, his artists and performances, and fights the critics of the newspapers in said "Analyticals." Other funny things he furnishes there; for instance:

Jullien, the favored child of the muses Euterpe and Terpsichore, honored the first *soirée* with his presence, and was seen in earnest conversation with Professor Owen! Ominous event! Orpheus moved stones by the charm of his lyre, and who knows but Jullien has learned the secret from Professor Owen, to charm away those monsters of the muddy deep at the Crystal Palace, to assist at the inauguration of a mammoth pot-pourri at the Surrey Zoological Gardens? Seriously, we own to feeling gratified with M. Jullien's visit to our classical temple of art, where, to use his own words, "on respire l'atmosphère pure de l'art." His attempts to instil into the minds of the people a taste for classical orchestral music, are most praiseworthy &c.

Advertisements.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S
Annual Complimentary Benefit Concert

Will be given at Messrs. CHICKERING'S ROOMS,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 30th,
Assisted by
Mrs. J. H. LONG, Vocalist, HUGO LEONHARD, and the
ORPHEUS CLUB, under the direction of Mr. KREISSMANN.

Mr. FRIES will play the Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn;—a new Beethoven Quartette:—Mr. LEONHARD will play the Sonata Appassionata, by Beethoven, and one of Chopin's Ballads. Mrs. LONG sings twice, and the ORPHEUS CLUB twice.
Single tickets \$1 each; package of four tickets, \$2.50.
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

A JOINT EXHIBITION of Paintings and Statuary
by the BOSTON ATHENÆUM and the BOSTON ART CLUB, is now open at the Athenæum, in Beacon Street.
Among many other valuable Paintings are a large number of WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S best Works, and the Dowse Collection of Water Colors.
Season tickets 50 cents—Single admissions 25 cents.

Mozart's Grand Requiem Mass

Will be performed (for the first time in public by a Catholic Choir,) at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On Sunday Evening, May 3d, 1857,

BY THE
Choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Franklin St.

Assisted by members of the
Choirs of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, St.
Patrick's, Northampton Street, and of the
Holy Trinity, Suffolk Street,

Accompanied by a Full Orchestra, selected from the first professional talent in Boston.

Under the direction of Mr. A. WEBNER.
Masters THOMAS HODGES and EUGENE HENRY, (pupils of Mr. Webner,) will preside on the Organ.

The proceeds to go toward the erection of the contemplated new building for the House of the Angel Guardian.

Part I.

MOZART'S GRAND REQUIEM MASS.

Part II.

SELECTIONS from some of the most distinguished Catholic Composers: i. e. Palestrina, Haydn, Hummel, Cherubini and Beethoven.

Tickets 50 cents. Family tickets, admitting three persons, \$1. To be had at the Music Stores, Catholic Bookstores, of the Ticket committee, and at the door.—Programmes with Latin and English words to be had at the hall.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

THE Summer Term commences April 30th. Pupils may receive, as amateurs or teachers, a thorough education in every department of Music. Also in the Modern Languages, Drawing, Painting, &c., and higher English branches as accessories. Situations secured to pupils who become qualified to teach. A few vacancies for young ladies in the family of the Principal. For circulars, &c., address
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FOR THE BEST SQUARE PIANOS,

THE SILVER MEDAL.

FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTE CASES,

THE SILVER MEDAL.

FOR THE BEST PIANO-FORTE HARDWARE,

BRONZE MEDAL.

FOR THE BEST SPECIMEN OF JIG-SAWING,

BRONZE MEDAL.

FROM THE

American Institute, New York,

FOR THE

**BEST GRAND PIANO,
THE GOLD MEDAL.**

FROM THE

Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society,

THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,**A SILVER MEDAL.**

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Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was born on the 31st of January, 1797, in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where his father lived as a schoolmaster. At the age of seven years he received his first instruction in music from Michael Holzer, cantor in the parish church of the neighboring village; he recognized the fine gifts of the boy, and procured his admission into the Imperial school. Schubert was then, (1808), eleven years old, and received at once the title of a court singer. Then he became solo singer in the imperial chapel, and took lessons on the piano and the violin. His progress was so rapid that, at the orchestra rehearsals, where he played first violin, he used to conduct in the absence of the director.

The imperial court organist, Ruzicka, gave him good lessons in general bass, and afterwards the imperial Kapellmeister, the famous SALIERI, instructed him in composition. Finally he owed, as he himself confessed, the completion of his musical education to the finest and most admired master-works of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. Yet he never gave up his own habits of severe study, and even in the last months of his life he still applied himself diligently to counterpoint under the direction of his friend, the court organist Simon S..... After he had spent five years in the imperial school, his voice changed, and as his calling for musical science grew more and more pronounced, he left this preparatory school in the year 1813, and devoted himself entirely to composition. From this time he lived in the paternal house, and afterwards alone, supporting himself by giving lessons and the sale of his works. With the exception of a few excursions to Hungary, Styria and upper Austria, he remained

constantly in Vienna, partly in the city itself, partly in the country, where the finest influences inspired his fruitful genius. His life was in no way eventful, and so he could devote himself in perfect quiet to his art. Unhappily, and all too early his labors were forever interrupted; for a fever snatched him from the world on the 19th of November, 1828, at the age of two and thirty years.

His death was felt most painfully not only by his friends, but by every one in Germany who took an interest in Art. A great number of artists and lovers of Art accompanied him to the last resting place; solemn masses for the dead were performed in honor of him in Vienna and some other large cities. His career, though short, was rich in distinguished works.

Schubert was endowed with such powerful creative faculty, that he could write down the most sterling compositions with inconceivable rapidity. While still a child he wrote many Quatuors, several Symphonies and other productions; but his greatest satisfaction consisted in setting to music little pieces by the most famous poets, and in composing ballads; in this department he surpassed nearly all his predecessors. In his melodies we meet the following peculiarities in rare perfection: first of all, great originality; then deep poetic feeling, surprising truth in expression, novel rhythm, delicate apprehension of the allusions of the poet, fiery force of imagination, subdued however by a certain tendency to melancholy and by a sort of religious unction; graceful and simple turns, careless elegance of modulation, and an inexhaustible novelty of accompaniment. The character of Schubert's music is for the most part impetuous, excited; his style warm, richly colored, full of motion. It is a fiery soul, which seeks its joy in surrounding objects, but which, not satisfied by these, turns of its own accord to heaven. It moves to be sure in the finite, but always the infinite gleams through.

Schubert set more than three hundred ballads, (little poems), to music, and prepared a great multitude of waltzes, marches, airs with variations, sonatas, fantasias, rondos, overtures, trios and other two and four-hand pieces for the piano, with or without accompaniment; besides many concerted pieces, psalms, choruses, cantatas, among which his *Prometheus* deserves especial mention; many Quartets, an Octet and three grand Symphonies.* For the Church he wrote several Masses, among which three great ones, several offertories, graduals, and two *Stabats*. The following is a list of his Operas and musical farces:

1. *Der Spiegelritter*, (Knight of the Mirror.)

* Some say he has left twelve Symphonies.

2. *Das Teufelslustschloss*, (Devil's Pleasure Castle). These two little operas are by Kotzebue.

3. *Claudine von Villa Bella*, in three acts. By Goethe.

4. *Die Freunde von Salamanca*, (the Friends of Salamanca,) in two acts. By Meyerhofer.

5. *Don Fernand*. One act.

6. *Der vierjährige Posten*, musical farce in one act. By Körner.

7. *Die Zwillinge*, (the Twins), performed for the first time at the court theatre on the 14th of June, 1820.

8. *Die Zauberharfe*, (the magic harp), melodrama with choruses and songs, three acts, Vienna, 19th August, 1820.

9. *Alphons und Estrella*, grand heroic-romantic opera, three acts. Composed 1822.

10. *Rosamunde*, Drama with choruses, three acts. Performed Dec. 20, 1823.

11. *Die Verschworenen*, (the conspirators), comic opera in one act. By Castelli, (1824.)

12. *Fierabras*, grand opera in three acts, (1824.)

Besides these, he left unfinished: *Die Bürgschaft*, the *Adrastes* of Meyerhofer, and the *Sakontala* of Naumann. Moreover he composed two numbers for Herold's *La Clochette*, which was produced at the court theatre. Of all his lyrical works, Schubert regarded *Alphons und Estrella* and *Fierabras* as the most successful, and the best adapted for performance. If the greater part of them never appeared upon the stage, it must be ascribed to the decided talent of the composer, which on the one side excited the envy and jealousy of artists, and on the other was not understood by the mass of the great public.

Schubert possessed a quiet, frank and upright character.

Full of inspired enthusiasm for his art, he never ceased to be a tender son, a faithful friend and a respectful pupil. He was fond of bright, merry, open-hearted company, and loved to talk with his friends, over a glass of beer, of music, poetry and Art. Then he warmed up, and he had but to read a poem over once, to improvise a music to it, and to compose wonderful melodies. Some maintain that addiction to strong drink was not entirely guiltless in the matter of his death. With child-like naiveté, he united a great partiality for solitary hours; then he would fly to the country to indulge his melancholy reveries, and return a cheerful man again. If he had money, he hastened to get rid of it, and either gave it to the poor or spent it in the jovial company of friends.

Quite conscious of his talent, and praised immoderately by some enthusiasts, he was never proud or vain, and had so little appetite for

praise, that he frequently concealed himself when a new work of his appeared. If it happened that he worked upon the same subject with other artists, he was sure to be the last who brought his work out. Some of his friends, touched by his disinterestedness and carelessness about himself, conceived the idea of publishing twelve of his works, without his coöperation, but for his advantage; Schubert, when he learned this, gave at last his consent, and from this time the fame of his creations grew at such a rate, that from February, 1812, to about the end of 1828, when he died, a hundred of his compositions were brought out by different publishers. Reserved and modest when his own works were spoken of, he judged the works of others with the greatest impartiality. He always paid the deepest reverence to the classical music of the great masters, old and new, and did full justice to Rossini's talent.

Schubert was a member of the great Music Society of the Austrian States; the musical societies of Grätz and Insbruck made him an honorary member. Such distinctions flattered him much; his answer was the composition of several important works for those societies. Among the men who very early recognized his talent and encouraged it, must first of all be named the court singer, Vogl, who by his delivery of Schubert's melodies, alike contributed to their favorable reception, and stimulated him to write more. The applause of Salieri and his friend Anselm Hutten-Brenner, excited him still more, so that he bravely overcame the obstacles that loomed before him in the beginning of his career. His efforts were richly rewarded by the laudatory recognitions of many other eminent persons, among whom I may mention the celebrated JEAN PAUL, who always thought of Schubert with great admiration. When the poet was deprived of sight, Schubert's ballads afforded him great comfort, and when death knocked at his door at last, he wanted to hear once more his favorite ballad. Such distinguished recognition must of course have made the artist indifferent to many small attacks that were directed against him.

Much has been said of the peculiar talent of Schubert, which enabled him with the greatest ease to master and compose in strange forms. He had written two pieces for Herold's *Clockette*, and an aria for one of Auber's operas; at the performance the German artists could not distinguish what belonged to the French musician and what had been interpolated by their countryman. His Masses, in point of religious feeling and of deep devotion, were placed by connoisseurs above the Masses of Cherubini; and, without having heard them, one can readily believe this, who has acquired only a general acquaintance with Schubert's music. For the same reason one must greatly lament that his dramatic works have been so much neglected; for Schubert, endowed with so much melody and with such searching expression, must necessarily have furnished masterpieces for the stage. Let us hope that this portion of his works too, is destined to a brilliant revival; but above all, let us not forget that he, in spite of his mild and gentle character, was yet an object of great envy with a crowd of artists. One envied his fullness of melody, another his expression, and a third his new and original harmonic combinations; all acknowledged in him only a certain cleverness. At the moment of his death was he first recognized as a great artist; then

everybody wanted to have his creations, and publishers fought for his manuscripts.

Such was Schubert. Prepared with all the sacraments of the Church, he died in Christian resignation. His life was indeed short, but it was well spent, and long will his name be named in future times. His mortal remains rest by the side of Beethoven, in whom he revered the highest ideal of musical Art.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Dr. Gustavus Schilling.

MR. DWIGHT:—It is only a few weeks since your correspondent heard of the arrival of Dr. Gustavus Schilling in New York. The intention of the gentleman is to stay in this country, and to open a school of music similar to those existing on the continent of Europe, and known as Conservatories. It may be known to you or perhaps some of your readers, that he was the principal of a musical institute at Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, which was frequented by ninety or one hundred pupils annually, not only children "of the first families" of the land, but also pupils from distant cities and countries. In 1845, after his work on Musical Didactics had appeared and been translated into English, Dutch and French, he opened, in addition to his institute for musical students, an academy for teachers, at the same place, (in Stuttgart). This academy was frequented by Germans from all parts of the country, by students from France, England, Holland; and the name and fame which Mr. Schilling enjoyed as a teacher, was fully sustained by the success of this "teachers' normal institute."

It cannot be my intention to enter minutely into a biography of Dr. Schilling. But a few facts, illustrative of German life, may not be uninteresting to you. The only son of a schoolmaster, in a place in Hanover, called Schwiegershausen, it was the fond hope of the father to have him become a preacher. Thus he instructed him or had him taught in the classical languages, at the same time teaching him to play on all the instruments used in the orchestra, and on the piano. The boy profited from instruction and such practice; and when he entered the gymnasium, (high school), at Clausthal, and afterwards that at Osterode, both in the Harz mountains, he became the centre of the dilettanti of those places, among the students and inhabitants. Although the director of the gymnasium wished to check his musical tendencies, and took occasion quite frequently to vent his wrath against the boy, thundering down from his seat: "I do intend to educate you for thorough philologists and theologians, but not for musicians," it was of no avail. The boy would give concerts and would have regular musical evenings with his friends for practice, under him as leader.

At fourteen or fifteen years of age, he had as much to do as he could find time for in giving music lessons. In his seventeenth year he graduated at the gymnasium and went to Göttingen to study Theology. Here and in Halle, where he studied for a few years, he likewise became the centre of the musical talent among the students, and soon academical concerts, quartet clubs, singing societies, sprang up under his direction. Even oratorios he ventured to bring out, in which he was aided by the city musicians. Here he was again in the full tide of success as a teacher of music, especially after Professor Wendt,

famous as teacher of Aesthetics and as a great lover of music, selected Schilling from among the number of teachers in Göttingen for his daughter.

Such a life as a student and as a practical and theoretical musician, is a thing altogether unknown in any country except Germany. Just think of one of our Harvard students giving music lessons, leading concerts, and yet being a good student withal. There is no student so diligent and industrious, all over the world, as the diligent German student. And with all his musical activity, he was a good scholar, and scarcely had he finished his course of theological studies, when he was made second preacher, (then a young man of 23 years of age), to the university. The way in which he lost his position may not be uninteresting to Americans. One Whitsuntide, 1829, he took the liberty to select his own text, wherefrom to preach; for which offence he was called to defend himself before the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the kingdom. Preferring his independence, he abdicated, and soon removed to Stuttgart, where he began a life of didactic and literary musical activity, such as seldom has been witnessed. His avowed principle and object has always been to popularize musical knowledge among the masses, to give the ordinary musician the means of adding to his musical mechanical ability and theoretic knowledge. His numerous works on musical theory and the science of teaching, (some seventy or eighty volumes in all), carry out each one of them this same idea. Every musician knows his greatest work, the only authentic and complete musical Lexicon, in seven large quarto volumes. Fétis made very extensive use of this book in a similar work. His numerous works are circulated in many large editions all over Europe, and have done and are doing a great deal for the instruction of music-loving people, who would otherwise have been unable to procure a musical education.

One peculiarity about the man is his ability and good luck everywhere to surround himself with the musical strength of the place where he lives. And a musician richly gifted, deeply read and thorough bred as he is, he, if anybody, would be able to try successfully the experiment, and see if America has yet musical interest enough to sustain a first-class music school, such as he proposes to open in Boston.

And although your correspondent has his humble doubts about the point, (*if there be musical interest enough in America*), yet he has a great deal of confidence in Dr. Schilling's attractive powers, and the liveliest wish for his success. And as a Bostonian, (if only by adoption), he feels considerable interest in the Doctor's beginning his work here in Boston. Will Boston, will New England maintain him? S.

English Cathedral Music.

[From the Remarks read by A. W. TRAYER at the Concert of the Boston Choristers' School, April 15.]

(Conclusion.)

It would be useless to speculate upon the place which England might have held in musical history, had nothing occurred to interrupt the progress making in the era of Shakspeare. But the weak, irresolute, vain and false Stuarts ascended the throne of Elizabeth, and the stern spirit which she had restrained with her strong arm, was but aroused and strengthened by the folly of her successors. The Puritans gained the ascendancy. In 1643 the total suppression of Catholic music was determined upon.

In 1644 a new form of divine worship was ordained by the House of Lords, allowing no music but psalm singing. Organs were to be removed from the churches, as well as the altars and all "vain ornaments." The choral books were to be destroyed, and in short every step was to be taken to reduce the beautiful English church to the bare plainness of the conventicle and meeting house.

The parliamentary armies, drawn in great measure from the ignorant and bigoted lower classes, were not slow in carrying out the views of the houses. Two companies, quartered in Westminster Abbey, tore the organs to pieces, and pawned the metallic pipes at the ale-houses. At Exeter, the soldiery tramped the streets, making hideous noises with the pipes of the cathedral organs, and jeering some of the chorus boys whom they met: "Boys, we have spoiled your trade; you must go and sing hot puddings and pies." So at Chichester, they dashed the organs in pieces with pole axes, and utterly ruined the fine instruments in the cathedral at Peterborough.

Here and there an organ, secretly removed from the churches, was protected from their fury, and the books of the service saved from destruction. But sixteen years passed away before music could again raise her head, and during so long a space of time the old musicians dropped away one after another, and the traditions of the boy choirs were in great measure lost. Where, in the chapel of some stout cavalier, who adhered still to his king and his church, the Episcopal service still lingered, the musician, in the words of Milton:

"Tuned his harp to notes of wo,"

and we can easily imagine how often in secret the 7th Psalm which follows, would be chanted in sadness and tears, to cadences which should give utterance to the feelings of the heart.

With the restoration of monarchy, in 1660, came also that of the church and its choral music. To place the music of the cathedral upon its old footing at once, was not possible. A few old musicians were drawn from their places of retreat, but so many years of want of study and practice would necessarily tell upon their powers. Choirs were to be formed anew, and men with falsetto voices had to be sought out to supply the place of boys. Organs were wanting, and Smith and Harris were invited over from the continent to establish themselves as organ-builders, as the art had been lost in England. The old music had in so great a measure been destroyed, that many inferior hands were called upon to furnish new compositions. In short, for some years all sorts of makeshifts were necessarily resorted to, to sustain the service.

It is true that Tallis and Byrd were regarded as the standards; but their severe style, based upon the old Gregorian music, was not to the mind of such a prince as Charles II., and thus the influence of the court was thrown into the scale in favor of a new style, and one borrowing more largely from the secular music of the day.

With the lapse of time, the evils which beset the restoration of music gradually were removed, and again a noble school worthy of the church arose. Several of the boys of Charles' Chapel possessed true musical genius, and there are anthems and services still in use composed by those boys, at the ages of fourteen or fifteen.

The music of the Second Cathedral School appeals perhaps more directly to our feelings and possesses more of melody. But that it causes the hearer to feel himself in the divine presence, separate and apart from the every-day concourse of secular life, as do the works of Tallis and his contemporaries, may be doubted.

Of the new school, we may specify Wise, King, Clarke, Aldrich, Croft, Blow, Rogers, Jeffries, Purcell and Boyce.

Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was a remarkable instance of an amateur musician. While distinguishing himself as a scholar, critic, theologian and architect, both as a man of fine judgment and sound taste, in art, science and literature, he became so skillful and profound a musician, that his compositions for the church equal in number and excellence those of the greatest masters of his time. He died in 1710.

* * * * *

Henry Purcell, a great composer and worthy predecessor of Handel, was born in 1658, and educated in the royal chapel, where he remained until his voice broke, when being now 18 years of age, he was appointed organist at the Westminster Abbey. He has by general consent, both as composer of opera songs and sacred music, the first rank among English musicians. His works are in quantity prodigious, in quality most excellent. Like Mozart, he died at the age of 37. * * * * *

John Travers, who died in 1758, was, like Rogers, a boy of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and subsequently of St. Paul's, London, becoming successively organist at St. Paul's, Covent Garden and of the King's Chapel. His early compositions are very ornate and brilliant, abounding in fugue and imitation. In later years he followed the school of N. Pepusch and, says Burney, "confined his studies solely to the correct, dry and fanciless style of that master." The "Te Deum" by him, now to be sung, is one of the most difficult as well as pleasing of English Cathedral compositions. Its characteristics of the modern school render it strikingly in contrast to the severe style of Tallis. * * * * *

William Boyce, Dr. of Music, ranks at the head of the English Cathedral composers of the last century. He was born in 1710, and became very early one of the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral, receiving his musical education from Dr. Greene. At the age of 24 he was elected organist at St. Michael's Church in London, and organist and composer of the King's Chapel. In his musical attainments he had already surpassed his famous master, Dr. Greene, and soon became known throughout England, even while Handel still lived, for his compositions, operatic, for the concert-room and for the church. "Dr. Boyce," says Burney, "with all due reverence for the abilities of Handel, was one of the few of our church composers who neither pillaged nor servilely imitated him. There is an original and sterling merit in his productions, founded as much on the study of our own old masters, as on the best models of other centuries, that gives to all his works a peculiar stamp and character of his own, for strength, clearness and facility, without any mixture of style or extraneous or heterogeneous ornament." He died in 1779.

During the period when Boyce was in his prime, it was quite the mode for organists to introduce into their voluntaries light, frivolous and popular airs, played upon the trumpet, fifteenth, flute and other fancy stops. Dr. Boyce took a decided stand against the practice, rarely using himself any other than the Diapasons, and performing only music of a dignity and solemnity suited to a place of worship. Do we not need a few Dr. Boyce's in our own churches? His publications are very voluminous and of acknowledged excellence. His anthems, of which the name is Legion, are mostly long and difficult, and require skillful singers.

Boyce was one, who not only as a musician, but as a man of noblest character, added lustre to the English school of cathedral music of the last century.

* * * * *

A few words in relation to the second part of this concert, and my task will be done.

Handel came to London in 1702.

For 25 years he was the Rossini of his era. As Rossini, under the influence of the fickle goddess,

Public Taste, gave way in his full strength to the lesser lights, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, so Handel found his opera house deserted by those whom, for a while generation, he had charmed, and who now turned from him, to men whose names are now forgotten. Unlike Rossini, Handel sought a new field. He had become English in his feelings, and his pride and self-respect determined him to conquer again the place in public esteem which he had so long held. He turned from his Italian operatic texts and drew his inspiration from the English scriptures. The splendid old Cathedral service gave him the hint for a style which should, in sacred Oratorio, gain him the triumphs he had so long achieved in the opera house.

For an hundred and seventy-five years the English language had been sung in the church, and during all this time its musical capacity had been gradually developing from the confined scale of the Gregorian chant, as we have seen, to the freedom of movement and the depths of feeling, which have been shown you in this concert.

Handel was familiar with all the resources of the then existing Italian and German music, secular and sacred. But he was now to trust himself to the native taste of a public with whom these would not be sufficient. The true old English Cathedral spirit was the key to the hearts of the people. He saw this, and his "Messiah," his "Samson," his "Judas Maccabean," his "Israel in Egypt" are not only monuments more enduring than brass to his fame, but testimonies of the splendor and musical excellence of a school of music, of which many of you have this evening, probably for the first time, had opportunity to gain some clear idea. So far as my reading extends, Handel's indebtedness to the English school of Cathedral music, is now for the first time publicly asserted; but I fear no contradiction from any one, who will pore over the music Italian, German, French and English of his age. For no such student can fail to see that a new element entered into his oratorios, and that this element was English.

The Cathedral services were written for choirs of boys and men, and sung as you have heard this evening. Handel wrote for mixed choirs, and this gave him room for greater freedom of treatment. Still the spirit is there.

Beethoven's Last Sonatas—Miss Arabella Goddard.

(From the London Times, March 11.)

All who are acquainted with the biography of the author of *Fidelio* must be aware that among his many contributions to the repertory of the pianoforte—which, besides elevating the character of the instrument, and placing it in a position only second to that which by unanimous consent belongs to the orchestra, have extorted the unbounded admiration of musicians—there are some few pieces so far beyond the grasp of common intelligence and common manual dexterity as to have exposed them to very general, if not entire, neglect. We allude to the solo sonatas produced by Beethoven at a period of his career, when having long abandoned playing, he gave the reins to his imagination and forgot to study the convenience of executants. Under these circumstances he wrote a series of compositions which, though considered by himself superior to whatever had preceded them (as experience has shown, with reason) were, for very many years after his death, not only avoided by the most expert and practised players, but condemned by critics of standing and authority, as rhapsodical in form and mechanically impracticable. The departure of the great musician, however, from the scene of his earthly labors was followed by a sudden and vast increase of renown. As in the instance of Mozart, it was found easier to apotheosize him after death than to minister to his necessities while living. By quick degrees the fame of Beethoven reached a pinnacle to which, perhaps, the most

ardent dreams of his youth and manhood had scarcely ever aspired. Germany christened him "Tone-poet," and enthroned him king of her harmonious children. At length it became a grave question whether anything Beethoven had written ought to remain unheard; and, one by one, those works that, except by rare and zealous partisans, had been altogether overlooked, were brought to light, and at once started in the race for popularity with their more familiar and accommodating predecessors. The Ninth Symphony, the Second Mass, and the Posthumous Quartets for stringed instruments began to engross the attention of the world, and were speedily classed so high that the earlier works of Beethoven incurred, in their turn, the chance of being underestimated by comparison. Time, nevertheless, has reduced everything to its proper level, and the last compositions of Beethoven are now rated at their just value, without prejudice to those genial inspirations that belong to the middle and (in respect of absolute invention) perhaps the most fertile epoch of his career. Unlike Mozart and Mendelssohn, Beethoven lived long enough to scatter all the riches of his genius, and thus to fulfill the mission with which he was intrusted. He died precisely when the mine was well-nigh being exhausted—as Bach, and Handel, and Haydn had done before him. The last of the Posthumous Quartets, we think, sufficiently proves that the *melodic* invention of Beethoven was on the wane; and (though it may possibly seem to argue a lack of reverence towards one who, in his particular manner, was the greatest and most original of all musicians) we are somewhat inclined to doubt whether his colossal reputation would have been materially augmented by the 10th symphony, with its interminable plan, or the projected music to Goethe's *Faust*.

The pianoforte sonatas, from Op. 101 to Op. 111, were composed in the brightest period of their author's maturity. True, they are occasionally instinct with a restlessness, a feverish caprice, a defiance of accepted standards, and a sombreness of character, which plainly manifest that Beethoven—whose immediate tone of mind was almost invariably reflected in his music—was not exactly on the best terms with the world when he produced them. But this, from a certain point of view, endows the last sonatas with an interest apart, and heightens the attraction derived from their striking individuality and beauty. At all events, they cannot fail to be ranked, by competent judges, with the most extraordinary of Beethoven's instrumental compositions; and the art is no little indebted to that necessarily small number of pianists who have devoted themselves with faith and perseverance to conquer the mechanical difficulties they present, and to rescue them from what would otherwise be their inevitable fate—of contributing to the exclusive delight and instruction of students. In England, although the opportunities of hearing the last sonatas well executed are rare, they have probably been more frequent of recent years than in countries which lay claim (justly or unjustly) to a more refined musical taste. MM. Charles Hallé and Alexandre Billet (both classical performers of the highest rank) have played more than one of them in public; and it must be owned that their laudable ambition has never gone unrewarded. But the pianist who has most often braved the ordeal of proving to attentive listeners that the late sonatas were not the offspring of a period when the master was barren, but, on the contrary, wealthiest in ideas, and that, in the midst of their striking originality, they are as clear in design and as symmetrically developed as any of his earlier pianoforte works, is Miss Arabella Goddard—the youngest, though by no means the least eminently distinguished *virtuosa* of the present day. Four years ago Miss Goddard won her first laurels by a masterly performance of the most elaborate and difficult of all—Op. 106, in B flat. Since then she has played that, and others of the same family, on several occasions; and last night she concluded a series of concerts at which the last sonatas of Beethoven have been the prominent features. At the first there was Op. 109, in E; at the second, Op. 111, in C minor; and at the third,

Op. 110, in A flat. Each of these sonatas is a veritable poem; and the fact of their not offering a point of resemblance to each other, or to anything of Beethoven that preceded them, only tends to establish (if proof were wanting) the fact of his almost inexhaustible invention. Those acquainted with Miss Goddard's talent, and who have heard her play the Ops. 101 and 106 (for she has performed every one of Beethoven's last sonatas in public) will easily believe that her execution of these remarkable compositions was worthy of the music (more cannot be said) and excited the utmost enthusiasm. The one introduced last night—in A flat, Op. 110—difficult as it is, taxes the feeling and sensibility, even more than the manual dexterity of the performer. Miss Goddard, however, is as thorough a mistress of expression as of execution, and her reading of this wonderful sonata was such as must have amply satisfied the most fastidious of connoisseurs. Beauties, indeed, unobserved before, may be said to have been disclosed, especially in the last movements, where the alternation of pathetic *adagio* with complex and intricate *fugue* seems to indicate a poetical intention on the part of Beethoven to suggest in fitting music the consolation which a true love and earnest pursuit of Art are calculated to afford under circumstances of the utmost despondency. The whole performance was rewarded by applause of the heartiest and most genuine description. Beethoven's design had been rendered plain and intelligible; and the poetical thought which guided him in the composition of his sonata had been thoroughly appreciated.

"SACRED" CONCERTS.—Mr. "Paul Potter," the witty and delightful New York correspondent of the *Courier*, relates the following among his adventures of a Sunday evening:

Still bent upon research, I pushed on. The sun was almost down, and the gas-lamps were beginning to shine. I came to the proud temple in which "Buckley's Serenaders" nightly discourse Ethiopian music. Their posters were out, announcing a "Sacred Concert," and hoping that the serious and respectable public in that quarter of the town would rally to the support of a religious entertainment, I cast my eye curiously down to the programme, and found the music selected from those eminently cathedral compositions, "The Czar and the Carpenter," "William Tell," and "The Barber of Seville." The only extract of a religious cast was a song from Haydn's "Creation." Whether or not respectability wished to sustain this new form of worship, I am not informed; but Mr. Potter declined to disburse his quarter.

Wandering again down Broadway, I came to a spot where two great flaring lamps and a flood of light coming from the subterranean recess, like the beams of a rising sun, illuminated a placard, which announced "A Free Sacred Concert." This was quite in accordance with the state of my finances, and I descended. The apartment was long and low, but very well lighted. The floor was filled with little tables, after the usual fashion. Upon one side was the glittering bar, behind which, in a small cave of beer barrels, with a galaxy of glasses and decanters overhead, was seated the plump, respectable matron of the establishment. At one end a small stage was erected, with a faint attempt at scenery. The company began to drop in—old soakers of the Costigan class, heedless boys with the money from their masters' tills in their pockets, two or three decent German women, and one or two philosophers, like myself. Two staring placards met my view. The first was, "Gentlemen are requested not to applaud on Sunday evening," and the second, "Gentlemen who frequent this establishment are expected to patronize the bar." The first mandate I was in no danger of disregarding, the second I obeyed by ordering a flagon of lager beer, which proved to be excellent. A pretty little innocent looking girl, and a short, stubby, sucking Boniface of a boy, ran about receiving our orders. When we were all primed, a bell tinkled and the devotions commenced.

The first piece was a waltz of Labitzky, arranged for a piano and violin, and very well played, although not heretofore recognized as a sacred composition. Next came a comic song by the funny man, in which he relates that he had been out upon a sleighing party and had been pitched into a snow bank, with his tural-lural-lural-loo. This was so droll that the law against applause was by general consent abrogated, and there was an immense thumping of beer pots upon the table. More waltzes by Strauss—more comic songs by the funny man—orders pouring in fast and furious for "two lagers," "one brandy and water," "one London gin,"—the stunted youth flushed with his exertions to supply the tippie, and the little girl quite wearied, the poor Hebe of the cellar!—so the "Free Sacred Concert" goes on. I soon had enough of it, and walked home to my pipe and Mrs. Potter.

PERGOLESI.

By W. W. CALDWELL.*

Now at last, his work he endeth,
And the pious Master sendeth
Grateful thanks to Heaven's throne;
Then break forth in glorious pealing,
Through the temple's lofty ceiling,
Holy hymn and organ tone!

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam ac dolentem
Pertransivit gadius.

And the virgin mother's anguish
Makes each heart with sorrow languish,
While the organ louder swells,—
Till in music's heavenly tide,
Grief itself is satisfied,
And the tear of pity wells.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Holy fear and earnest longing
O'er the Master's soul come thronging,
Preluding that death is nigh;
Then with faith ecstatic burning,
See him to the altar turning,
To the Virgin thronéd high.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere,
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis ego sortem
Et plagas recolare.

Hark! seraphic voices singing,
From the heavenly regions bringing
Wondrous music down to men;
Holy spirits earthward fly,
Bear the Master's soul on high,
And the song ascends again.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paridisi gloria.

Maria Spezia.

Mlle. Maria Spezia is at present known to the English public by the rumors which her beauty and talent have created at Milan. After a triumphant season at the Imperial Theatre of La Cannobiana, her services were secured for the stage of La Scala during the visit of the Emperor

* Poems, original and translated, by William W. Caldwell: Boston and Cambridge, James Munroe & Co. 1857.

of Austria in conjunction with the tenor Giuglini, with whom she will make her *début* in England on the opening night of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mlle. Spezia achieved her greatest success in the *Huguenots*, and the *Favorita*, and, but for her engagement for the London Opera, would have continued to reign *prima donna* at the magnificent establishment of La Scala. Notwithstanding her youth she has already established her fame at Verona, Turin, Venice, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Lisbon. The versatility of her talents is suggested by the characters which she has sustained. Desdemona, Norma, Valentine, Rosina, and Leonora, the heroines of the *Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*, are included in her repertoire. It is curious that the *Traviata*, which, in the hands of Mlles. Piccolomini and Spezia, has exercised so great a fascination, was, on its first representation, a complete failure. Sig. Verdi was in despair until Maria Spezia came to the rescue, and secured the success of the opera, which was repeated for twenty-six consecutive nights. Mlle. Spezia furnishes another example of the influence of musical art upon Italian natures. Born of a noble family at Vienna, her passion for the stage manifested itself at an early age with so much intensity, that her relations found it impossible to resist her inclinations, and wisely allowed her to pursue the bent of her genius under the guidance of the most celebrated masters of her art.

Land. Mus. World.

Antonio Giuglini.

The new tenor whose advent in England is so eagerly expected, has hitherto contented himself with monopolizing the plaudits of Italian audiences. Signor Giuglini was not originally destined for the stage. His earliest public performances were in the choir of the Metropolitan Church of Fermo, where first, as a treble, and afterwards as a tenor, he attracted the attention of connoisseurs by his perfect vocalization and expression, no less than by the purity and sweetness of his voice. Constant practice in the highest class of music gave to the young tenor the elevation of style so essential to dramatic success, and so seldom acquired by a purely theatrical training. For some time Signor Giuglini resisted all the offers made to tempt him to the stage, and the direction of his talents to opera was at last given by an accident. A member of the orchestra at the Theatre of Fermo fell ill at the most critical period of the season, and Sig. Giuglini undertook to supply his place at a moment's notice. Scarcely was he established within the walls of the theatre, than Fortune provided another occasion for the display of his powers. The principal tenor was unable to appear, and the manager was so urgent on Sig. Giuglini to come to his aid, that the hesitation of the young artist was at length overcome, and with scarcely any previous preparation, he assumed the tenor part in *I due Foscari*, and acquitted himself with so much success, that he was thenceforth recognized as the principal tenor of the establishment. Once placed in the situation for which nature intended him, his career became a continued ovation, and all the theatres of Italy sought to engage him. His last and greatest triumph was won at the Scala in Milan, where his performances in *La Favorita* and other parts so gratified the Emperor, that he was at once nominated chamber-singer at the Court of Vienna, and the most strenuous efforts were made to secure his services at the Viennese opera. Mr. Lumley, however, had been beforehand in the market, and had made an engagement with Signor Giuglini for three years. Signor Giuglini was immediately retained to perform at the Imperial Theatre, in the season of 1860, after the termination of the English engagement. The frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as the artist is announced to appear, together with Mlle. Spezia, in the same opera in which they first established their reputation with the brilliant Court of Austria.

—*Ibid.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 29.—Our Philharmonic season closed with great *clat* last Saturday night. The immense Academy, (which had put on a new yellow outside dress for the occasion), was filled from top to bottom, and already a few minutes after seven, it was impossible to obtain a seat any lower than the second tier. For the orchestral pieces, indeed, this is decidedly the best place; but the piano, and any but a very powerful voice, loses too much by the immense distance. The Symphony, Beethoven's grand *Eroica*, was exceedingly well played, and I can only hope that all enjoyed it as much as I did. There was a strange contrast between this mighty, almost overwhelming work, and the light, airy, graceful, fairy music, the jubilant, festival-strains of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Nor was Litolff's Overture, *Le Chant des Belges*, exactly a fit transition from the one to the other. Far-fetched, with quaint, odd melodies, and very noisily instrumented, even a repeated hearing of it could not waken any interest in it. Miss BRAINERD sang: "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*, and an aria: *In vano il futo*, from *Robert le Diable*, and acquitted herself exceedingly well. Her voice, however, is not strong enough to fill so large a space—a trying ordeal for any singer. Mr. TRIMM's neat, but quaint and not very powerful playing of an *Introduction and Allegro Appassionato* of Schumann, was almost entirely lost, and overpowered by the orchestra, to all but those who sat near the stage. This was a pity, as the composition was very beautiful.

The Harmonic Society have made another change in their plans. "The Seven Sleepers" was not given on Monday, but is now announced for the 15th of May, with grand orchestra, at the City Assembly Rooms. I hope that then we shall at last hear it given in the best manner.

Last evening no less than four grand concerts were given; three in New York, and one in Brooklyn. The latter was for the benefit of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, and had the aid of the Harmonic Society, an Orchestra from the Philharmonic, WM. MASON, and various other soloists, both vocal and instrumental. Here we had Madame PATANIA, and sundry assistants at Niblo's, I believe; Mr. MILLET, and other artists at Dodworth's, (who combined to produce the composition of the former gentleman, to me, I regret to say, an unknown greatness); and the Liederkrantz at the Assembly Rooms. As the concert of the latter was for a charitable object, and presented the greatest attraction of the three, in the shape of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," I made my choice in its favor. The very tasteful hall was entirely filled, though not crowded, and though the music of the first part was not very attractive, all seemed to enjoy themselves. The first number was an Overture, by AUG. BERTHOLD; rather finely instrumented, particularly at the end where the Russian popular Hymn came in. Then we had two Solos, for baritone and tenor, by Messrs. GILSA and BEUTLER; the former a very insignificant composition, but sung very well indeed, and with a true, pleasing voice. Mr. Beutler gave us Curschmann's "Thine is my heart." I have never heard his voice sound nor him sing better. The former is of itself very sweet and beautiful, but he generally spoils it by forcing and straining. There was none of this last night, however, and he was rapturously *encored*, to which he replied by a pretty little *Volkslied*, apparently. Mr. GOLDNECK, who had most kindly volunteered his services, played a Rondo of Weber, and his own: *Venezia, Scène de Lagunes*, with his usual excellence. He also was deservedly *encored*, and gave us his "Cavaleade." The remaining number of the first part was a "Hymn to Hertha," sung by the male chorus of the

Liederkrantz. The "Walpurgis Night" rather disappointed me. The beginning, where the opening of Spring is portrayed, is very beautiful, but the remainder did not fulfill the promise it gave. The words are by Goethe, but constitute one of his inferior poems, representing the origin of the legend which describes the meeting of witches on the Broeken in the Walpurgis night: i. e. the night before the 1st of May. I will only add, that the choruses were exceedingly well sung, as also some of the solos, and express my hope that the results of the concert will prove satisfactory to the Society for whose benefit it was given.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1857.

Music in Boston—Review of the Season.

[Concluded.]

We gave last week a list of the principal instrumental works: Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos, Quintets, Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c., which have been publicly performed in Boston during the past season. Quite an anomalous and curious list it was, with frightful gaps in it to one who looks for the best standard works under each kind and author, yet rich in the aggregate, and chiefly remarkable for introducing us to many new works and new authors. Now for the repertoire of vocal compositions.

5. ORATORIOS, MASSES, &c.—Of the three Choral Societies, two have retired from the glories and the risks of concert-giving, leaving the entire field to the old Handel and Haydn Society; yet this has occupied comparatively little of it, or the field has shrunk; it has given fewer oratorios than in past years. Of Handel we have had only the "Messiah" once. This and two performances of Costa's "Eli," and two of Mozart's "Requiem," (both new to Boston,) complete the winter's work of the Handel and Haydn, who, however, have yet in store for us a three days' Festival, when they will produce the "Creation," "Elijah," and the "Messiah," on a grander scale than we have heard before.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society have sung in semi-private concerts Haydn's "Passion" music, and large portions of "Elijah," "St. Paul," and Spohr's "Last Judgment." The *Christus* and *Athalie* of Mendelssohn, too, have been heard in Chickering's Saloon; and to-morrow night we get the *Requiem* for a third time, sung by the Catholic choirs.

6. OPERAS.—Here too the account is unusually small. A couple of weeks of Mme. Lagrange, Miss Philipps, Brignoli, Amodio, &c., early in the autumn, and one poor performance of *Fidelio* under the Thalberg auspices, is all we have to boast of. The operas were these:

Bellini: I Paritani.
Sonnambula.
Norma.
Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor.
Lucrezia Borgia.
Verdi: Il Trovatore, *twice*.
Ernani, *twice*.
Auber: Masaniello.
Meyerbeer: L'Etoile du Nord.
Beethoven: Fidelio.

From all this it appears that the more expensive kinds of musical performances upon a grand scale have been somewhat less numerous than in past years. But on the other hand, there has been an unusual activity in smaller concerts,

chamber concerts and the like; and what is really a good sign, the prevailing character of the programmes in these has let itself insensibly be governed by a more classical standard. There has been less of clap-trap instrumental music than for many years past, and more of such compositions as we have set down under the head of Chamber Music. To be sure, the Thalberg fantasias have had a prominent place; but it was no small satisfaction to hear these played by the master's own hands; being the perfection of their kind, their influence has been naturally to flood out of sight inferior imitators. In nothing has this improved taste in selections been so noticeable as in

7. SONGS, QUARTETS, &c.—Looking over a pile of programmes of all sorts of concerts during the winter, and taking them as they come along, without care to be very complete, we find the names of leading German and Italian composers occurring in the following proportions:

Mozart.....	19 times, in 14 pieces.
Handel.....	2 " 2 "
Haydn.....	2 " 1 "
Meyerbeer.....	6 " 3 "
Schubert.....	4 " 3 "
Beethoven.....	3 " 3 "
Gluck.....	1 " 1 "
Mendelssohn.....	18 " 13 "
Weber.....	3 " 1 "
Robert Franz.....	4 " 4 "
Stradella.....	1 " 1 "
Rossini.....	20 " 14 "
Mercadante.....	3 " 3 "
Bellini.....	3 " 3 "
Donizetti.....	14 " 10 "
Verdi.....	15 " 12 "

This list is significant; if not complete, it very closely indicates the truth, and shows that the German has at least kept pace with the Italian in the vocal portion of our concerts, and that it has been found safe and necessary by singers, with their quick feeling of the public taste, to draw more largely than ever before from the great masters. Our list does not include all the little hacknied English songs and ballads, which of course always have their place, but which have kept less in the foreground than hitherto. On the other hand, we have of course overlooked many instances where Handel and the like have figured, and we have taken no account of the part-songs of Mendelssohn and others, which have been made such a feature of the season by our German Orpheus and other societies.

So much for the facts; comments hereafter.

CONCERTS.

The annual Benefit Concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB assembled a large audience at Chickering's, on Thursday evening. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.
- 1—Quintet in G minor, No. 4.....Mozart
Allegro moderato—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Allegro Vivace.
 - 2—Cavatina from *La Favorita*, with the Finale by Bottesini: "O mio Fernando,".....Donizetti
Mrs. J. H. Long.
 - 3—Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, First Part,.....Beethoven
Hugo Leonhard
 - 4—"Der Frohe Wandersmann," (The Merry Wanderers,).....Mendelssohn
Orpheus Club.
- PART II.
- 5—Eighth Quartet, No. 2, op. 59, Second and Fourth Parts, (First time,).....Beethoven
Molto Adagio—Finale, Presto.
 - 6—Songs: No. 1. A Catholic Chant, from Percy's Masque.
No. 2, Words by Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Music by T. Ryan.
Mrs. J. H. Long, (first time.)
 - 7—"Wasserfahrt," (Water Excursion,).....Mendelssohn
Orpheus Club.
 - 8—Ballade for Piano, op. 47.....Chopin
Hugo Leonhard.
 - 9—Andante and Finale from the Violin Concerto in E minor, op. 64,.....Mendelssohn
August Fries.

The Quintet by Mozart was for the most part nicely played, and very sweet and comforting to hear. There

is great depth of tenderness in the Adagio. But why could we not have the whole of that Quartet by Beethoven? The Adagio movement is in the broadest, grandest manner, and in the most profound and earnest mood of Beethoven; it was the noblest feature of the concert; the Presto is quaint and full of life. We have not had our usual allowance of Beethoven's Quartet music this season. The Violin Concerto, by Mendelssohn, is one of the most poetic and noble compositions of the kind, especially the Andante, and was finely played by Mr. FRIES, with quartet and piano accompaniment, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER being the pianist. Mr. LEONHARD played the first movement (why not the whole?) of that fiery and exciting *Sonata Appassionata*, with bold, clear outline and the startling emphasis which it demands, and made so fine an impression in the *Ballade* of Chopin that it had to be repeated.

Mrs. LONG seemed to have gained in power and fullness of voice; indeed it was sometimes too powerful for the room. Her execution of *O mio Fernando*, and the difficult finale by Bottesini, was remarkably perfect, and placed her in not unfavorable comparison with some of the admired Italian *prime donne*. Mr. RYAN's two songs were pleasingly contrasted; the first chaste and solemn, the second a graceful little conceit, like the poem itself, but perhaps a little too florid. The accompaniments are in quite a German style. The German Orpheus, (reduced to sixteen voices), led by Mr. KREISSMANN, sang with their usual precision, but a little too loud for the room, and in the first piece not always entirely true. The concert as a whole was one of the most interesting, and we shall all rejoice when the ninth season of the Club comes round.

MRS. MOZART'S CONCERT, Saturday last week, prior to her departure for Europe, was an excellent one, and well attended. A pretty large delegation from the Mendelssohn Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. SOUTHARD, sang acceptably four choruses: one from Lindpaintner's "Widow of Nain," and "He, watching over Israel," "Be not afraid," and "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah." Mr. SATTER, the pianist, with Messrs. GAERTNER and JUNGnickel, executed one of Beethoven's earlier Trios very perfectly, and with all the effect possible in so large a hall as the Tremont Temple. Rossini's *Quando corpus*, the gem of the *Stabat Mater*, was sung without accompaniment by Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. MOZART, with a perfection never approached by any of the Italian troupes who have attempted it here; but they slight such things, while our little Quartet has made them a constant study. The Duet and Trio from the *Trocatore* were so well done that we almost forgot the music in the singing; the sweet and musical tenor of Mr. ADAMS seems to ripen apace, confirming all past promises; and his style improves artistically. We did not hear his solo, from the same opera.

Miss TWICHELL did herself great credit in the contralto cavatina from *Donna Caritea*, by Mercadante, as well as in the concerted pieces. Mrs. MOZART sang the great Aria from *Elijah*: "Be not afraid," which we did not hear, and the very elaborate and difficult Cavatina: *Vivi ingrata*, from *Roberto Devereux*, which we did hear. In execution, in firmness and evenness of voice, and in expression, verve and energy, she has gained very much. She was compelled to repeat the *cabaletta*, which, as it proved, was asking too much. Mrs. Mozart is already a delightful singer, and in no mean degree an artist with her voice. With the advantage she is now to seek of European schools and musical influences, provided they be not alone Italian, we doubt not she will take a high position; and all who have enjoyed her singing here at home must wish her all success.

Musical Intelligence.

LEIPZIG.—The twentieth and last of the Gewandhaus Concerts took place on the 26th of March. The pianist DREYSTOCK was the "star" of the occasion, and played four times: viz. Weber's *Concertstück*, a Ronde of his own with orchestra, a *Notturmo* of

Chopin's, and a characteristic piece of his own called *Rastlose Liebe*. Mlle. Valentine Bianchi sang a concert aria by Carl Vollweiler, and Rossini's *Nacqui all' affanno*, &c. The orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's third Symphony and the *Zauberflöte* overture.

PARIS.—We take the following from the Correspondence of the New York *Evening Post*, April 9:

The closing nights of the season at the Italiens have been brilliant in the extreme. On Monday Mario's benefit took place, at double prices, and drew a crowded audience. The opera was *Il Trocatore*, with Mme. Grisi, as Leonora, who gave the fourth act very finely. On Tuesday, *Rigoletto* closed the season for the subscribers, but on Wednesday the theatre was opened for the benefit of M. Alary, who, with the aid of Mes. Grisi, Alboni, Frezzolini, Steffanone, MM. Mario, Graziani, Corsi, Zucchini and Bottesini, on his double bass, had a splendid house. During the season fifteen operas have been performed, of which the *Rigoletto* of Verdi was the only one played for the first time in Paris. Of the eighty-four representations of this winter, fifty-four have been devoted to the works of Verdi, to wit: thirteen to *Rigoletto*, fifteen to *Traviata*, and twenty-three to *Trocatore*. Rossini's *Cenerentola*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, have occupied but six evenings, and *Don Giovanni*, of Mozart, only four. If this is to be taken as an evidence of taste in the audience, some apprehensions may be entertained for the future of Italian music; but one must consider the great difficulties which the execution of some of the old master-pieces present to young singers, who are not enough acquainted with the indispensable traditions to be able to interpret the works.

Among the rising stars at the *Theatre Lyrique* is a young lady—Mlle. Pennetrat—whose musical career promises to be brilliant, although the stage can scarcely be considered the most suitable place for the display of her remarkable powers, which seem better adapted for sacred melodies than the opera. Mlle. Pennetrat is attached to the Imperial Chapel, where she frequently sings the "Salutaris," to which she imparts a fervor and deep religious feeling which produce a profound impression on every hearer. As already announced, Madame Ristori, the great Italian tragedienne, re-appeared on Thursday night when the *Theatre Italien*, the opera season being over, again opened its doors for Italian plays, which are to continue until the end of next month, after which the company proceeds to London. Mme. Ristori was received with great enthusiasm, and played the part of Maria in Alfieri's tragedy of *Maria Stuarda*, with all her customary power over the feelings of her audience.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian opera season came to a termination with the Carnival week. The last novelty was Rossini's *Semiramide*, produced for the benefit of Madame Bosio, who personated the Babylonian Queen. The performance does not appear to have come up to general expectation. The *ensemble* was by no means satisfactory. Madame Bosio sang the music with great brilliancy, but did not exhibit the grandeur and tragic power indispensable to such an assumption. Madame Marie Lablache was still less effective as Arsace; and Signor Bartolini, though possessed of a fine voice, and not deficient in energy and passion, signally failed in the arduous part of Assur.

Il Bravo of Mercadante had been previously given with much success, owing principally to the singing of Mlle. Lotti. Still more favorable seems to have been the reception awarded to Donizetti's *Belly*, the principal parts being sustained with great effect by Madame Bosio, Signor Calzolari and De Bassini. The *Inguenots* and *Il Trocatore* were the operas played most frequently during the season. Next year the Italian troupe will lose the services of Mlle. Marai, Signors Bettini and Tagliafico. Signor Tamberlik, however, is expected, and will make amends for many losses. Madame Bosio had left for London, and Signors Calzolari and Marini for Milan.

MILAN.—The theatre of La Scala, this season, has proved but a sorry affair. Operas promised—put in rehearsal—abandoned from the inefficiency of the artists—other singers engaged—operas again rehearsed—and again, and finally withdrawn. This has been the order of the course at the "Unico" Temple of Apollo—the pride and boast of musical Italy. We have, therefore, had nothing even tolerable, excepting the *Trocatore* and the *Inguenots*, in the first of which Giuglini's part is, perhaps, not one of his best, and in the latter, neither he nor Spesia (who was specially engaged for the opera) possesses voice of sufficient power to do justice to the music. Giuglini, Spesia, and the "Star of the Ballet," the delightful—the incomparable Pochini—leave here forthwith to fulfil their engagement with Mr. Lumley. Giuglini, I have no doubt, will be a great favorite in London.

The new tenor, Mazzolini, has only just made his debut in *I Lombardi*, and, though very badly supported, met with very great success. The second new opera of the Scala, *Pergolesa*, like its predecessor, was an awful *fiasco*.

The masquerade balls at the Scala have this year been unusually splendid, and honored nearly every

night by the presence of the emperor and empress. At these, a new polka by Alessandro Spinsio has been quite the rage, and received with the most clamorous applause. It is called the "Champagne Polka," and by the introduction of an imitation of the jingling of the glasses, and the drawing of the corks, which is very cleverly managed, an excellent effect is produced.

I have to record the complete success of an English barytone during the past Carnival. His name is Albert Lawrence. His debut as Carlo Quinto in *Ernani* made quite a furor. He has a voice of great power, sings with taste and feeling, and it will be his own fault if, with the advantages he possesses, he do not take a high position in his profession. He has been educated in the best school of Milan, that of the Maestro Prati.

You will doubtless have received some account, before my letter reaches you, of the reception of Verdi's new opera at Venice, written expressly for the Teatro della Fenice; Verdi to receive 100,000 lire. In case you may not, suffice it for the present to say, that it is entitled *Simon Boccanegra*, that on its first representation it was coldly received—a *mezzo-fiasco*—but, on the second, all was enthusiasm and delight, Verdi being called before the curtain (says the telegraphic despatch) *nineteen times!*—*Lon. Mus. World.*

Musical Chat-Chat.

The candle flickers up ere it goes out; and so with our Concert season;—behold a sudden blaze of announcements when we thought all was over. This evening Miss TWICHELL tempts us with fine singing by herself and others, and an orchestra of thirty-six instruments, led by CARL ZERRAHN. It is her benefit, for she too goes to Europe, whither all the native singing birds seem on the point of emigrating. She has voice and talent worthy of such culture. Tomorrow evening the Catholic Choirs, with orchestra and organ, under the direction of that very earnest musician, Mr. A. WERNER, will perform Mozart's *Requiem* in the Music Hall, together with excellent selections from masses by Haydn, Hummel and Beethoven, solos, duets, &c. from the church compositions of Cherubini, Lambillotte and others. There will be great eagerness to hear such noble music sung by those who thoroughly believe in it. The Boston Choristers' School, under the direction of Mr. CUTLER, will repeat their Concert of English Cathedral and Oratoria music at the Temple next Wednesday evening, with a partial change of programme. We are sure the interest of the first concert has awakened a very general demand for this. What we have published of Mr. THAYER's remarks on that occasion, will only add to the interest of what he will have to say on Wednesday. The many friends and admirers of OLE BULL will welcome him again after a long absence, and the more warmly that he has been of late so great a sufferer by sickness and ill turns of fortune. Ole is a man of genius, a magnetizer of men; and if his virtuoso life has been as injurious to him as to all other artists who have followed it, he is still one of the greatest violinists living, and his instrument retains its spell over audiences. It is said that he has studied much of late, and plays better than ever. His present concert tour is a Farewell before his return to Norway. He announces his concert here for Saturday evening next, when he will be assisted by the English tenor, Mr. GEORGE HARRISON—not the Harrison, whom we all know too well—and Mr. HORNCastle, who has a gift for the John Parry style of comic song and extravaganza.

The great Musical Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society, for the three days preceding "Anniversary Week," is now formally announced below. Mr. ZERRAHN has been to New York and engaged musicians, swelling the orchestra to *seventy-five*. The Chorus, increased to *six hundred* voices, will be a noble one indeed. They are already devoting three nights of the week to rehearsals, and we have never heard so glorious a mass of vocal harmony. Among the solo singers engaged is Mrs. ELIOT, (formerly Miss ANNA STONE), of New York; and efforts will be made to secure LA GRANGE; nothing better could be wished than her soprano for the "Choral Symphony." Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who takes great interest in musical and all artistic matters, has accepted an invitation to inaugurate the festival with an Address. So far all things promise well; pecuniarily the Society are guaranteed to twice the amount

they asked for, namely \$8,000, and expectation is on tip-toe all about us. We do not expect a festival to equal those of Birmingham or Düsseldorf, but we shall make a grand beginning for America, an earnest of great things to come.

The "private correspondence" of the *Home Journal* furnishes some bits of musical news; for instance:

Stoepel tells me he has finished his symphonies of "Hiawatha," and, with the choruses, etc., they form a piece similar to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." He is uncertain whether he shall bring it out at the Academy of Music or at Wallack's Theatre. It is to be produced in London, also, early in the autumn. Wallace, the composer, a creature brimful of geniality and genius, as you well know, has just finished his fourth Opera, "The Amber Witch." It is sold (for production) in New York, London and Paris. He tells me he has written also a piece of music which he calls "Idlewild Rapids," and which he means shall express the music of the cascades as he sat with you on the bridge over the upper ravine. Matinee Concerts are the *want*, at this moment. A *nice scream* and an *ice cream* go very well together, say all the *belles*.

Mme. LAGRANGE, at her benefit in New Orleans, played the two characters, Isabelle and Alice, in *Robert le Diable*. She has since sung in St. Louis, and is announced presently at Chicago. There is a hope that we shall have her at our Festival in May, to sing the chief part in the Choral Symphony and in other things. THALBERG left New York last week on his tour through the West with Strakosch. Mme. GAZZANIGA has been gaining in interest and drawing larger audiences in New York. This week she has played Lucrezia Borgia, Norma and Linda. But three more nights remain of her engagement. The PYNE and HARRISON opera troupe made their "last appearance" in America last night, in a concert in aid of the widows' and orphans' fund of the New York Fire Department.

Advertisements.

MISS JENNY TWICHELL

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LAST CONCERT

In Boston, (prior to her departure for Europe,) at the

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Masters THOMAS HODGES and EUGENE HENRY, (pupils of Mr. Werner,) will preside at the Organ.

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MOZART'S GRAND REQUIEM MASS.

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SELECTIONS from some of the most distinguished Catholic Composers: i. e. Haydn, Hummel, Cherubini and Beethoven.

Tickets 50 cents. Family tickets, admitting three persons, \$1. To be had at the Music Stores, Catholic Bookstores, of the Ticket committee, and at the door. Programmes with Latin and English words to be had at the hall.

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Organist.....Henry Stephen Cutler.

Brief historic and explanatory notices will be given by Alex. W. Thayer, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Choral: "Grates nunc omnes," Gregory the Great, A. D. 600.
Choral (in unison): "Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott."

Deus Misericordia.....Gregorian Tone III.

Anthem (without Organ): "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake,".....Parrant.

Anthem: "His glory with perpetual hymns proclaim,".....S. Webbe, Sen.

Psalm 74.....Anglican Chant.

Trio: "Lift thine eyes unto the mountains,"....."Elijah."

(To be sung by three boys without accompaniment.)

Nicene Creed.....Dr. Benjamin Rogers.

Anthem: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion,".....Dr. Boyce.

PART II.

Te Deum (in A),.....Dr. Boyce.

Solo: "Brighter scenes I seek above,".....Handel's "Jephtha."

To be sung by Master Fred. White.

Chorus (Choral and Fugue): "We worship God, and God alone,"....."Judas Maccabæus."

Solo....."Samson."

Mr. C. R. Adams.

Chorus: "Then round about the starry throne,"....."Samson."

Single tickets 50 cts., or three for \$1, to be had at the music stores and at the Temple.

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Further particulars will be given in future advertisements.

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Beethoven, Rossini, Verdi.

[From the Traveller, May 1.]

We have received the following lively pieces of musical criticism, from our Paris correspondent, SPIRIDION. They are compiled from a number of musical articles, translated from the Paris journals, for the *Traveller*.

Beethoven, says M. d'Ortigue, is the universal musician. He has excelled in every species of composition. Do not say that Beethoven was not endowed with dramatic genius, because he did not write *Don Juan*, nor *La Vestale*, nor the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, nor *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. He wrote *Fidelio*, and the music of the *intermedes* of the *Comte d'Egmont*, of *Prometheus*, and the *Ruins of Athens*; and had he not composed all these works he would be none the less one of the first dramatic musicians, for he merged all the elements of the drama into instrumental music, in *sonatas* and *quatuors* even more than in symphonies. What is the importance of a frame if the picture exists? What imports the absence of *dramatis personæ* if passion rumbles and growls? Although it is true he wrote *Fidelio*, whose prison scene in the third act is one of the most moving scenes on the stage, Beethoven's genius was averse from these vulgar themes, these conventionalities which spring by the dozen from the prolific brains of our manufacturers of *libretti*, and which so many great composers have repented the evil hour in which they accepted them as themes. The originality and independence of his ideas could not suit themselves with the tricks of play-wrights. He had but to descend into his own heart, and there, at the source of those different passions which multiply man's life while they consume it, he loved to take no other confidant, no other interpreter than the ideal and vague language of music alone—language the more powerful and penetrating, as it is without auxiliary, without accessory, without foreign glitter. He did so, not with the wild hope of subjugating a numerous, elegant and frivolous audience, but to communicate to a few select hearers, assembled around a piano and four music stands, the various anguish,

the combats, the noble aspirations, the vehemence of a soul which moans its earthly captivity. Do not frame a miserable idea of this universality, and measure it by a "table of contents." It is a universality which includes all orders of ideas and sentiments, which supposes all gifts and every faculty, which assumes all tones and forms, which knows the secret of all the chords of the human heart, of all the voices of nature. Homer, though he wrote only the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; Dante, though he had written only the *Divine Comedy*, (I speak not of his *canzone*); Shakespeare, though he had written only his tragedies, are none the less universal geniuses, and there is something of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare in Beethoven.

See what takes place at the concerts of the Conservatory, and at the *sonata*, *trio*, *quatuor* and *quintette* concerts, which now begin to be so numerous, to the great honor of our musical education, and to the great satisfaction of those wisely exclusive amateurs who adore true art, classic art, pure art, with as much passion as they disdain false art, fashionable art, smirking and stiff art. After Beethoven, the others are listened to, but not with such ardent enthusiasm, such profound emotion. And yet these others are, no less than Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Weber, all of them, especially the two first, inimitable models of that style where all the delicacy and the elegance of art are mingled with the most scientific combinations, where secret reverie, light coquetry, dispute the victory with subdued energy, and where (especially with the last) passion overflows in profound accents, in vibrating melodies, in abrupt and bold harmony. But it is Beethoven who takes supreme possession of us. He transports us into ideal spheres, and above the terrestrial and tumultuous region where the human passions toss, he exhibits to us the pure light of intellect.

Haydn and Mozart! Let no critic's breath cloud that halo of purity that glitters around their glorious brows! Let no word ever escape my lips which may in any wise diminish the admiration due to those immortal creators of exquisite forms who have thrown over their works all the splendor of unity, all the beauty of proportion, all the connection of drawing, all the grace of outline and detail, all the affluence and freshness of imagination, which form finished, complete works! Let this justice, this gratitude, these homages be rendered to them by those who, with us, hold that the sphere of Art is not confined to the mere exhibition of that which these masters have expressed with such disheartening perfection. It is perfection, but relative perfection, which, as we think, does not exclude a grander, higher, more complete order of beauty, in a vaster frame. Let us confess it—Beethoven is, perhaps, less perfect as an artist than they, but he is greater than they. He opened immeasurable horizons in Art; he introduced into Art orders of ideas and sentiments which the limits of Art seemed incapable of containing. Others depicted man, nature, and sometimes the marvellous, which is only the personification of the hidden forces of nature. Mozart found the supernatural in *Don Juan*. Weber found the terribly fantastic in *Der Freyschütz*, and the sportively fantastic in *Oberon*, whose sudden appearance at the Theatre Lyrique

has been a revelation, some say a revolution. Beethoven opened heaven and revealed infinity to mortal sight. He has not done *differently* from Haydn and Mozart. He has done *more*. He contains in himself all of Haydn and all of Mozart. He has, as it were, absorbed them. We see them float and dilate in the transparency of his harmonious substance. He has made them his, and he is greater than they, because he contains them.

When one of Beethoven's last *quatuors*, interpreted by cunning hands, vibrates in your ear, if you find at first your sense of hearing embarrassed, if you feel as if enveloped by sonorous clouds, and find difficulty in catching the clue of the mysterious labyrinth, beware of exclaiming too soon: "'Tis unintelligible, 'tis obscure." Obscurity really exists; but be patient; wait for the coming light, which will throw a retrospective effulgence over the dark shades through which you have passed. Suspend your judgment and take good heed that you do not repeat the absurdities which were current some years ago: that Beethoven in his last works merely deated, that his thoughts were hid in clouds, that his deafness had blunted the internal perception of sounds. Avoid, too, applying to that music the common laws of proportion, plot, construction and development, by which you appreciate the works of other composers, and of another epoch; or rather apply these laws, but in vaster dimensions than you apply them to other works. It is evident that ordinary limits are too narrow to contain this, his torrent of thought, sentiments, expressions, forms, coördinated into a conception whose entirety and details belong to the highest æsthetics. Wait, then, until light appears, until Beethoven has pronounced his "*fiat lux*." Do not be obstinate; do not resist with all your judgment and all your will the *maestro's* idea, for then you will see nothing, you will distinguish nothing—and all by your own fault, by your own obstinacy. Light? Behold it! It bursts forth suddenly, in full effulgence, and dissipates all clouds. Hereafter, all is visible, everything assumes its proper form and possesses its proper relief. Intermittent light and shade are necessary, that the sight (for, as M. Victor Hugo says, the ear as well as the mind bath its eye), may sustain unblinded this dazzling effulgence. Besides, even the shades now are penetrated by light. If we find ourselves surrounded by twilight, certain it is we are never enveloped by night. We feel as if some superhuman being were leading us from world to world—some worlds being effulgent as of themselves, and others shining with a borrowed light. How pure is the atmosphere into which we are transported! How easy is respiration! How keen and subtle the air is at these heights! What delicate, eloquent, sublime, ingenious and serene whisperings doth genius pour into our ravished ear! This is not my personal impression. The miracle of this music, only yesterday hooted as incomprehensible, is that all who hear it, whether they be musicians or not, feel the same impression. It speaks the same language to all, great and little, whether it depicts the human passions with its supremest energy, or whether it lifts the soul to contemplation and to ecstasy. The ear of the musician, the ear of him for whom Art has no secret unrevealed, is perhaps even

oftener puzzled than the ear of the amateur. Do not think in this entirety there is no place for grace, airy grace, for playfulness, for genial and capricious gaiety. One of the most singular traits of Beethoven's genius, is that he is never more sublime than when he seems determined upon airy grace. What wonders does he not produce, with the most insignificant fragment detached from a leading theme?

Such are the last *quatuors* and the last *sonatas* of Beethoven. We may, it is true, prefer the works which by a common consent are classed as being of the "second manner" of the composer. We may examine them through the microscope and discover strange associations of accords, hard expressions proceeding from "prolongations," though more commonly from "anticipations." I admit all these criticisms, which in no wise diminish my praises.

ROSSINI.

It is all-important that these works be executed in certain conditions, not only of rigorous exactness and fidelity, but also of room and resonance. To have them executed, for instance, by all the violins, all the altos, all the bass viols of an orchestra, would be to disfigure them, to efface their peculiar mark—I had almost said, to bereave them of their chastity and virginal character. These last *quatuors* must be heard at the concerts of MM. Maurin, Chevillard, Mas, and Sabatier. It was indeed a red-letter day for these young men, the day when the author of *Guillaume Tell* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (it was three weeks ago) walked alone to the room where they rehearse, and asked them to be good enough to play him one of their favorite *quatuors*.

The surprise, delight, pride, and gratitude of these young men at this unexpected visit may be conceived. The famous *quatuor* in *ut* *diese minor* was executed; this single listener was no other than Rossini. He suggested this *quatuor*, not because he had heard it before, but because he had heard it spoken of as one of those which best condensed and exhibited that period of independence, poetry, and unrestrained genius by which Beethoven terminated his glorious career. Never did the four instruments resound with more vibratory and pathetic accents; never did bows move with more enthusiasm and fire; never did soldiers, animated by the presence of a general-in-chief, march with more order and promptness. When the piece was ended, rest assured that the great *maestro* was in no wise embarrassed to express in simple and charming language, how highly he appreciated this admirable execution and the traits of genius so numerous in the work; and when he told them of the visit he, Rossini, paid Beethoven at Vienna in 1822, he spoke in the most feeling manner of the poverty, the want, the wretchedness in which he saw the great man, and the painful impression he retained of the visit.

Since I am speaking of Rossini, let me say that those are greatly mistaken who imagine that Rossini, after having voluntarily abandoned his career at the age of thirty-nine, closing it with no less a production than *Guillaume Tell*, remains indifferent to musical art and its progress in Italy, France, and Germany. No one, on the contrary, observes with livelier solicitude the march of institutions and men likely to be of service to the art. Rossini is the Classic. He daily meditates upon the works of Jean Sebastian Bach. Haydn, and especially Mozart, are in his eyes the eternal models. He admires too the works of Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn. His judgments are equitable, full of good feeling, and altogether without personal vanity. I have just said that Rossini is the Classic. I add that he has always been so.

When he was eleven years old he led at Bologna the oratorio of "The Seasons." His fellow pupils observed his predilection for Haydn and Mozart, and he is fond of telling how his master, Mattei, never called him by any other name than *il piccolo Tedesco*. As for Beethoven, he holds him in almost religious veneration: "Beethoven is complete (*tout entier*) in his *sonatas*," he frequently says. By which I understand him to mean that those who know Beethoven only in one of his symphonies do not know him

completely. In the symphony Beethoven addresses himself to a large audience, such an audience as an orchestra would assemble. In the *sonata*, in the *quatuor*, he is more familiar; he comes near us, although his idea always appears in a grand form. Melodies are also in it, and if they are not more abundant, at least they are more apparent, and more free from the attendance of instrumental resonance and combinations.

VERDI.

I hope you are not fatigued, and that I still command your attention sufficiently to read with interest M. Fiorentini's criticism on Verdi, which I have long kept by me, waiting the propitious moment which would allow me to send it you.

Rigoletto, antecedent in date to the *Trocatore* and *La Traviata*, marks, together with these two last works, a new phase in M. Verdi's talents, which may be called his "second manner." The first compositions of the young *maestro* breathed something *grandiose*, heroic, and virile, which made an impression on Italian imaginations, enervated and blunted to disgust by the old formulas of melody, which had been incredibly abused. The new comer aimed at higher destinies, and was animated by a noble ambition, to found in his turn a new school. No subject seemed vast or lofty enough for him; the Crusades, Palestine and Egypt, Italy and Spain in the Middle Ages, the intoxicated pride of Nebuchadnezzar, and the punishment which fell upon him at the foot of his broken idol, the sand of the desert watered with Lombard blood, the implacable vengeance of old Sylva, and the soliloquy of Charles V.: *O sommo Carlo*,—all these but half satisfied him. He would have called to his aid Homer and Dante, David and his Psalms, Solomon and his Canticles, Sophocles, Corneille, and Shakspeare, that he might make "books" out of their dramas and immortal poems. But if the idea was great, and the inspiration generous, the *afflatus* often failed the young composer, and his powers betrayed him when he deemed himself nearest the goal he would reach. His hand was not yet sure enough to fill out the lines it had traced without deviation. In a word, the execution did not always correspond with the design. His phrases were short and abrupt; his musical period was neither large enough nor clear enough for the development of his ideas; his noisy and hard instrumentation went by hops and jumps, and seemed to drive melody away before it, *à grands coups de pied dans les reins*. He was reproached with abusing the *crescendo* and with employing the *unison*, not only several times in the same work, but in the same act, and in the same scene. He had, too, the reputation of being without pity for voices. They said nobody would use altos and trombones as he used singers. These accusations, whether just or unjust, certainly were made from every quarter.

Two or three works which followed *I Lombardi*, *Nabucco*, and *Ernani*, had not the success of the first compositions. A profounder and calmer study of the resources of art and of the taste of the public then inspired M. Verdi with serious reflections. He varied his style, and moderated, while at the same time he studied more attentively, his harmony. He voluntarily descended from the flight on which he had soared with a fortunate, but sometimes unequal and dangerous wing, to walk with a firm and confident step upon a verdant lawn. He abandoned his pretension of being always sublime, to express more true, more human sentiments, to speak a simple, a more touching language, which every body could comprehend. He quitted the epic and the historical painting, for familiar and domestic drama, for cabinet pictures of smaller dimensions but of a more delicate, correct, and finished touch.

We need only glance at the last scores written by M. Verdi to see how much he has modified his manner, and put, so to speak, the "soft pedal" to his orchestra. He has now melodies of exquisite grace and freshness, which once he would have rejected as being too ingenuous or too popular. He has delightful details of accompaniment, flowers of harmony so delicate and so pure that,

certainly, he would not crush them then with his own hand beneath the brutal pressure of brass instruments and gongs. I know that I may be reminded of the anvils of *Il Trocatore*; but that is only an exception. This cadenced sound of the forge, which has found admirers among us, only accompanies two complets sung by gipsies, the words of which are not very important. M. Verdi has always been master of the science of contrasts and stage effects, the secret of grouping voices on the front or at the back of the stage, of relieving a melody without novelty or any salient point by a syllabic chorus, a slower or more rapid measure, a sound which is broken off or prolonged, which increases or is extinguished.

Nobody better than he can make the most of a dramatic situation; but then it must appeal to the eyes as well as to the soul; all the accessories, all the illusions of theatrical optics must aid the effect; the day must fade away and the moon rise; the bell must chime, the organ wail, the storm burst in all its strength, and the thunder roll, peal after peal. See how he carries away the public! A woman weeps, a prisoner sobs, invisible voices sing the passing prayer;—and you have the finest piece of the *Trocatore*! Conspirators menace in the shade and murmur threats of vengeance and death, while a brilliant barque filled with handsome women and noble young lords, floats over the dark blue sea, basking in sunlight, and sing to the breeze the gay burden of a ballad;—and you have the best scene of the *Tejpes Siciliennes*!

Two voices laugh on one side, two voices weep on the other, and in the background of this sinister scene a knife is uplifted to spare the guilty and immolate the innocent—and you have the most admirable page of *Rigoletto*! Doubtless this is not everything; when the situation has once been found, the talent of the composer consists in choosing the melody and rhythm well, in disposing and combining the voices, and placing them together and in relief by the skillful opposition of a counter-point. I am far from wishing to disparage, in any respect, the talents and merits of the illustrious *maestro*; I explain the method he most commonly employs, and which he would do wrong to change, for he has invariably been successful with it.

Louisa Miller was a great progress. It exhibited the new path the composer was endeavoring to find. It is written with infinitely more care than his preceding scores. It contains general pieces in perfect harmony, and which do not owe all their effect to unison, that method which tells on the crowd, but which masters of the art disdain as being too vulgar and too monotonous. Nevertheless *Louisa Miller*, despite its numerous beauties, had only a passable success at the Italian Opera in Paris. It failed completely at the Grand Opera, although an excellent artist, Mme. Bosio, filled the chief rôle. Because as yet fashion had taken under its protection neither the composer nor the lyric actress, the tide did not serve them. Mark this well, and never regret too much the lukewarmness and the repugnance of the public; never reckon too confidently on its caprices and its favor.

Of the three works instanced at the beginning of this article, *La Traviata* is certainly the feeblest. *Il Trocatore* has more character, more unity, more elevation: *Rigoletto* has more charm, more tenderness, a nobler and purer sentiment, and (what the other operas have not) a well drawn, distinct character, master of the plot, almost always on the stage, and filling the four acts of the drama with his grief, his irony, his anger, his vengeance and his despair. The instrumentation of *Rigoletto* seems to me the best M. Verdi has yet dictated. It contains the greatest beauties. Many musicians prefer the *quatuor* of the last act to the famous *Misere*. Perhaps they are right. Let that be as it may, the three last scenes of M. Verdi have a family likeness which cannot be mistaken; which is proper enough in sisters, children of the same father:

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen," etc.

VERDI IN EXETER HALL.—The London *Times* of April 14th, has the following:

A musical entertainment of a novel and varied character took place last night, under the title of the "Grand Verdi Festival," which attracted an immense concourse of people to Exeter Hall. For the admirers of Verdi, the popular representative of Young Italy, the concert provided was a real treat, since it comprised a selection of favorite *moreaux* from his three more successful operas—*Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. The means of execution, vocal and instrumental, moreover, were on a scale of the highest efficiency. The band was chosen from among the members of the Orchestral Union, and directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Weiss, Millard and Sims Reeves. The chorus was from the Royal Italian Opera. Thus everything had been done to give the utmost effect to the music, and the result was in all respects satisfactory.

Some curiosity was excited about the programmes, which on such occasions generally contain the words of all the vocal pieces; and it was very naturally apprehended that the Exeter Hall committee, who were so straight-laced about the *Stabat Mater* and the *Requiem*, would entertain strong objections to the text of the notorious *Traviata*. The committee, however, had, in vulgar parlance, taken the bull by the horns; and instead of authorizing the distribution of such a carefully edited bill as might have been appropriately styled "Beauties of *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata* and *Rigoletto*," condemned all three, by insinuation, as unfit for the sanctified precincts of that edifice which has been pleasantly denominated "the architectural glory of the Strand." To quote the paragraph conveying the intimation, they "interdicted the publication of an English translation of the programme in the form of a book of words." The naughty sentences were allowed to be breathed and uttered by the "singing men and women," but forbidden to be printed; they may be heard, but not seen. *N'importe*; the whole was delivered in the Italian tongue, which "soft bastard Latin" is probably regarded by the Exeter Hall authorities as something akin to hieroglyph.

With regard to the enormous audience that assembled last night at the call of Verdi, it was surmised that three-fourths consisted of persons who would on no account have been tempted to visit a theatre, and yet thought it quite legitimate to listen to the words and music of *La Traviata* in Exeter Hall. Whether this was or was not the case, some poetical wag must have considered the theme a good one, since a lyrical squib was circulated in the hall through some mysterious agency, which caused no little speculation and merriment.

The performances gave great satisfaction, and there would have been no end of encores had Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Novello, who were first honored by a redemand—in the scene of the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore*—displayed the courage and good taste to resist it, satisfied to acknowledge the compliment by returning to the platform and bowing to the audience. The malcontents continued obstreperous for a long time, however; and when at last Mr. Weiss came on to sing "Il balen," he was saluted, amid considerable applause, with a tolerable amount of sibilation. The good feeling of the majority, nevertheless, soon stifled these uncourteous sounds, and Mr. Weiss was allowed to wade through that somniferous air in peace. Another boisterous call for repetition followed Miss Louisa Vinning's execution of the cavatina, *Tacea la Notte*; but she, with commendable spirit, imitated the example so wisely set by Madame Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves. The storm raised by this second disappointment, and kept up with great obstinacy, wore itself gradually out till it was lost in the still more potent clamor of Mr. Alfred Mellon's orchestra, which brought the first part to an end with some of the most vociferous of the Verdian harmonies and mnemonics, gathered from the "Selection" so well known to the patrons of the

Surrey Gardens. With a portion of the same *olla podrida* the concert had been imposingly inaugurated. The other pieces from the *Trovatore* were the duet between Leonora and Count de Luna and the *canzone* of Azucena, the gipsy—*Stride la campe*—the first of which was intrusted to Miss Vinning and Mr. Weiss, the last to Miss Dolby.

Strange to say, the *moreaux* from *La Traviata* produced scarcely any effect, although the grand aria of the heroine; "Ah forse lui," was admirably sung by Madame Novello, and the *brindisi*, "Libiamo, libiamo," (which almost "fell dead"), enjoyed every chance of success in the hands of Miss Vinning and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lengthy mock-sentimental duo between the lovers, in the final and most pithy scene of the opera, ("Parigi o cara"), essayed by Miss Vinning and Mr. Millard, went for nothing, nor did the lachrymose apostrophe of Alfredo's easily affected parent—"Di Provenza"—with all the good will that Mr. Weiss exhibited in its performance, appear to strike the audience with any greater degree of amazement. Probably Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn may have wrapped the interior of Exeter Hall in an atmosphere unfavorable to Verdi. At any rate the only piece in the *Traviata* which afforded the least gratification was the aria of Madame Novello, above mentioned; and that, we make bold to say, was caused rather by the singing than the music.

The *Rigoletto* selection began with the introduction and ball scene, and terminated with the *polonaise*, (for orchestra), the interval between the two being filled up by five of the most admired vocal pieces, allotted to the singers we have named. After all, notwithstanding its diffuseness and the trivialities in which it abounds, *Rigoletto* is the best of Verdi's operas, and the quartet, "Bella Figlia," the best of Verdi's compositions. If only he could always write in this manner, or in the manner of some parts of the *Trovatore*, he would perhaps neither be so rich, so prosperous, nor so eagerly idolized by the untutored and listless crowd, but he would stand a better chance of outliving himself in his music.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Festival—Arrangement of the Stage.

The rehearsals for the Festival are going on very successfully indeed. On Tuesday evening about four hundred persons took part in the "Creation," which after the very difficult music of "Elijah," was taken up with great energy and success.

It is evident now that some important changes must be made in the arrangement of the stage, as its present capacity will not be sufficient to receive the great number of performers who are to take part. What shall the change be?

Some propose extending the stage forward into the hall. By this of course many seats upon the lower floor would be lost to the audience. Can this loss not be avoided? If seats are to be sacrificed—and they clearly must be—why not sacrifice those which are in the stage ends of the lower gallery? For my part, as a member of the choir, it would be a great gratification to me if the public was excluded from those seats at all choral performances. We want the audience before us, and it is no very pleasant thing to have fifty or a hundred strangers just at your elbows, who, being so placed that they can only hear one or two parts in a chorus with distinctness, have nothing to do but talk and laugh, and criticize the imperfections of the unlucky individuals, shouting for dear life, who happen to stand hard by the gallery. But how will the sacrifice of the seats in the ends of the lower gallery help the matter?

Simply, Sir, by allowing the removal of the railing in front, and building a temporary structure of seats, rising amphitheatrically, from near the conductor's stand to the gallery. What is there to hinder turning the end of the music hall into nearly the form of the lecture room below? If this should be done, every person who has ever had experience in chorus singing, will see how much easier it will be for the singers to perform their parts, than if, after having learned them below, when they come to sing in public the

whole effect of the music to their—the singers'—ears, is changed, by a quite different arrangement of the choral pieces. The best singers in the world must rehearse together if they will sing well in concert. They must moreover rehearse where the influences acting upon them shall be about the same as in the public performance. Let me illustrate. In opera, a concerted piece is studied, with the singers in the same relative position to each other that they are to hold when they sing in public. Certain tones come to their ears and guide them in coming in, in proper time, tune and rhythm. If this be an important matter in such a case, how much more important in the case of a huge chorus of five or six hundred voices, most of whom never sang in concert before, and many of whom, however good singers they may be in other music, cannot in so short a time as three or four weeks learn to feel at home in the music of "Elijah," the "Messiah" and "Creation?"

If the only change made be to extend the present stage, how, under heaven, is it going to be possible for all to stand in such a position as to read their music and watch the conductor's baton at the same time? I do not know in whose hands this matter rests, but in the name of all of us, who are not great singers and capable of going along blindfolded, I pray that the wishes of Mr. Zerrahn as leader, and of us his subjects, be consulted. Let us sit at the performance as we do at the rehearsals, and then if we break down, we will bear the blame cheerfully. At the rehearsals, the semicircular position of our seats enables us to hear the other parts, and we can always tell where we are. At the performances in the music hall this past winter, this was not possible in the case of many who occupied the rear rows of seats.

Then as to the improved effect which the choirs thus arranged will produce, that has been previously discussed in your Journal, and I will only add, that I heard men express their utter astonishment at the volume and fullness of Mr. Werner's chorus last Sunday evening, which, as you know, numbered in all not more than the tenors or the basses of the Handel and Haydn Society, but which by means of a temporary platform, was brought into a compact body in the centre of the stage, with all the orchestra behind.

If our arrangement at the rehearsals be broken up at the performance, a single rehearsal in a new position will hardly be sufficient to do away with the ill effects of such a measure; and I for one should desire to be excused from attempting those enormously difficult choruses in "Elijah."

A MEMBER OF THE CHORUS.

Diary.

APRIL 15th.—Looking into the "American Notes and Queries" for this month. I suppose such periodicals are to be considered as authorities. If so, I am greatly indebted to the first article in this number for the following pieces of information:

1. That J. J. Heidegger's name should be Heidegger, and that Hawkins, Burney, Hogarth, the Encyclopedias, &c., are wrong in their spelling.
2. That Handel's name is George William.
3. That "Heidegger did not relish the opposition which Handel caused, and resorted to many things to injure the character of Handel."

Queer, is it not, that so independent a fellow as was Handel, should have entered into an engagement with this Heidegger in 1729, to carry on the musical Drama at their own risk! In order to save time, Handel, in the autumn of 1728, set off for Italy, where he engaged a new band of singers. July 2d, 1729, the following announcement appeared in the London *Daily Courant*:

"Mr. Handel, who is just returned from Italy, has contracted with the following persons to perform in the Italian Operas: Signor Bernacchi, who is esteemed the best singer in Italy; Signora Merighi, a woman of a very fine presence, an excellent actress and a very good singer with a counter-tenor voice; Signora Strada, who hath a very fine treble voice, a person of singular merit; Signor Annibale Pio

Fabri, a most excellent tenor and a fine voice; his wife, who performs a man's part exceedingly well; Signora Bertoldi, who has a very fine treble voice; she is also a very genteel actress both in men and women's parts; a base voice from Hamburg, there being none worth engaging in Italy."

This base voice was John Gottfried Reimschneider. May 18th, 1734, Handel's *Pastor Fido* was revived, ran thirteen nights, "and terminated the season July 6th, and Handel's contract with Heidegger."

APRIL 29.—How easy it is to get a glimpse of real musical enjoyment! Last evening our little Society at Cambridge gave a concert, under the direction of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, of which the "roast beef" of the bill of fare was the 16th Mass by Haydn, followed by a selection of lighter music.

The affair was quite successful. Now why is it that in our smaller cities, we can so seldom hear anything of this kind, and that about all the staple concert music (!) is made up of Negro melodies and "old folks'" psalmody?

Two things only are necessary, namely: patience and perseverance on the part of the members of the musical society, and a conductor who knows what he is about. So far as my observation extends, in our country towns, there is not one of four or five thousand inhabitants, where there is not musical talent sufficient for just such a concert as this of last evening. With a few choruses, a few songs, part of a mass, and a piece or two of organ or piano-forte music, I can enjoy an evening in Yankee land, though not in the same manner, as well as in the grand opera houses and music halls of Europe. Try it, good people of the country!

MAY 2.—A writer in the *Independent*, speaking of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, says:

"It will not detract from our love of Beethoven to know that when Napoleon was made emperor, the Symphony was not finished; and he was so much disappointed at the supposed change in the great man whom he had honored, that he threw it aside in disgust, and did not finish it for years afterwards."

Very pretty—but unluckily the symphony was finished.

MAY 4.—A typographical error in the remarks of Mr. Thayer, in Dwight's Journal last week, makes Handel come to London in 1702. His first visit thither was 1710. He settled there in 1712.

MAY 6.—Looking through a pamphlet printed at Wittenberg in 1528, containing Luther's instructions to the parish clergy of Saxony, my eye fell upon a passage, which strikes me as not inapplicable at the present day, changing the word *German* to *English*. He says, being translated: "On high festivals, as Christ day, Easter, Ascension day, Pentecost, and the like, it may be well that some pieces of music in Latin be sung during the mass, using such as are biblical. For it is folly always to sing the same music. And although some will make German music, not every one has the talent and grace thereto."

Here is a passage from another pamphlet of Luther. It is an address upon the subject of schools, to the various city governments of Germany. The copy from which I translate was printed at Wittenberg in 1524, while the author was still a monk:

"People take so much time and pains to teach their children to play cards, to sing and dance, why do they not take as much time to teach them reading and other arts, while they are young and have nothing else to do, and can learn easily and with pleasure? For my part, had I children or could I have them, they should not only study languages and history, but singing also, and music and mathematics. For what is all this, (for them), but mere child's play?"

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., APRIL 22. During the past four weeks we have had quite a number of concerts, and some pretty fair performances of most excellent music. The St. Cecilia Choral Society gave us

Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," by Romberg, and Mendelssohn's beautiful 42d Psalm. What glorious music in the latter composition! We wonder that Eastern societies do not perform it more frequently than according to public accounts they seem to do. The opening chorus to those inspiring words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!" is as fine, we think, as anything Mendelssohn has written in that style.

The Philharmonic Society, for their last concert, had the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony, No. 2, in D.....Beethoven
Aria from the Opera, "Charles VI.".....Halévy
Miss Fanny Raymond
"Concert Militaire," for the Violin.....Lipinsky
Mr. H. De Clercq.

PART II.
Overture—"Echoes of Ossian".....Gale
Cavatina, from the Opera "Betty".....Donizetti
Miss Raymond.
Overture—"The Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart

We need not hide a little pride in giving our programmes repeatedly to publicity; it is truly refreshing for us musical people, after years of panting for some good orchestral performances in this thus far musically benighted city, to have heard this winter three Symphonies of Beethoven and one of Haydn, besides many fine overtures. We certainly have accomplished a great deal for only one season, and yet we look upon this as merely a beginning, and have strong hopes of much better performances and of more good music during the next winter. The Philharmonic Society are already seeking to obtain subscriptions for six concerts, to be given next winter; they are for striking the iron whilst it is hot, and their many generous friends give them a liberal assistance. We want for our orchestra some good performers on the horn, violoncello, oboe and trumpet, and well educated musicians, who play on these instruments, would be gladly welcomed and could probably make a tolerably good living here next winter. Many very able German musicians, when emigrating to this country, seem to remain in New York, and there to be lost in the crowd and among the many temptations of a great metropolis; whereas, should they come to the Western cities, we doubt not they would in a short time secure a much better position and find more solid friends than in the Broadway beer saloons.

Our Quartet Club continues to give soirées in private parlors, and to perform Quartets by Haydn, Beethoven, Kreutzer, etc. To-morrow the Cecilia and Philharmonic Societies give jointly a grand Benefit Concert for their excellent friend and leader, Mr. RITTER. In a week or two we shall have the opportunity of hearing the lion, Thalberg and his antiquated Fantasias; we see his prosaic face now in nearly every shop-window.

BERLIN, APRIL 1.—The Royal Opera opened the new year with Weber's genial creation, *Euryanthe*. The representation was in part very successful, made so chiefly by JOHANNA WAGNER as Eglantine, and FRAN KOESTER as Euryanthe. Both are among the best and finest rôles of these two singers, and the public, warmly alive to the high artistic enjoyment, could not applaud enough to express its enthusiasm after the great aria of Eglantine and the following pieces.

The management saw fit to celebrate the birth-day of Mozart, (Jan. 27), by Donizetti's *Liebestrank*, (Elixir of Love)! Not till two days afterwards was Mozart's "Titus" produced, and that too as—the first carnival opera! Although this opera, (composed by Mozart for the coronation of Leopold I, in 1791, immediately after the *Zauberflöte* and before the *Requiem*), is over-rich in musical beauties, yet it cannot be denied that, with the exception of the grand and powerful Finale in E flat, the music does not rise to that dramatic life, that inspiration, which we admire in other operas of the immortal master.

In the concert room one would find incomparably more pleasure in the wealth of splendid arias and duets with which Mozart lets his *four* (!) female singers alternate. Köster and Johanna Wagner distinguished themselves. The former caused rapturous delight by her classical rendering of the airs in G F, in which we disliked only the often too protracted *ritardando*, by which she more than once in the great duet placed Wagner in the most painful predicament, weakening still more the already lifeless action. Fräulein Wagner excelled particularly in her recitatives and in the Rondo in A, whereas her execution of the passages in triplets in the Aria in B flat, left much to be desired.

Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music, was revived at the court theatre; but it suffered greatly in the orchestra through lack of energy in the conductor, the concert-master, RIES, who never will be competent to seize the intentions of Beethoven and infuse them into the performers.

Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, (*Deux Journées*), worthily takes rank with the best operas of our German masters. We find the grace and sincerity of Haydn in the melodies, the strength and significance of Mozart in the harmonies and the ingenious treatment of the orchestra by this Florentine. With his eminent talent, and his fresh and glowing power of invention, he has striven to equal these German models. In all his creations he shows originality, depth and nobleness of thought, and shines as a worthy scholar of Sarti not less by his dexterous treatment of the voice-parts, than by the fine painting in his instrumentation, which lends quite a peculiar charm to his works. As in the music of the church he has won an immortal name by his *Missa solennis* and his *Requiem*, so do his *Medea*, his *Lodoiska*, and especially his "Water-Carriers" secure for him a place of honor among the classical opera composers. The overture, as well as the two finales in E flat and in E, are rich in the most beautiful effects, and full sounded right well; which cannot be said of the of character and life. The air of the Savoyard, which was satisfactorily rendered by Herr KRAUSE, denotes the character admirably. The introductory motive appears again very expressively in the melodrama of the second act. We see that the art of musical *signalization*, which our modern opera reformers claim, as they do much else, as their own invention, was used already then; and I recall a happy example in Gluck, who repeats the sweet sounds which greet Iphigenia at her reception in Aulis, again on the occasion of her banishment in Tauris, as a painful reminiscence of long-fled, rosy youth. The performance of the *Wasserträger* suffered on the part of the singers in the first act from a certain lifeless monotony of manner, only relieved by occasional flashes from Mme. Köster and Herr Krause. The choruses of soldiers in the second act female voices which introduced the wedding congratulations in the last act; these made an unpleasant impression by the sharp and cutting distinctness of their tones. The voice of Fräulein GEY sounded very prettily, while that of Fräulein SIENER was almost inaudible.

The Kapelle, under the direction of Kapellmeister DORN, has done excellent things. Dorn has produced a new comic opera: "A Day in Russia." The first act alone is interesting; hence it was well for the total impression, that the composer shortened it after the first representations. The greatest applause followed the extremely lovely representation of Johanna Wagner, who in this opera showed not only that she is remarkable in the tragic and heroic sphere, but that she also possesses a rich vein of the most surprising and delightful humor. The part of Kalikoff needed, so long as it fell into no finer hands than those of Herr Bostr, still further shortening.

Iphigenia in Aulis, and *Orpheus*, those two master-

works of Gluck, have by their last performance, in spite of many faults, especially on the part of the director, rekindled in thousands of hearts that enthusiasm with which the operas of Gluck's last period must always fill the soul that is at all susceptible to the true and the beautiful. It is well known that Gluck, after he had already written more than forty operas in the conventional style of the day, first made in his *Orpheus* the beginning of that radical reform which laid the foundation of a new era of operatic style. That opera was first brought out in 1764, in Vienna, and had even then a decided success, without being comprehended in all its majesty and grandeur by a public completely prepossessed by the petrified manner of the then prevailing bravura opera. Gluck then turned to Paris, where he found an altogether greater field for his efforts. At length the *Iphigenia in Aulis* was performed on the 19th of April, 1774, at the express command of Queen Maria Antoinette, and in spite of all sorts of chicanery, with a success scarcely equalled in the history of opera. In two years it was performed two hundred times. Gluck, not without justice, has been called the Aeschylus among dramatic composers. No one understood, better than he did, how to portray great passion, antique heroic shapes, in music. The sharpness of his characterization, the intelligent reproduction of all the details of the poem, the wonderful truth displayed in his use of the then existing orchestral forces, the sublimity of his choruses; to which add the highest and noblest simplicity, which so often leads him to the song form, weaving the sweetest spell around us—these are a small part of the excellencies of this great master, by which he completely overcame the immense favorite, Piccini, and laid the foundation of an entirely new operatic style, in which Mozart and others recognized a glorious model.

Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" did not draw a very numerous audience, and the performance lacked the usual dignity and unction. The part of the Countess was taken by Fräulein STORK, from Brunswick, who, beyond the purity and correctness of her vocal method and the distinctness of her utterance, lacks the qualities for appearing on the first operatic stage of Germany in this part after Mme. Köster. Her voice is full and round, not without compass, but the registers are not well connected. There was no trace of the fine graces which Mme. Köster wins from the principal arias; only in the last aria did she find applause, and that not without opposition. Frau TRIETSCH was well disposed and gave the Page skilfully and aptly. Herr KRAUSE counts the Figaro among his best parts, and gave satisfaction, if he did not come up to his previous achievements. Herr SALOMON sang the "Count" with a chivalric ease and certainty, but frequently fell short of the requisite strength to maintain herself above the orchestra. The pearl of the evening was Mme. HERRENBURG-TUCZEK, who in voice and action is so much at home in the part of Susanna, that to her belongs the prize among our German singers in this opera. Especially, she sang Susanna's aria, which is so full of longing, with so much soul, so much devotion, in such mystically sweet *piano*, that she was most deservedly called out. In our Kapelle almost every player is not only a virtuoso on his instrument, but a *knower* of the Mozart music. From the instrumental ensemble the solo oboist stood out in a masterly light in his frequently interspersed little solos. The conclusion of the opera would certainly have gained by more repose in tempo. The director seemed to have forgotten that rapid tempi, even in Presto, were formerly reckoned a monstrosity. In many of Mozart's pieces we have proof that the Presto of that time was scarcely faster than our ordinary Allegro.

On the 20th Fräulein STORK sang in *Tannhäuser* before only a moderately full house.... In the latter

part of March, Verdi's *Trovatore* was got up with great expenditure of forces. Verdi, in a little more than fifteen years, has produced upwards of thirty operas, nearly all of which have excited a real fanaticism in Italy, but only a few of which, and those with small success, except *Ernani*, have found their way into Germany. The success of the *Trovatore* is striking, since Verdi has written far better operas. Great poverty, nay barrenness of invention indeed is its chief want. Those moments which impress the ear agreeably, contain only happy reminiscences, and more than palpable allusions to the works of his predecessors. But in our present poverty in melody, one is so comforted and grateful, if a pleasing cantilena of the singer interrupts for once the orchestral *spectacle*, that such melodic passages always kindle up enthusiasm. Sharply pointed rhythms, often worse than grotesque, syncopations, *staccati*, and retarded passages, must give a new aspect to the old measure:—add a mysterious instrumental accompaniment, a gigantic cadence, and the effect is certain. Effect, and only effect, is the spur to all the deeds of Verdi, and you may trust him that he will reach it for the most part in a very cheap way. He expended the gratest labor upon a refined, and to the Italians almost entirely new treatment of the orchestra; sought to make the rhythmical part as piquant as possible; no matter what the subject of an aria, introduced sharply accented triplet passages into the voice part; set, in place of the cadenzas formerly sung upon one vowel, declamatory passages with words on every note; wove in many, in some respects original, but to our ear extremely comical choruses, and, to strengthen the effect of the cantilena, accompanied almost all the melodies with the necessary brass. And to what good account did he not turn his Parisian experience with regard to the choice of libretti! The *Dame aux Camelias*, of Dumas, and similar moral stories, afforded him the most appropriate stuff for his musical dramas; besides which he also cultivated classic ground, translating into music Schiller's "Robbers," "Maid of Orleans" and "Cabal and Love," as well as Shakspeare's "Macbeth," "Lea," &c. A wilder, more repulsive subject than the *Trovatore* probably was never treated in an opera. Poison, daggers, curses, madness are the elements that lie at the foundation and find their expression frequently in long chains of trills.

A word about the execution. All Italian song requires a peculiar sort of rendering and interpretation, in which our German singers are not at all well versed. Much is altogether lost with us, and so this opera must necessarily express less than it otherwise would, since it, more than those of other Italians, is built upon such presumptions on the part of the performers. Herr KRAUSE could not succeed in giving his voice the sombre and mysterious tone which his part requires. Herr FORMES, with his powerful voice, had most effect in the more energetic passages; but the Verdi accents would be far more effective if the voice would not persist always in the same degree of force, but would employ frequently and rapidly the *sforzando*. Moreover his vocal method is not free from un-noble elements, which ill besseem a Troubadour, and the faulty roll of the *r* is very annoying. Fräulein WAGNER played admirably, but has to sing too much in those deep tones, that have grown intolerable to our ear, to leave an agreeable impression. Mme. KÖSTER distinguished herself in the more grateful but exacting part of Leonora; she played and sung alike admirably, and came nearest to the Italian manner of delivery. Herr FRICKE's voice sounded often finely, but is not yet quite sure and free in the attacks. The *unison* choruses, so uninspiringly comical to our German ears, and which but rarely make way for singing in two or three parts, were well executed. The opera was quite well received by the very numerous public, and the individual artists were richly applauded and called

ed out for their severely taxing efforts.—So much for the last three months of Opera in Berlin. Next week we will review the concerts. *Jf.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 9, 1857.

CONCERTS.

THE CATHOLIC CHOIRS.—Mozart's *Requiem*, besides other Catholic music, was performed on Sunday evening in the Music Hall by the Choir of the Cathedral in Franklin Street, assisted by members of the Choirs of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, St. Patrick's, Northampton Street, and of the Holy Trinity, Suffolk Street, together with full orchestra and organ, all under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER, musical conductor at the Cathedral. The united choir was small, numbering about sixty voices all told, so that the great choruses of the *Requiem* could not be expected to roll forth with the majestic volume that they did from the two or three hundred voices of the Handel and Haydn Society. Yet the effect was far greater than we could have anticipated; indeed at times the sublimity of the music was fully realized and felt. And this was owing partly to the earnestness and heartiness with which the choral duty was discharged by those believers in such music as a part of their religion; partly to the thorough manner in which their conductor had drilled them, considering the short period, to sing in a strange place; and partly, we are inclined to think, very largely, to the novel and improved arrangement of the forces, which was neither more nor less than that suggested by our correspondent in these columns a few weeks since, and based on the hints of Berlioz. The instruments were placed behind the choir; it would have been better had not this also placed them *above* the choir; but this was partly remedied by bringing the singers compactly together upon a raised platform in the middle of the stage, (the Beethoven statue meanwhile had been moved back to the organ); the tenors and basses stood behind the sopranos and contraltos, who in most of the choruses remained seated. The effect fully justified the change, and to most listeners was surprising.

The concert opened with a Fugue in G minor, for four hands, very clearly and satisfactorily played upon the organ by two young lads, Masters HENRY and HODGES, pupils of Mr. Werner. It was lost, however, upon the great mass of the audience, who would not listen, nor allow those who would to hear much. An unwonted crowd that, for the Music Hall! composed of course very largely of the Irish Catholic population, who listened to not a little with reverence and wonder, but who had a singularly naive and frank way of showing when they were interested and when they were weary. The concert, to be sure, was too long, and one could not wonder that so many seats were vacated before the end. Then came the *Requiem*. The choruses, as we have said, were most of them sung quite effectively, and admirably helped out by the orchestra. The best parts were the solemn opening: *Requiem eternam*, with its fugue *Kyrie*, and the finale: *Lux eterna*, to the same notes; the tremendous *Dies iræ*, and *Rex tremendæ*, the beautiful *Lacrymosa*, (sung

here, as it should be, as chorus and not quartet,) the *Sanctus*, and the *Agnus Dei*. The *Confutatio* was not badly done, but needs especially broader masses of voices to give the full contrast between the dark and stormy opening and the heavenly sunshine of soprani in the last line: *Voca me cum benedictis*. The movements of the *Offertorium* are too difficult and too trying to the strength and the endurance of any ordinary choir.

The quartet of soli fared not so well. The voices were not at home in the hall, perhaps over-exerted themselves in their imagination of its difficulties, and not trained to concert singing, and the consequence was that some of the concerted pieces were badly out of tune and others ineffective, especially the *Recordare*, which is very difficult as well as very beautiful. We must make an exception, however, in favor of the soprano, Mrs. WERNER, who began feebly on the first bit of solo: *Te decet hymnus*, &c., but the beauty of whose voice, and the sincere and hearty style of whose singing grew upon us steadily from that moment. The others too succeeded well in parts. It would be unfair to criticize. Criticism was disarmed by the beautiful spirit in which all entered into the common work. There was but one object, in which each coöperated as he best could, and that was to bring out Mozart's *Requiem*. The individual forgot herself or himself in the work. It was truly refreshing, and in contrast with most concerts, (sacred oratorios included), to see the production of a great work not made wholly dependent upon and subordinate to the chances of individual display in solo singers. Here each solo was taken as a duty, as a sacrifice if you please, by the person who could do it best, even if there was no glory to be gained by it; and in that spirit would we see all noble music brought before the public. We are sure we speak the general feeling of the audience when we say, that whatever was wanting in the solo-singing was more than made up by the unction thus lent to the whole. They did their best, heartily and humbly, and thereby did themselves much credit.

The second part of the concert commenced with a very long, elaborate, and splendid *Gloria*, from Hummel's Mass, No. 2, in E flat. A portion of this was confused and discordant, but for the most part it was effectively sung. A duet for tenor and soprano, *Panem de Cælo*, by Terziani, a piece of smooth, flowing, rather operatic melody, was very sweetly sung. The *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, from Haydn's Imperial Mass, (No. 3, if we remember rightly), sounded truly imposing. The soprano solo in the *Benedictus* has a strong family likeness with something in the "Creation." A very quaint and singular piece of harmony is the: *Adjutor et susceptor meus*, by Cherubini; a piece which, like everything by that great master, we would gladly hear more than once. Mrs. Werner sang with much expression, and great flexibility and florid execution, a very operatic solo by Lambillote: *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua*. The *Credo*, from the first of Beethoven's two masses, the one in C, is a magnificent composition, in all points a most eloquent setting of the text, and worthy to close a concert commencing with the *Requiem*. How gloriously buoyant the expression of the orchestral figure which accompanies the first sentence! how startling the announcement: *Deum de Deo; Lumen de Lumine*, &c. What profound pathos and

solemnity in the *Crucifixus*; and what inspiring life in *Et resurrexit*! It was finely rendered, even to the elaborate and very jubilant concluding fugue: *Et vitam venturi*, &c. Yet the impression was weakened by its coming so late in the evening, and by the noise of satiated people going out.

The concert as a whole must be regarded as a success, and we would gladly hail it as an earnest of many more of the same kind. Our opportunities of hearing the noble compositions in the Mass form are entirely too few.

BOSTON CHORISTERS' SCHOOL.—We were surprised on entering the Tremont Temple Wednesday evening, to see so small an audience at the repetition of Mr. CUTLER's concert of English Cathedral and Oratorio Music. The rare pleasure experienced at the first by everybody present, seemed a sure guaranty of a hall quite full the second time. It was an audience, however, whose approbation was well worth having, and the performances gave a satisfaction quite as general and more lively than before. Mr. A. W. THAYER repeated his historical and explanatory remarks, with variations and additions, most acceptably to all. There was a partial change of programme.

The first piece was an ancient Choral, or plain-song, believed to have been composed by Gregory the Great, about the year 600. It was of course sung in unison, by men's voices only. The effect was strange and solemn; in spite of its quaint and shapeless form, with nothing that seemed like a final cadence to set the mind at rest, the effect was edifying. Next was sung by boys and men, still in unison, Luther's well known Choral: *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, which has rhythmical form and balance, and with the figural organ accompaniment filling the pauses between the lines, played in true German style by Mr. CUTLER, it sounded nobly. It would have been instructive to the audience to have heard it repeated also in harmony, by Bach, or some good master. The *Deus misereatur*, upon the third Gregorian tone, illustrated the rhythmical modification of the old plain-song by the English church.

The great Elizabethan period of English church composers, the age of Tallis, Tye, Morley, Farrant, &c., was exemplified by a single specimen, the Anthem: "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake," by Farrant. This was finely sung, with perfect truth and balance of parts, by boys and men, without organ. It is a clear, round, solid, English sounding composition, full of robust health and free from affectation. The anthem of a later period, by the older Webbe, seemed a more elaborate development of the same style, and was highly applauded. This was followed by an account of the suppression of the church music by the Puritans, with a touching picture of the manner in which it was here and there cherished in secret, apropos of which the 74th Psalm, to a wild minor Anglican chant was sung, antiphonally, with a saddening effect, although, like most chanting, it was a perpetual repetition of one short harmonic phrase and cadence.

By way of variety before proceeding to the music of the second English school, after the Restoration, the Trio from "Elijah": *Lift thine eyes*, was again sung by three boys, without accompaniment. The effect was indescribably beautiful; their voices were singularly pure and fresh and innocent, well contrasted and well blended, and the silvery clearness and sweetness of the first soprano sounded almost angelic. We never heard the Trio sung so perfectly; it received an unanimous encore. How fine would be the effect of this Trio so sung when "Elijah" is performed at the forth-coming Festival!

Of the second English school were sung the Nicene Creed from a service by Dr. Benjamin Rog-

ers, which interested us by a certain peculiar depth and strangeness of harmonic coloring, and a something dramatic in its startling responses; an Anthem by Dr. Boyce: *For the Lord shall comfort Zion*, and his *Te Deum* in A, which was sung before. These are highly elaborate, fugued compositions, exceedingly impressive, and were admirably sung.

The oratorio selections were four from Handel, English by adoption, and whom the lecturer's remarks made to be equally a debtor and a benefactor to the English music. We must think about that.

The simple, innocent and child-like aspiration of the air: "Brighter scenes I seek above," from "Jephtha," was beautifully sung by Master FRED. WHITE, the silvery soprano of that angelic Trio, and had to be repeated. A very noble chorus from "Judas Maccabæus": *We worship God and God alone*, in which this steadfast simplicity of faith is constantly kept up through the freer soarings of the fugue by a pervading choral, impressed us deeply. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang the recitative and air: *Total Eclipse, no sun! no moon!* &c., from "Samson," with rare and touching beauty. His tenor grows continually in power and sweetness; and in this most affecting song, he showed that he is acquiring a mastery of the fine shades of expression. It is really the most encouraging tenor that has sprung up among us. In this, and in all the Handelian selections, the organ accompaniment was beautifully played by Mr. Cutler. The chorus from "Samson": *Then round about the starry throne*, fitly closed the concert. It was delightful to observe with what ease and certainty the boy's voices thrived the tangled maze of fugue.

We trust that by these concerts a beginning has been made which shall lead to oft renewed and complete public expositions of the merits of this English school of music.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The eleventh season was inaugurated at the Lyceum on the 14th, with Bellini's *Puritani*: Grisi as Elvira, Sig. Gardoni as Arthur, Graziani as Ricardo, and the other parts by Mme. Borgaro, Signors Tagliafico, Soldi and Polonini. Costa, as conductor, was loudly welcomed. The *Times* says:

It is not possible to witness Grisi's Elvira, even at the present time, without a certain emotion. For example, the mezza voce, (of which Grisi was always an accomplished mistress), in the theme of the polacca, ("Son vergin"), which more than compensated for a certain timidity accompanying the execution of the florid variation of the coda; the sotto voce with which the opening of the mad scena, ("Qui la voce") was delivered; the dramatic ebullition of passion that gave life and reality to Elvira's appeal to Giorgio:

"O toglitemi la vita,
O rendetemi il mio amor!"

the genuine feeling and rich quality of the middle tones of the voice in the well known "Vien, diletto"—these and other excellencies deserve to be chronicled as proofs that if Grisi is not the Elvira so many of us can remember, she is still, viewing the part historically and vocally as a whole, without a competent successor. The audience received their old favorite last night with their accustomed warmth; she was twice recalled, and continually applauded, just as if she had never taken leave of the public in 1851.

As Signor Gardoni and Signo Graziani were both afflicted, more or less, with hoarseness, we need not criticize their performances. In the case of the latter this contretemps necessitated the omission of the obstreperous duet, "Suoni la tromba," between Giorgio (Signor Tagliafico) and Ricardo, of which Rossini, when writing to a friend at Bologna an account of the production of *I Puritani* in Paris, said: "The duet for the basses I need not describe—you must have heard it." On the whole, however, in spite of many drawbacks, the opera, as we have hinted, was well performed.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE was opened the same night. We copy from the *Times* again:

The aspect the house last night presented, when the doors were opened for the season of 1857, gave evidence of continued prosperity.

Respecting the new tenor, Signor Giuglini, who made his first appearance last night in *La Favorita*, the greatest curiosity prevailed. The very first aria

convinced his auditors that he was not one of those vocalists who look so large in the columns of an Italian or Spanish newspaper and sound so small when they reach a London or Parisian stage. The compass of the voice was evidently extensive, and, moreover, even throughout, without any breaks in the high or low places; the notes all came from the chest, the intonation was faultless, and the tender emotions of earlier scenes were expressed with genuine feeling. But when, discovering that his King has fobbed him off with an unworthy marriage, the newly made noble dashes his order upon the ground and breaks his sword across his knee, there was a spirit in Signor Giuglini's action and a force in his voice from which it was easy to be seen that the gentle lover of the first act had given slight hints rather than full demonstrations of his strength.

The beautiful aria, "Spirito Gentil," in which the solitary Fernando abstracts himself from the woes of his lost bride and indulges in mystical contemplation of her beauty, is revealed to his mind's eye, was given with the most exquisite feeling imaginable, the voice being thoroughly subdued down to all the humility of hopeless misery, but fully sonorous and distinct throughout. It was a lyrical wail, kept within the bounds of the best taste, and the falsetto notes—which the vocalist now introduced for the first time—seemed wondrously accordant with the anguish assumed. A unanimous demand for an *encore* immediately followed the conclusion of the aria, and consideration for the singer alone prevented the honor from being repeated. There is nothing very extraordinary in applause at the song, but the entranced manner in which the audience hung upon the notes of this aria, as they were so softly and smoothly poured forth by Signor Giuglini, and the sudden change from rapt attention into noisy enthusiasm made up a compound effect that is only witnessed on the occasion of genuine triumphs. From this moment the vocalist seemed inspired, and when the lady of his thoughts became bodily present, and he reproached her with the incorrectness of her position at Court, he reached the perfection of musical declamation. The voice, in which power had hitherto seemed the least remarkable quality, now reverberated through the house, gaining volume from the assumed rage of the singer. When the curtain fell three enthusiastic calls brought Signor Giuglini and Mademoiselle Spezia as many times to the lamps, and then the *habitués*, having first summoned Mr. Lumley into their presence and honored him with a thunder of congratulations, retired into the lobby to discuss the events of the evening. The success of the new tenor was on every tongue, and the only question was, how far we must look back to find a like triumphant *début* of the same class of voice.

Mademoiselle Spezia, who played the frail but lovely Leonora, is an actress of great energy, and made a considerable sensation by the details of the dying scene in the last act. Her voice, most extensive in its register, is not remarkable for flexibility, and her attention has probably been directed more to dramatic expression than to the mere effects of vocalization. The spirit with which she interpreted the character completely gained for her the sympathies of the audience, and, though Signor Giuglini was the "lion" of the evening, she had every reason to be satisfied with her reception. The important character of Baldassare was played by a third *débutant*, Signor Vialletti, a *basso profondo*, endowed with extraordinary power in the lower region of his voice. Signor Benvenuto, the *père noble* of last year, was an august Alfonso XI.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Preparations, (says the *Advertiser*), are already making at the Crystal Palace in England, for the celebration of the centenary anniversary of Handel's death in 1759. In aid of these preparations a preliminary essay was gotten up for the celebration of the ninety-eighth anniversary, (on the 15th, 17th and 19th of this coming June.) In the London *Times* of the 13th, we have an account of two rehearsals which had already been had, viz.: of "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah." "Judas Maccabæus" was to follow on the 15th. Several weeks had been occupied by "the Metropolitan division of the chorus," aided by competent professional advisers, in making a selection of 1100 "picked voices." They were selected individually, upon a trial of each at the piano-forte, practising the compass and quality of voice, proficiency at sight reading, and other essential gifts, all of which were registered so as to guarantee the ultimate choice of the most efficient. The effect at the two recitations above mentioned, was pronounced "more than satisfactory." Of the arrangements for that of Wednesday, the 15th, we have the following account. They are on a scale nearly equal to that of fitting out a first class ship of war:

The provincial branches of the chorus are forming in the principal cities and towns of Great Britain under the guidance of professors and amateurs of acknowledged ability.

The numbers and distribution of the orchestra are already determined on. There will be 76 first violins, 74 second violins, 50 violas, 50 violoncellos, and 50 double-basses, (in all 300 stringed instruments); 9 flutes, 9 oboes, 9 clarionets, 9 bassoons, 12 horns, 12 trumpets and cornets, 9 trombones, 3 ophicleides, 9 serpents and bass-horns, 3 drums, and 6 side-drums, (90 wind instruments)—a force hitherto unprecedented.

The organ, constructed expressly for the occasion by Messrs. Gray and Davison, will be one of great power and on an appropriately gigantic scale. The instrument being nearly in a state of completion, the swell and great organs were recently tried in the manufactory; but, as there was not space enough even in the very extensive premises of the makers to put up the pedal organ, it could not be heard on that occasion. What was tested, however, was unanimously approved by the connoisseurs present. The organ will occupy a platform in the Crystal Palace of 40 feet wide by 24 deep. * * The weight of the new instrument will be somewhere about twenty tons, which, as it is to remain a fixture, will demand a platform of the most solid and durable nature. The orchestra, already completed, occupies a space of 168 feet in width, (just 33 feet wider than Exeter Hall), and 90 feet in depth. The seats for the performers are gradually raised, one above another, so that every instrumentalist and vocalist can have a full view of their conductor. The band will be in front, the chorus at the back. The aspect presented by this gigantic superstructure, when crowded from roof to base with singers and players, can hardly fail to be one of the most imposing description. The whole is contrived on the most approved principles for the insuring strength and resistance. The beams of timber, screwed and bolted together, (there are no nails), with their stage and struts and bearings, present the appearance of a complete forest of wood-work. The two upper rows, allotted to the instrumental department of the orchestra, will be consigned to the double-basses, &c. Between these and the seats intended for the chorus there is a broad avenue for passage to and fro. In short, the accommodation is so judiciously arranged that every singer and player will be thoroughly at ease, and thus better able to give to the ensemble the benefit of his talents.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The preparations for the Festival go on bravely—three rehearsals weekly. The time grows short, hardly a fortnight, yet we hear of no rehearsal of the "Choral" Symphony. To let that fall through again, would be worse failure than all the other promised glories could offset. Shall so great a work go without a hearing merely for want of some self-sacrificing solo tenor or soprano! Is the great end of the Festival to show forth this, that and the other solo singer in the most flattering light! Pray let us have the Symphony, if the solos can be done but passably. May our good stars yet send us LAGRANGE, and all will be right. Speaking of the Festival, we are reminded of a suggestion, urged in the *Traveller* and the *Courier*, that the miscellaneous concerts should be used to some extent for the production of new works by American composers. We would we had room to copy the *Traveller's* article; as it is, we can only add our hearty commendation of the plan. There should be room, in those three days, without much sacrifice of classic works, for introducing at least one native work per day.

OLE BULL draws his magic bow again to-night before a Boston audience, and will no doubt be warmly welcomed. His programme is altogether popular. He will play a fantasia on Bellini's *Roméo*, another on American airs, his well known "Mother's Prayer," and "Carnival of Venice." The singing will be wholly English: Mr. HARRISON will do the serious (ballad), and Mr. Horncastle the comic extravaganza part... Sig. BENDELARI, the accomplished maestro of singing, gave a brilliant soirée at Chickering's on Thursday evening, with his pupils and classes, to the number of some sixty ladies and twenty gentlemen. About twenty of the best Italian airs, cavatinas, duets, quartets and choruses were sung, the maestro himself playing all the piano accompaniments with great taste and skill. We have only room now to say that there was some of the finest chorus-singing, by the whole eighty voices, that we ever listened to, and that the beauty and culture

of voice, style and execution of difficult airs and cavatinas, displayed by quite a number of young ladies, was truly remarkable. . . . We were sorry to be out of town on the evening of Miss TWICHELL's concert. The *Traveller* says: "It is very seldom that a concert is given in which the critic finds so much to commend," and this seems to be the general impression.

Read our Berlin letter, lovers of opera. Think of such a bill of fare for three months, embracing every style and school of opera: Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Donizetti, Verdi, Wagner—not one of these varieties, but *all* in a single season. Were our opportunities as various, our tastes would be more cosmopolitan and just; there would be less quarrelling about German and Italian, and each kind would take its place and pass for what it is worth.

The exhibition of Sculpture and Paintings at the Athenæum Gallery this season is one of unusual interest. Never before have we had so rich and choice a collection of paintings, or one (thanks to the zeal and taste of the Boston Art Club) so well arranged. The ALLSTON works alone, especially his "Beatrice" and those wonderful Italian landscapes, which have not been seen in public since the Allston exhibition twenty years ago, are worth a long journey to behold. Then there is the DOWSE collection of Water Colors, the finest in the country, some of the best works of PAGE, capital specimens of the last efforts of our young Boston artists, such as HUNT, AMES, CHAMPNEY, GAY, WIGHT, WILDE, GERRY, MISS CLARKE, &c. &c. and all those venerable old inhabitants of the Athenæum, some of the largest of which are happily made to line the walls as you ascend the staircase.

Advertisements.

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The Manager of these Concerts takes great pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Boston and the public generally, that (in consequence of OLE BULL having decided upon returning to Norway the ensuing summer for the benefit of his health,) he has been induced to fix the price of admission to these (his last) Concerts at 50 cents, which will give an opportunity for every person to hear the greatest Violinist living before his final departure from this country.

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Further particulars will be given in future advertisements.

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THE ORATORIOS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—Naturally all the musical interest for the coming week will concentrate upon the Festival of Thursday, Friday and Saturday. As many persons then will listen perhaps for the first time to Oratorios by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, it seems fit that our Journal should contain some aids to the understanding of these noble works; and therefore we take the liberty to reprint portions of the synopses which we wrote of them some years ago; not that we flatter ourselves that they are of any great intrinsic value, but because any such description in detail of a great musical work helps to fasten the attention of the hearer upon its real beauties. This week we give "Elijah" and the "Creation;" next week we shall add the "Messiah."

I. Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

The figure of the prophet is stationed, at once, boldly in the foreground. Even the overture is prefaced by a brief recitative, in which, with firm, deep voice, he declares that "there shall not be dew nor rain these years." Had Mendelssohn composed expressly for an American audience, who never begin to settle down into the listening state until they hear the human voice,—we might have suspected him of an innocent manœuvre here, to procure silence and a hearing for the overture. In this overture, there is a sort of sullen, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged; an obdurate wilfulness seems depicted,—a desperate impulse continually trying itself over again, only to find the same fatal limitations; it is the mood of an unrepenting criminal in his cell. The music is all of very short fibre, woven into the toughest, knottiest sort of texture; full of movement, but no progress. One or two little short starts of melody, constantly repeated, are its themes; and, though these are woven into a consistent and artistic whole, you hear nothing else from first to last. This is in the appropriate key of D minor, and sheds the right murky coloring over all that is to follow, helping imagination to realize the state of Israel under Ahab. Drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance; starved impulses, which, getting no expansion, only murmur of them-

selves, are the alternate changes of one figure on this monotonous web of tones.

And now the suffering finds a voice. There is a chorus of the people—"Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?"—still in D minor, 4-4 time, Andante. First a loud cry, "Help, Lord!" upon the minor common chord of D, the accompaniments traversing downwards and upwards through all its inversions for two bars; then, as the air climbs one note higher, the same process is repeated on the crying chord of the Diminished Seventh, which, through the dominant Seventh upon C, would fain force its way out into the bright major key of F, and find relief; but while the bass tends boldly that way, the chord of D minor returning in the upper parts smothers the tendency, producing a discordant mixture of tonics which is peculiarly expressive on the words: "Wilt thou quite destroy us?" Out of this massive and compact beginning the tenors lead the way in a freer movement, chanting the two plaintive phrases: "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," and "And yet no power cometh to help us," which are duly taken up by the other voices and passed round as the themes of a very beautiful and graceful Fugue, which works itself up by degrees into the right chord for a transition to the key of E major, when the Fugue is quelled for a while into a uniform movement: "Will then the Lord be no more God in Zion?" with a fitful, tremulous accompaniment; but it soon breaks loose again, and, amid renewals of the cry, "Help, Lord!" from single voices, terminates the chorus. A remarkable choral recitative succeeds, in which the complaints of famine come up in distinct, successive fragments of melody from one mass of voices after another:—"The deep affords no water,"—"The infant children ask for bread," &c.,—exceedingly expressive, if the voices start the theme with perfect concert. Next we have a plaintive duet for sopranos, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid,"—one of those wild and tender melodies (each part a melody, however,) in which we get the genuine aroma of Mendelssohn's peculiar genius, as in his "Lieder." There are several such in "Elijah." In the pauses of the duet, which is in A minor, and forming a sort of background to it, is constantly heard the burden (an old Jewish Chant,) alternately of the entire female and of the entire male chorus, in unison, on the words "Lord, bow thine ear to our prayer." The effect is as poetic as it is original. At first it was the popular complaint of the short harvest; then, in the recitative, it was the children hungering at home; now it is youthful loveliness and beauty, interceding as by special affinity with heaven;—remark this fine touch of the delicate and feminine side of the composer's genius!—had this duet been left out, it would hardly have been Mendelssohn.

So much in description of the drought. Now comes the appeal of Obadiah to the consciences of the people,—a tenor recitative: "Rend your hearts," &c., followed by the exquisitely tender and consoling tenor song (Andante in E flat:) "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me." If you compare it with Handel's "Comfort ye, my people," you have the whole difference of complexion between these two deeply religious natures. In that, it is the perfect sanguine buoy-

ancy and confident announcement of hope; in this, it is hope tinged with sadness,—more of reflective yearning, and less of the child's unquestioning acceptance and assurance. It would compare more closely, however, with "He shall feed his flock;" only that is an alto song, and this a tenor, as befits the difference of sentiment; for in that, the feminine element, or Love, is all in all; whereas in this, the masculine element of Justice tempers Love. In this song, as in the duet before, and as throughout the oratorio, Mendelssohn displays his rare poetic invention in accompaniment; in every bar at first it takes, as if unconsciously, the form of "seek and find,"—a climbing *arpeggio* answered by a full chord; when it reaches the words, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him," the whole air pulses to the heart-beat of the melody, as the violins divide the measure into crystal and precise vibrations. Then breaks out the turbulent chorus in C minor, "Yet doth the Lord see it not. His wrath will pursue us," &c.; full of diminished sevenths and of discords from bold overlapping of one chord upon another. Its vehement and angry motion is suddenly arrested on a discord of this sort, (dominant 7th upon the tonic,) in the words: "till he destroys us;" and after the pause, follows the grave, massive, psalm-like, solid piece of counterpoint, all in long half-notes: "FOR HE, THE LORD OUR GOD, HE IS A JEALOUS GOD," &c., thrown up like a mountain range of the primeval granite in the midst of this great musical creation; yet its solemnity is not all barren, for ere long its sides wave with the forests sprung from the accumulated soil of ages, and the solemn procession of the clouds in heaven passes in shadows over their surface; the key shifts to the major; the accompaniments acquire a freer movement; rich, refreshing modulations succeed each other smoothly, and the vocal parts diverge in separate streams of perfect harmony, at the thought; "His MERCIES ON THOUSANDS FALL," &c. Fit prelude to the voice of angels! An alto voice, in recitative, bids Elijah "hence to Cherith's brook," telling of the "ravens" who will feed him. Then a remarkable double quartet (four male and four female voices) follows with the words: "For He shall give his angels charge," &c. The very simplicity, together with the animated movement of this, requiring perfect precision and blending of the eight distinct parts, makes it difficult to convey its beauty in a performance. Again the angel warns him to "Zarephath," to the "widow woman"; and the homely images of the "barrel of meal" and the "cruse of oil" do not "fail," or fall in any wise short of dignity and beauty in Mendelssohn's pure recitative, which quite transcends the usual common-place.

We have now reached the first in the series of dramatic sketches, of which the body of the oratorio is mainly composed: the miracle of raising the widow's son. The sentiment of the marvelous is first raised by the accompaniments, which, confined chiefly to the violins and treble wood instruments, keep up a light tremolo, to a melody, full of sad, sweet humility, (E minor, 6-8,) which introduces the lamentation of the woman over her son. The answer of the prophet, and his prayer, "Turn unto her," are in the major of the key, in grave, four-fold measure. The return of the tremolo, in the still more mystical key of F

sharp major—swelling and diminishing, raises expectation to the height, and makes natural the woman's question of surprise, "*Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?*" The prayer is renewed, and so too the woman's exclamation, striking a higher note in her growing earnestness. Yet a third time the prophet prays, amid crashing, measured peals of harmony, announcing that the miraculous agency is at work restoring life. The joy and devout thankfulness of the mother, prompting the question: "*What shall I render to the Lord?*" are followed by the brief, but beautiful duet between her and the prophet: "*Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart,*" which is in broad four-fold measure, and glides directly into the chorus: "*Blessed are the men who fear him,*" which is distinguished by the soft, rippling flow of the accompaniments, the violoncellos keeping up one uniformly varied and continuous figure in sixteenths through the whole of it, while the vocal parts steal in one after another with the same whispered melody, which, with that multitude of voices, is like the soft rustle of the bending grass before successive breathings of the west wind,—until the words: "*Through darkness riseth light to the upright,*" where the sopranos shout forth a clarion call, climbing through the harmonic intervals of the fifth of the key as far as its tenth, and closing with a cadence upon B, which note the basses take for a starting-point, and thence repeat nearly the same figure, ending in A, where it is taken up by the altos, and again echoed ere it is half out of their mouths by the tenors, until all come unitedly upon the words: "*He is gracious, compassionate, righteous.*" These words are treated somewhat after the manner of, "*And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,*" &c., in Handel's sublime chorus, though no such stupendous effects are here attempted. The original whispered melody flows in again with mingled fragments of the second theme, and the chorus ends with echoing, retreating calls of "*Blessed!*" while that rippling accompaniment floats sky-ward and is lost.

Now comes the appearance of Elijah before Ahab, and the second dramatic scene, the challenge of the priests of Baal. The several proposals of Elijah (in bold recitative) are echoed in choral bursts from the people, "*Then we shall see whose God is the Lord,*" &c. The invocation of the priests of Baal is very effective musically, however fruitless for their purpose, and the music of it is in striking contrast with the severe and spiritual tone of the rest of the Oratorio. Noisy, impetuous, full of accent and of animal life, it befits the worshippers of natural things; and it commences in the key of nature, or F major. First, it is in 4-4 time, a double chorus, with a sort of bacchanalian energy: *Baal, we cry to thee;*" then sets in an Allegro 3-4 movement, with arpeggio accompaniment in thirds, in single chorus, basses and altos in unison crying: "*Hear us, Baal! hear, mighty God,*" and sopranos and tenors in unison more earnestly following: "*Baal, O answer us; let thy flames fall and extirpate the foe,*" &c. In rain; no help for them! In long loud cadences, (the *minor third* so loved by Mendelssohn), with hopeless pauses between, their "*Hear us!*" floats away upon the empty air. The prophet taunts them: "*Call him louder.*" Again they raise their cry, this time in F sharp minor, in hurried 4-4 time, the full force of the orchestra reiterating quick, short, angry notes, as if they were all instruments of percussion, and trying restless and discordant modulations, as the voices with agonized impatience repeat: "*Now arise; wherefore slumber?*" Again the prophet taunts, and again they call on Baal, still in the same wild key, but with the most furious presto movement, in 6-8, ending as before in fruitless cadences: "*Hear and answer,*" succeeded by unbroken pauses.

It is now Elijah's turn. In a solemn Adagio air, expressive of sublimest faith and feeling of the Right, and even with a tenderness which you cannot help contrasting afterwards with his ruthless slaughter of his devoted rivals, he offers up his prayer to the "*God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel.*" This is followed by a short and simple quartet: "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*" All

this was in the confident key of E flat major. In his invocation: "*O Thou, who makest thine angels Spirits; Thou, whose ministers are flaming fires; let them now descend!*" the prophet's voice, unaccompanied, rises a minor third in uttering the first clause, followed by the full minor chord *pianissimo* from the instruments; in the second clause it ascends (through the minor third again) to the fifth, again more loudly answered by the instruments; and in the third clause it reaches the octave, when bursts forth the wild descriptive chorus: "*The fire descends from heaven!*" This change to the minor in the invocation makes a presentiment of miracle, as surely as a preternatural change of daylight, or the noon-day darkening of eclipse. The Fire-chorus, with its imitative accompaniments, we will not attempt to describe; it is fearfully grand and terminates in a massive Choral: "*THE LORD IS GOD,*" &c.; the earth quakes as it rolls away, with the prolonged tremolo of the double basses, during which Elijah dooms the prophets of Baal.

This scene closes with two remarkable songs. First, a bass solo by Elijah: "*Is not his word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces?*" Here the composer evidently had in mind a similar great solo in Handel's "*Messiah.*" Both song and accompaniment are cast in the same iron mould, requiring a gigantic voice to execute it. Indeed, it is almost too great to be sung, as some parts are too great to be acted. Next, the exquisite alto solo: "*Woe unto them who forsake him!*" which is again of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" order, having that characteristic wild-flower beauty, so indescribable in the melodies of Mendelssohn.

Finally, we have the coming of rain, prepared in a dialogue between the people, the prophet and the youth whom he sends forth to "*look toward the sea.*" There is a gradual mellowing of the instruments, so that you seem almost to sniff rain in the parched air. The responses of the youth, clear, trumpet-toned, in the major chord of C, as he declares: "*there is nothing,*" each time with the enhanced effect of the mellow, continuous high monotone from the orchestra, and finally announcing, amid the mysterious thrilling of the air with violin thirds, "*a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand:*" then the "*blackening the heavens with clouds and with wind;*" and then the loud rushing of the storm, are wrought up to an admirable climax, and the chorus breaks forth, like a perfect flood of joy, refreshing and reviving all things: "*Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather: they rush along; they are lifting their voices! The stormy billows are high; their fury is mighty; but the Lord is above them and Almighty!*" This Rain-chorus, (which is in E flat major), is in perfect contrast with that Fire-chorus. The music itself is as welcome as showers after long drought; as tears of joy and reconciliation after years of barren, obstinate self-will and coldness; as the revisiting of inspired thoughts to the dry, dull, jaded, unsuggestive brain;—and that not the less because all the music which precedes is rich and various. The voices seem to launch themselves along rejoicing, like the copious billows of a torrent, while the instruments, by a well-chosen figure, imitate the sound of dripping streams. You feel the changing temperature of the air in some of those modulations. What a *gusto*, what a sense of coolness in some of those *flat sevenths* in the bass! there are certain chords there which we would call *barometrical* or *atmospheric*, if the extravagance of fancy might be allowed to keep pace with the fullness of delight in listening to this translation into tones of one of the inexhaustible phenomena of nature.

The Second Part has for its subject-matter the reaction of the popular sentiment against Elijah, at the instigation of the queen, his sojourn in the wilderness, and his translation to heaven. This is prefaced by a song of warning to Israel: "*Hear ye, Israel,*" for a soprano voice, in B minor, 3-8 time;—one of those quaint little wild flowers of melody again, which seem to have dropped so often from another planet at the feet of Mendelssohn. The short-breathed, syncopated

form of the accompaniment, and the continual cadence of the voice through a third give it an expression of singularly childlike innocence and seriousness. Then follows, in the major of the key, in statelier 3-4 measure, and with trumpet *obbligato*, a cheering air, which differs from the last as a bracing October morning from a soft summer Sabbath evening: "*Thus saith the Lord, I am he that comforteth,*" &c., leading into the very spirited chorus in G major: "*Be not afraid, saith God the Lord.*" This has a full, broad, generous, Handelian flow, like a great river "rolling rapidly;" and as your ear detects the mingling separate currents when you heed the river's general roar more closely, so, hurrying, pursuing, mingling, go the voices of the fugue: "*Though thousands languish,*" which gives the chorus a more thoughtful character for a moment, before they are all merged again in the grand whole of that first strain, "*Be not afraid!*"

One cannot conceive how the scene which follows could have been wrought into music with a more dramatic effect. The prophet denounces Ahab; then the queen in the low tones of deepest excitement, in angry and emphatic sentences of recitative, demands: "*Hath he not prophesied against all Israel?*" "*Hath he not destroyed Baal's prophets?*" "*Hath he not closed the heavens?*" &c.; and to each question comes an ominous, brief choral response: "*We heard it with our ears,*" &c.; and finally the furious chorus: "*Woe to him, he shall perish,*" in which the quick, short, petulant notes of the orchestra seem to crackle and boil with rage.

Yielding to Obadiah's friendly warning, the prophet journeys to the wilderness; and here we have the tenderest and deepest portions of all this music; here we approach Elijah in his solitary communings and his sufferings; here we feel a more human interest and sympathy for the mighty man of miracle; we forget the terrible denouncer of God's enemies, and love his human heart, all melting to the loveliness of justice, and mourning over Israel's insane separation of herself from God, more than over his own trials. Follow him there! good guides stand ready to your imagination's bidding: first, the grand old words of the brief and simple Hebrew narrative; then the befitting and congenial music of this modern descendant of the Hebrews, this artist *son of Mendel*. Listen to that grand, deep song which he has put here into the mouth of Elijah: "*It is enough, O Lord; now take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers,*" &c. What resignation! His great soul, bowed to that unselfish sadness, gives you a nobler, more colossal image than the fallen Saturn in the "*Hyperion*" of Keats. The grave and measured movement of the orchestra marks well his weary, thoughtful, heavy steps. But his soul summons a new energy, the smouldering music blazes up, as he remembers: "*I have been very jealous for the Lord.*"

Follow him! Fatigue brings sleep, and sleep brings angel voices. Let that sweet tenor recitative interpret his wanderings and his whereabouts, and the angelic voices interpret the heaven in his heart. "*Under a juniper tree in the wilderness!*" Mark the quaint simplicity of the words, and how heartily the musical vein in Mendelssohn adapts itself to such child's narrative. And now hear, as the composer heard, the heavenly voices floating down. It is a scene almost as beautiful as that portrayed in Handel's music for the nativity of the Messiah. First a Trio, (female voices*), without accompaniments: "*Lift thine eyes to the mountains,*" pure and chaste as starlight; then the lovely chorus (for all four parts): "*He watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps.*" If the Trio was like heaven descending, this is like the peacefulness of earth encompassed with heaven; it has a gentle, soothing, pastoral character, like "There were shepherds watching their flocks by night." The universal bosom seems to heave with the serene feeling of protection, and the heart to throb most joyously, most gently, with the equal and continuous rise and fall of those softly modulated trip-

* In Friday's performance this Trio will be sung, and with peculiar effect, by boys.

lets in the accompaniments. Voice after voice breathes out the melody; and what unspeakable tenderness in the new theme which the tenors introduce: "*Shouldst thou, walking in grief, languish, He will quicken thee.*"

Again follow him! *Forty days and forty nights*: so sings the angel (alto recitative); and again the noble recitative of the prophet, "wrestling with the Lord in prayer;" "*Oh, Lord, I have labored in vain; . . . O that I now might die!*" This is relieved by the profoundly beautiful alto song, in the natural key, four-fold measure: "*O rest in the Lord;*" and he resumes: "*Night falleth round me, O Lord! Be thou not far from me; my soul is thirsting for Thee, as a thirsty land;*" which last suggestion the instruments accompany with a reminiscence from that first chorus, descriptive of the drought: "*The harvest now is over,*" &c.

And now he stands upon the mount, and "*Behold! God, the Lord passed by.*" We are too weary with fruitless attempts to convey a notion of the different portions of this oratorio by words, to undertake the same thing with this most descriptive and effective chorus. One cannot but remark the multitude of subjects which the story of Elijah offers for every variety of musical effects. The orchestra preludes the coming of the "*mighty wind.*" Voices, accompanied in loud high unison, proclaim: "*The Lord passed by!*" the storm swells up amid the voices, wave on wave, with brief fury and subsides, and again the voices in whispered harmony pronounce: "*yet the Lord was not in the tempest.*" The same order of treatment is repeated with regard to the "earthquake," and with regard to the "fire." All this is in E minor; the key opens into the major, into the moist, mild, spring-like atmosphere of E major, and the voices in a very low, sweet chorus, in long notes, whisper the coming of the "*still, small voice,*" while the liquid, stroking divisions of the accompaniment seem "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." The Seraphim are heard in double chorus, chanting: "*Holy, holy,*" &c., marked by sublime simplicity. One more recitative from the prophet: "*I go on my way in the strength of the Lord,*" with the air: "*For the mountain shall depart,*" during which the instruments tread on with stately, solid steps, in notes of uniform length, in 4-4 measure;—and we have the marvellously descriptive, awe-inspiring chorus which describes his ascent to heaven in the fiery chariot. There is no mistaking the sound of the swift revolving fiery wheels, suggested by the accompaniment.

Another beautiful tenor song: "*Then shall the righteous shine,*" and a fit conclusion to the whole is made by two grand choruses, foreshadowing the consummation of all prophecy in the God-Man, just leaving off where Handel's "Messiah," the oratorio of oratorios, began. The first: "*Behold, my servant, and mine elect,*" has much of the grandeur, but not the simplicity of Handel. It is separated from the last by an exquisite quartet: "*Come, every one that thirsteth,*" which is wholly in the vein of Mendelssohn. And the whole closes with a solid, massive fugue, in the grand old style: "*Lord, our Creator, how excellent thy name!*"

II. Haydn and his "Creation."

Haydn is remarkable for the perfection of style: for neatness and elegance in all the details, happy arrangement, and perfect ease and clearness in the exposition of his ideas. He is the Addison of music, only a great deal more. He is the most genial, popular, least strange of all composers. All those who enjoy clear writing, who love to see everything accomplished within the limits of graceful certainty, feel as safe with Haydn as the scholar with his Cicero and Virgil. We say of him, "*that is music,*" in the sense in which we say "*that's English.*" Whatever thought he had, (and he had many), it came out whole and clear, it suffered nothing in the statement. He understood the natures of instruments so well, that they blended as unobtrusively in his symphonies as individuals in the best-bred company. Haydn's music is easily understood. It keeps the mind awake, like lively, easy conversation; but does not task the brain, does not excite any longing which it cannot satisfy. Hence it is per-

fection itself to those who want nothing deeper; and it can never be otherwise than agreeable to those who do. Its charm is infallible as far as it goes.

What we next remark is its sunny, healthful, cheerful character. It is the happy warbling of the bird building its nest. It is not the deepest of music; but it is welcome to every one as the morning carol of the lark. It has not the tragic pathos of Mozart and Bellini; nor the yearnings and uncontainable rhapsodies of Beethoven. But it is good for the deep-minded sometimes to leave brooding and speculating, and for the sentimental to flee the close air of their sad sympathies, and rising with the lark some bright, cool morning, go forth and become all sensation, and enjoy the world like a child. Such a morning walk is an emblem of Haydn. The world is fresh and glittering with dew, and there is no time but morning, no season but spring to the feelings which answer to his music. He delivers us from ourselves into the hands of Nature; and restores us to that fresh sense of things we had before we had thought too long. He sings always one tune, let him vary it as he will, namely, the worth and beauty of the moment, the charm of reality, the admirable fitness and harmony of things. Not what the soul aspires after, but what it finds, he celebrates; not our insatiable capacities, but our present wealth. Surprise and gratitude and lively appreciation for ever new beauties and blessings—a mild and healthful exhilaration—just the state of his own Adam and Eve in Paradise! * * *

Is not his great work, then, the true exponent of his genius? Was he not the very man to compose the music of the "Creation;" to carry us back to the morning of the world, and recount the wonders which surround us, with a childlike spirit? Is it not his art to brighten up the faded miracle of common things; to bathe our wearied senses, and restore the fevered nerve of sight for us, so that we may see things fresh and wonderful, and a "*new-created world*" may rise amid the "*despairing and cursing*" of the falling evil spirits that confuse and blind us, (to borrow a thought from one of the first choruses)?

The "Creation" consists of three parts, taking for its text the Mosaic account. In the first part is described the emerging of order from chaos; the creation of light; the separation of the firmament, of sea and land; the springing up of vegetation, and the setting of the sun and moon and stars; and ends with the magnificent chorus: "*The heavens are telling.*"

The second part contains the creation of animated nature; the animals, and lastly Man; and ends with the more elaborate chorus: "*Achieved is the glorious work.*"

The third part represents Adam and Eve in Paradise, admiring each other, and the beautiful world around, and praising the Creator; and ending with the still more elaborate and rapturous fugue: "*The Lord is great.*"

The characters in the two first parts are three angels, Raphael, Uriel and Gabriel, (bass, tenor and soprano). After the symphony or overture, which represents chaos and the elements struggling to disengage themselves, one part after another rising a little way and falling back into confusion, till finally the ethereal flutes and the more soaring instruments escape into air, and the dark sounds are precipitated, and everything sounds like preparation, the discord almost resolved—an angel recites the words: "*In the beginning God created,*" &c., but "*darkness was upon the face of the deep.*" To represent the "*Spirit of God,*" now, "*moving upon the face of the waters,*" a soft, spray-like chorus of voices steals in; and after the command, "*Let there be light,*" the instruments are unmutted and all the discords are resolved into the full chord of the natural key, and "the audience is lost in the effulgence of the harmony." To represent light by loudness, some may think a poor device. But music does not seek to represent the light, but the surprise produced by its sudden appearance. What greater shock could be given to all our senses, than the sudden admission of light into total darkness? Then Uriel, (angel of light), in a descriptive song, develops the idea, shows us the flight of the spirits of darkness, and in a subterranean chorus we hear their mingling, falling voices, wildly modulated by the depth they traverse, on the words: "*Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall;*" and in a fresher, brighter key the first day is celebrated, and "*a new created world appears at God's command.*" The same order is pursued with each of the other days. First, the angel recites the words from Scripture; then in a song describes the phenomena; and then a chorus celebrates the new day.

Throughout the whole the instrumental parts are principal—the voice but gives the interpretation. Thus after the angel has recited: "*And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under*

the firmament, from the waters which were above the firmament," all the phenomena of the air, the blast, the thunder, the soft rain, the beating hail, the flaky snow, are described in so many little passages of symphony, and after each the voice supplies the interpretation. Then bursts forth the choral hymn: "*Again the eternal vaults resound the praise of God, and of the second day.*" In like manner another song describes the separation of land and water, the rolling and heaving of ocean, the emerging of mountain tops, the rivers winding through wide plains, the purling brooks. And another, the flight or song (whichever is most characteristic) of the birds, the mounting eagle, the lark, the cooing of the doves, the song of the nightingale; another, the roar of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the contented browsing of the cattle, the sporting of the great leviathan. All this is so exquisitely executed, and presents such a variety of beautiful novelties, even without regard to the meaning intended to be conveyed, that we almost forget that it is treason against the true spirit of the art, and a playing of tricks with music.

We cannot enter into all the beautiful details of this great work; nor shall we speak particularly of the surpassing sweetness and melody of its songs; nor its joyous choruses, which are wonderful in their way, but without the grandeur, or the simplicity, or the progress of those of Handel; the chorus which closes the first part—"The heavens are telling," being decidedly greater than any which follow. But the truth is, the chorus does not bring out the genius of Haydn. The orchestra and the symphony are his sphere; and it is as an orchestral, descriptive work, and not as an oratorio in the high religious sense, that we are most interested in the "Creation."

How far music may imitate or describe outward nature, is a question which must always be left open. That sounds do suggest scenes is unquestionable. It is natural when hearing an orchestra, to think of the harmony of colors. Some sounds in nature are actually musical, like the notes of birds, and the fall of water. All sounds in nature make music, when heard at a sufficient distance to allow them to become well blended. Thus motion is one of the essential elements of music; we speak of a rushing, gliding, falling, rolling passage of music. Add to this all the associations with feelings and states of mind which the qualities of different instruments possess, and it is evident what an orchestra can do in this way. If it is not allowable to describe outward objects by music, it is often necessary to bring up outward objects in order to describe music.

A piece of music never suggests the same precise train of thought to any two hearers. It only awakens the same feelings, wins them to its mood. If then, incidentally, all these little descriptive means concur to confirm the associations which naturally arise with every feeling, it is well. But to aim first to paint a picture, or to tell a story, is to leave the true and glorious function of the art, to make it do what it was never meant to do, and excite the same kind of admiration which a mountebank would by walking on his head. Literal description of objects is not the province of music. Music has all the vagueness of the feelings of which it is the natural language; but through an appeal to the feelings may suggest more than words can tell.

Thus, when we are told that Haydn, in composing a symphony, always had some little history or picture in his mind, we must not suppose that we are to look for such a story or picture in it, when we hear it; but only that he wrote it under the influence of such emotions as the imagining the story would inspire.

It is only, however, in some few details that the "Creation" is liable to the objection of too literal imitation. We can pardon some few freaks and injurious conceits, when they are so exquisitely done. But in its whole style and spirit the "Creation" is an expression of feelings, an expression of childlike wonder and joy and gratitude and love. It expresses the exhilaration of calm, creative activity. It refreshes the mind to that degree that all sounds become music to it. It inspires us with all the grateful sensations of morning and spring. And we go away from it feeling the same gratitude for it that we do for nature.

HANDEL wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the Oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifested his pleasure or satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor.—*Dr. Burney.*

HANDEL's general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he did smile, it was his sire the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.—*Ibid.*

Great Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester, England.

(Correspondence of the London Times, April 14)

The collection of ancient pictures, which is very large and valuable, will be exhibited in the south gallery. It has been placed under the charge of Mr. Scharf, jun., who has adopted a somewhat novel plan in its arrangement. He has proceeded upon the broad principle of devoting one entire wall to the works of the Italian and Spanish masters, and the other to the productions of Germany, Flanders, England, and all countries foreign to Spain and Italy. But that is not all. The pictures on both sides of the gallery are arranged in chronological order, so that the works of each master of Italy or Spain are placed opposite those of a painter belonging to some other country who lived in the same period. Angelico da Fiesole, for example, is opposed to John Van Eyck, Rubens to Guido, and Vandyke to Velasquez. The lesser divisions of schools, which are those of Tuscany, Sienna, Naples, Umbria, Cologne, Flanders, Saxony, and Nuremberg are marked by being kept in distinct groups, and arranged for the most part in parallel lines one over the other. With a few exceptions, which will presently be specified, the pictures exhibited are those of masters who flourished between the years 1400 and 1700, a period of three centuries. The latest painting in the gallery almost corresponds in point of date with the commencement of the modern English school, and consequently no place is given here to the productions of Hudson, Hogarth, Thornhill, Richardson, or any of the English masters who lived at the beginning of the 18th century.

The gallery is divided into three main halls, the first, next the transept, being devoted to the earlier period of Art. The centre of the end wall is occupied by a picture which created some sensation in the Royal Academy two years ago, and which is now the property of the Queen. It is the work of Leighton, and represents the triumphal procession in which Cimabue's picture of the Madonna was carried through the streets of Florence. On either side of it are displayed specimens of Italian art, from the classic fresco paintings of the Baths of Titus and the Catacombs down through the feeble attempts of Cimabue and the bold and inventive pieces of Giotto to the productions of the 14th century and the dawn of Art in Germany and Flanders. Mr. Scharf commences his series of German, Flemish, and English pictures with the works of Van Eyck, which are followed by many fine specimens of Grunewald, Mabuse, Matsys, Rubens, Vandyke, Holbein, Rembrandt, and other well-known masters, closing at the end of the third or last hall with paintings belonging to the latter part of the 17th century. The contributions of Prince Albert to this branch of the exhibition are very extensive and important, for his Royal Highness possesses an almost unbroken series of examples of early German art. The illustrations of Italian and Spanish art commence with the works of Angelico da Fiesole, and include a great number of pieces by Botticelli, Perugino, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, and other eminent masters, ending, like the pictures on the opposite side, with the year 1700. The magnificent equestrian portrait of Charles I., from Windsor Castle, by Vandyke, occupies a position at the bottom of the gallery corresponding to that of Leighton's picture at the top.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the great value and beauty of the Italian and Spanish collection. Such a display of masterpieces has probably never before been witnessed in England, and it convincingly proves the statement of Dr. Waagen that we possess art treasures far surpassing those of any other country. The series begins with a head of Christ by Angelico da Fiesole, which originally formed part of a fresco representing the crucifixion. Fiesole is represented by another picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin"—which was formerly called a Giotto, and as such was engraved by D'Agincourt. His works are followed by specimens of

Sandro Botticelli, with his wildness of form and pedantic display of Greek learning. Perugino, the master of Raphael, is present in five predella pictures, contributed by Mr. Barker, and in a superb altar piece—the Virgin and Child enthroned, with St. Jerome and St. Peter on either side—exhibited by Lord Northwick. One of the earliest specimens of Raphael is the "Crucifixion," taken from Citta di Castello, painted in 1500. Mr. Fuller Maithland contributes the "Agony in the Garden," mentioned by Vasari in his *Lives of Painters*. Two celebrated Madonnas are furnished by Lord Cowper; Miss Burdett Coutts exhibits the "Madonna and Child," which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Samuel Rogers, together with another picture, representing the "Agony in the Garden;" and Lord Warwick sends a duplicate of the "Joanna of Aragon" in the Louvre. Near the works of Raphael is placed a "Holy Family"—*Il Reposo*—by Bartolomeo, the finest specimen of that master in England. Of Michael Angelo we have the picture representing "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," which was formerly in the collection of Ottley, and a "Holy Family," unfinished, belonging to Mr. Labouchere. Michael Angelo is followed by specimens of the early Venetian school, represented by Andrea Bellini and others, and by the works of Francia, the friend and correspondent of Raphael. Further on the glories of Venice present themselves to view, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and their contemporaries. The "Europa" of Titian has been exhibited by Lord Darnley, and here also is his original sketch of the celebrated "Gloria," or apotheosis of Charles V., still in Spain. The "Nine Muses," by Tintoretto, has been lent from Hampton Court, and there are no fewer than five large allegorical subjects by Paul Veronese. The Bolognese school is represented by Caracci and others. A splendid "St. Agnes," by Domenichino, has been obtained from Windsor Castle. Velasquez and the Spanish masters are also well represented. The portraits of Velasquez are hung exactly opposite those by Vandyke, so that the productions of the two great masters of portrait painting may be studied together, an advantage for which the visitors ought to be thankful to Mr. Scharf. The Duke of Bedford, Mr. Farrer, and Mr. Hoskins have contributed some fine specimens of Velasquez. Several magnificent Murillos have been furnished by Sir Culling Eardley, the Rev. Thomas Stanniforth, and Mr. William Sterling. Among the specimens of the academic and decorative style of painting may be mentioned some frescos taken from a palace at Milan. They represent the contest between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, were painted by Gambara, and have been contributed to the exhibition by Prince Albert. Below Murillo are some of the later masters—the naturalists, as they are called—of Italy; and the series closes with some vigorous pieces by Salvator Rosa.

The collection of pictures belonging to Germany, Flanders, England, and other countries foreign to Italy and Spain is very extensive, and embraces some splendid specimens of art. It begins with an old copy of a famous altar-piece, representing the "Adoration of the Lamb," by Hubert and John Van Eyck, formerly in the chapel of the town-hall at Ghent. The curious Orford picture, by Grunewald, now the property of Prince Albert, is a striking feature in the collection; but, admirable as it is, it must yield the palm to the celebrated Mabuse, representing the "Adoration of the Kings," from Castle Howard—a picture formidable to the pre-Raphaelites on account of its exquisite finish and its selection of the more refined objects in nature. Flanking the Mabuse are two fine pictures from Hampton Court, representing James IV. of Scotland and his Queen. Lower down the gallery is the "Misers," by Quentin Matsys. Rubens is represented by several of his most splendid productions. The Queen has contributed his "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a Beggar;" and Mr. Mathew Wyatt exhibits the magnificent picture of "Juno setting the Eyes of Argus in a Peacock's Tail." Here also is Tomyris ordering the head of Cyrus to be bathed in human blood,

and among a number of other pictures are portraits of himself, his wife, and the Bishop of Antwerp. Several excellent specimens of Snyders have been contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Derby, and Sir Philip Egerton. They consist for the most part of marketpieces with fish, fruit, and flowers, but there are also one or two boar and wolf hunts. Of Poussin there are some admirable specimens from the galleries of the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Yarborough, and Mr. Mox. In addition to the "Triumph of Bacchus" and a "Holy Family" there is a small repetition recently found in Dorsetshire of a picture called the "Testament of Eudamidas," by Poussin, which, after being engraved with great care in France, was brought to England and lost. The Vandykes form, in number and value, an important part of the collection. One of his finest portraits is that of Snyders, the painter, contributed by the Earl of Carlisle. The companion portrait—that of Snyder's wife—is exhibited by Lord Warwick. It is said that the grandfather of the present Lord Warwick proposed to the then Earl of Carlisle that they should toss for the possession of the two pictures. Whether the latter nobleman was willing to entertain the proposition is not related, but it was never carried out, and "Snyders and his wife" were doomed to remain separate for some time longer. They are now reunited for a time at Manchester. Her Majesty has contributed several Vandykes—among others the splendid equestrian portrait of Charles I., already noticed. The "Children of Charles I." have likewise been obtained from the Long Room in Windsor Castle. Lord de Gray is also an important contributor of Vandykes. One, a superb picture, represents three children (name unknown) standing on the steps of a portico; painted by Vandyke in the style of his Genoese period. The "St. Jerome," with the angel holding a pen—*L'Ange à la plume*, as it is called in France—from the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, has been contributed by Mr. Luey, of Charlote-park. The works of Vandyke are followed by those of Sir Anthony More and other foreign artists who visited England in the 17th century. We then come to specimens of the Dutch school, in which the collection is particularly rich. George IV. was a great admirer of Dutch artists, and made a large collection of their works, of which a considerable number have been contributed to the exhibition by the Queen. Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Henry Hope, and Miss Berdel have furnished numerous specimens of Rembrandt, Vandereldt, De Koning, Jan Steen, Teniers, and other Dutch masters. One of the most striking pictures at the close of the series is a portrait of Peter the Great, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Such are a few of the more prominent pictures in the ancient gallery. Many most interesting specimens have necessarily been omitted. We have not mentioned, for example, a fragment of a curious fresco representing the "Fall of the Angels," by Spinello Aretino. It belongs to Mr. Layard, who rescued it from destruction some time ago in Italy. Vasari relates that the devil was painted so hideously ugly that he appeared to Aretino in his sleep and demanded the reason of such uncivil treatment. The answer of Aretino is not recorded, but the story runs that the interview made such an impression upon his mind that he fell into a melancholy which lasted the rest of his life. Perhaps it is improper to add that the provoking researches of modern critics—Lord Lindsay and others—have proved that Aretino lived far beyond the period stated by Vasari, and that he painted some of his best works after his alleged colloquy with the Prince of Darkness. The figure of his Majesty, unfortunately, is not in the fragment contributed by Mr. Layard to the exhibition.

One of the objects aimed at by Mr. Scharf in the formation of the gallery has been to reunite, as far as possible, the scattered fragments of the Orleans, the Solly, and the Rogers collections. He has succeeded in doing so to a great extent, and the visitor will have an opportunity of viewing, re-collected in these galleries, collections which are renowned throughout the world.

From my Diary, No. 2.

MAY 9.—I am told that Mr. Zerrahn has secured an orchestra of seventy-five members for the Festival. Excellent. But as yet no intimation has been given to the public, that I have noticed, of the character of the programmes which they are to execute at the miscellaneous concerts. Now, in consideration of the hope that a large portion of the concert audiences, will consist of people from the country of musical tastes, but who have never had opportunity to hear grand instrumental performances, can anything be more attractive than the performance of some of the best symphonies, of which they have read and heard so much? Doubtless this is intended. Nor can there be any doubt that some of the best overtures, not only by Beethoven, Mozart and Weber, but of Auber and Rossini, will be given.

But I wish to ask something more; and as the Handel and Haydn Society has the honor of the conception and the responsibility of the execution of the affair, the appeal can be made with special propriety to it. It has been shown in the Journal of Music recently, that when the Society was young, it pursued a bold policy, such that members of it ventured to send an order to Vienna, to the greatest of then living composers, for an Oratorio, though his works seem to have been known in Boston only from portions of his Cantata; "Christ on the Mount of Olives." The old programmes show that it had no fear of producing music of composers unknown to the public, and more than that, of music produced at home. Shaw's compositions were stereotyped features of its early concerts, and John Bray's "Child of Mortality," text by Mrs. Rawson, the actress, and afterward famous school teacher, was another great attraction.

What I would ask then, is that the same policy be now followed up, and that at the orchestral concerts specimens, each evening, be given of what our men, who are working for fame—pecuniary profit is out of the question—are doing in this department of composition.

If I subscribe to a series of concerts where "classical" music—that is, music whose reputation is fixed—is promised me, I consider myself cheated, if instead of Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart, the works of Balfe, Wallace, Verdi, &c., are placed upon the programme, or if waltzes, polkas and quadrilles drive out symphony and overture. But if I do not subscribe, and am free to take a ticket or not, the case is very different. I can stay away without losing my money or temper, there having been no promise made or implied.

The concerts at the Festival, save the oratorios, come into this latter category, and there is no implied contract, as to the music to be performed, between the managers and the audience. Here is a legitimate opportunity then to give us some specimens of our own music.

How many composers of orchestral music we have in our midst I know not. I only know of Southard; but ever since I read the notices of the production of two overtures by him, at a time when I was absent from Boston, I have had a great desire to hear them. But would the public care to hear them? Not easy to decide, that. But what piece could be put upon the programme which would be more likely to interest an audience than his overture to the "Scarlet Letter?" Who does not know the wondrous romance of Hawthorne? Who has not felt its mystery, its awful power; who has not shuddered at the manner in which the human soul is dissected alive, as it were, every nerve quivering? Who that knows aught of orchestral music, but would gladly have an opportunity to see whether the musician has caught the spirit of the work, and interpreted it in the language of the orchestra? What a field there for the composer! Let us see how he has occupied it.

Again, why not bring out something which, while perfectly novel, could not fail to be of great interest both to the musician and the general public? Why not give the large audiences, which will undoubtedly be present, the chance to judge of what boys are capable? Could there be any objection to allowing the Choristers' School to sing a piece or two, written originally for choirs of boys and men? There is music enough at hand, both sacred and secular, from Allegri's "Miserere," or "Sumer is a comin' in," which Hawkins says "is the most ancient English song with the musical notes attached, perhaps anywhere extant," down to the pieces written by Mendelssohn and others for similar choirs, in London, Berlin or Leipzig.

The Handel and Haydn Society, originally organized, as I believe its constitution says, to improve the public taste in music, and forward the art in general among us, has here opportunity of adding materially to the number of its good works in the cause.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 9.—Mr. EISELDA gave us a rich programme at his last soirée, as far, at least, as the instrumental portion was concerned. It contained Mozart's beautiful Quartet, in E flat; the first of the two op. 70 Trios of Beethoven; and four movements from the great master's Septuor. The Quartet of Mozart is one of his very best, with all his characteristic grace, freshness, and full of beauty and soul. The first two movements were very indifferently played, I regret to say. The night was warm, and the strings of the first violin particularly, were very unruly. But later this deficiency was mended, and in the rendering of the Septuor, (minus the minuet and variations), there was nothing to be wished for. Mr. PYCHOWSKI played the piano-part of the Trio very finely indeed. He is unquestionably one of our first and truest artists. The singer of the evening was Miss HENRIETTA BEHREND. She has improved vastly since last winter, when I heard her at one of Mason and Bergmann's concerts; but she seemed on this occasion to be suffering from a cold, or some other indisposition, as it appeared to be quite an effort for her to sing. Altogether, however, the whole concert was a very pleasing one, and gave general satisfaction to the very good audience assembled.

The Mendelssohn Union, at their third concert, last Thursday, sang Mozart's *Requiem*, and a *Magnificat*, by Mr. BERGE, their pianist. I regretted very much that an unavoidable engagement prevented my attending, as I wished very much to hear the *Requiem* once more, particularly after the interesting articles upon it which have lately appeared in your paper.

I met recently with an interesting little book, which has made so great a sensation in Germany that the first edition was very quickly exhausted. It is entitled: "Beethoven's Piano-Forte Sonatas, analyzed for friends of music, by Ernst V. Elterlein," who also calls himself the author of "Beethoven's Symphonies considered according to their ideal value." There are many very good and new ideas in the book, and I should think that, if translated, it might be very useful towards rendering the masterpieces of which it treats, more appreciated and better understood by our public.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MAY 12.—Our Spring season has been well filled with concerts. THALBERG, OLE BULL and others, have sung and gone. Last Sunday evening we had the first Sunday concert in Springfield. It was given by Mr. MOZART, of Boston, with the assistance of Messrs. FITZHUGH and KIMBERLY, of this city. The concert was excellent, and the music of a high order. Mrs. MOZART sang her solos with great skill and expression. Miss

TWICHELL in "He was despised," from the "Messiah," did herself great credit. We admire her voice the more we listen to it. Some eighteen hundred persons were present, as the concert was a free one.

A new concert troupe is now occupying the attention of our curious people. A band of negroes, owned by a planter in Alabama, showed some talent for music; their master gave them an instructor; they excelled so much, (so the story goes), that he gave them permission to concertize about the country, and thus buy their freedom. He then secured the services of Mr. J. G. Shaw, of this city, to take charge of them, and they now are singing nightly to full houses about the States. Last week they sang in the City Hall, in this place. As musicians, the slaves are lacking. Their ears are imperfect; yet for ignorant persons they do remarkably well.

The "Springfield Musical Institute" has adjourned rehearsals till October next.

Another association has been organized among the armorers at the U. S. Arsenal, under the name of the "Armorer's Musical Institute." It has an orchestra of sixteen pieces, and a chorus of some seventy. The enterprise was started and brought into successful operation by Mr. ALBERT ALIN, Mr. GEORGE HUBBARD and others, and bids fair to become a permanent institution among the armorers. They propose giving a concert early in the Fall.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE gave a reading of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," last evening, in Hampden Hall, to a large and highly appreciative audience. Her reading, like Thalberg's playing, is as near perfection as can be conceived.

AD LIBITUM.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 16, 1857.

NOTICE.—A FESTIVAL PAPER.

The next number of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will be issued two days in advance, viz., on Thursday, immediately after the first morning concert of the Festival. This special edition will be increased in size by at least four pages, and will probably contain MR. WINTHROP'S Inaugural Address, entire, from copy kindly furnished by the author, together with descriptive analyses of the three Oratorios to be performed, brief notices of the instrumental music, some history of Musical Festivals, and such other matter of special interest during that week as shall make it properly a FESTIVAL NUMBER of the Journal.

For sale at the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, and at the periodical stores, &c. Price Five cents.

The Journal of the week following will contain a full description and review of the Festival.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The increased circulation of the Journal during the Festival week and the week following, make it a desirable medium for the advertising of musical and other artistic matters.

THE FESTIVAL.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the great musical event of next week. Those three days in the Boston Music Hall will, if we mistake not, inaugurate the custom of grand Oratorio Festivals, after the manner of the English, in this country. We say Oratorio festivals, because out of Oratorios, and that means essentially the oratorios of Handel, and out of the necessity of grand combinations of forces for the

realization of their sublime effects, the whole thing grew. Oratorios, in England and in Germany, ever since the great Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, have formed the back-bone of such entertainments. But of course they offer motive opportunity and at the same time, for mixed performances of orchestral and vocal music. The gathering of artists and great audiences, and all the excitement kindled up by such an occasion, cannot but give an impulse to the love of noble music and to the high religious, social and artistic sentiments to which it speaks.

In England, where such Festivals originated, (the annual meetings of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford date back to 1724, and that of St. Paul's for the benefit of the sons of the clergy, to 1712, two years before Handel went to England—but then there were no oratorios), they have always been for charitable objects. Handel's inspirations have been there the bond of union between music and charity. Here, with us, it is first necessary to see if music can sustain *itself*; here it will be public blessing and charity enough if, by a festival, we can put great performances of music upon a safe and self-supporting footing, and enable our societies of amateurs and artists to practice it and keep themselves in a condition to supply us with it.

Of course we are not yet in a state to do anything that can bear comparison musically with what is done in England. But we can make a good beginning. Our Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are pretty much the only permanent nucleus we have for such an enterprise; whereas in England, choirs and orchestras, in constant practice, are ready at a moment's call, and all the greatest solo artists of the world are within easy reach—through the electric telegraph of a long purse. The whole business of Festivals is there organized into a system; their preparations are begun at least a year beforehand. Here the time is short; it was necessary, to avail ourselves of so good a season as the annual May Anniversaries, to press matters somewhat, and do the best that could be done in a short time. We apprehend our friends, not only from the country, but at home, will be surprised to find what good things can be done. The managers will make no rash adventure; they have wisely chosen for this first festival the most familiar, sterling oratorios, which most of our singers know by heart, the incomparable "Messiah" of Handel, and the "Creation;" to which add "Elijah," which will have the charm of novelty to many.

For the miscellaneous concerts of Thursday and Friday afternoons, and Saturday morning, the programmes are not yet fully determined; but we can name the orchestral pieces. The "Choral Symphony," as we had presentiment, has to be abandoned, because all our solo singers shrink from it. But, no mean substitute has been provided for Saturday morning in Beethoven's glorious No. 7, which like all the pieces, will be played by an orchestra really outnumbering the seventy-five instruments announced. Other features of that same morning will be Beethoven's *Leonora* overture (No. 3), Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* or "Fingal's Cave" overture, and the Scherzo from his "Scotch" Symphony. In Thursday's concert we are to have Beethoven's overture to

"*Coriolanus*" (!), the Allegretto to his 8th Symphony, and the *Tannhäuser* and "Tell" overtures. Friday afternoon: Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the overture to *Euryanthe*, March from *Lohengrin*, &c. &c. Besides solos, vocal and instrumental, each time.

The choir will number about 600 voices, and the orchestra some 80 instruments. For the accommodation of this great body the stage will be brought forward, and seats run up into the side galleries, presenting the choir in an amphitheatrical form. The sight thereof, with the statue of Beethoven above and behind all, will be truly imposing; but sight and sound!—of that hereafter.

As to the solo singers, negotiations still pending with one or two famous artists, make it impossible to announce the list definitively at present. Among those, who will surely take part more or less in all the oratorios, we may mention: *Soprani*, Mrs. ELLIOT (ANNA STONE), of New York, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. MOZART and Mrs. HILL; *Alti*, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, (in the "Messiah" and "Elijah,") and Miss J. TWICHELL; *Tenors*, Mr. SIMPSON, of New York, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS; *Basses*, Mr. LEACH and Dr. GUILLMETTE, of New York, (the latter is said to be very fine in the part of Elijah.) The Double Quartet in Elijah will be sung by the "Mozart" and the "Ball" Quartets; and the Angel Trio by the three boys of Mr. Cutler's Cathedral choir.

On Thursday we shall have more to tell. The gathering will undoubtedly be great, and our friends should lose no time in going to the music store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and selecting their seats for the three days.

The Pianists Classified.

There is a German newspaper published in New York, called the *New Yorker Criminal Zeitung*, which we take to be a sort of "Police Gazette," or journal of the courts, the prisons and the scenes of crime. It appears that it is also not without its corner for Art criticisms; and this congenial organ has some rare musical adventurer chosen for the following article, signed "Dr. A. Bernt," under the title: "*Brief Catalogue of the greatest living Pianists and Composers for the Piano-Forte, with notices of their special qualification.*" The *Musical Review* translates it, mentioning at the same time the rumor that the signature, as given above, is a *nom de plume*, and that the author's actual name may easily be divined from the article itself:

A. *Stars of the First Magnitude*: Franz Liszt, born in Hungary; GUSTAV SATTER, born in Vienna; Henry Litolf, of Mecklenburg; Sigismund Thalberg, of Geneva; Alfred Jaell, of Trieste; Leopold de Meyer, of Vienna.

B. *Stars of the Second Magnitude*: Clara Schumann, Caroline Pleyel, Anton Rubinstein, Alexander Dreyschock, Adolph Henselt, Carl Meyer.

C. *Stars of the Third Magnitude*: L. M. Gottschalk, William Mason, Julius Schulhoff, Richard Hoffman, Hans von Bulow, Maurice Strakosch. (Hans von Bulow and Maurice Strakosch!)

Geniality in Playing: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Litolf.

Conception: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Clara Schumann.

Finished Technicals: 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER; 3, Dreyschock.

Touch and Clearness: 1, Thalberg; 1, Jaell; 3, SATTER.

Classical Players: 1, SATTER (unsurpassed as a player of Beethoven.) 2, Liszt; 3, Clara Schumann; 4, Jaell.

Universality of Talent: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER. *Sight-Reading*: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

Endurance: 1 and 2, Liszt and SATTER.

Individual Superiorities: Thalberg, runs and passages, singing tone; Dreyschock, octaves, sixths, and jumps; De Meyer, powerful harmonies; SATTER, orchestral imitations (what are they?); Rubinstein, flexibility of wrists; Mason, runs with alternate hands.

First in every thing: (!) 1, Liszt; 2, SATTER. *Of the Old School*: 1, Thalberg; 2, Jaell; 3, Schulhoff; 4, Pleyel; 5, Strakosch; 6, Mason, (although a pupil of Liszt's.)

Of the New School: 1, Liszt, 2, Litolf; 3, De Meyer; 4, Henselt; 5, Clara Schumann; 6, Rubinstein; 7, Bulow.

Of the Newest School: (!) GUSTAV SATTER.

COMPOSERS.

1. *Original*: Liszt, De Meyer, Thalberg, SATTER, Gottschalk, Henselt.

2. *Equally happy in Modern and Classical Music*: SATTER, Litolf.

3. *Of the Broad, Grand Style*: SATTER, Liszt.

4. *Of the Small Style*: Gottschalk, Mason.

5. *Of Spirit and carrying out, (Durchführung)*: Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, De Meyer.

6. *Of Sweetness*: Henselt, Thalberg, and sometimes Mason.

7. *Difficulty in Technicals*: Liszt, SATTER, Henselt, Dreyschock, Thalberg, De Meyer, Litolf.

8. *Difficulty in Conception*: Liszt, SATTER.

9. *Founders of Schools*: Liszt, SATTER, (!) Thalberg.

THE THREE GREATEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD:

1. Franz Liszt, in every respect.

2. GUSTAV SATTER, in every respect.

3. Sigismund Thalberg, in his own style.

This criminal classification is delightfully audacious and in some points laughably ingenious. What a sly thrust that contrast, for example, between composers of the "broad, grand," and the "small style!" The list is most remarkable for its omissions; to say nothing of some pianists and composers in this country, of no mean reputation, where are the names of Sterndale Bennett, Charles Halle, Wilhelmina Clauss, (now Mme. Szavady), Arabella Goddard, Willmers, Prudent, Stephen Heller, Herz, &c.? All such may perhaps thank their stars, of whatsoever magnitude, that they do not shine in the criminal firmament.

OLE BULL'S CONCERTS.—A very large and very enthusiastic audience were attracted to the Tremont Temple last Saturday evening, by the announcement of a farewell concert by the Norwegian master of that most sympathetic and eloquent of instruments, the violin. Indeed there was something like a rekindling of the old interest and excitement which attended his first visit to this country, when we had heard no other great violinist and when the now very common phenomena of dazzling virtuosity were new to us. With Ole Bull it was always in a great degree a personal charm; the look and air of genius, a certain taking eccentricity, the magnetism of the man, his remarkable sympathy with his instrument, and the free, fantastic, quasi extempore structure of his music, full of singular conceits, effects and variations, which were astonishing then, but which we have since found to be in great measure the common property and trick of solo-players. It was pleasant to find the fascination of the man not gone; indeed the very sight of him enlisted a new yet saddened interest; his manly form bent by the weight of trouble, his head grown grey with care and trial rather than age, his face pale and serious, yet the same fire beaming from his great eyes. He was evidently inspired by the warmth of his reception.

He played much better (especially in better tune) than when we heard him last, a few years ago. His tone, through the whole compass, is surpassingly rich and beautiful; indeed we find about the chief charm of his playing in the pure beauty of the tone as tone. And although he plays you nothing new, although he always brings you the same concert pieces, and a his arts and figures are as stereotyped as those of others, yet there is no denying a certain fervor in his giving voice to them, a certain close sympathy of his own heart strings with the strings of his instrument, peculiarly his own. Of his technical excellencies the most remarkable are, as heretofore, his perfect staccato runs, the purity of his harmonies, the connection and shading of the tones, and above all, an art which he possesses in the most eminent degree, that of playing quartet passages in harmony, with distinct individualizing of the parts, the middle arts often moving. This was exemplified in the intro-

duction to his "Mother's Prayer," the best of the pieces which he reproduced to us that evening. For the rest his selections were hacknied and commonplace; it is for much smaller men than Ole Bull to write and keep repeating variations upon the "Carnival," upon "Yankee Doodle" and "Pop goes the Weasel," or even upon Bellini's "Romeo." As musical composition, whether in the technical, or the poetic and creative sense, all this must pass for naught, for child's play. But what a pleasure it would be to hear such talent of expression, as this that dwells in Ole Bull, exhibiting itself in glowing interpretations of noble works, like the violin Concertos of Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn! or, best of all, to hear a Beethoven Quartet, with him for leading violin!

As to the other attractions of the concert, Mr. DRESSLER is a pianist of fair routine ability; Mr. GEORGE HARRISON has a delicate tenor, and sings an English ballad agreeably; and Mr. HORNCastle's comic extravaganzas, *a la* Hatton, (only in costume, and not playing his own accompaniments, which was the charm of Hatton), might be called either amusing, or ludicrous, as one's mood inclined him.

To-night OLE BULL takes his last leave of Boston, in a concert at the Music Hall, when his own selection of pieces will be much better, including his *Polacca guerriera*, the variations on *Nel cor piu*, his Pastoral Concerto, &c., &c.

☞ The Festival crowds all else out this week.

Advertisements.

OLE BULL'S GRAND FAREWELL CONCERTS.

OLE BULL respectfully announces that, at the request of numerous friends, he will give his SECOND and positively LAST

GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT,

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On Saturday Evening, May 16th, 1857,

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The talented Pianist and Composer.

Tickets, 50 cents, may be had at Russell & Richardson's, where seats may be secured without extra charge,—also at the door. Ushers will be in attendance to show visitors their seats. ☞ Doors open at 7—Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

FAREWELL CONCERT OF MISS LOUISA PYNE.

The Committee of Management beg to announce that Miss LOUISA PYNE will give her Last Concert in America at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on

Monday Evening, May 18, 1857,

having engaged passage in the Steamer Europa, which leaves Boston for Liverpool on the 20th inst.

Miss LOUISA PYNE

Will be assisted by

Miss SUSAN PYNE,

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON,

And other Eminent Artists.

The following Letter, with the names of the Committee, is submitted to the Musical Public:

To Miss LOUISA PYNE, New York.

Madam: The undersigned, learning that you are to sail from this port for England on the 20th inst., ask for ourselves, and in behalf of your many friends in this city, that you will give a Farewell Concert at the Music Hall, on Monday Evening, the 18th inst. We will appoint a Committee of Arrangements for the Concert, and have everything in readiness on your arrival here, which we understand will be on Monday morning next. Boston, 11th of May, 1857.

To this letter Miss Louisa Pyne has returned an answer of acceptance, couched in the most grateful and amiable terms.

The following are the names of the Acting Committee:

Edward C. Bates,	Henry Lee, Jr.,	Theron J. Dale,
John E. Thayer,	A. Tucker, Jr.,	H. Harris,
John H. Eastburn,	Ives G. Bates,	Charles Larkio,
Francis Welch,	George B. Blake,	George Bacon,
Thomas Wetmore,	Joseph N. Howe,	John Foster,
Elijah Williams,	Albert Glover,	E. D. Brigham,
Henry W. Pickering,	David Nevins,	Charles Hale.

The Committee have fixed the price of tickets at FIFTY CENTS, to be had at music stores of Russell & Richardson, E. H. Wade, and Oliver Ditson, Washington street, also at the Hotels and at the Hall in the evening.

No more tickets will be issued than can be comfortably accommodated.

The Programme, with particulars, will be issued as soon as possible; and it is presumed that this concert will be one of the most attractive and interesting that has ever been offered to the musical public.

Grand Musical Festival, AT THE MUSIC HALL IN BOSTON, On the 21st, 22d and 23d of May, —BY— THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, • WITH A CHORUS OF SIX HUNDRED, AND AN ORCHESTRA OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

The Festival will commence on the morning of the 21st, (Thursday,) at 10 o'clock, with an Address appropriate to the occasion, by the

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to be followed immediately by the

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In the afternoon there will be a GRAND MISCELLANEOUS AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, by the Full Orchestra of more than Seventy-Five performers, varied with Selections of Vocal Music, commencing at 3½ o'clock.

Friday Morning, 22d, at 10½ o'clock, the

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and at 3½ o'clock, P. M., a MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, similar to the one of the day preceding.

On Saturday Morning, 23d, at 10½ o'clock,

A GRAND MISCELLANEOUS & ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,

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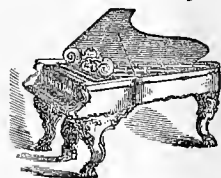
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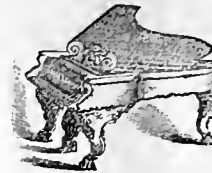
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WHOLE No. 268.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

VOL. XI. No. 8.

THE ORATORIOS FOR THE FESTIVAL.—We have room to reprint but the purely descriptive part of what we whilome wrote of—

III. Handel's "Messiah."

* * * The overture, (a critic suggests), is purposely dull. First, a slow movement in a minor key, significant of nothing but emptiness and weariness; then a quick, nervous fugue, a struggling as of many forces to disengage themselves and find relief; each, however, set against the other; a strife which ends in nothing; a helpless, hopeless, passionate impatience. This is the night of sinful and suffering humanity, and it is the background on which the radiant form of Prophecy alights. * * *

And now steal in those fresh, Spring-like notes, from the instruments, in the major of the key, (which happens to be that warmest and sunniest of all the keys, E major—the same in which the sunny Haydn so delighted, the same in which he wrote the sunrise symphony in his "Creation"), and a clear, consoling, manly voice is heard: "Comfort ye, my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, for her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned;" and rising to a tone of more eloquent and authoritative assurance, adds: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord." But observe, the music here is not dramatic. It does not impersonate the prophet and the voice in the wilderness; it hears them; or remembers them and muses on them. It is Israel with a heavy heart, when her need is the sorest, bethinking herself of her prophets and her precious holy sentences. And in this musing mood how naturally comes up the memory of other sentences, more minutely figurative, the "dear images" (as Rochlitz says), which are dwelt upon and imitated in the song: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain;" a species of imitation so literal and out of the province of true art, that it would require excuse in any other case, where feeling did not justify the fondling over trifles. And now comes the fugued chorus of joy, leaping forth as if it could not contain itself. The first phrase, "And the glory of the Lord," is begun by the alto, and then immediately resounded by all the parts; then a second phrase, "shall be revealed," with a more flowing rhythm, starts with the tenor, is pursued by the bass, then the alto, then the soprano, till all are whirled away in a swift and graceful play of hide-and-seek; and again a third phrase, begun and repeated in the same way, on the words: "And all flesh shall see it together," comes in to increase the harmonious confusion. And so, buoyantly, wave upon wave rolls in and falls back upon others coming after, while the bass, in long loud notes—holding upon the words: "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it"—seems like the boundless reservoir of Ocean behind all.

This completes the first sketch, or introduction of the Oratorio. It is all fresh and Spring-like, and full of what is now given in more detail.

A bass voice recites the words: "Thus saith the Lord: Yet once a little, and I will shake the earth, &c. and the desire of all nations shall come," &c. But the confidence inspired by these words yields to a momentary misgiving in that most beautiful bass song, in the minor: "But who may abide the day of his coming;" which rises to a wild terror at the thought: "For he is like a refiner's fire." Then begins a single high voice in a musing, half involuntary tone, as if struck with the thought that there is hope in the words, "And he shall purify," and then again, more confidently and with a prolonged and florid melody, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi." The bass takes up the suggestion, and one part after another, till all grow enthusiastic with the thought, and the kindling fugue becomes one blended, heavenward soaring flame; when all the voices unite: "That

they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness." The chorus dies away; and again we are introduced into the solitude of the believing heart, feeding upon its delicious secret, the hopes of prophecy. The deep, tender, full-hearted, innocent contralto sings over to itself the promise: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive," and then gives way, (like a child talking to herself, so in earnest with her own sweet thoughts, that she forgets she is alone), to a rapturous, ever varied, fondly repeated melody: "O thou that tellest glad tidings to Zion," &c., so steeped in feeling! so heavily drooping with excess of love, and faith, and piety! so confident of the sympathy of all and everything! so much so, that all the sweetness and majesty of the skies seem to blend in it with the accompaniments! Trustful, happy child, to whose devout thought it is all smiles and sunshine, even in the midst of darkness! When she reaches the words: "And the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee," the accompaniments cease, and the voice sinks slowly down, as in a swoon of delight, through almost an octave, and there our souls hang poised in the magical sphere of the flat seventh, when all manner of sweet dreamy imaginations, "children of the air," swim up round us in figures of the violins, and seem to balance themselves upon our shoulders, and cling round our necks. And now from this blissful inner world of faith, from the holy recesses of the pious heart, we are led by a descriptive bass recitative to the world without: "For behold, darkness shall cover the earth." But to us, prepared as we have been, it is a darkness big with expectation, and wondrously the music swells and brightens with the words: "But the Lord shall arise, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light," &c. And in the song that follows, we see the people groping their way in darkness—darkness without and within. Here is no fine shading; no harmony of colors; for there is no light to see by; the harmony is all absorbed into dark unison; we feel our way along; the rhythm, the movement alone intimates what is passing in the dark; in stately, gloomy octaves, voice and instruments move on together.

Enough of these visions! the mind is over-full and must find vent. We are come to another of those grand halting-places, where the gathering crowd of thoughts, as they hurry on towards the consummation, must pause, as it were, and turn round and shout; another of those mighty choruses, each mightier than the last, which seem to sum up all that goes before, and measure the progress of the piece; or shall we call them periodical inundations, in which the silent depths of emotion and enthusiasm, which have been all this time secretly feeding the springs of the heart, rise and testify their fulness? It is the chorus: "Unto us a child is born!" Zelter says that in the original it was not intended to come in until after the "Annunciation." "After the shepherds," he says, "have heard the words of the angel in the field by night, and recovered from the fright, one party begins: 'Unto us a child is born,' and toys innocently with the thought; then follows another in the same way; then the third, then the fourth, till at the words, 'Wonderful, Counsellor,' &c., all unite: the flocks of the field, the hosts of stars of the whole heavens, all awake and stir with life and gladness." But in Mozart's arrangement, which is always used, this chorus, (for what reason I cannot tell), comes first. I could not describe it better than in the words of Rochlitz:—

"Six—not more than six measures of *Ritornel* (instrumental symphony) contain at the outset all the musical ideas, of which this very long chorus is woven, with the exception of a single one, which Handel, for a good reason (as we shall soon hear), could not betray till its time came. These ideas are here plainly, but powerfully stated. They are so characteristic and expressive, that I have never yet been to a performance, without remarking, how every face, however

serious and clouded over during the last passage, brightened up at the first sound of the instruments, before a single voice began. The soprano voice begins alone, in the principal theme of the music, announcing the glad tidings, 'Unto us a child is born, a son is given,' while the instruments alternating with a second thought play on softly by themselves. Then the tenor takes up the same words with the same melody; but before it has half announced the message, the first, as if it could not contain itself, falls in again with the same tones, and carries it out with more spirit (while the tenor finishes) and with a richer figure (the third musical idea), in which joyous movement the instruments are almost hushed. Now the alto takes up the words to the first melody; that is interrupted by the bass, as the tenor was by the soprano; till the tenor, without instruments (except the continued bass), and in majestic solemn style, adds: 'And the government shall be upon his shoulders.' The others, as if timid, merely say it over after; especially the vocal bass, slowly and stately coming up from the deep, as if thinking and doubting still. Then all, as if by inspiration, suddenly exclaim: 'And his name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE;' and with that word 'WONDERFUL!' all the fullness of the choir and of the orchestra, hitherto kept back, rushes together like many mountain torrents into one flood, and all souls bow entranced before the power of this single accord, which Handel could not betray before, that it might surprise. The voices and instruments all together (except the trumpets and drums, reserved for still greater use), simply exclaim one of those lofty names—pause awhile, that it may have time to echo far and wide—and then exclaim another, still in the same chord, and pause again, and another, and so on—while the violins take up that first joyous figure of the soprano, soar up into the sky with it, and there in warbling thirds bind those single exclamations together. Handel in this chorus works over these same ideas, in essentially the same manner, and yet with the greatest variety, twice more; till all the voices, and all the instruments, and all the ideas unite at length, and at the climax of their inspiration proclaim the whole glad tidings yet again. A *ritornel* plays over once more the principal themes, and lets the soul down gently and gradually from the ever-gaining and by this time too intense excitement."

And now comes the Christmas spectacle of the Nativity, an exquisite piece of picture music. It has been well likened to one of those altar pieces by the old painters on the same subject, exceedingly simple in its means, yet beautiful and full of feeling. First is the "Pastoral Symphony," a Sicilian movement, soft and flowing, confined to a very few of the simplest chords, the melody flowing in thirds (that first harmony which natural, untaught singers discover for themselves,) and all by the few unaided stringed instruments, which form the heart of the orchestra. To these Mozart has added flutes, and the effect is an all-pervading streaming up of sweetest sounds, as if they exhaled from the leaves and flowers, from all the pores of the earth. The air teems with melody, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles." As Zelter says, "you feel the starlight." This forms the overture.

Then comes the recitative, "There were Shepherds abiding in the fields," &c. Then there is a waving of wings in the air, nearer and nearer, as the approach of the angel of the Lord is recited; and then a clear, crystal, bell-toned voice, calm and without passion, announces the birth of the Saviour to the shepherds; and the violins fill the air full of wings at the words: "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." In the song of the angels, which is composed of high and silvery chords, there is exquisite music, such as only floats down our thoughts some clear night from the skies, when the boundless firmament above mirrors the spiritual firmament within, and nature and we are one thought. At the words, "Peace on earth!" proclaimed in long full tones, there is a pause while the echo rolls away amid short, full, measured pulses of the instruments, which

seems like the throbbing of all nature's sympathetic joy. And playfully are the words passed about among the multitudinous voices in the air, in broken fugue: "Good will towards men!"

This scenic interlude, or play within play, over, the grand business of the oratorio proceeds; namely, contemplation and celebration of the great event with all its consequences. A soprano voice soars up like a lark into the blue of heaven, and pours down floods of rapturous, flowery melody in the song: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion!"—Joy uncontrollable—that cannot fly high enough, in the very excess of its joyfulness, feeling more than ever the chains of earth, so that in despair of utterance it yields at last to a sweet melancholy, and sinks so full of feeling in the serious, almost condoling passage: "He is the righteous Saviour." Then follows: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened," &c., and that most heavenly air (again in the pastoral Siciliano rhythm) "He shall feed his flocks," &c., so full of consolation, "inspiring one with that holy sweet content, which sermons only make us feel the want of. Some one said of it: 'God grant that this song may float before my mind, when I rest upon my death-bed. Gladly must the eyes close upon all that is left behind and that was dear to the heart, in the fulness of such hope.'" Then comes the chorus: "His yoke is easy," &c., closing the first part. * * *

The second portion, consisting of some dozen choruses and airs, describes the Passion, and constitutes, as we said, the body of the piece. For it is "the divine depths of sorrow," out of which the whole mysterious work of redemption is perfected. The music grows very deep here. You are reminded of the earnest business of life, of the serious price, the toil and study and long-suffering, by which all good must be earned. * * * Most perfect type of this universal fact in human life was the suffering of Jesus. The first chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," with its dark minor chords, brings threatening clouds over us, which hang so low, as almost to suffocate; we are weighed down with intensity of gloom. Its rhythm, too, is that of the great restless heaving ocean, each swell thundering on the shore with a more ominous sound. This chorus is not so much the voice of the multitude; it is not as if you heard persons singing; but rather as if you saw them looking each other in the face in the stony silence of stifled woe. It is rather a descriptive symphony, performed by a great choir of voices, instead of instruments, for the sake of the greater mass of sound; a sort of vocal overture. And now comes the sweet relief of tears; now grief finds a voice in that most pathetic song ever written: "He was despised and rejected." It is said that a friend, calling upon Handel while in the act of setting these pathetic words, found him actually sobbing. We must pass over the choruses and songs, which describe his persecution and the taunts of the multitude, only casting behind one lingering look of awe and admiration upon the sacred form who rises before us, mild, majestic, eloquently silent, as we hear the recitative: "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart;" and "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow." It is the apotheosis of grief. The whole part Zelter characterizes thus: "Suffering and death: brief, but not crowded; great, still, affecting; no torments, no crucifying, and that sort of thing; the sorrow of the just over the degradation of the good and beautiful."

I cannot leave this part, however, without remarking upon the singular choruses: "All we like sheep have gone astray," whose wild, mirthful, almost comic style, breaking in in the midst of so much sadness, has puzzled many critics. The most of an apology which Rochlitz has been able to make for it, is to suppose it necessary for variety. But genius never stoops to so low a reason. The smallest part of its work stands by the like inward necessity with the greatest, with the whole. To me this chorus does not seem to break the moral and poetic unity of the work, but rather to strengthen and complete it. The tramping, truant, reckless motion with which it sets out, the voices running away in all directions, each with a phrase: "We have turned," and "every one to his own way,"—this is but sin glorying in its shame, and making the most of its hard case by getting up a little alcoholic exhilaration for the time. But the weight of the chorus lies not here. This is but the introduction and preparation by contrast for the main theme which follows. With what unerring fatality all this drunken furor subsides into reflection on the dread, retributive, other side of the matter, in the profoundly solemn adagio at the close: "And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

We must not stop to notice the many admirable things in the third part, which, beginning with the resurrection of Christ, and the great chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," (forming a finale to all this

last), goes on to celebrate the fruits of his death, and describe the sending forth of preachers, and the triumphant conflict of the Word with the powers of darkness. This part, too, has its grand finale. Enthusiasm has reached the acme, and breaks forth in the celebrated "Hallelujah Chorus." Handel confessed, in his later years, that when he composed this chorus "he knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body." The simplicity and grandeur of its massive structure, and the universality of its sentiment, make it one of those works which never can be represented on too vast a scale. No multitude of voices can overdo it. There is no bloating or exaggerating, by any representation, these great granite ranges in the world of musical art. In England, their traditional associations with the "Hallelujah Chorus," as performed at the great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, form a part of the national treasure. Dr. Burney closes his account of it thus:

"Dante, in his 'Paradiso,' imagines nine circles, or choirs of cherubs, seraphs, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, saints, angels, and archangels, who, with hand and voice, are eternally praising and glorifying the Supreme Being, whom he places in the centre, taking the idea from the 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.' Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend into the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain, during the performance of the 'Hallelujah,' to imagine that this orchestra, so admirably constructed, filled and employed, was a point or segment of one of those celestial circles. And perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more respectable appearance to the eye, or afforded a more ecstatic and affecting sound to the ear than this.

"So sang they, and the empyrean rang
With allelujahs."

The last part celebrates the great truth of immortality, opening with the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which it is well that we must hurry over, for no words are worthy of it. Who is not a believer while he gives himself up to that song? And who soon forgets it? In the doubts and fears of weaker moments, that will surely come to thee, recall its heavenly sound, and wait in peace till thou shalt be thyself again!

One thing here we would remark. What a mystery is this matter of the keys in music! Each seems a separate sphere or element. Here we are again in the clear, blue, sunny, upper air of E major, the heaven of prophecy, where those first tones of hope came upon us in "Comfort ye, my people." Then it was sweet dependence on a heavenly promise; now it is the very sense and inward realization of Immortality, "for now is Christ risen." It is too much to feel: too much for a poor child of circumstances; the miracle and glory of it must be celebrated in the thrilling trumpet-song, "Behold I tell you a mystery."

And what can we say of the triple accumulation of choruses at the end? First, "Worthy the Lamb," then, "Blessing and honor be unto him," which, if not more sublime, are at least more elaborate than the "Hallelujah," and then, when the hearer thinks there can be no more, the vocal torrent bursts the shackles of words, and on the two syllables of "Amen," revels with all the freedom of an orchestra in the most magnificent of Fugues. * * *

Hon. R. C. Winthrop's Address

AT THE OPENING OF THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL
AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

I am here, Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of my friend, Mr. Charles Francis Chickering,—the worthy successor of an honored father in the Presidency of the Handel and Haydn Society,—and by the invitation of the gentlemen associated with him in the government of that Institution,—of which it becomes me to remember most gratefully to-day, that, by their unmerited favor, I have myself enjoyed the privileges of an Honorary Member for nearly twenty years,—to inaugurate the Festival which is now about to commence, by some introductory words of commemoration and of welcome.

I am not unmindful of the difficulty of the service to which I have thus been called. I am deeply sensible how thin and meagre any single, unaccompanied human voice must sound, in this spacious Hall and to this expecting audience, when brought, even by anticipation, into such immediate contrast with the multitudinous choral and instrumental power and grandeur which may

be seen arrayed behind me and around me, and which are presently to break upon us in a glorious flood of mingled harmony and light.

More than one of the great Masters, whose genius is to be illustrated during the progress of this Festival, have found their highest powers tasked to the utmost, if I mistake not, in preparing an adequate and appropriate Overture, even for a single one of the great compositions to which they have owed their fame; and some of them, I believe, have abandoned the effort altogether. How hopeless, then, is it for me to attempt to say any thing, which shall constitute a worthy prelude to all the magnificent Oratorios and Symphonies with which this Hall is now successively to resound! Well, well, may I recall the opening of that memorable musical competition, so forcibly depicted in the celebrated Ode on the Passions:—

"First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made."

But I shall hardly succeed in rendering the formidable Solo I have undertaken, either more easy to myself or more acceptable to others, by indulging too much in the fashionable *tremolo* of the hour; and I turn, therefore, without further preamble or apology, to a simple discharge of the service which I have promised to perform;—not, indeed, altogether without notes, for that would be quite out of keeping with the occasion; but not without a due remembrance, I trust, of the apt and excellent wisdom of the ancient Son of Sirach: "Speak, thou that art the elder, for it becometh thee, but with sound judgment; and hinder not the music. Pour not out words where there is a musician, and show not forth wisdom out of time. Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words."*

It has sometimes been made a matter of reproach upon us New Englanders, my friends, that we are too ready to imitate the fashions, and even to ape the follies, of the old world; and I think we must all admit that there have been periods in our history, when the charge was not altogether without foundation. We come to-day, however, to borrow a leaf out of the book of our brethren of Old England, which we need not be ashamed to copy,—which is eminently worthy of being copied,—and which I trust is destined to be reproduced,—in enlarged and improved editions,—frequently if not statedly, in the future history of this community.

For many years past,—I know not exactly how many,—the great Musical Festivals of Birmingham and Norwich, of Liverpool, and Manchester, and York, have been among the most cherished and delightful holidays of our mother country. They have done much for the cause of musical improvement, and they have done much, too, for the innocent entertainment and wholesome recreation of the people. The most eminent living composers and performers of Europe have been proud to take a part in them, and the most distinguished lovers and patrons of Art have been eager to attend them.

At this very moment, as you know, arrangements are in progress for holding one of them, on a grander scale than ever before, at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; and the presence and patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert,—whose musical skill and science,—it has been said upon the best authority,—would alone have won for them no ordinary distinction, had they been in a condition of life to admit of the full development and public display of such accomplishments,—have been promised and accepted for the occasion.

We have no Queenly presence or Princely patronage, my friends, to rely upon, for lending grace or dignity to such an occasion,—though forms and features which would add brilliancy to a diadem are never wanting to our public assemblies;—but we have the fullest confidence that Republican ears are not insensible to "the concord of sweet sounds," and that Republican hearts are neither closed nor callous to the impression,

* This intimation was fulfilled, in the delivery of the Address, by the omission of many passages which are included in the printed copy.

whether of the softer melodies or the sublimer harmonies of the divine art. And in that confidence we are assembled here to-day, to inaugurate the first Musical Festival, which will have been organized and conducted in New England, or, I believe I may say, in all America, after the precise pattern of the great Festivals of Europe,—hailing it as the commencement of a series of Festivals, which may not be less distinguished in future years, perhaps, than those from whose example it has been borrowed,—and welcoming it, especially, as another advance towards that general education of the heart, the tastes and the affections, of which Heaven knows how much we stand in need, and which is to be carried on and conducted, in no small part at least, through refined and elevated appeals to the eye and to the ear, under the guidance and inspiration of Christian faith and fear and love, by every department of human art.

The public performance of sacred or of secular Music is, indeed,—I need hardly say,—by no means a new thing, or a thing of recent introduction, in this community. I know not exactly how early musical entertainments commenced in the old town of Boston. It is not to be doubted that the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, like those of Plymouth, in the beautiful words of Mrs. Hemans, “shook the depths of the desert gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.”

“Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the Free.”

They sang the psalms of David as versified by Sternhold and Hopkins, or by Henry Ainsworth, the eminent Brownist, adapting them sometimes, perhaps, to the tunes arranged by that ancient “Bachelor of Music,” Thomas Ravenscroft;—and sometimes, I doubt not, they sang the hymns and songs of simple old George Wither, to the plain and plaintive two-part melodies of Orlando Gibbons. And, by and by, they made a Psalm-Book for themselves, and published it among the cherished first-fruits of a New England free press.*

But the Fine Arts, of which Music is eminently one, can find no soil or sky for growth or culture in a new country and amid unsettled institutions. They are at once the fruit and the ornament of peace, civilization and refinement. We have authentic history for the fact that in 1676 “there were no musicians by trade” on this peninsula. Yet more than a hundred years ago, certainly, the largest hall in the place was known by the name of Concert Hall,—and as early as the second of January, 1755, “a Concert of Music” was advertised there,—“Tickets to be had at the place of performance in Queen Street, (now Court Street,) at four shillings each.” For a long series of years, doubtless, that now venerable Hall fulfilled the peculiar purpose which was designated by its name. In casually turning over the columns of the Boston News Letter of a few years’ later date, I observed an advertisement of a Grand Concert on the twenty-eighth of December, 1769, (which was postponed, however, on account of the weather, to the following week,) for the benefit of a Mr. Hartley, with a Solo on the violin,—probably not quite equal to the one which Ole Bull gave us last week, or one of the brothers Mollenhauer a few weeks ago,—but still “by a gentleman lately arrived.” So early did we begin to manifest that indebtedness to foreign musical talent, which no young and industrious country need be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge, and which we recognize with satisfaction and gratitude, not only in more than one of our most popular and successful professors and instructors, but in so many of the admirable Orchestra and in the skillful Conductor of this occasion.

In the Boston Gazette for 1782, I have met with the advertisements of at least two other

Concerts—both of them given for that best and worthiest of all objects, “the benefit of the Poor;”—one of them at King’s Chapel on the 23d of April, where a Mr. Selby was announced to preside at the organ; the other at Trinity Church, where the organ was played by a Mr. Bellsted—no match, I venture to say, for the portly Jackson or the accomplished Hayter of later days,—and where the vocal music was performed by an association of singers rejoicing in the name of the Arcadian Society. I have observed a notice, too, of at least one Instrumental Concert, given on the 28th of January, 1783, by the Band of the Massachusetts Regiment of Artillery, whose instruments were at length just about to be happily released from the harsh and horrid service of Revolutionary battle-fields, and which may have been the original pioneer of the numerous Military Bands, whose music has given brilliancy to so many of the volunteer parades of succeeding years.

But a more memorable Concert than either of those to which I have alluded, has come down to us on the pages of history—a Concert of Sacred Music—called, at the time, an Oratorio, though in fact somewhat miscellaneous in its character, and given at King’s Chapel on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 1789, on occasion of the visit of George Washington to Boston, as the first President of the United States.

Washington had been received and escorted into the town, by a grand civil and military procession, on Saturday, the 24th of October; and on his reaching the front of the Old State House, and entering the colonnade of that time-honored building, (which I wish could be once more restored to its old appearance and to some worthy department of the public service,) a select choir of singers, stationed upon a Triumphal Arch erected in the immediate vicinity, with DANIEL REA, the most famous vocalist of Boston in that day, at their head, had welcomed him by the performance of an original Ode, of whose quality a very few lines may, perhaps afford a sufficient specimen. It commenced as follows:—

“Great Washington, the Hero’s come.
Each heart exulting hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!
Now in full chorus join the song,
And shout aloud, Great Washington.”

I doubt not that the air and execution of this performance were at least equal to the poetry—though that is not saying much. But the musical talent of our metropolis was not satisfied with a single exhibition of itself in honor of the Father of his Country. A more formal Concert of Sacred Music had, indeed, been previously arranged for an earlier day, with a view to raise funds for finishing the portico of the Chapel; but it had been postponed on account of the weather, or for some want of preparation. It was now fixed for the week of Washington’s visit, and the programme is still extant in the papers of that period.

After an original Anthem, composed by the organist, Mr. Selby,—for, it seems, that native compositions were not altogether discarded on that occasion,—the beautiful airs of Handel—“Comfort ye my people” and “Let the bright Seraphim”—were to be sung by Mr. Rea;—while the Second Part was to consist of a short but entire Oratorio, of which I have seen no account either before or since, founded on the story of Jonah.—The choruses were to be performed by the Independent Musical Society, and the instrumental parts by a Society of gentlemen, aided by the Band of His Most Christian Majesty’s Fleet, then lying in our harbor.

It seems, however, that owing to the indisposition of several of the best performers,—who were suffering from a prevailing cold which afterwards, I believe, acquired the name of the Washington Influenza,—a portion of this programme was again postponed. But the occasion was still a brilliant and memorable one. The ladies of Boston attended in great numbers,—many of them with sashes bearing “the bald eagle of the Union and the G. W. in conspicuous places,” while the Marchioness of Traversay, (the wife of one of the

officers of the French fleet,) exhibited on this occasion, we are told, the G. W. and the Eagle set in brilliants, on a black velvet ground, on the bandeau of her hat.

Washington himself was of course there, and another original Ode in his honor was performed in the place of some of the omitted pieces;—an Ode of which I may confidently venture to give more than a single verse, and which, I am sure, will find a ready echo in all our hearts:—

“Welcome, thrice welcome to the spot,
Where once thy conquering banners wav’d,
O never be thy praise forgot,
By those thy matchless valor sav’d.

Thy glory beams to Eastern skies,
See! Europe shares the sacred flame—
And hosts of patriot heroes rise,
To emulate thy glorious name.

Labor awhile suspends his toil,
His debt of gratitude to pay;
And Friendship wears a brighter smile,
And Music breathes a sweeter lay.

May health and joy a wreath entwine,
And guard thee thro’ this scene of strife,
Till Seraphs shall to thee assign
A wreath of everlasting life.”

Of all the Oratorios or Concerts which Boston has ever witnessed, I think this is the one we should all have preferred the privilege of attending.—Who does not envy our grandfathers and grandmothers the satisfaction of thus uniting,—even at the expense of an influenza,—in the homage which was so justly paid to the transcendent character and incomparable services of Washington, and of enjoying a personal view of his majestic form and features? It is a fact of no little interest, and not perhaps generally known, that a young German Artist of that day, then settled in Boston, by the name of Gulligher, seated himself, under the protection of the Rev. Dr. Belknap, in a pew in the chapel, where he could observe and sketch those features and that form, and that having followed up his opportunities afterwards,—not without the knowledge and sanction of Washington himself,—he completed a portrait which is still in the possession of Dr. Belknap’s family, and which, though it may never be allowed to supersede the likeness which has become classical on the glowing canvas of the gifted Stuart, may still have something of peculiar interest in the musical world, as the Boston Oratorio portrait of Washington.

But I must not detain you longer, my friends, with these historical reminiscences of the music of Boston in its earlier days,—interesting as I am sure they must be to us all. I pass at once, and without a word of comment, over a period of a full quarter of a century. Washington has now completed his two terms of civil administration, with a brilliancy of success by no means inferior to that which had distinguished his military career. Death has at length set its seal upon the surpassing love in which he was held by the whole American Nation, and he has gone down to a grave, which,—rescued from all danger of desecration by the loyalty of Virginia women and the eloquence of at least one Northern Statesman,—is destined to be more and more a place of devout pilgrimage and reverent resort for the friends of civil liberty and free government, from all climes and in all generations. The Country, meanwhile, which owed him so inestimable a debt, has gone through with many vicissitudes of condition since his death—all, as we believe, providentially arranged or permitted to discipline our youthful vigor, and to develop the institutions and consolidate the Union which it had cost so much blood and treasure to establish. A second war with Great Britain has been waged,—sometimes called the second War of Independence,—and now at length the bow of peace and promise is once more seen spanning “the wide arch of our ranged empire.” Beneath its genial radiance we are about to enter upon a period of prosperity and progress such as the world had never before witnessed.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1814, the Treaty of Peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent,—a worthy commemoration of that blessed event when the Her-

* Governor Endicott’s copy of ‘Ravenscroft’s Psalms’ is in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society,—where, also, is a copy of Wither’s Hymns and Songs, with the autograph of Martha Winthrop, who came over to New England in 1631, and died soon afterwards. The Bay Psalm Book was published in 1640.

ald Angels were heard singing to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem—'Peace on earth, good will towards men.' But that Treaty was not known on this side of the ocean for six or seven weeks after its date. The great battle of New Orleans, as you well know, was fought at least two weeks after that Treaty of Peace was signed. Our modern system of railroads and steamers and telegraphs might have saved that effusion of fraternal blood—might have deprived individual heroes—might have deprived our country and its history—of all the glory which belonged to that really great victory. If that gigantic Ocean Harp, which is at this moment in process of being strung,—whose deep diapason is destined to produce a more magical music on the sea than old mythology or modern fable ever ascribed to siren, mermaid or Arion,—if the mysterious gamut of that profound submarine chord had been in successful operation then, as we hope it soon will be, between St. John's and Valentin Bay,—those cotton-bag ramparts at New Orleans might never have been celebrated in history;—while, of those who so gallantly defended them, many would not have been laid so low, and some, perhaps, would hardly have risen so high.

The news of Peace, however, at length reached New York on the 11th of February, 1815, and was brought on to Boston by express, with what was then called unexampled despatch,—in about thirty-two hours. The celebration of the event, under the auspices of the State Legislature, which was then in session, and under the immediate direction of our venerable Fellow-Citizen, JOSIAH QUINCY, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, took place on the 22d of February following. And never was Washington's birthday more appropriately and nobly celebrated. I have myself a vivid remembrance of the brilliancy and sparkle of the illumination and fireworks in the evening, and my maturer eyes have often sought in vain for their match in all the dazzling demonstrations of later holidays. But the full heart of Boston could find no adequate utterance for itself but in music. Nothing but a "Te Deum Laudamus" could satisfy the emotions of that hour, and the great feature of the occasion was a Service of thanksgiving and praise,—without orations or sermons,—in the old Stone Chapel, where, after prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, then the aged and respected pastor of the Second Church, the Duet of "Lovely Peace" was sung by Col. Webb and Miss Graupner, and a part of the Dettingen Te Deum and the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel were executed by nearly two hundred and fifty vocal and instrumental performers. The newspapers of the day,—not yet inured to anything of indiscriminate or venal puffing,—pronounce it, by all admission, the very best music ever heard in Boston.

And now, my friends, it can hardly be doubted that the impressive musical services of that Peace Jubilee gave the primary impulse to the establishment of the Association, which is signaling to-day the forty-second year of its active existence by the Festival we are assembled to inaugurate. Its echoes had hardly died away,—four weeks, indeed, had scarcely elapsed since it was held, before a notice was issued by Gottlieb Graupner, Thomas Smith Webb and Asa Peabody, for a meeting of those interested in the subject "of cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of sacred music." In that meeting, held on the 30th of March, 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society originated. On the 20th of April, their Constitution was adopted. The following May-Day witnessed their first private practicing from the old Lock Hospital Collection,—and on the succeeding Christmas Evening, at the same consecrated Chapel, where Washington attended that memorable Public Concert a quarter of a century before, and where that solemn Jubilee of Peace had been so recently celebrated, their first Grand Oratorio was given, to a delighted audience of nine hundred and forty-five persons, with the Russian Consul, the well-remembered Mr. Eustaphie, assisting as one of the performers in the Orchestra.

From that day to this, the Handel and Haydn

Society has been one of the recognized and cherished institutions of Boston. Their progress is illustrated by the signal improvement which has been witnessed in the musical services of all our churches, and in the growing taste and skill which have rendered the singing of sacred music one of the most familiar and delightful recreations of the domestic circle. Their history is written, still more conspicuously, in the records of the nearly five hundred public Oratorios, besides almost as many less formal Concerts, which the Society have performed, and of the numerous civic and religious ceremonials at which they have assisted. To them we have owed one of the most effective and attractive features of not a few of our grandest Anniversary Festivals—our first centennial celebration of Washington's Birthday, and our second centennial celebration of the Birthday of Boston. To them we have owed one of the most grateful and graceful compliments which have been paid to the distinguished guests who from time to time have visited our city,—to Presidents Munroe and Jackson and Tyler, and to Henry Clay,—all of whom have accepted their invitations and attended their Oratorios. By them, too, have been performed the Funeral Dirges for our illustrious dead. It was to their swelling peal that our own Webster alluded at Faneuil Hall, in his magnificent eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, when he said: "I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph—'their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore.'" And their funeral chant was heard again, when Faneuil Hall was once more shrouded in black, and when that matchless orator was himself the subject of heart-felt lamentation and eulogy. To them we have been indebted for the first production in our country of not a few of the sublimest compositions of the great Masters of Europe, and to them we have owed the opportunity of hearing the most exquisite and inspiring airs of those compositions, executed by an Incedon or a Phillips, a Horn, a Braham, or a Caradori Allan. I may not attempt to name the more recent vocalists, foreign or domestic, whom they have successively brought forward, and some of whom are here to add brilliancy to the present occasion. Incited by their example, too, other Associations have been organized in our own city and in the neighboring towns, as well as in various other parts of our Commonwealth and country,—the Academy of Music, the Musical Education Society, the Mendelssohn Choral Society, and many others,—which have rendered efficient service in a common cause, and which deserve the grateful remembrance of every lover of harmony.

When this Society was originally instituted, the music of Boston, of New England, and I may say of all America,—both sacred and secular,—was in a most crude and disorganized condition. Aretinian Societies and Independent Musical Societies had done a little for it, and then died out. Occasional Concerts, like those to which I have alluded, may be found scattered at long and dreary intervals along the previous half century. A worthy son of the Old Colony, too, whence so many good things have sprung, had already commenced the publication of "the Bridgewater Collection."* But there was no systematic and permanent organization for the improvement of musical taste, skill, or science, in any of our large communities; and there was but little of either taste, skill or science to be improved. I have heard the late JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,—an intense lover of music himself, and whose comprehensive acquirements embraced a knowledge of this particular subject which would have been extraordinary in any body else,—tell a story, which may serve as an illustration of the state of American music at that precise period. During the negotiation, at Ghent, of that Treaty of Peace to which I have just alluded, a Festival or Banquet, or it may have been a Ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the Sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The Sovereign People of the United States,—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay,

* The late Hon. Nahum Mitchell.

Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin,—were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the Musical Conductor or Band Master of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our National Air. Our National Air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the Conductor, What is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have scores of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's, who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The Band Master jotted down the air, as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America. Whether that boy was bond or free, I know not, but I think both South and North would agree, that he earned his liberty and his citizenship, too, on that occasion.

I would not disparage Yankee Doodle, my friends. It has associations which must always render its simple and homely melody dearer to the hearts of the American People than the most elaborate compositions of ancient or modern science. Should our free institutions ever again be in danger, whether from 'malice domestic or foreign levy,' that will still be the tune to which American patriotism will keep step. We must always preserve it, and never be ashamed of it;—though I do venture to hope that a day may come, when, like England and Austria and Russia,—to name no other lands,—we may have something fit to be entitled a National Anthem, which shall combine an acknowledgment of God with the glorious memories of wise and brave men;—which shall blend the emotions of piety and patriotism, uniting in sweet accord the praises of the Divine Author of our Freedom and Independence, with those of his chosen and commissioned human instruments, in a strain worthy to commemorate the rise and progress of our Great Republic.

But this little anecdote of what happened at Ghent, furnishes no bad illustration, certainly, of the condition of American music at the precise period when this Society first took it in hand, and when it might almost be said that Yankee Doodle and the lips of a whistling boy were the prevailing airs and instruments of our land.

What a contrast does this occasion suggest! This noble Hall itself,—second to none in the world in its adaptation to the purposes to which it has been dedicated,—the pride of our whole community, and which reflects so much credit on the liberal enterprise and persevering energy of those who were immediately concerned in its erection,—what a monument it stands of the musical taste and zeal to which the old Handel and Haydn Society gave the original impulse! For myself, I cannot but feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to an Association, whose performances and whose publications, through a period of more than forty years,—under the Presidency of such men as the earlier and the later Webb, of Lowell Mason, of Zeuner, and Chickering and Perkins,—have exercised so important an influence in refining and elevating the musical taste of New England;—and more especially in improving the character of our Sacred Music, and affording us an opportunity of enjoying the glorious airs and anthems and choruses which have been composed to the praise and honor of God. And I am glad of an opportunity of testifying my own individual obligation to them.

This is not the occasion, nor am I the person, for any scientific analysis or comparison of styles

or of masters. Every thing of this sort may be safely left to our excellent Music Journal and its accomplished editor and contributors. Nor will I venture to detain you with any elaborate periods or swelling common-places about the importance and influence of music in general. The poets, philosophers and moralists of all ages are full of them. The music of the Church, the Cathedral and the Camp-meeting,—of the Concert-room, the Academy and the Opera,—of the fireside, the serenade, the festival, and the battle-field,—the songs of the Troubadours, the psalms of the Covenanters, the hymns of Luther, Wesley and Watts,—Old Hundred,—the Cotter's Saturday Night, Elgin and Dundee,—Auld Lang Syne, Home, sweet Home, the Ranz des Vaches, Hail Columbia, God save the King, the Marseillaise, the Red Fox of Erin, which the exquisite songster of Ireland tells us made the patriot Emmet start to his feet and exclaim, 'Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!'—why, my friends, what a continued and crowded record does the history of the world's great heart present, of the noble sympathies which have been stirred, of the heroic impulses which have been awakened, of the devotional fires which have been kindled, of the love to God and love to man and love to country,—not always, alas, unattended by excess,—to which animation and utterance have been given, by the magic power of music! To how many individual hearts, too, here and everywhere, has the story of David charming away the gloomy moods of the Jewish Monarch, or, more likely it may be, of Annot Lyle chasing the mists from the spirit of the Highland Chief, seemed only like a transcript of some cherished experience of their own! But I pass over all the science and almost all the sentiment for which the occasion might give opportunity. You are here to enjoy the thing itself, which will be far better than any flights of descriptive rhetoric or rhapsody of which I am capable.

I must be permitted, however, to congratulate you, before closing, that the growing worldliness of the age we live in, has not quite yet diverted the divine and solemn harmonies of this glorious art from their original and rightful allegiance. The Fine Arts in every department,—Architecture and Sculpture, Painting and Music, alike,—have owed their best inspirations and their noblest opportunities to religion. The Bible has always supplied them with their most effective themes. Its matchless diction, its magnificent imagery, its exquisite poetry, its glorious promises, its stupendous miracles, its sublime revelations and realities have constituted an exhaustless magazine of material for them all,—and more especially for Music.

HANDEL, foremost, in merit as in time, among the little company of world-renowned Composers,*—and whose Statue might well claim no second place in this very Hall, as one of the supporters of that gigantic Organ which we are soon to welcome,—Handel, one of the last touches of whose trembling fingers may haply have rested on the keys of an organ, erected just one hundred years ago last August, and still doing most acceptable service, in our own city, which tradition tells us that this favorite musician of George the Second, infirm and blind as he was, selected for His Majesty's Chapel in New England, only two years before his death.—"the giant Handel," as Pope called him—"the more than Homer of his age," as Cowper did not scruple to add,—could find no story but that of Redeeming Love, no career or character but that of the Messiah, for the full development and display of his unrivalled power and pathos.

That mysterious demand for a *Requiem* which haunted the sleeping and the waking hours of the dying MOZART—the immediate successor of Handel upon the musical throne—might almost seem,—to a superstitious mind, perhaps,—to have been only, after all, the compunctions visitings of a breast, which was aroused too late to the consciousness of having prostituted so many of its

best emotions upon the "foolery of so scandalous a subject"* as that of Don Giovanni, and which could find no requiem or repose for itself, till it had made that last and grandest effort in the service of God.

When HAYDN,—next entitled to the sceptre,—was giving an account of his own Oratorio of the Seasons, he is related to have said, "It is not another Creation,—and the reason is this: In that Oratorio the actors are angels—in the four seasons they are but peasants."

BEETHOVEN,—whom the munificent liberality and consummate skill of kindred spirits in our own land have united in enthroning as the presiding genius of this Hall,—in the wonderful instrumentation of his Symphonies and Sonatas and Quaterns and Trios, seem always aspiring to a strain,—and often reaching it, too,—which has less of earth in it than of heaven. 'I well know,' said he, 'that God is nearer me in my Art than others—I commune with him without fear—evermore have I acknowledged and understood him.' And when dealing with any thing more articulate than the fancied language of the skies, he too sought his best inspiration at the Mount of Olives, and found it at least in his Hallelujahs.

MENDELSSOHN'S ominous and insatiate yearning for the spirit-world displayed itself first, indeed, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*;—but it was only in depicting the wonderful ways and works of the greatest of Prophets and the greatest of Apostles,—of an Elijah and a St. Paul,—that his genius found its full play and won its noblest triumphs.

I shall not soon forget the emotions with which, just ten years ago, in London, I first listened to the "Elijah." I shall not soon forget the person and presence of the young and brilliant Composer, as he stood in Exeter Hall conducting a choir and band of six or seven hundred voices and instruments in the performance of that most impressive Oratorio. Less than six months were to expire—nobody dreamed it then—before he himself was to disappear from these earthly scenes almost as suddenly as the great Prophet whom he was portraying,—and one night almost imagine that the first faint glories of the celestial world were gleaming upon his soul—that he had caught a passing glimpse of those chariots of fire, whose rushing sound and sparkling track were the fit accompaniments of that miraculous translation to the skies,—as he stood trembling with transport at his own magnificent harmonies.

Nor can I fail to call up, in this connection, the image of another most accomplished and distinguished person, in whose company I was privileged to listen to this sublime performance—the late Lord Ellesmere,—who represented Great Britain so acceptably at the opening of our Crystal Palace in New York, who delighted Boston, too, by his genial eloquence at our School Festival soon afterwards, and whose recent death has occasioned so much of sincere and just regret among the friends of Art in all its departments and in both hemispheres.

And now I rejoice that these noble Oratorios of these greatest composers are to form the main feature of this occasion. I rejoice that, at this first New England Musical Festival, the divine Art is so distinctly to recognize its rightful relation to Divinity, as the privileged handmaid of Religion. Without feeling called upon to pronounce any opinion upon other amusements and festivals for which other voices in other places are pleading, I am glad that this veteran Association of New England, faithful to its first love, true to the keynote of its earliest organization,—at a moment too when so many influences are alluring us away from whatever is pure and lovely and of good report,—has instituted a series of Holidays, not only combining morality and innocence with the most refined and elevating enjoyment, but blending so nobly and so worthily the praises of God with the recreation of man.

I do not forget that a severe religious casnistry has sometimes raised a question, how far it is fit

* These are the words of Beethoven, who said of Mozart's great Opera: "The sacred art ought never to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject."

to employ sacred themes and sacred words for the mere purpose of entertainment. But it is a great mistake to suppose that mere entertainment is all that is imparted, or all that is intended, by such performances. The man must indeed be "deaf as the dead to harmony," who can listen to the story of the Creation or of the Redemption, as told in the lofty strains which are presently to be heard here, without being kindled into something of fresh admiration and adoration towards the great Author and Finisher of both. Yes, deaf as the dead to harmony must he have been born, and with a soul scaled up to at least one of the highest sources of inspiration, who feels no glow of grateful awe as the Light flashes forth in audible coruscations upon that new-created world, and no thrill of holy joy as the Heavens are heard telling the glory of God;—whose belief in the miraculous incarnation of "One mighty to save" is not quickened, as the majestic titles by which he was to be called come pealing forth so triumphantly in the very words of prophecy—"Wonderful—Counsellor—the Mighty God;"—who is not conscious of a more vivid faith in the great doctrine of the resurrection, as the sublime declaration of the patient old Patriarch is again and again so exquisitely reiterated—"I know—I know that my Redeemer liveth;"—and who does not catch a deeper sense of the mystery and the glory of that blessed consummation, when "the Kingdoms of the earth shall become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ," while the air around him is ringing and reverberating with the ecstasy of those transcendent and exulting Hallelujahs!

No, it is not entertainment alone which this occasion will have communicated to some at least of the souls which shall vibrate to these sublime and solemn strains. I know that the fervors and raptures which result from mere musical susceptibility are no safe substitute for the prayer and praise which belong to the true idea of religious worship, and I am not altogether without sympathy with those, who would be glad to see this ancient Society returning to its original practice during the first ten or fifteen years of its existence, by giving some of its public performances, as they are now doing, at times when they may be attended and enjoyed by those to whom the domestic circle or the services of the Sanctuary are the chosen and cherished occupations of a Sunday evening. But it will be an evil day for the best interest of mankind, when the noblest and most impressive varieties of music shall be utterly discarded and divorced from the service of religion, and given finally over to the meretricious uses of sensuality or superstition. The sacred Chronicler has told us how it was under the old dispensation—that it was only "when the singers and the trumpeters were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music and praised the Lord—saying, 'For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever;'"—that it was only then, at the outpouring of that grand vocal and instrumental unison of thanksgiving and praise, that the visible glory of the Lord came down, filling and overshadowing the house of God. And though the Gospel does undoubtedly point to a purer and more spiritual worship, yet from that most memorable and solemn hour, of which the simple record runs concerning the Savior and his disciples—"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives,"—from that most memorable and solemn hour, Music has been recognized as a consecrated handmaid of Christianity; and those which Christ himself has thus joined together, it is not for any man to put asunder.

And may God grant that the performances which are now about to begin, may be endued with a double power over the hearts of all who hear them;—that these resounding anthems may do something to purge and purify the corrupted currents of the air we breathe;—that these lofty enunciations and reiterations of the great truths of the Bible may aid in arresting and driving back the tide of delusion, infidelity and crime which is raging and swelling so fearfully around

* Unless SEBASTIAN BACH, his contemporary, of whose works so many are lost, and so few are familiarly known in this country, may be his equal.

us;—and that these Hosannahs and Hallelujahs may combine with the Prayers and Alms of the approaching Anniversary Week, in calling down a fresh blessing on our beloved city and upon us who dwell in it;—so that when at last that hour shall come, which can neither be hastened nor postponed by the idle calculations of learned astrologers, or the idle conjurations of diviners and sorcerers,—when the trumpet of the Archangel shall be heard sounding through the sky and summoning us, in God's own time, from our destined sleep of death,—our hearts and voices may not be wholly unattuned for uniting with Cherubim and Seraphim and all the Company of Heaven in that sublime Trisagion,—“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!”

It only remains for me, Ladies and Gentlemen, in behalf of this oldest existing Musical Society of Boston,—older, if I mistake not, than almost any of its kind in London, since the Institution of the Ancient Concerts has passed away with the Iron Duke, one of their principal Directors,—to pronounce the single word of ‘welcome’ to you all. But while offering you this welcome in their name, as I now most respectfully and cordially do, I feel that my duty to-day would be but half performed, if I did not, also, in your name, and as the self-commissioned organ of the vast concourse of my fellow-citizens, by whom this noble Hall will day by day be thronged,—if I did not, in your name and in theirs, assure the members of this old pioneer Association, of the sincere and grateful appreciation, which is entertained by our whole community, of their unwearied and honorable efforts in the cause of musical improvement, and of their signal success in giving a worthier and more impressive utterance to the praise of God ‘in the great congregation.’ And may the favor of Heaven and the patronage of a generous public never be wanting to their future career.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Boston, Thursday Noon, May 21, 1857.

THE THREE DAYS' MUSICAL FESTIVAL—the first ever celebrated in America—commenced at 10 o'clock this morning, and is now in progress. The Orator has spoken, and the inspiring harmonies of the ‘Creation’ are yet resounding in the Music Hall amid delighted crowds of listeners. We are there listening, and we pity any of our readers whom we do not see there also. And that we may be there, as well as that our paper may be of some aid to those who shall attend the Festival, we issue the present number two days in advance of its usual date, by which means we are enabled to present the admirable Address of Mr. WINTHROP, *entire, from his own notes*, containing all the parts omitted in the delivery for want of time, besides various other matters that have interest in connection with the Festival.

The length of these documents necessarily excludes most of our usual summary of musical news, concert criticisms, &c., and makes this purely a FESTIVAL PAPER.

Our next number will contain a FULL REPORT of the three days' performances, and will be of equal interest with the present, so that we shall again issue a large edition, for the Anniversary week.

We would modestly suggest the present week of Musical Jubilee as a good time for those who have been without a Musical paper to subscribe for *Dwight's Journal of Music*. We think we can safely promise those who do so their full money's worth.

ADVERTISERS also should not omit the rare opportunity here offered of bringing their musical commodities before the notice of crowds of musical people.

THE FESTIVAL.—We write the day before the opening, (it being essential to our purposes above stated to go to press on Wednesday,) and therefore dare not say with what auspicious light the heavens will smile upon the long expected feast of harmony. Now the

weather is most ominous; a fierce storm rages, and the evil spirit of the East Wind hangs around us now for many days, darkening sweet Nature's opening festival of buds and flowers, as Weber's Zameel clouds and chills the sunshine and the music in his weird German opera. We hope the clouds will break away; but if they do not, it will be but the usual lot of the beginnings of great things, that grow up into permanent importance in this world; and such importance surely we may ascribe to the commencement of great Musical Festivals, destined in spite of storms and obstacles to become a custom and an institution in the land, kindling the love of lofty music, suspending for sweet periods the hot haste and strife of all-consuming business competition, and aiding noble charities, as in our mother country, England.

The arrangements have all been happily perfected, on an ample and (to us) unprecedented scale. The Directors of the Handel and Haydn Society have planned and labored to an extent that few can appreciate, to bring this thing about; choir and orchestra and solo artists have entered into it with hearty zeal; rehearsals have been continual and thorough; the worthy conductor, Mr. CARL ZERRAİN, has displayed throughout a cool-headed and indefatigable energy, enough to conquer a new country; and the result will be, if this first Festival succeeds as it now promises, the conquering indeed of a new field henceforth for Art and Harmony out of the wide waste of our utilitarian, scrambling life.

The arrangements of the Festival are now all set forth in the advertisements, with the exception of the programmes of the three miscellaneous concerts. Of these the features will be two grand Symphonies by Beethoven, the No. 7, in A, and the No. 5, in C minor, also the charming Allegretto from the No. 8; Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*—the third and grandest of the four he wrote for his only opera,—and to Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, which the Germans class with his *Egmont* under the head of *character overtures*, that is, works which convey in music the idea of a character, a historical person,—and in this intense and fiery music the life of the proud Roman storms itself away most characteristically, not unrelieved by little episodic themes of tenderest and sweetest melody. To these add Mendelssohn's “Fingal's Cave” overture,—a marvellous piece of cool, wild sea-shore picture music,—and the Scherzo, (much in the same vein), of his so-called “Scotch” Symphony; Wagner's exciting overture to *Tannhäuser*, Rossini's brilliant and ever popular one to “William Tell;” Weber's Concert-piece for piano and orchestra, to be played by WILLIAM MASON, &c., &c. The rest will be vocal selections, in which the principal solo singers will take part. The programme for Saturday morning, particularly, is one of rare excellence, including the 7th Symphony, the Mendelssohn Scherzo, the overtures to “Fingal's Cave” and “Leonora,” and an aria from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, to be sung by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

As for the oratorios, we heard the full rehearsal of “Elijah” Sunday evening, and the effect of orchestra and chorus was in truth magnificent. The solo parts will be for the most part capitally done. Mr. SIMPSON, from New York, has a delightful tenor, if not all the fine shading of our own Mr. ADAMS, who shares the tenor solos with him. Dr. GUILMETTE has a noble bass, and sings the part of Elijah in a more musician-like and telling manner than we have heard before. Mrs. ELIOT, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. MOZART, Mrs. HILL, Miss PHILLIPS and Miss TWICHELL, in this and the other oratorios, will do good justice to their several parts. A beautiful and novel feature in “Elijah” will be the singing of the Angel Trio by three boys. On Saturday night the grand and ever fresh “Messiah” will probably assemble an immense crowd for a solemn and fit finale.

The orchestra will be superb. We counted at the rehearsal 78 instruments. There are 8 double basses, 10 violoncellos, 9 violas, giving an uncommon richness to the bass and to the middle parts of the stringed quartet; 12 first violins, 12 second do, 4 clarinets, 4 oboes, 4 horns, &c., &c. Among the first violins we noticed some of the best players from New York, as Mollinshauer, Besig, Noll, and others. With these

names to lend due effect to the great oratorios, symphonies and overtures, many will feel their power and beauty, who may have been dull listeners before, complaining that they were “too scientific” and all that! The scene itself, too, in that noble Hall, with the brilliant and eager audience, the vast choir of 600 singers grouped amphitheatrically upon the stage, the wings extending into the galleries on either side, the orchestra in the middle, rising back to the organ, and poor CRAWFORD's god-like statue of BEETHOVEN looking down serenely upon all, will not be the least element of interest in the occasion.

Musical Festivals—Their Rise in England.

Musical Festivals, upon a grand scale, with Oratorio, may properly be said to have begun with the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. Dr. BURNEY, who chronicles the events of those five days (May 26th, 27th, 29th, and June 3d and 5th) in a sumptuous quarto volume, with all his glowing enthusiasm, and his elegant and scholarly garrulity, (the book is now rare,) took great pains to ascertain if there were any record of an earlier musical feast in any country, in which as many as 500 performers were united, and could discover none. A few instances are named of gatherings of two or three hundred singers and musicians on some royal or national occasions in Paris, Rome, or Venice, but the elements of a grand organic musical festival scarcely existed before Handel. There was no orchestra, upon which all must centre; and even Handel's orchestra, and such as they had at this centennial of his birth, was but a rude and imperfect agglomeration compared with the grand orchestra of our day. Several of the periodical Festivals, now celebrated on so vast a scale in England, had their small beginnings earlier than the Handel Commemoration. The Annual Meeting of the three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, commenced in 1724; the Birmingham Triennial Festival (now the most famous), in 1778. But the Commemoration of Handel brought together 525 musicians—a moderate number for our day, (smaller perhaps than we shall see and hear this week at the first Festival in Boston)—but then a musical event eclipsing all before.

Nothing but the influence of Handel's music, and the general love and reverence especially for his “Messiah,” made such an occasion possible. “Handel's Church music had been kept alive, and had supported life in thousands, by its performance for charitable purposes.” The hospitals and infirmaries throughout the kingdom were “indebted to the art of music, and to Handel's works in particular, for their support.” His “Messiah” alone, as performed under his own direction in the last ten years of his life, (1749–59,) yielded about £7,000 to the Foundling Hospital, which was increased by subsequent performances until the year 1777 to over £10,000. This very Westminster Abbey Festival gave £1,000 to the Westminster Hospital, and £6,000 to the Society for Decayed Musicians, to which Handel had already bequeathed £1,000 at his death. Thus, besides its direct influence on the hearts and minds of men, the music of Handel has been one of the world's great charities: for charity is still the end of all the great festivals, at Birmingham and elsewhere, into which his music breathed the breath of life.

From Burney's book we glean some curious particulars about the Commemoration in Westminster Abbey. The proportions of choir and orchestra were singular; there were 250 instruments to 275 singers.

The orchestra itself was strangely composed; he gives a list of 26 players of the hautboy, and of 26 bassoons and one double bassoon! These instruments were much cultivated in Handel's time. There were no clarinets. The other elements were: 48 first violins, 47 second violins, 26 tenors, 21 violoncellos, 15 double basses, 6 flutes, 12 trumpets, 6 “trombones or sacbnts,” 12 horns, 3 kettle-drums, 1 double kettle-drum.

The Choir consisted of 60 Trebles, most of whom were boys, (thus the list includes “three Master Ashleys,” “ten Chapel boys,” “Master Latter,” “Master Loader,” “Mrs. Love,” “ten St. Paul's boys,” “Master Piper,” &c., &c.); 48 Counter Ten-

ors, (men), instead of our contralti; 83 Tenors; 84 Basses. The famous German prima donna, Madame MARA, sang the great soprano airs in the "Messiah." The conductor was JOAH BATES, Esq., who played the organ, seated at a key-board nineteen feet in front of the organ itself, in the middle, and in full view of the performers; he was aided by two violin "leaders," but there was no beating of time; the whole "moved like clock-work," without such aid. The scene must have been magnificent; Dr. Burney says:

All the preparations for receiving their Majesties, and the first personages in the kingdom, at the east end; upwards of five hundred musicians at the west; and the public in general, to the number of between three and four thousand persons, in the area and galleries, so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building, and which may not, metaphorically, have been said to be in perfect tune with it. But, besides the wonderful manner in which this construction exhibited the band to the spectators, the Orchestra was so judiciously contrived, that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader: which accounts in some measure, for the uncommon ease with which the performers confess they executed their parts.

The whole preparations for these grand performances were comprised within the western part of the building, or broad aisle; and some excellent judges declared, that, apart from their beauty, they never had seen so wonderful a piece of carpentry, as the orchestra and galleries, after Mr. Wyatt's models.

At the east end of the aisle, just before the back of the choir-organ, some of the pipes of which were visible below, a throne was erected in a beautiful Gothic style, corresponding with that of the Abbey, and a center box, richly decorated and furnished with crimson satin, fringed with gold, for the reception of their Majesties and the Royal Family; on the right hand of which was a box for the Bishops, and, on the left, one for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; immediately below these two boxes were two others, one, on the right, for the families and friends of the Directors, and the other for those of the prebendaries of Westminster. Immediately below the King's-box was placed one for the Directors themselves; who were all distinguished by white wands tipped with gold, and gold medals, struck on the occasion, appended from white ribbands. These their Majesties likewise condescended to wear, at each performance. Behind, and on each side of the throne, there were seats for their Majesty's suite, maids of honor, grooms of the bedchamber, pages, &c.

The Orchestra was built at the opposite extremity, ascending regularly from the height of seven feet from the floor, to upwards of forty, from the base of the pillars; and extending from the centre to the top of the side aisle.

The intermediate space below was filled up with level benches, and appropriated to the early subscribers. The side aisles were formed into long galleries, ranging with the orchestra, and ascending, so as to contain twelve rows on each side: the fronts of which projected before the pillars, and were ornamented with festoons of crimson morine.

At the top of the orchestra was placed the occasional organ, in a Gothic frame, mounting to, and mingling with, the saints and martyrs represented in the painted glass on the west window. On each side of the organ, close to the window, were placed the kettle-drums. The choral bands were principally placed in view of Mr. Bates, on steps, seemingly ascending into the clouds, in each of the side aisles, as their termination was invisible to the audience. The principal singers were ranged in the front of the orchestra, as at oratorios, accompanied by the choirs of St. Paul, the Abbey, Winsor, and the Chapel Royal.

The accounts of the perfect unity, precision and splendid effect of the performances in Westminster Abbey, are somewhat hard for us to reconcile with such arrangement of the forces. The music performed was all by Handel, and consisted, besides the "Messiah" twice, of the Dettingen "Te Deum," and miscellaneous selections from his vocal and instrumental works, arias from his operas, hautboy concertos, organ fugues, overtures to other oratorios, &c. This so set the example of miscellaneous programmes, that we find that, in all the English festivals from that time until the Sacred Harmonie Society was established in 1832, there is scarcely an instance of a complete oratorio of Handel being given, with the exception of the "Messiah."

The influence of such festivals in England may be judged by the following table of all that have been held to this date, with estimates of the aggregate attendance upon each. We find it in a pamphlet lately issued with regard to the coming Handel festival:

G. Westminster Abbey.....	1784 to 1791.....	60,000
1 ditto.....	1834.....	20,000

4 York Minster.....	1823 to 1835.....	90,000
4 Edinburgh.....	1813 to 1843.....	32,000
11 Norwich.....	1821 to 1851.....	88,000
17 Birmingham.....	1769 to 1829 }	180,000
8 ditto in Town Hall.....	1834 to 1855 }	
4 Chester.....	1806 to 1829 }	say 160,000
7 Derby.....	1810 to 1831 }	
1 Dublin.....	1831.....	
8 Liverpool.....	1813 to 1848 }	say 160,000
2 Manchester.....	1828 & 1829 }	
2 Bradford.....	1853 & 1856 }	
132 Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, &c., }	1724-1856.....	say 370,000

This makes a total of 1,000,000 persons as the entire numbers present upon all these occasions. The Sacred Harmonie Society, in 1832, originated a regular series of performances of Handel's Oratorios in London, on a scale equal to that of the Festivals of former years. Between June 1836 and June 1856 this Society has given 341 performances in Exeter Hall, which, it is estimated, have been attended in the aggregate by 650,000 persons. One half of these 341 performances have consisted of entire Oratorios of Handel, embracing the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Maccabæus," "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athaliah" and "Belshazzar." Very justly therefore does this Sacred Harmonie Society take the lead in the great Handel Festival to take place next month.

Thus England has been the cradle and the chief seat of these monster musical Festivals, and Handel's music has been as the breath of life to them.

Next to Handel's oratorios, there have figured at the festivals such works of course as Haydn's "Creation," Mozart's "Requiem," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," and only very recently the "Passion" of Bach, Handel's great contemporary, who never went abroad from his own Germany. Then came the day of Mendelssohn; a great day was that for England's music when the composer himself conducted the first performance of "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival, on the 26th of August, 1846. The influence of his music upon English writers soon became as visible as Handel's had been, and a large crop of English oratorios soon sprang up, plainly inspired at second hand by Mendelssohn. The most successful of these imitations, several of which have had their turn at festivals, was Mr. Costa's "Eli," the filial relationship of which to the "Elijah," those who heard it performed here last winter by the Handel and Haydn Society, and who shall be so fortunate as to listen to the grand performance of "Elijah" in our Music Hall to-morrow, can hardly fail to recognize.

We begun with the first Handel Festival. We conclude with simply alluding to the preparations for the second, which is to take place next month in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Festivals have grown somewhat since 1784. This will be on a far grander scale than any heretofore, and is but preliminary to a still grander one projected for the second centenary of Handel's birth, in 1859. Think of a chorus of 2,000 singers, 500 to each of the four vocal parts, with an orchestra of 390 instruments, and the most powerful organ that can be built! This mighty force, if not unmanageable, must lend an effect never before dreamed of to the great choruses of the "Messiah," "Judas Maccabæus," and above all the "Israel in Egypt."

Of Festivals in Germany and other parts of Europe we must take another opportunity to speak.

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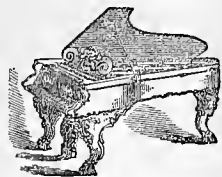
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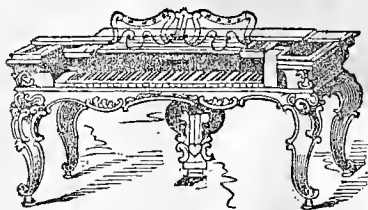
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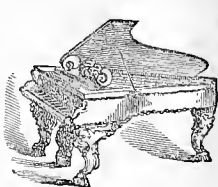
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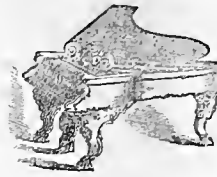
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FIRST DAY: THURSDAY, MAY 21.

Rain, rain, rain! For three days before the opening it has rained continually, and for nearly ten days we have all been under the chilling, gloomy influences of an ugly, pertinacious Easterly storm, that has hung around us latent or developed, now searching with treacherous, icy fingers to the marrow of our sensibilities, to the sore trial of all faith and weakening of all will, now bursting out in drenching floods and tempest, as in the last three days, and adding outward to the inward disability:—fit type, our East Wind, of the old Puritan spirit, foe of all things genial!

The worst thing about one of these long New England storms, is its discouraging influence upon people's minds; under its spell we give up and become indifferent to cherished plans and purposes; we lose all enthusiasm, and take no pains and spend no money to avail ourselves of even the rarest and grandest invitations. Of

course it was a serious damper on the sale of season tickets. The price, to be sure, \$5,00, though moderate and necessary for an entertainment so excellent and so costly, must have been one ground of hesitation to many whose means are not commensurate with their love of music; and then in very many faith was wanting; music for two years past had been comparatively under a cloud with us; there were few that believed in the possibility of great things; from giving ourselves too great credit we had sunk to giving ourselves too little, and men's minds had not got wrought up to a due sense of what now was coming. Could the feast but have begun where it left off, we should have seen a very different state of appetite.—We speak of the public. Not so with the givers of the feast, its managers, and all who took a part in it. Neither managers, conductor, singers or orchestra ever faltered in their preparations; everything was carried out to the letter on the scale first contemplated; the conductor and the business managers were instant in season and out of season; the rehearsals went on, thrice a week for oratorio, and twice a week for orchestra, and the choir, surprised and charmed at the effect of its own numbers in rehearsal, grew continually both in numbers and in spirit. All was sure to be right, at least alive, at the stage end of the Hall, however it might be in the auditorium.

Ten o'clock, the hour of opening, came. It still rained in torrents, and continued so almost all day. Yet it was a milder and more genial rain, not out of harmony with the young buds and springing grass, and with the Oratorio of the "Creation." There were, as nearly as we could estimate, a thousand persons in the audience, leaving about 1500 seats vacant. Yet the Music Hall presented a superb spectacle, especially at the stage end. The chorus seats, well-filled, rising back in tiers to the organ screen, and sideways into the first galleries; the orchestra filling the main space in the middle, with chorus crowding round it; the dais for principal singers, and part of the female choir built out in front; the statue of Beethoven overlooking all, was truly a sight to shame—not the audience who were there, but those who were not. In a few moments the government of the Handel and Haydn Society took their seats in the semi-circle in front of the stage, and the President, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS CHICKERING, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, who was received with warm applause. His Address has been already given to our readers in full, and speaks for itself. It was exceedingly happy in conception, execution and delivery, and struck the true key-note of the occasion. All heard delighted,

and were the better prepared to listen to the great music with an understanding spirit. The orator omitted perhaps one third of the entire printed Address. He also threw in some extempore allusions, which were very timely, especially one to the presence of the venerable JOSIAH QUINCY, which of course waked a warm and audible response.

After some delay, at a few minutes past eleven, the principal singers were conducted to their seats in front, amid loud applause, especially Boston's old favorite, Mrs. ANNA STONE ELIOT, (now of New York), whom the members of the choir seemed to take great delight in welcoming. Several rounds of plaudits, too, announced the advance of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN to his Conductor's post. In the chorus we had counted 400 singers during the Address; there were probably by this time at least 450 in the seats. Then began, from the orchestra of 78 instruments, the Introduction, representing Chaos, to Haydn's "Creation." It was a very graphic and impressive rendering.

Mr. S. W. LEACH, in the part of Raphael, delivered the recitative: *In the beginning, &c.*, and then the soft chorus, flowing in with such unexampled breadth and richness of harmony: *And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*, at once took possession of every delighted listener, until the grand burst upon *And there was LIGHT!* which was absolutely thrilling and sublime. We never before have heard it given with a tithe of the same effect; it was a new sensation even to old oratorio-goers, while upon the less experienced it flashed a new conception of the meaning and the power of music. All common thoughts, the dull day and thin audience were forgotten, for the world was as it were miraculously full of light. We saw the tears start into some eyes—tears which mean joy and wonder, reverence and new life, as truly if not as often as they mean sympathy and sorrow.

It would seem as if this first flash quickened the entire performance that then followed. At all events the choruses, from first to last, partook of the same vitality and grandeur—at least so far as the composition in each case admitted, for Haydn's choruses do not grow upon you with the cumulative grandeur of the great Handelian mountain ranges. The grander parts, like the *Heavens are telling*, rang out with a glorious volume; the fragmentary, responsive parts, where phrases are tossed about from one mass of voices to another, in complicated fugue or canon, as in: *Despairing, cursing rage attends their fall*, were marked by an infallible precision and a boldly pronounced individuality; the smooth, clear, even passages of harmony, like: *A new created world*,

&c., filled the ear sweetly and richly, and the soul with a fully reconciled, contented, child-like piety of feeling; and the whole was beautiful as well as grand with a balanced fulness of parts, and a perfection of *ensemble*, such as had not been heard before this side of Europe. The choruses with solo derived great brilliancy from the voice of Mrs. ELIOT, touching the edges of the waves with light, in flowery outline; although the recent illness, under which she yet evidently labored, impaired somewhat the old clarion ring and splendor of that voice. But in her solos this was amply compensated by the more refined and thoughtful tone and spirit of her renderings. Though not free from some old faults of method, she is, in the higher qualities of feeling and expression, more of an artist than she ever was, and gives more satisfaction to one who listens to singing for something more than a perfected piece of vocal machinery. In the great air: *On mighty pens*, she was far from a Jenny Lind, of course; yet she sang it with a great deal of fine execution and good expression of the several contrasted points, the eagle's flight, the cooing of the doves, the nightingale, &c. Thin and pale as she looked, and singing with painful effort, it was a treat to hear Anna Stone once more in Haydn's music.

The other great song: *With verdure clad*, was rendered for the most part very tastefully and smoothly by the rich and mellow voice of Mrs. MOZART, who has much improved of late; though she gave a strange twist to those little broken figures near the end of the roudade upon: "Here shoots the healing plant." Mr. LEACH sang with consummate taste and feeling all the bass solos in the character of Raphael. He has not a ponderous or very telling voice, but he is the most an artist of any that sang. He has had a truly English training in the oratorio music of Handel and of Haydn, and is master of its style. Especially is he, like Mr. Arthurson, the tenor, a model for our native singers in the difficult art of delivering recitative. He indulges in no false ornament, and always by the fine expressive shading of his passages he more than makes up for the want of power. In those descriptive fragments, about the "foaming billows," the "purling brook," the "roaring lion," the "flexible tiger," &c., &c., he was always happy; and in several instances he diminished a long passage to a *pianissimo* with beautiful effect, as in: *Softly purling glides the limpid brook*, and still more where: *In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm*;—though the latter is a droll idea for thousands to be contemplating with breathless interest! But speaking of the descriptive fragments, we are reminded of that noble orchestra; never have we heard them all brought out with anything like the same vividness and beauty. We were long since weary of them, as ingenious child's play in music; but now we found ourselves once more surprised and pleased. Every instrument, except the flutes occasionally flattening, did its part perfectly; the fine body of violins, and indeed of all the strings, told with beautiful effect in such passages as the sunrise symphony, and the bassoon was admirable.

The recitative and air: *In splendor bright, and: In native worth and honor clad*, were sung by Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, a very young tenor from New York. He has a very sweet, pure, even tenor voice, which has only to be set running,

—indeed a remarkable voice, which is stronger than one at first gives it credit for, because it is so sweet; a voice out of which one would think almost anything might be made, with talent and right culture. But so far it seems a voice, and nothing else. He has no claims to style or culture; nor is it yet evident that there is any fire or passionate force behind the voice; but what there may or may not be latent, it is not wise to pre-judge. He has a certain sentimental level ballad sweetness in his style of singing, which smacks more of the popular "Serenaders" and "Minstrels" than of an oratorio school.

Mr. C. R. ADAMS, whose fine voice and rapid progress for the past year have justly made him regarded as the most promising of our young native tenors, was not in his best voice, being ill, but acquitted himself very acceptably in several recitatives, in the air: *Now vanish before the holy beams*, and in the beautiful Trios, with Mrs. Eliot and Mr. Leach. The parts of Adam and Eve were sustained by Dr. GUILMETTE, of New York, and Mrs. J. H. LONG. On Eve's part, the melodious, liquid music, with its quiet rapture, was easily and gracefully expressed. As to Adam, the bass voice, though strong and telling, and delivered with clear proof of thoughtful study, seemed better fitted for a more declamatory music, did not always bend itself with a good grace to the fine turns of the melody, and sometimes swerved from pitch. He sang with animation, and passages were quite effective.

Enough of these personal details; on the whole the solos gave good satisfaction; the beauty of the songs was not lost. But the best discovery, to the many, from this performance of the Oratorio, was, what every real lover of such music knew before, that it is not in the solos that the main interest of these great works resides; it is in the choruses and in the orchestra; these rightly done and on an effective scale, and reasonably good soloists are all that one requires. It was always a low stage and a false one in our musical culture, when we made all else secondary to the efforts of this and that principal soprano or tenor in a few famous airs. We are already more appreciative, more musical, when we recognize the choruses, the great ensembles, and enjoy the composition as one whole. If we could feel this in the "Creation," with its many melodies, how much more strongly shall we feel it in such oratorios as the "Messiah" and the "Elijah!" Viewed in this light, as a whole, the present performance of the "Creation" was incomparably superior to any we had ever heard. Familiar as we were with it, we hardly knew till now how good the music was. We had grown dull to the naive, melodious sameness of good father Haydn, after for some time enjoying to the full, almost to ecstasy, his child-like, happy, clear and sunny flow of melody and harmony; but now was his Oratorio brightened into fresh life and charm to us; it rose indeed "a new created world;" its cheerful piety, and child-like gratitude and wonder in presence of the works of boundless Love and Wisdom, took possession of the listener. And how eloquently it all accorded with the season, this fresh virgin prime of Summer! The day was dark, with gentler, fertilizing showers; we felt it in the air, in every nerve, that the black spell of the East wind was gone, and that the next day there would be LIGHT!

AFTERNOON.—At 3 1-2 P. M., an audience not larger than in the morning, (nor was it to be expected), assembled for the First Concert. This is the place to speak of the composition of the orchestra, of 78 instruments. We wish to record the names of all the players, as stated on the bills, thus:

24 Violins.	10 Violoncelli.	McDonald, Ryan, II.
Schultze, Suck, I, Eckhardt, Gaertner, A. Fries, Meisel, Weinz, Grill, Mollenhauer, Besig, Matzka, Reyer, Eichler, I, Verron, I, Keyzer, Werner, Eichler, II, Vanstane, Moorhouse, Suck, III, Liebsch, Warren, White, Newinger.	W. Fries, Jungnickel, Suck, II, Verron, Maass, Falkenstein, Seip, Lühde, Brannes, Bergner.	2 Bassoons. Hunstock, Hochstein,
9 Violas.	8 Contrabassi.	4 Horns. Hamann, Trojsi, Regestein, I, Plagemann.
Ryan, I, Krebs, Andres, Bauer, Schneider, Zohler, Schlimper, Moriani, Comer.	Stein, Kammerling, Friese, Kehrhabn, Lo Bianco, Steinmann, H. Fries, Kluge.	4 Trumpets. Heinecke, Glaser, Pinter, Jacobus.
	3 Flutes. Koppitz, Rametti, Teltow.	4 Trombones. Rimbach, Stohr, Regestein, II, Cundy.
	3 Oboes. De Ribas, Faulwasser, Adelung.	1 Timpani and Triangle. Stohr, II.
	4 Clarionets. Schulz, Gardner, Comer.	1 Bass Drum and Cymbals. Kalkmann.
		1 Side Drum. Gafney.

All of these were resident musicians, with the exception of about a dozen, chiefly violins and 'cellos, from New York. Here was a noble orchestra for Boston. We have not heard a better even in New York, whose "Philharmonie" often counts as many members. Jullien's was as large or larger in New York, but numbered only sixty here; his proportions were not as good, he had but 6 seconds, 4 violas and 4 'cellos to 10 first violins and 8 double basses. His wind band was composed of rare virtuosi, his brass superabundant, and his *drum force* prodigious. Jullien's orchestra were trained to smart and bright effects, to all the dazzling and dashing externalities of music; this was their trade, though they played *classical* symphonies occasionally for the reputation of the thing. But by no means would that band bear comparison with this in artistic tone, in sympathetic rendering of poetic and imaginative music. But of this anon. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Overture—"Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner
2. Aria—"D'Alamiro, from "Delisario".....Donizetti
3. Violin Solo—"La Sylphide," Fantasia.....Mollenhauer
4. Aria: Che farò—"Orfeo".....Gluck
5. Scherzo—from the Scotch Symphony.....Mendelssohn

PART II.

1. Overture—"Coriolanus".....Beethoven
1. Scotch Ballad—"Bonnie Wee Wife,"
3. Fantasia—On themes from "Gustavus," from Oboe,
4. Ah, non giunge—"Sonnambula".....Bellini
5. Overture—"William Tell".....Rossini

Rather a meagre programme for a festival; far the least interesting of the three. Yet it had one number to redeem it—that noble *Coriolanus* overture, by not a few esteemed the best of Beethoven's. We are the more careful to speak of it, since it escaped all mention in most of the newspaper criticisms which found matter for remark in every other item. We will not venture to describe it in our own words; it was recently

performed in London, and we are tempted to cite a portion of the *Morning Post's* remarks upon it, which are appreciative and just, even if they seem highly colored:

We do not envy the man who cannot feel in the very first bars of the overture to *Coriolanus* the strong pulsation of a mighty heart—the breathing of one of nature's kings, born to command his fellow men, though doomed to struggle with the adverse circumstances which surround the career of one upon whom fortune has bestowed nothing beyond the grand mission, that 'heritage of woe,' which his own indomitable will can alone accomplish. We firmly believe that no composer but Beethoven (who was a *Coriolanus* in his way) could have written even the opening bars of this stupendous overture. Those wonderful notes—that perfectly Homeric or Miltonic passage at the commencement, where the empty unison in C so completely depicts in sound the void presently to be filled by heroic action in the life of the hero; and its sudden tremendous rise to the full chord of F minor, in the transition to which the author seems to have found the lever which Archimedes vainly sought—mere mechanic as he was—to raise the world, how inexpressibly grand it is! Its repetition twice, with increased force and confidence, terminating with still more potent chords, appears to be but so many confirmations of the first gigantic impression. Then follow all the struggles of the man who, 'like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered your Voces in Corioli'—all the sublime emotions of one who felt the burthen of a mighty destiny upon him, and who, although a son of the people, hated the 'common cry of curs' as 'reek i' the rotten fens'—who said to ungrateful Rome, 'I banish you,' cursed her, joined her enemies, and yet loved her in his heart of hearts, such was a hero's inconsistency. But was there no excuse for him? Listen to that divine soul-searching melody, now in E flat, now in C. Does it not speak of Veturia and Volumnia, the wife and mother of the exiled patriot? Does it not glide in like an unexpected ray of sunlight upon all the storm and fury of his mind, reviving all the withering flowers of tenderness within his hardened heart, and winning him back to love and mercy, even at the sacrifice of his own life? We repeat that no history—no literary poem could more completely or beautifully express the character and career of *Coriolanus* than does this prodigiously great overture by that musical Prometheus, Beethoven; and all who have ears to hear, and brains to understand, will agree with us.

And many in our Music Hall *did* feel it; it was not the fault of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra if all did not. There was more applause than we are wont to notice after a first hearing of a work so profound and free from all mere taking qualities. Its fire and earnestness were well brought out, and the sweet, pregnant bit of melody as well. In truth a masterly performance. The great power and brilliancy of the orchestra, especially of that fine body of violins, had full scope in those tempestuous climaxes of the *Tannhäuser* overture and of the finale to the *William Tell*. Seat yourself in the upper gallery, directly overhanging the stage, at such time, and you realize the prodigious energy there is in the *tutti fortissimo* of a great orchestra; it is like leaning over the boiling cauldron of the sea. Add the great choral swell, and it is like the ocean rolling up against the rock on which you sit. Besides there no individual sound or instrument escapes you; it is a fine place to study and to analyze an orchestral performance; but to get the pure impression of the music as a poetic whole, better go farther off. The Mendelssohn Scherzo was not so nicely played as might be, yet it was quite acceptable.

The vocal selections were hacknied; these had to be left to the singers, and almost at the last moment. The best was that from *Orfeo*, by Miss PHILLIPPS, who looked finely, sang finely, and gave great delight. Her rich, large tones have gained in power and fulness. Some chance defects in intonation in the *Orfeo* entirely vanished in her highly animated and brilliant rendering of *Ah! non giunge*. She has gained in execution as in power. Mr. ADAMS, though feeble, sang very sweetly, and Mr. SIMPSON seemed more in

his element in the simple Scotch ballad, than the ballad seemed in the great Hall. How Mr. MOLLENHAUER achieved all the difficulties of violinity with ease and a perfection unsurpassable, so that the empty solo was more furiously applauded than the noblest work, and how our old friend DE RIBAS made good his reputation, we need not tell. The concert was only better than many ordinary ones in the completeness of the orchestra and in the one item of the "*Coriolanus*."

SECOND DAY—FRIDAY MAY 22.

A bright warm sun at last, and a much larger audience, with plenty of room for more. It was a brilliant scene. Mendelssohn's "*ELIJAH*," as being the least of an old story among the oratorios, was the one for which many had reserved their spare forenoon. For the same reason it had been more specially and closely studied by the performers. This fact, together with the more modern and dramatic nature of the composition, and the more rich and modern instrumentation, gave a zest and fervor to the undertaking, which made the performance of the "*Elijah*," as a performance, artistically, critically weighed, the best of the three day's works. It was indeed a splendid success, exceeding the most sanguine expectations. For the first time was this most difficult oratorio really heard and felt in Boston—we may say in America. It was the "*Elijah*" entire, not a bar omitted, not a dangerous place avoided. And it was, as with the "*Creation*," a successful presentation of the whole, chiefly felt in the ensemble, in spite of even greater weaknesses and blemishes in solo parts than on the day before. It was in the main due to orchestra and chorus, though there was no little honor won by solos.

We have no room to analyze the music, nor need we after the long description that we gave last week. Whatever may be said of Mendelssohn's comparative lack of melodies (certainly not of melody); of his extreme complexity of harmony, interweaving voices as they were instruments, rather than setting them off (their personal discourse) with instruments; of his scientific, studied effects, and so on, we will trust the impressions of that audience to confirm all that has been claimed for it upon the score of beauty and sublimity, of depth of feeling, intense dramatic interest, richness of invention, nobility of thought and style, and high religious sentiment.

Of the choral and orchestral part of the performance too much can hardly be said in praise. The chorus was larger than the day before, and in power and volume, in euphony and balance of parts, in precision, animation, light and shade, crescendo and diminuendo, there was little wanting. In such descriptive choruses as that which tells how God was not in the tempest or the earthquake, but in the "still, small voice," wondrous was the effect of the "five hundred voices which at a wave of the conductor's hand sunk to a whisper, or gradually swelled to a grandeur beyond description." The anguish and impatience of such choruses as *Help, Lord, and Yet doth the Lord see it not*; the choral breadth and grandeur of the conclusion to that last; the responsive wail of the choral recitative; the tranquil tenderness and sweetness of *Blessed are the men*, and *He watching over Israel*; the barbaric, self-aggravating intensity of the *Baal* choruses;

the magnificent rush and deluge of the rain chorus: *Thanks be to God* (how splendidly the violins rushed down that swift scale in the pause before the end!); the chaste and even counterpoint of: *He that shall endure*; the awful purity and majesty of *Holy, holy*, alternating with female quartet, that hymn of Seraphim, announced by alto solo; the mystical imagery of that in which *Elijah* is taken up in the fiery chariot, with the whirl of hot wheels in the accompaniments;—all, to the final fugue: *Lord, our Creator*, were brought out with a power and beauty irresistible. The wonderful instrumentation, too, suffered in nothing, so that the composer's imagery was vividly before you.

In the part of *Elijah*, Dr. GUILMETTE did not, we confess, entirely confirm the impression we received of him in the rehearsal. His strong and telling voice was in his favor; he sang with animation, for the most part with understanding of the music, and in that profoundly touching song, where the violoncello leads the voice so exquisitely: *It is enough*, he showed not a little pathos; but he was not always true, was careless of the right times of coming in in some of the cantabile recitative; sometimes gratuitously prolonged a note beyond all sense or reason, as if coolly illustrating a method. His delivery was quite unequal, in parts really effective, in others not at all so. Mr. SIMPSON's sweet voice bore the melody of *If with all your hearts* pleasingly to all parts of the hall, but there was the same impassive manner in his singing. Mr. ADAMS was ill and had to retire after a single recitative. Miss PHILLIPPS gave the contralto solos very finely; Mrs. LONG in *Hear ye, Israel*, and the part of the Queen, and Mrs. MOZART in the widow's part, gave good satisfaction. The duet: *Zion spreadeth her hands* was well sung by Mrs. MOZART and Miss TWICHELL. The part of the boy in that wonderful dialogue which prepares the rain chorns, was creditably sustained by Mrs. HILL. The singing of the unaccompanied Angel Trio, by the three choir boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, LORING and CHASE, gave the purest delight, and had to be repeated. The double quartet was well sung by the Mozart quartet and School Street Choir. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden upon the Lord* was much applauded; but the beautiful one: *O come every one that thirsteth* was a fiasco.

The Oratorio was listened to throughout with intense earnestness, and there was but one expression, of enthusiastic admiration, as the people came out. Mendelssohn had made his mark that morning; while such a splendid illustration of the power of a great orchestra and chorus made a sensation, which will scarcely allow empty seats another time. With the most crowded house there could not have been a stronger feeling of success.

AFTERNOON CONCERT.—One who had taken in all those splendors of "*Elijah*" could not but be conscious of a certain exhaustion of nervous energy. This doubtless led some to renounce the attractions of the following programme:

- * PART I.
1. Symphonie No. 5—(C minor).....Beethoven
 - 1—Allegro Molto.
 - 2—Andante con moto.
 - 3—Scherzo, Allegro and Finale, Allegro.
 2. Concertstueck.....Weber

William Mason.

* PART II.

 1. Overture—"Euryanthe".....Weber.
 2. Cavatina—O Mio Fernando, from "La Favorita". Donizetti

Mrs. Mozart.

3. Grand Concerto—for the Violin, (E major)....Vieuxtemps
Herr Edward Mollenbauer.
4. Cavatina—from "Tarquato Tasso".....Donizetti
Miss Twichell.
5. Grand March—from "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner
"Reception at the Emperor's," with Eight Trumpets
Obligato.

We can tell no one what he lost in not hearing that glorious Fifth Symphony. For twenty years we have repeatedly heard it, studied it, known it by heart, and yet now it seemed as if we really *heard* it for the first time. From that grand orchestra it came out in its full proportions, and with all its power. Every player seemed inspired to do his best to make Beethoven's meaning felt; and one could not help imagining the statue of the master there endowed with consciousness, and happy in such realization finally of the great mission of his genius. How rich the eloquence of those violoncellos in the opening of the religious Andante! How distinct and grand the outline—for the first time almost in our experience—of the eccentric passage of the double-basses! But above all how magnificent the climax of the triumphal Finale! All were electrified, transported, lifted up to a nobler faith. You will hear no one of *that* audience talk of Symphonies as being dull and "scientific."

WILLIAM MASON played the *Concert-stück* in a most artistic and finished style, and, on being *encored*, won new admiration by his own brilliant "Silver Spring." The *Euryanthe* was the most acceptable of Weber's overtures, as having been the least seldom heard of late; it is a fine work, and was finely played. The *Lohengrin* affair had a certain regal splendor; you heard only trumpets, over a confused sea of accompaniments lashed into a perpetual foam of violinity; more stir than inspiration.

It was an extremely tedious, long-spun, difficult and empty Concerto for the violin, in which Mr. MOLLENHAUER displayed wonderful perfection of execution. The vocal selections in themselves were ordinary; but Mrs. MOZART's voice, style and execution in *O mio Fernando*, were highly satisfactory; and Miss TWICHELL's only less so in *Fatal Goffredo*.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, MAY 23.

10 1-2, A. M.—A perfect summer morning! a moderate audience; but a programme worthy of a Festival:

- PART I.
1. Symphonie, No. 7—(A major).....Beethoven
1—Andante and Allegro vivace.
2—Allegretto.
3—Scherzo, Allegro.
4—Finale vivace.
2. Rondo—Prendi per me.....De Beriot
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
- PART II.
1. Overture—"Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
2. Scena ed Aria—"I. Briganti".....Mercadante
Dr. Guilmette.
3. Allegretto Scherzando—from the Eighth Symphonie,
Beethoven
4. Duet—The Thirteenth Psalm, with French Horn and Violoncello Obligato, by Messrs. Hamann and W. Fries. Composed expressly for this occasion, and dedicated to the Handel and Haydn Society, by the President of the New York American Music Association.
Miss Phillips and Dr. Guilmette.
5. Overture—"Leonora".....Beethoven

Who, with a soul in him, will ever forget that glorious rendering of the Seventh Symphony! With the "Choral" and the "C minor," it holds the highest place among the immortal nine—among all orchestral inspirations. One place in it—that episode, (or Trio, technically), in the Scherzo, has ever seemed to us the highest moment of all instrumental music; more so now, than ever. Up to that moment it is joy uncontainable and exquisite; but then the heavens open, and the soul thrills with bliss unspeakable

and infinite. And the return to the more earthly Scherzo, how marvellous! that *drooping* of the music through a single chord, and with a sigh we are at home—no, not at home, but here again! The mystical beginning of the Allegretto was uncommonly beautiful and impressive, with that fine body of middle strings and 'cellos. The introduction to the whole was statelier than ever, and the Finale, (clearer in those rapid figures through that sure mass of violins), swept us along with it, not with the march of victory, as in the Fifth, but away and upward, as on eagle's wings, now poised at rest a moment, and then still upward to the sun of Joy. We have had no Symphony performances in Boston like those two.

It took some time after it for the mind to settle down into the tamer mood of Mendelssohn's poetic, dreamy overture. But that too is an exquisite production—the best, we fancy, of his overtures, his tone-pictures. Well does "Stella" write of it:—"It is such music as the child hears when he first holds a sea-shell to his ear, and wonders whence comes the mystical sound." And we must borrow a paragraph too, from the *Courier's* criticism, in which our readers will perhaps recognize a well-known hand:

In the overture to the Hebrides—or Fingal's Cave—Mendelssohn gives vent to the emotions called up by a voyage among the Scottish Islands. Unable to give his sister a description in words of the effect produced upon his mind—he a native of the flat country of North Germany—Mendelssohn sat down to his piano and improvised his emotions. From this arose this exquisite composition, in which one almost feels the solitude of the ocean, hears the moaning of the winds, the cries of the sea birds, the dashing of the waves upon the rock-bound shores, the rising of the storms, and sees the play of the sun and moonbeams upon the wave tops or upon the glassy surface of the lake-like bays and sheltered passages among the islands. Hearing it after a symphony by Beethoven, is like turning from the page of Shakspeare to that poem of our great inland sea, the "Hiawatha."

That delicious Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth, sweet gush of sunshine in his dark days—was not that blithe summer day reflected in its music, as the laughing wave reflects the sun! The call to repeat was irresistible, and *then* it seemed too short. But almost equally with the symphonies was the *Leonora* overture a triumph. We had learned to trust that orchestra, till we knew that every passage, every point would come out right; the trumpet, announcing the prisoner's deliverance, was perfect; so was the tremendous crescendo of the violins that leads on the attack of the finale. The mysterious, sombre introduction, the allusion to the pathetic tenor air, the musing, doubting, hoping, yearning, upward climbing character of the Allegro motive; the great gleam of hope, the full burst of joy and feeling of deliverance—all were unmistakably expressed. Is there a grander introduction to an opera, than this No. 3, of the four overtures which Beethoven wrote for his *Fidelio*?

The Rondo by De Beriot was finely suited to the voice of Miss PHILLIPS, who sang it admirably, displaying in the florid conclusion more flexibility and finish than we had given her credit for. She answered the recall with a pretty English song, which she sang very sweetly at the piano. Too perceptible taking of breath is the chief fault that has been noticed in this lady's singing. The "Thirteenth Psalm," an attempt after the manner of old English writers, concluding with a canon movement, had a crude air of learning, without much inspiration.

EVENING.—HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—The Festival has at length wrought conviction in men's

minds, that it is something honest, as it is rare and grand. It is now clear to all that this is no musical "Convention," for the sale of psalm-books, no Jullien-Barnum Crystal Palace humbug, but a sincere Festival of Art, a presentation of grand music on a sufficiently grand scale. The Public is awakened at the eleventh hour to a sense of the great opportunity, which it will seize by the skirts ere it quite vanish. The Music Hall is crammed with listeners in every seat and standing place and doorway, from floor to upper gallery. Many have paid extra prices for their seats. There is the utmost eagerness to hear the Handel Hallelujahs from that mighty chorus. And it is mightier than ever; the stage is packed as closely as the auditorium. Newspapers report the number of singers at about 540: say 175 sopranos, 150 basses, 130 tenors, and 85 contraltos; but we have good authority for saying that the choir was nearly 700.

Critically speaking, the "Messiah" was the least perfect in performance, of the three oratorios. From very familiarity, it had not been so carefully rehearsed. The orchestra were frequently at fault, and really blurred the images of: *O thou that tellest*, and some other pieces. And yet was the "Messiah," of the three, by far the most impressive, most inspiring. Handel always smites with thoughts so simple and colossal; wielding great masses he sweeps all before him. His grand choruses impress themselves so that they never are forgotten; all the singers knew them, at least the principal ones; and never was the sublime of music so completely realized as that night in the "Wonderful" chorus, of which, (for the first time in our concert experience), a repetition was demanded; in the "Hallelujah," during which the whole assembly stood—and was not that sudden silence, the instantaneous ceasing of the mighty mass of sound before the close, the most sublime effect that ever any of us had known?—and again in the three-fold close, of chorus climbing above chorus: *Worthy is the Lamb; Blessing and Honor, and Amen!* Nor should we forget the grandeur of: *Behold the Lamb of God*, where wave rolls in on wave, so dark and solemn, till the tide pauses at the full, then turns, the downward giving place to an upward form of movement; nor the awful majesty of: *The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all*. There is nothing new to be said of these choruses; but so rendered they became a new experience, and gave one a livelier sense of the eternal verities. Equally well done, too, were those buoyant, rejoicing choruses, in which the theme goes rolling on, part following part, as if echoing itself at different distances throughout a wide-spread multitude.

Let those grand Hallelujahs do their perfect work. From such a mount of transfiguration one cannot well come down to criticism. We shrink from individualizing; it seems to violate the spirit of the music. Suffice it to say, that the several solo singers entered well into the great work. Mr. SIMPSON's voice was sweet and true in *Comfort ye*, and made plain the rough places of *Every valley*. Mr. LEACH gave the sentiment and beauty of the *Darkness* recitative and song; and *Why do the nations rage* was more than feebly indicated by his not heavy bass. Miss PHILLIPS sang: *O thou that tellest, He shall feed his flock*, and *He was despised*, not so effectively as we have heard her, but feelingly and beauti-

fully. To Mrs. ELIOT we owe *There were shepherds*, and *I know that my Redeemer*; to Mrs. LONG, *Rejoice greatly* and *How beautiful*; to Mrs. MOZART: *Come unto him*, which was so sweetly sung that it required firmness on the part of the conductor to resist the demand for an untimely encore. Mr. ADAMS gave with much expression: *Thy rebuke*, and with Miss Phillipps the duct: *O Death, where is thy sting?* Dr. GUILMETTE sang: *Thou art gone up*, and *Behold, I tell you a mystery*; in which the "last trump" (marvellously well played by Herr HEINICKE, to be sure) was senselessly encored and repeated. Mr. SIMPSON, singing *Thou shalt dash them*, was as a child's head in a heavy iron helmet. It were far better to have omitted that, instead of the concluding strain of *He was despised*, or that profoundly beautiful chorus: *By his stripes all we are healed*. Many omissions were of course a matter of necessity. None the less was the grand impression of the "Messiah" made. Go to the mountains more than once, if you would know *all* they can reveal. Never was a vast audience more profoundly satisfied, more lifted up, by any eloquence, to thoughts of God and Immortality, than here by Handel's argument.

At the close of the performance the enthusiasm was unbounded; there was long and loud applause; three rounds of cheers were given for the Society, and Mr. CARL ZERRAHN was called out, amid deafening shouts and clappings of hands, to receive a wreath in token of the general gratitude, of choir and audience, for his unceasing and most able services in conducting the Festival through a series of artistic triumphs.

RESULTS.

In a word, the result has been: artistically, morally, a great success; financially, a failure; but in the circumstances, *such* a failure as amounts, in all minds, to a virtual triumph. In spite of the overwhelming audience of Saturday night, the guarantors will have to pay, how much we know not. Yet no one is discouraged; all are in the best spirits possible. They have shown what can be done; the public will *believe* hereafter, and will look out in season when another Festival approaches. We have left ourselves no room to more than hint some of the animating reflections with which the Festival has filled our mind. We announced it, saying that we could not overestimate its importance. We find we did not say too much. For these reasons, among others.

1. For the first time almost in our country has an artistic demonstration here been made, and carried through, upon a grand scale, without false pretence, vain show, or *humbug*. The best thing, the most hopeful thing about it, is, that it has all been *honest*. Nothing of artistic integrity and value has been sacrificed to mere money-making views. They who undertook it of course hoped to succeed; but they were more anxious to do a good thing. They were not so eager to advertise it, to excite great expectations of what should be done, as they were to *do* it, and to do the best that could be done. Every promise has been kept, to the letter and in the spirit. Three of the greatest Oratorios were to be brought out on a grand scale, worthy of comparison with English festivals, and it has been done. The choir was to reach 600 voices, so announced on the strength of 700 accepted invitations; it has averaged that, as nearly as accident and business allowed, and there were no dummies in the choir. The orchestra was to be 75, and it was 78. The best available solo talent was to be engaged, and so it was; it was no

one's fault that there could not be had better. The music was to be thoroughly rehearsed and nothing slighted; and it was so, and most effectively, thanks in great part, to the unwearied energy and skill and patience of Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN. In spite of a cold and unresponsive public, and in the face of certain loss, they did all this, and did it in a manner that eclipsed all former musical performances, electrified all who heard from the very first, and finally stirred up that slow and sceptical public to a loud and anxious call for more, for a repetition on Sunday evening—an effort to recall what by their own fault they had let go by and lost. The which call, to the honor of the Society, was not complied with. They would do what they had undertaken, no more, no less. They would not, even for the sake of certain gain so easily secured, suffer this Festival to contract any taint of association with the too usual management of public exhibitions, in which the "last time" is followed by the "positively last," till words have lost their meaning. Eager as any one to listen to another such performance, we appreciate and respect the motive of this refusal. The managers have done themselves all honor in the premises. They have their reward, in the wholesome feeling which attaches to this Festival, in the conviction now created of its genuineness, and in the certainty that such sound seed so planted shall surely spring up to an abundant harvest in the future. There will be more festivals. They will become an Institution in the land. This Festival might have been managed with more stir, and have reaped more money; but would it have contained so fair a Future?

2. It has revived people's *faith* in great music. Music has been under a cloud with us for two or three years. Humbug and showy, dazzling things have been so much more successful than good things, that the good things have lost prestige. It needed an occasion like this to brighten out the neglected beauties of immortal works and make them live again, and lift us up again. There is a new sense now in many minds of the importance, the indispensableness to our best life of the great works of musical Art and genius.

3. Listening to the grand orchestra and chorus has taught not a few, for the first time, the right relation between *solo* and *ensemble*. They have learned to enjoy a great musical performance as a whole, and not regard a few solo singers, prime donne and tenors, as the all in all. It is seen that these may be of moderate excellence, may be in some parts quite feeble, and yet the grandeur and beauty of the whole be felt. It were better of course to have Jenny Lind, Novello, and Lablache, and some day we shall have them; but we have found how well we can get along without them, so long as we have Handel, Mendelssohn or Beethoven, speaking through impersonal but adequate masses of voices and of instruments.

4. We have been pleased to notice the improved tone of newspaper criticism, which this Festival seems to have created. Almost for the first time we have had really criticism; we have seen articles not limited to petty details, to mere talk about individual performers, but entering into some instructive notice and analysis of compositions and of authors, and seizing the spirit of the whole, discussing the right points. It is a good sign, and may it go on.

5. It has created a *popular* interest in great works. Symphonies, played on so grand a scale, have made their mark on *all* who listened. That Beethoven's statue now has a significance to many who thought but little of the man, the idol of the "classicists" before. And so of Handel, so of Mendelssohn, and others.

We print a large edition of our present number, trusting that many will wish to have its full Report of the Great Festival. . . . We have still on hand some copies of last week's "Festival Number," containing Mr. Winthrop's Address, descriptive analyses of the Oratorios, history of Festivals, &c. &c.

A writer in last Tuesday's *Transcript* says:

Mr. Winthrop has enriched our language with a word, not to be found in Webster nor Worcester, but still so graphic that it must be adopted. "*Aretinian* Societies," from the Greek word for *virtue*, *aretē*, is much more euphonious and comprehensive than "*Eleemosynary Associations*."

Rather a far-fetched and awkward derivation; nor did Mr. Winthrop profess to enrich our language with the word; he simply quoted it as the actual name of an old musical society. Was it not more probably derived from Guido Aretinus, or Arctina, who perfected the musical scale, &c., and flourished about the year 1000? We should hope more good from Musical than from self-styled "*Virtuous*" Societies.

It is said that we are to have Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre next week—MARETZEK at the head of it, with GAZZANIGA, DE WILHORST, ADA PHILIPPS, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c., for singers. Will it be *all* "*Trovatore*," "*Traviata*," "*Rigoletto*" and "*Ernani*"? . . . Signor JACOPI, the tenor, the Italianized young Jacobs, seems, after confident announcement, to have made an utter failure at his operatic debut in New York. . . . "Ho! for Europe," seems to be the word among our Boston musicians. Of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Messrs. A. & W. FRIES, MEISEL and KREBS, sailed on Tuesday for a summer visit to the Fatherland, leaving only Mr. RYAN to represent the Club at home. On Saturday, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN and wife will follow; he has richly earned and may he enjoy his vacation, and come back doubly armed for a new Festival!

Next week we hope to get back to our regular habits and bring up our summaries of news, correspondence, &c., which have been kept back by the Festival.

CORRECTION.—Our types, last week, by printing "*names*" instead of *means*, gave us the false appearance of attributing whatever increased effect we looked for in the symphonies, &c. at the Festival, to a few New York violinists, whose names we had just mentioned.

From my Diary, No. 3.

MAY 9.—I have had conversations lately with sundry individuals upon a subject which long since should have passed from the domain of speculation to that of action. Let me start, in the manner of an editorial in the *London Times*, and work my way to my topic, like a vessel leaving Pittsburgh to reach Philadelphia—by going "all round the lot."

First, for some maxims—postulates—principles—axioms—or whatever you will call them.

"In union is strength." "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, is the only effectual pull." "Those who respect themselves make themselves respected." "The good of all is the good of each." That will do.

There are more Quacks, Horatio, in the community, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Your theology, your medicine, your law, your painting, architecture, sculpture, music, book and newspaper editing—all have their quacks. A great portion of our personal freedom in this country consists in the unrestrained liberty of quackery. If I cannot make my living by shoemaking, I can try the cure of souls and bodies, turn politician, paint portraits, and teach music. I can work six months with a carpenter, and finding manual labor too severe for my delicate constitution, I can hire a room and put up my sign—"A. Barn-builder, Architect."

I can work six months as chain-bearer to a land surveyor, and straightway I "go out West" as an engineer. I learn the difference between a ledge of granite and trap, a piece of iron ore and native copper, and then make geology and mining my profession.

A great country this, Horatio!

Now in Europe, all this is impossible. The community is in so far protected from quackery—unless England may form an exception—that every aspirant to anything that can be called a professional position, must have studied and passed examination in the principles of his profession. An architect *studies* architecture; a musician, music.

Here, this is quite unnecessary; hence so much quackery. Government protects us not even against ignorant poisoners, who call themselves physicians; how much less, then, against quackery in the arts!

The consequence is, that those who have some higher motive of action than mere dollars and cents, those who have really spent years of time, and money in proportion, in fitting themselves for their profession, be it what it may, must depend upon themselves for the attainment of due consideration in the community, and by their own efforts must make the public learn to distinguish between them and ignorant pretenders.

The lawyers combine and force those who would practice law, to go through the form at least, of fitting themselves for their profession. So it is for the most part with our clergymen, and our physicians. Our scientific men, too, have for many years been gradually combining their strength, in the form of various societies and associations, academies and lyceums, and it is beginning to be felt in the community, that members of our learned bodies are more likely to be men of due learning and talent, than pretenders to science, whose claims are not admitted by such bodies. The Lake Superior copper speculations have opened the eyes of thousands to the difference between such men as Whitney and Foster as geologists, and many under whose advice attempts at mining have been made, where the really scientific men could predict nothing but disastrous failure. Ridicule and abuse will hardly overturn the decision lately made by the American Academy's committee in relation to the Hedgecock quadrant.

Our clergymen have periodicals devoted to the interests of their profession, and *support* them. So do the lawyers. So do the physicians. What would you think, Horatio, of the physician in whose office you found no medical periodical? of the lawyer without the Law Reporter? of the clergyman without his religious newspaper? By acting upon the axioms laid down above, see what a respectable station our Homeopaths and Hydropaths have attained in the community, and yet how they were laughed at not very long since. See what has come of the small seed sown by twelve individuals, who about 1831 formed the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston?

Now you, Horatio, are an architect, and one of the class which, thank fortune, is increasing fast in numbers among us, the members of which have really studied the principles of the art, and who have exerted themselves to procure costly books, and have devoted as much time and substance as possible to travel, for the purpose of observation. And yet that parish building committee, that applied to you last fall for a plan of a church, decided to give the job to Smith, the carpenter, whose library, all told, consists of an old quarto copy of Shaw. The house is up—modelled from a shoe-box, with three openings in each side for pointed windows. When I saw it last, the men were nailing some boards between the windows to represent the buttresses, and a pile of magnified tooth picks lay near, which are to be put along the eaves and around the steeple. The religious newspaper which gives an account of the dedication, will say: "The sacred edifice is a very neat and commodious wooden structure, in the late Elizabethan Gothic"—you see if it does not. Old Betty-an Vandal, I should say.

Now, Horatio, you have no hope that the government will do anything to limit the present perfect liberty which every man has of putting up his sign, next yours, as an architect. Nor would I, if in the Legislature, favor any such idea. It is very well in Berlin or Paris, and accords with the principles at the basis of society there. Nor can you hope, for a long time to come, that architecture will form a branch of university instruction with us, and that old Harvard will place students of art in the matter of diplomas upon the same footing with young lawyers, preachers and chemists, as is the case at the University of Berlin, for instance. But you can follow the example of the architects of the Prussian capital, in doing something for yourselves.

I knew one of the profession in that city who, after some years service in New York upon the Croton

Water Works, had returned to Berlin, and who introduced me into the Architects' Association. There I found a suite of rooms, one large one and several smaller ones, devoted entirely to their use. There was a fine library containing splendid works, beyond the means of the members individually, all the leading periodicals, which touch upon the art, from all parts of Europe, a great variety of models of buildings, bridges, &c., and a superb collection of plans and perspective views. The large room was arranged for a lecture room, and I heard several lectures upon architecture in Italy, delivered by one of the professors in the university, who had been travelling there.

In Berlin, therefore, a young architect's ambition is not confined entirely to the attainment of a diploma, or even to securing one of the annual prizes offered by the government to students, for the best plans and drawings for a public building, bridge or monument, as the case may be—which prizes, by the way, consist of money to enable the successful candidates to travel—but he looks forward to gaining so much reputation as shall enable him to join the "Architecten-Verein."

Such an association you want in Boston. You want a place of meeting, where you can aid and assist each other in making artists of yourselves. You want a library, where you can study works beyond your pecuniary ability to purchase. You want a lecture room, where you can hear discourses upon your art, and upon the sciences which are connected with it—most especially upon acoustics. If such an association had been formed fifteen years ago, do you think we should have lived to see the largest organ in Boston shut up in a huge closet, and forced to speak, like the minister in Hawthorne's tale, through a black veil? There is science for you! But perhaps the organ would be too loud without. What a capital idea then, to pay for an organ too large for the hall, for the sake of boasting of "our great instrument!" Had such an association existed in New York twenty years ago, do you think so many churches would have been built there, in which it is impossible for more than half the audience to distinguish the words of the preacher on account of the echoes and reverberation?

It is high time, Horatio, that you were stirring in this matter. As long as we drew our building materials from the woods of Maine, it made little odds whether or not people chose to live in extravagant sugar boxes, with a row of plank columns in front supporting nothing, or attended worship in wooden buildings, which were such copies of English churches as sixpenny colored lithographs are of Raphael's Madonnas. But you must now know how to employ brick and stone. Do you? If so, very well. But how are you going to make the community believe that you know more about it than your neighbor, the stone-mason and brick-layer? There's the rub.

When an American Journal of Architecture is generously supported *by the profession*, and every one, who pretends to be a well-taught artist, shall count it a serious loss not to have the last number of the work lying upon his table, I shall begin to think there is hope for the future. In this country we have everything to build almost. What a magnificent, glorious opportunity, to employ our vast quarries of granite, marble and building stones of all kinds, in raising monuments which shall endure like those of Greece, to the fame of their builders! We have a climate peculiar; we have wants and necessities equally peculiar; our architects should study these things, resting themselves upon the fundamental principle that every specimen of architecture is an abortion unless fitted for its object. (I will not speak of the library at Cambridge now.) So much for you, Horatio.

You, John, teach music. You had for years the best instructors that Boston could furnish, and finally went abroad, spending time and money, you could ill afford, to make yourself what your conscience told you you ought to be in your profession. And yet your neighbor, who is a self-taught pianist, (Heaven save the mark!) and cannot arrange a psalm tune correctly, gets twice as many pupils as you. Nay, he *composes*! His songs, his waltzes, his quicksteps, lie round on half the piano-fortes—in the country. He gets rich, and has a library. And his pupils look up to him with

wonder. You will find in his room sixteen collections of psalmody, presentation copies mostly—five glee books, ditto—Hood's History of Music in New England, bought in the street at half price—a treatise on harmony and composition—an old copy of Catel, pocket edition—a musical dictionary, spelling-book size—and a pile of sheet music—cabbage waltz, bog-trotter's Schottish, the affecting song, "Our Kitten is Dead," and so on—which he gets at wholesale, and retails to his pupils. On the corner of a shelf lies a pile of Dwight's Journals, and other periodicals. He paid a dollar for the first six months, and at the end of two years returned the bill sent to him for the rest of the time, with a letter in his peculiar style of English, in which, after expressing his utter contempt for the manner in which the paper is managed, he withdraws—his patronage!

Nobody is more convinced than he of the value of a good musical periodical. So he has always taken each new one that has been started in Boston—that is, if the editors would send him a copy on condition that he would do his best to make his pupils take it.

You call that fellow a quack, John. So he is. No doubt of that. You have made yourself a musician. He has not. How is the public to learn the difference between you?

John, a word in your ear. Remember the axioms laid down above, and apply what I have said to Horatio to your own case. Let the worthy members of the profession come together, join together, work together, stand together upon a broad and lofty platform, and together go on unto success.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14.—THALBERG, or rather STRAKOSCH, has given four concerts in our city, the audiences averaging almost 2,000 at each of them, at \$1 admission, and 50 cents extra for secured seats. The programmes were of the same clap-trap kind that we are accustomed to have at concerts which Mr. Strakosch manages. However, it is fair to add, that our most clever musical business men give the latter gentleman credit for "most consummate skill" in getting up programmes, (for the million, they probably mean), and call him "the smartest of all musical agents." What a shame for Music in the United States, that men like Barnum and Strakosch can get hold of such celebrities as Jenny Lind and Thalberg! How astonishing that such artists as these allow those gentlemen the entire control of their concerts! It is sad to see how much the almighty dollar can accomplish, even in the realm of Art.

Thalberg of course played most of his Fantasias, and was most successful in them. He had a fine Grand Piano of Chickering, and brought out its powers most marvellously; but the piano of Erard, on which we heard him play in New York, seems to suit him still better. His playing has been analyzed and praised so much and so justly in your Journal, that we certainly will not attempt another criticism, but merely throw out a few impressions as they have come to us. Does Thalberg not play Italian melodies more finely than German ones? Does not the rendering of the "Lucrezia" Fantasia show his powers to more advantage than that on "Don Giovanni"? Does he not play with a great deal of expression, but rather little feeling? His organization seems a rare one for a musical artist, he seems so quiet, almost phlegmatic, and somewhat devoid of enthusiasm, which generally constitutes so particular a characteristic of musicians, and is apt to lead them into eccentricities. Thalberg's performances are wonderful, because of the completeness of the whole; but in the playing of other pianists, as Jacell and Dresel, we perceive much more beauty in single parts, withal a more electric spirit. After a performance, which deeply touches us, we crave a short rest. Thalberg's playing is so beautiful and chaste, without exhausting, that we wish for more and more of it, and can hardly conceive of the idea of getting wearied of listening, although we may find fault with the compositions. Besides his own compositions, he played only the "Funeral March" of Chopin, in a quick-step time, and with an unpleasant dragging of the notes of the right hand after those of the left, in the middle part—very unlike Chopin's "rubato," we believe; and Mendelssohn's "Spring" song, with an agreeable but rather common place expression. He decidedly excels most in his Fantasias, and whatever objections we may have to them, they seem extremely fit for a concert performance on the piano.

Next week Mme. DE LA GRANGE will give a concert. X.

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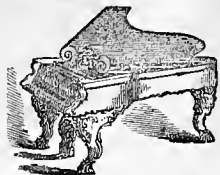
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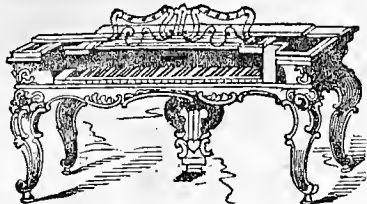
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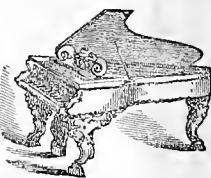
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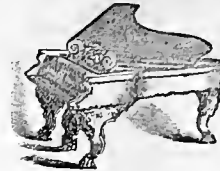
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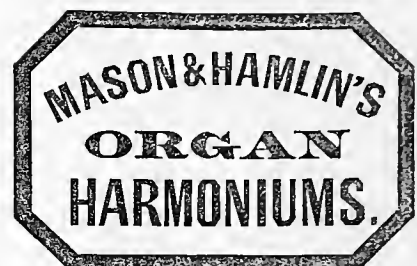
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The Fiftieth Birth-Day of Agassiz.

MAY 28, 1857.

[The following lines (as one will hardly need to be told) are by LONGFELLOW, and were read among friends at a birth-day dinner, which they will long keep in fresh remembrance.]

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

[To this we may add one of the more impromptu inspirations of the hour, by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.]

A health to him who reached to-day
Life's height of water-shedding,
Where Hope and Memory kiss and say:
Let's keep our golden wedding;
To him whose glow the heart could reach
Of glaciers that he studied,
Who learned whatever fish could teach,
Except to be cold-blooded!

To him, who, if our earth were lost,
And Nature wanted counsel,
Could make it over at less cost
From ridgepole down to groun' sill;
Could call the Dodo back to youth,
Could call Ornithorhynchus,
Nay, were we gone, from just a tooth
Could good as new re-think us!

To him who every egg has scanned,
From Roc to flea included,
Save those which savants find so grand
In nests where mares have brooded!
To him, who gives us each full leave
(His pedigree amended)
To choose a private Adam and Eve
From whom to be descended!

But stay—for chance-come thoughts are best—
I meant the health to proffer
Of him, our friend there and our guest,
And yet not that I offer:—
No, rather drink this toast with me,
Worth any common dozen:
Here's Adam and Eve Agassiz,
To whom we owe our cousin!

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNES, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

The "Memoirs of the Life of HANDEL," published in 1760, the year after his decease, though written with zeal and candor, are neither sufficiently ample nor accurate to enable us to ascertain with precision the places of his residence, dates of his productions, or events of his early years, previous to his first arrival in England, in 1710, at the age of twenty-six.

It is however generally agreed, that the great musician, George Frederick Handel, was born at Halle, in the Duchy of Magdebourg, and Circle of Lower Saxony, the 24th of February, 1684; that his father was an eminent surgeon and physician of the same place, and upwards of sixty years of age when this son, the issue of a second marriage, was born; and that, in his early childhood, he discovered such a passion for music as could not be subdued by the commands of his father, who intended him for the profession of the law.

He had made a considerable progress in this art, by stealth, before he was allowed a master; but at seven years old, his father finding it impossible to fix his attention to anything but music, for which he seemed to have been endowed by nature with very uncommon propensities and faculties, he placed him under Zachau, organist

of the cathedral church of Halle; a man of considerable abilities in his profession, and proud of his pupil. By the time he was nine years old, our young musician was not only able to officiate on the organ for his master, but began to study composition; and at this early period of his life he is said to have composed a Service, or, as it is called in Germany, a *spiritual Cantata*, every week, for voices and instruments, during three years successively. The late Mr. Weideman was in possession of a set of Sonatas, in three parts, which Handel composed when he was only ten years old.*

He seems to have continued to study under his first master, Zachau, in his native city, till the year 1698; when, being arrived at the age of fourteen, he was carried to Berlin, where operas were in a very flourishing state, at the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards King of Prussia, who had then in his service not only many singers of eminence from Italy, but Bononcini and Attilio, to compose. Handel is said to have distinguished himself in this city as a wonderful performer, for his early years, and to have given birth to such expectations of his future greatness, that his Electoral Highness offered to take him into his service, and send him to Italy, for the completion of his musical studies; but his father declining this honor, from a spirit of independence, it was determined that he should return to Halle, where he must have continued a considerable time; though we are told that his father's death happening soon after his return from Berlin, Handel, not being able to support the expense of a journey to Italy, whither he was ambitious of going, removed to Hamburg, in order, by his musical talents, to procure a subsistence: this city, next to Berlin, being then the most renowned for its operas. We lose sight, however, in all the accounts of his life hitherto published, both of our young musician and his improvements from the time of his quitting Berlin, till his arrival at Hamburg, a period of five years; for, according to his rival, Mattheson, he did not visit that city till the year 1703, at the age of nineteen.

Yet the celebrated Telemann, one of the greatest German musicians of his time, in a well written account of his own life and works, drawn up by himself at the request of Mattheson, in the year 1740, furnishes two or three incidents concerning Handel, which intervened between the time of his quitting Berlin and arrival at Hamburg, that will help to throw a little light on this dark period of his history.

Telemann, born at Magdeburg 1681, like Handel, discovered an early passion for music, and, while he was at school, had, like him, made a great progress in the art, contrary to the incli-

* The Earl of Marchmont, in his travels through Germany, when Lord Polwarth, picked them up as great curiosities, and gave them to Mr. Weideman, of whom he took lessons on the German flute. A friend, who favored me with this anecdote, procured a copy of these juvenile productions, which are now in his Majesty's collection, and which Weideman shewed to Handel; who seemed to look at them with much pleasure, and laughing, said: "I used to write like the D— in those days, but chiefly for the hautbois, which was my favorite instrument." This, and the having such an exquisite performer to write for, as San Martini, accounts for the frequent opportunities which Handel took of composing for that instrument, in the early part of his life.

nation of his friends; but though he played on almost every kind of instrument, and had attempted to compose an opera at twelve years old, yet, in obedience to his mother's positive commands, on whom, as his father was dead, he was solely dependent, at about the age of twenty he solemnly renounced his musical pursuits, though with the greatest reluctance, and set out for Leipsic, in order to study the law in that university. In the way thither, however, he stopt at Halle, where, says Telemann, "from my acquaintance with Handel, who was *already famous*, I again sucked in so much of the poison of music as nearly overset all my resolutions."

Handel was now but sixteen years of age; and as Telemann, in his account of himself and his studies, soon mentions our juvenile musician again, I shall proceed a little further in his narrative.

"However," continues Telemann, "after quitting Handel, I persevered in the plan prescribed by my mother, and went to Leipsic to pursue my studies; but, unfortunately, was lodged in a house where I perpetually heard music of all kinds, which, though much worse than my own, again led me into temptation. And a fellow-student finding among my papers a psalm which I had set to music, and which, in sacrificing all my other illicit attempts at composition, had chanced to escape oblivion, he begged it of me, and had it performed at St. Thomas's Church, where it was so much approved, that the burgo-master desired I should compose something of this kind every fortnight; for this I was amply rewarded, and had hopes, likewise, given me, of future advantages of much greater importance. At this time I happened to be reminded of the solemn promise I had made my mother, for whom I had a great reverence, of utterly abandoning all thoughts of music, by receiving from her a draught for my subsistence: which, however, I returned; and, after mentioning the profitable and promising state of my affairs, earnestly intreated her to relax a little in the rigor of her injunctions, concerning the study of music. Her blessings on my new labors, followed; and now I was half a musician again.

"Soon after I was appointed director of the opera, for which I composed many dramas, not only for Leipsic, where I established the College of Music which still subsists, but for Sorau, Frankfort, and the Court of Weissenfels. The organ of the new church was then just built, of which I was appointed organist and director of the music. This organ, however, I only played at the consecration, or opening, and afterwards resigned it, as a bone of contention for young musical students to quarrel and scramble for. At this time the pen of the excellent Kuhnau served me for a model in fugue and counterpoint; but in fashioning subjects of melody, Handel and I were continually exercising our fancy, and reciprocally communicating our thoughts, both by letter and conversation, in the frequent visits we made to each other."*

According to Telemann's dates, all this must have happened between the year 1701 and 1703, when Handel, quitting Halle, arrived at Hamburg, a place too distant from Leipsic for frequent visits between these young musicians to have been practicable.†

Handel having passed his youth on the continent, and chiefly in Germany, the incidents of that part of his life must have been better known by his cotemporary countrymen than by an inhabitant of England, who, at the distance of fifty years from the arrival of this great musician among us, depended on tradition for facts.

John Mattheson, an able musician and voluminous writer on the subject of music, who resided at Hamburg during the whole time that Handel remained in that city, has many particulars dispersed through his writings, which merit attention. For though he sometimes appears as a friend, companion, and admirer of Handel's genius and abilities, and at others assumes the critic, discovering manifest signs of rivalry, envy

and discontent, at his superior success; yet, Mattheson was never so abandoned a writer as to invent or disguise facts, which he knew the whole city of Hamburg, and even Handel himself, who was living till within five years of this author's death, could confute.

Mattheson, born at Hamburg 1681, had a liberal education, and became a considerable personage in that city; where, in the younger part of his life, he figured in the triple capacity of composer, opera-singer, and harpsichord-player: and afterwards, though he quitted the stage upon being appointed secretary to Sir Cyril Wych, the English resident, yet he continued to study, practice, and write on musical subjects, till the time of his death.

He discovered as early a propensity to music as Telemann or Handel: having been able at nine years old to sing his own compositions to the organ, in one of the Hamburg Churches; and, at eighteen, he set an opera called the *Pleïades*, for the theatre in that city, in which he sung the principal part himself.

Indeed, Mattheson's early connexion and intercourse there with Handel, before his name as a great musician had penetrated into other parts of Europe, were such, that it is hopeless now to seek for better information than his writings furnish, concerning so interesting a period.

Mattheson was a vain and pompous man, whose first wish in all his writings was to impress the reader with due reverence for his own abilities and importance. It was his boast before his death, in 1764, at the age of eighty-three, 'that he had printed as many books, on the subject of music, as he had lived years; and that he should leave to his executors an equal number, in manuscript for the use of posterity.

'In 1761, he published a Translation of the Life of Handel, from the English; with additions and remarks, which are neither very candid nor liberal. But how should the author of that book expect quarter from him, in which it is asserted, that "Mattheson was no great singer, and only employed occasionally." In refutation of which he assures us, "that he constantly sung the principal parts in the Hamburg operas, during fifteen years, and with such success, that he could command the passion of his audience, by exciting in them, at his pleasure, joy, grief, hope and fear." And who shall venture to doubt of his having possessed these powers, when their effects are thus attested by himself?'

In a work of musical biography and criticism, by Mattheson, called *Grundlage einer Ehren-Pforte*, "Foundation of a triumphal Arch," in honor of music and musicians, published at Hamburg, 1740, in which there is a long and inflated account of himself and his works, which occupies thirty pages, we have, as well as in his annotations on the English Life, a more ample and satisfactory account of Handel's juvenile compositions and adventures, than I have been able to find elsewhere.

After telling us that he arrived at Hamburg in the summer of 1703, rich in genius and good disposition: "Here," says Mattheson, "almost his first acquaintance was myself; as I met with him at the organ of St. Mary Magdalen's Church, July the 30th, whence I conducted him to my father's house, where he was treated with all possible kindness as well as hospitality; and I afterwards not only attended him to organs, choirs, operas, and concerts, but recommended him to several scholars, particularly to one in a certain house, where everybody was much devoted to music.

"At first he only played a *ripieno* violin in the opera orchestra, and behaved as if he could not count five; being naturally inclined to dry humor.†

"At this time he composed extreme long Airs

* Journal of a Musical Tour through Germany, &c., vol. ii.

† "I know," says Mattheson, "if he happens to read this, he will laugh in his heart, for he never laughed outwardly; particularly if he remembers the poulterer who travelled with us; the pastry-cook's son who blew the bellows for us at St. Mary's; our parties on the water together; and a hundred other circumstances, still fresh in my mind."

and Cantatas without end; of which, though the harmony was excellent, yet true taste was wanting; which, however, he very soon acquired by his attendance at the opera."

As these young musicians lived much together in great intimacy, they had frequent amicable contests and trials of skill with each other; in which it appearing that they excelled on different instruments, Handel on the organ, and Mattheson on the harpsichord, they mutually agreed not to invade each other's province, and faithfully observed this compact for five or six years.

Mattheson tells us, that in the year 1704, the opera-house at Hamburg happening to be shut, leaving Handel behind him, he travelled to Holland, played on the famous organs, and heard the great performers in that country; made concerts at Amsterdam, and might have been elected organist of Haerlem: having had an offer of that place, with a salary of fifteen hundred Dutch goldens, equal to near a hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year. He had then thoughts of going to England, but was prevented from executing that design, or of accepting the place of organist at Haerlem, by the pressing entreaties he received from the managers of the opera, his family, friends, and confessor; but chiefly by a most kind and obliging letter which was written to him by Handel, from Hamburg. This letter, in order to shew the kind of intimacy which then subsisted between them, Mattheson has inserted in his "Triumphal Arch." It is dated March 18, and was written before clashing interests and rival claims had occasioned any interruption of their friendship; among other expressions of civility from Handel, he gives the following:

"I often wish to enjoy your very agreeable conversation, which I hope will soon happen, as the time approaches, when, without your presence, nothing can be done at the opera. I most humbly intreat you to inform me of your departure from Amsterdam, that I may have an opportunity of shewing my regard, by giving you the meeting."

Handel, at this time, must have been composing his first Opera, in which, depending upon Mattheson to perform the principal man's part, he had, probably, set the songs to his style of singing and compass of voice; but vanity never suffered Mattheson to ascribe Handel's attentions to anything but pure love and kindness.

In his remarks on the English life of Handel, he is particularly severe on that part of it which contains an account of the quarrel which happened between him and that composer, soon after the letter was written: accusing the biographer not only of violating geography, chronology and history, but of a wilful misrepresentation of facts, in relating the circumstances of this breach between them.

Mattheson, who, with all his self-complaisance and pedantry, is generally allowed to have been diligent in finding, and exact in stating facts, after telling us that Handel, when he first came to Hamburg, notwithstanding the exalted station at which he soon arrived, had no better part assigned him in the opera, than the *Second ripieno Violin*; informs us, that "though he then pretended to know nothing, yet he used to be very arch, for he had always a dry way of making the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself. But his superior abilities were soon discovered, when, upon occasion of the harpsichord-player at the opera being absent, he was first persuaded to take his place; for he then shewed himself to be a great master, to the astonishment of every one, except myself, who had frequently heard him before, upon keyed-instruments."

According to Mattheson's own confession, he acquired from Handel, by frequently meeting him at his father's house, and practising with him, a knowledge of modulation, and method of combining sounds, which he could have learned of no one else.

Upon a vacancy in an organist's place at Lubeck, they travelled thither together, and in the *wagen* composed several double fugues, *da mente*, says Mattheson, not *da penna*. Buxtehude was then at Lubeck, and an admirable organ-player; however, Handel's powers on that instrument

* Mattheson's *Ehren Pforte*, p. 354. 1740.

† Leipsic, which is only 24 English miles from Halle, is 200 from Hamburg.

astonished even those who were accustomed to hear that great performer. Handel and Mattheson were prevented from becoming candidates for the place of organist at Lubeck, by a condition that was annexed to the obtaining that office; which was no other than to take with it a wife, whom their constituents were to nominate; but thinking this too great an honor, they precipitately retreated to Hamburg.

About this time an opera, called "Cleopatra," composed by Mattheson, was performed on that stage, in which he acted the part of Anthony himself, and Handel played the harpsichord; but Mattheson being accustomed, upon the death of Anthony, which happens early in the piece, to take the harpsichord, in the character of composer, Handel refused to indulge his vanity, by relinquishing to him this post; which occasioned so violent a quarrel between them, that at going out of the house, Mattheson gave him a slap on the face; upon which both immediately drew their swords, and a duel ensued in the Market-place, before the door of the Opera House: luckily, the sword of Mattheson was broke against a metal button upon Handel's coat, which put an end to the combat, and they were soon after reconciled.

Such is the account, which, long before the death of Handel, Mattheson himself published, concerning the difference that happened between them, during his residence at Hamburg.

The English biographer is very roughly handled by Mattheson for saying that this duel had "more the appearance of *assassination* than of a *rencontre*," and accuses him of constantly and wilfully diminishing the age of Handel, in order to represent him not only as a prodigy in music, but a youth of too tender years to be possessed of courage, reason, or skill, sufficient to defend himself; but if he had been capable of making a defence, says the author of his Life, "he could not be prepared for it." In answer to this, Mattheson observes, that "Handel, at the time of the quarrel, was twenty years of age; tall, strong, broad-shouldered, and muscular; consequently, well able to defend himself:" and adds, that "a dry slap on the face was no *assassination*, but rather a *friendly hint*, to put him on his guard."

This rencontre happened the 5th of December, 1704; and, as a proof of a speedy reconciliation, Mattheson tells us, that on the 30th of the same month, he accompanied the young composer to the rehearsal of his first opera of "Almira," at the theatre, and performed in it the principal part; and that, afterwards, they became greater friends than ever. This opera, though rehearsed at the end of 1704, was not publicly performed till the beginning of 1705, when it was greatly approved.*

On the 25th of February of the same year, he produced his second opera, called "Nero," which had likewise a very favorable reception.† It was at the end of the run of these two dramas that Mattheson, who performed the principal man's part in both, quitted the stage, on his being appointed secretary to the British resident at Hamburg; an office in which he continued to the time of his death, at the distance of near sixty years from his first appointment.‡

That Mattheson had more knowledge than taste, no other proof need be given than the following conceit, which was related to me at Hamburg. Late in life, in setting, as part of his own funeral anthem, the third verse of the fourth chapter of Revelations: "And there was a rainbow round about the throne," he contrived in a

very full score, to make every part form an *arch*, by a gradual ascent and descent of the notes on paper, in plain counter-point; which appearance to the eyes of the performers, he probably thought would convey the idea of a *rain-bow* to the ears of the congregation!

All the music that I have ever seen by Mattheson is sterile of ideas and uninteresting. It has been said, that he was a great performer on the harpsichord, and that Handel frequently amused himself with playing his pieces; in doing which, if ever he regarded Mattheson as a formidable rival, his triumph must have been very complete in comparing them with his own, or with the inherent powers which he must have felt of producing better whenever he pleased. I am in possession of a set of Twelve Lessons by Mattheson, engraved on copper, by Fletcher, in tall folio of eighteen staved paper, London 1714; who, in a Preface speaks of them as "Pieces which claim precedence to all others of this nature; as being composed by one of the greatest masters of the age, in a taste altogether pleasing and sublime." They consist of Overtures, Preludes, Fugues, Allemandes, Conrautes, Gignues, and Aires; but, notwithstanding the editor's eulogy, like all the harpsichord music I ever saw, anterior to Handel's admirable *Suites de Pieces*, first Set, 1720; though in good harmony, it impresses the mind with no better idea of accent, grace, or passion, than the glinging of triangles, or bells of a pack-horse; and is truly such as degrades the instrument to the level of "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

From 1705 to 1708, when Handel set two other operas, "Florinda" and "Dafne," he furnished nothing for the stage; though he had many scholars, composed harpsichord-pieces, single songs, and cantatas, innumerable.*

During his residence at Hamburg, Mattheson allows, that Handel improved his own style greatly, by his constant attendance at the opera; and says, that he was even more powerful upon the organ, in extempore fugues and counterpoint, than the famous Kuhnau of Leipsic, who was at this time regarded as a prodigy.

[To be continued.]

MUSICAL FESTIVITIES.—Congreve, in a letter to a friend, speaks in terms of great admiration of the display made, when the prize of 200 guineas to the most successful composer of his "Judgment of Paris" formed the occasion of quite a musical festival. He records that the voices taking part in the music reached the great number of eighty-five! This was in 1701.

Reaching almost as far back, we have records of the Annual Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy, which were in great measure musical, and were held in various cities of England. These were all charitable, as have been the meetings at Gloucester, Norwich, Worcester, and more recently at Birmingham, Liverpool and other cities, the reports of which now form a part of our regular staple of foreign art news. The idea of a musical festival was, therefore, nothing new, when the great Commemoration of Handel was proposed in 1783, and steps were taken to form and carry out a plan, which in its comprehensiveness and grandeur should eclipse any thing recorded in the history of modern music up to that time.

The original intention was to have this festival, not only in Westminster Abbey where the mighty master was entombed, but also upon the centennial

anniversary of his birth. Circumstances, however, caused the performances to be deferred until the 26th of May. The three days of a festival were by command of the King extended to four, and at the request of the Queen to five, a performance of the "Messiah" upon the fifth, concluding the "Commemoration." With this exception, all the concerts were miscellaneous in character, and save that of the second day, were given in the Abbey. The vocal and instrumental forces numbered 525; of whom nearly half (250) were instrumental.

The success of the festival led to others in the succeeding years. In 1785 the performers were 616 in number; in 1786 they were increased to 741; in 1787 to 806.

These festivals excited great attention throughout Europe, and a few years later, Hans Georg Naegeli, at Zurich, in Switzerland, and George Frederic Bischoff, teacher at the Lyceum in Frankenhauzen in Thuringia, each in his own circle, and without concert with each other, formed a plan for something of the kind.

Naegeli was the originator of the "Swiss Musical Union," and the festivals of this association were the first upon the continent of Europe. A grand one at Zurich, in the year 1812, was a marked epoch in the musical history of that part of Europe.

Bischoff's first festival was almost contemporaneous with the first of the Swiss Union, having taken place at Frankenhauzen, in 1804. The disasters of the wars with Napoleon prevented a second until 1810. This was, however, a very important one, Spohr, then capellmeister at Gotha, joining Bischoff, and through the influence of his position, enabling him to draw together the musical forces of all the small courts and cities in that section of Germany.

The peace of 1815 was celebrated in many places by monster concerts. Beethoven composed music for one at Vienna, and these meetings were the origin in many places of annual festivals.

Besides the festival of which Bischoff may be called the father and which was celebrated many years, meeting at different cities alternately—as at Hanover, Frankenhauzen, Hildesheim, Heimsstadt, &c.—another German one included the musical circles of Hamburg, Lubeck, Altona and other cities of that part of Germany; a third met alternately at Dusseldorf, Cologne, Elberfeld, Aix la Chapelle and neighboring cities; a fourth at Mannheim, Frankfurt on the Main, Mayence, Heidelberg, &c.; a fifth was confined to Breslau and other cities of Silesia; a sixth met in the Prussian cities upon the shores of the Baltic; and so on.

More recently similar festivals have been held in the cities of Belgium and Holland. In most of these cases the festivals have been devised and carried through by combining together the musical associations, choirs and orchestras of small places, it being the only means possible of producing grand works there with any adequate forces, and hence they have been of a popular character. In Catholic sections of Germany, the cathedrals furnish the best materials for choirs and orchestras, and at their festivals, works of the highest character—oratorios by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, the Grand Second Mass, and the Ninth Symphony by Beethoven, Mozart's Requiem, and the like, forming the staple music of the programme. On these occasions the greatest talent is engaged, and the results are similar to those of the grand English festivals.

In other parts of Germany the musical forces of the festivals are not seldom confined to the clubs of male singers, which under a great variety of names exist in all the cities of Germany. For festivals of this character Dr. Loewe's "Brazen Serpent," an oratorio for men's voices, was written.

The annual *Musikfest* of our German fellow-citizens is of the latter character.

Another species of festival—if we may so speak—is common in Germany, at which a society of long standing takes the initiative, and which it carries through, being reinforced by invited guests until the chorus and orchestra is as large as can possibly be accommodated.

Such was the grand festival of the "Society of

* The German title of this opera is: *Der in Kronen erlangte Glückswechsel, oder Almira, Koenigin von Castilien*; that is, "The Vicissitudes of Royalty, or Almira Queen of Castile." There was an Epilogue to this drama, called "The Genius of Europe," set by Keyser.

† This opera was styled in German: *Nero, oder die durch Blut und Mord erlangte Liebe*; "Nero, or, Love obtained by Blood and Murder."

‡ Mattheson's first opera, called the "Pleiades," was performed at Hamburg, 1699. "Porfenna," the second, 1701. "Victor, Duke of Normandy," the third, of which Schieferdecker composed the first act, Mattheson the second, and Bronner the third, was performed the same year. "Cleopatra," the fourth, which occasioned the quarrel between Mattheson and Handel, 1704.

* I procured at Hamburg, in 1773, a manuscript collection of cantatas, by the principal composers of the early part of the present century; among which are two by Handel, which I never saw elsewhere; and these, it is most probable, were produced in that city, during his residence there, previous to his arrival in England, or journey into Italy. One of these cantatas has a spirited accompaniment for a harpsichord, obligato. At the end is a short air, which seems to contain the germ, or subject, of a favorite harpsichord lesson, printed in the second volume of his *Pieces de Clavecin*, p. 5, the identical movement with which he ended the last concerto which he ever played in public. This cantata is the more likely to have been composed early in his youth, as there are some little liberties, and negligences in the composition, which have never appeared in his later productions.

the Friends of Music in the Austrian Capital," which took place November 7th 10th, 1839. The place selected for the concerts was a huge military riding-school building in the city, and the number of performers reached 1027. Of these the vocalists were, soprani 220, alti 160, tenori 160, bassi 160.

In our own country we are not aware that any musical meeting, which can properly be called a musical festival, save the German "Fests" mentioned above, and the conventions of psalmists—which are teachers' institutes—and possibly the Barnum concerts at the New York Crystal Palace, has taken place. To that which takes place to-day, in the Music Hall, we therefore give the credit of being the first.

From my Diary, No. 4.

MAY 25.—Now that the Festival is over, there is opportunity for a few "Notes and Queries."

1. Mr. Winthrop, in his Address, mentions a lost Oratorio, performed in Boston in 1789.

Here is the original advertisement of the concert, at which "Jonah" was sung. It will be seen that the concert was not given in honor of Washington, but to obtain funds to finish the colonnade of the Stone Chapel. As to the oratorio, I have the impression that some account of it is to be found in the London Harmonicon, but that work is not at hand. Perhaps some of our lovers of English music may be able to tell us the author. My recollection of having somewhere read a notice of it, is quite distinct.

The following advertisement is from the "Herald of Freedom," (Boston), Oct. 23d, 1789.

FOR PUBLIC ORNAMENT.

AN ORATORIO OR CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

On Wednesday next will be performed at the Stone Chapel in this town, An Oratorio or Concert of Sacred Music, to assist in finishing the Colonnade or Portico of said Chapel, agreeable to the original design.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1—Full Anthem..... Composed by Mr. Selby.
- 2—The favorite Air in the "Messiah," (Composed by the celebrated Handel.) "Comfort ye my people."..... By Mr. Rea.
- 3—Organ Concerto..... By Mr. Selby.
- 4—The favorite Air in the Oratorio of "Samson," (Composed by the celebrated Handel.) "Let the bright Seraphim."..... By Mr. Rea.

PART THE SECOND.

The Oratorio of "Jonah" complete. The Solos by Messrs. Rea, Fay, Bremer and Dr. Rogerson. The Choruses by the Independent Musical Society. The instrumental parts by a society of Gentlemen, with the band of his Most Christian Majesty's fleet.

As the above Oratorio has been highly applauded by the best judges, and has never been performed in America, and as the first performers in this Country will be joined by the excellent band of His Most Christian Majesty's Squadron, the Public will have every reason to expect a more finished and delightful Performance than was ever exhibited in the United States.

The music to be given at half-past 2 o'clock.

Tickets at half a dollar each, may be had at Dr. Winship's, Union Street; B. Guild's Bookstore, and at the Post Office, in Cornhill, and at J. Templeman's, W. Burley's, and B. Russell's Offices in State Street.

The next number of the paper, Oct. 27th, contains again the programme, with the following introduction, and closing remark:

FOR PUBLIC ORNAMENT.

The Oratorio or Concert of Sacred Music, which was to have been on Wednesday last, will be performed this day, at the Stone Chapel in Boston, in presence of the President of the United States.

[Here follows the Programme.]

The music to begin precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M.

No person will be admitted without a ticket. No more tickets will be sold than will admit of the auditory being conveniently accommodated. Tickets for admission on the 21st inst. will be received. The doors open at nine o'clock.

2. Mr. Winthrop, in a note, speaks of Bach, "of whose works so many are lost."

The idea that Bach's works have not been well preserved, is common, and is based, I think, upon English authorities. It is, however, a mistake. Bach himself was very careful of his manuscripts, and those written for the Thomas School at Leipzig, are still preserved there, almost without exception. During the time of Fasch and Zelter, the Sing Akademie of

Berlin made great efforts to procure Bach manuscripts, and Bach's sons, all famous composers, appreciating fully the greatness of their father, allowed nothing to be lost. In the Royal Library at Berlin, the works of Bach in original manuscripts, or in MS. copies, amount to hundreds, which have never been printed, unless they have been included in the great edition now in process of publication at Leipzig. In fact, I doubt if the works of any other composer have been so generally preserved as those of Bach.

3. Dwight quotes Zelter in relation to the original position of the chorus: "Unto us a child is born," in the "Messiah." Zelter thinks it was intended to be after the annunciation of the Shepherds by the Angel. In this case Handel would make a dramatic scene of it. Now Zelter could have had no other means of judging, except his own taste, of fitness of place. I look upon this chorus as being in its proper place, as we sing it, for I conceive it to be not dramatic but prophetic. It is the close, and fitting close, of the prophecies. To decide the matter, I have been up to the College Library and examined the original edition of the "Messiah"—the copy as it was first performed—for all the changes and additions made for the second performance are printed as an appendix—and find, after the recitative: "For behold a Virgin," the order to be this:

"Oh thou that tellest,"
"For behold darkness,"
"The People that walked,"
"For unto us a child is born."

Is this not conclusive?

4. In addition to the occasions mentioned by Mr. Winthrop, upon which the Handel and Haydn Society furnished music, I think of two worthy of special record: at the obsequies of John Quincy Adams in Faneuil Hall, and at the Water Celebration on the Common, in 1848, on both of which occasions, C. E. Horn was conductor.

Query—What about Mr. Selby, the organist?

Musical Correspondence.

[The following letter has been crowded out for two weeks.]

BERLIN, APRIL 5.—In my last I gave a brief review of what Berlin has furnished us in the way of Opera during the past three months. Let us glance now at the Concerts.

In the Symphony Concerts of the Royal Capelle, I have to single out as worthy of especial notice the grandest of all piano-forte Concertos, that in E flat by Beethoven, in which the might of Beethoven's genius announces itself at the very beginning in a manner so inspiring, that the languid mood, in which the preceding overture, Gade's "From the Highlands," had left the audience, vanished suddenly like clouds and vapors before the sun. Herr PAUER, from London, played it with technical certainty, and with much warmth and truth of conception. The rendering, which was richly applauded, revealed from the outset that genuine artistic sense, which looks right at the essence of the matter, and conscientiously and faithfully delivers the entrusted value to the hearers. By way of novelty, the last of these soirées gave us a Symphony for stringed instruments by Sebastian Bach; but the work had little more than historical interest; it lacks sensuous euphony; the melody scarcely reaches any free development owing to the too great predominance of polyphony; and the strictly logical consistency of treatment excludes all participation of sentiment or fancy; the ear too is wearied by the monotony and cutting sharpness of the rhythm. Bach belongs among the creators of instrumental music; from him it received, together with organic form in correspondence with the laws of artistic logic, the right of independent existence. Before it could attain to its peculiar power of expression, its forms had to be so far moulded and made tractable, that it could receive into itself and represent an intellectual meaning. In a few tens of years instrumental music experienced a development such as the other arts could scarcely

point to in as many centuries. As a splendid evidence of this, Beethoven's C minor symphony closed the evening in a masterly performance. The impassioned energy of the first movement, the infinite depth of feeling of the Andante, the often extremely bitter humor of the Scherzo, and the majestic pomp of the Finale made a profound impression. All the performers seemed to emulate one another in rendering enthusiastic homage to the master of Symphony.

Our music director, LIEBIG, to whom so many owe their only opportunities of enjoying and learning from the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, was presented in his concert hall, on Christmas eve, with a costly cup, bearing an appropriate inscription, as a mark of gratitude from his always numerous audience.... Of great Oratorio performances the most important have been the Mass, by Bach, in B minor, the grand Mass of Beethoven, and the prince Radzivil's music to Goethe's *Faust*. In the mass by Bach, all those sublime and powerful traits which lend the stamp of immortality to his St. Matthew "Passion," are found concentrated and not less interesting. Here the instrumentation especially claims attention. We must not forget that Bach was the greatest of organ-players. At the organ he controlled and held the whole together. The performance by the Sing-Akademie was satisfactory; but the orchestra lacked many a fine trait, which should be indispensable to an orchestra that ventures upon the highest tasks of Art. The execution of Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* did full honor to Stern's Union. In spite of the gigantic difficulties of this undertaking, the high range of voice which Beethoven assumes in the singers, the exceeding strain upon the mental powers of all who take part in it, on which the composer counts for every moment, the work unfolded its sublime proportions beautifully clear. Especial praise is due to the self-sacrificing zeal of the female chorus. They form the essential support of every amateur society; they lend a poetic, festival tone to every concert. A performance before the public is to them an event to which they look forward a long time with pride and with enthusiasm.

Goethe's *Faust*, with Prince Radzivil's music, was performed by the Singakademie in aid of the Schiller fund. In this work of the cultivated, Art-inspired prince, dilettantism presents itself to us in its most amiable aspect. Throughout we recognize in it a warm, easily excitable nature, a beautiful and truly human individuality, which wins our sympathy. The performance, (unfortunately with piano instead of orchestra), was satisfactory. The choruses, in which the centre of gravity of the music lies, were sung with fervor and precision. The solos too were finely rendered by Mmes. WTERST and STRAIL, and Messrs. GEIER and SEIDL.

The last concerts of the Opera Academy have enjoyed an increased interest and a more and more numerous audience, particularly since this institution has possessed an orchestra of its own, established by the director, Herr ZORFF, in spite of the greatest difficulties and hindrances, as a distinct organization of hired musicians and devoted amateurs. These concerts have brought out some difficult and rarely heard ensembles from the finest operas; for instance, the sextet finale from Mozart's *Don Juan*, which, wonderfully beautiful as it is in itself, is always, from overweighing dramatic reasons, omitted on the stage. Under the circumstances, both singers and orchestra achieved much that was worthy of notice, especially as regards the zeal and carefulness of the single voices, and of the director himself. The whole undertaking has evidently, by dint of industry and perseverance, made great progress during the winter. The summer will give the director leisure to prepare and organize a good deal for the coming year. We may then hope to see spring up a class of concerts which will go far to fill many a gap left by other

operas and concerts. For where have we an opportunity to hear the music of many excellent operas which no one theatre can comprehend? Are not even the most genial creations of great composers, such as Gluck, Mozart, Spohr, Winter, about the same as buried? not to speak of wholly new productions, which, for whatever reason, are not able to open a way for themselves.

Of the Quartet and Trio Soirées, the most famous have been those of Messrs. von BUELOW, LAUB and RADECKE, ZIMMERMANN, GRUENWALD and ESPENHAHN. Of foreign concert-givers the most conspicuous has been CLARA NOVELLO, who had not been heard here for twenty years, and who has stirred up anew a general enthusiasm. ff.

NEW YORK, MAY 21.—I did not learn until too late, that your paper was to be issued already to-day, and so was obliged to defer my letter. I have, however, only to record the final successful performance of "The Seven Sleepers," by the Harmonic Society. This concert was on a larger scale than the former ones, given at the City Assembly Rooms, and with the aid of a small (by no means, as announced, a grand) orchestra. In spite of the weather being quite unfavorable, (the ill luck of Mr. EISFELD in this respect seeming to have been transferred to the Harmonic Society), there was a goodly audience assembled. The first part consisted of a Te Deum and Jubilate, for Solo, Quartet and Chorus, by Mr. BRISTOW, the conductor of the Society, of which the latter particularly was a very pleasing and well-harmonized composition. Miss BRAINERD also sang: "Hear ye, Israel," with much better effect than at the last Philharmonic, the room being infinitely better adapted to her voice on this occasion. She also had one of the principal solo parts in the "Seven Sleepers," which formed the second half of the concert. The music of this Cantata was very beautiful, and must please every one. I do not remember ever hearing of its being performed in Boston, although here it has been quite a favorite.

The subject is very dramatic, and furnishes room for a great variety of composition. I may, in a future letter, give you an analysis of it, and speak also of some of the other works of Dr. LOEWE, the composer. For the present, I will only say that the performance on Thursday night did not do it justice at all. The orchestra, though composed of some of our best Philharmonic players, was miserable, owing evidently to want of pains and interest in the matter. The Chorus falls very short of that of the Mendelssohn Union, and although it had been so long practising this composition, sung very indifferently. Of the solo singers, there were but two or three who were fit to be such, and these were chiefly among the ladies. Besides, of course, Miss Brainerd, I may mention Miss ANDREWS, (who sings, however, with too much consciousness), and Miss ROBJONX, whose full, rich, mezzo soprano voice, and perfectly unassuming manner, are exceedingly pleasing. By this deficiency in the solo parts, the most beautiful and effective portion of the Cantata, which forms the climax of its interest, viz.: the awakening of the "Seven Sleepers," one after another, to join in a solemn canon-choral, was completely spoilt. Let us hope that the Society may study this work through again, and let us hear it more perfectly next season.

I trust you have better weather for your Festival than we are blessed with here. What a feast of music you are enjoying! I hope it all will go off well. One great mistake has been made, however, in the Festival not having been sufficiently heralded abroad. As far as I know, only one of our papers, (the *Evening Post*), has had any advertisement of it, while some of the most influential ones had heard so little of it that they did not think it worth while to send on a reporter. How can the custom become national, if confined only to one city? t

NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 30.—On Friday evening last, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to attend a concert given by the Newport Musical Institute, under the direction of Mr. EREN TOURJEE, which was of such a character as to deserve some notice in the columns of your valuable journal. The programme was an excellent one, both as to the selection of the pieces, and their arrangement. It contained a variety of sacred and secular music, from the best composers of the present and former times; and solos, duets, quartets, songs and choruses (principally from Mozart's Twelfth Mass) were so intermingled as to keep fully alive, during the whole evening, the unflagging interest of the multitude that thronged Aquidneck Hall. The number in attendance, together with the crowds that went away unable to gain admittance, bore good testimony to the interest which has been awakened in that city on the subject of musical culture, and the public appreciation of music of the highest style.

We are informed that the Institute, though a new organization, now numbers about 160 members. For the last few months it has been rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Tourjee, and the members have made commendable progress in the culture of correct musical taste and good execution. At least, this was the impression gained by listening to their performance last evening, many portions of which, though often heard, are seldom more effectively rendered. A very good orchestra has also been formed, which gave very efficient aid with several instruments, some of them superbly played. We had thought of mentioning the names of some singers and performers who won particular favor, but forbear, lest we should seem invidious.

We gather the following facts indicative of the prospects of music in Newport. A new hall is in process of erection for the rehearsals of the Institute, and is to be dedicated about the 20th of June. It is also in contemplation to erect a large Music Hall at an expense of \$50,000. Many excellent concerts are anticipated this season, and it is hoped the Germanian and other artists who often pass the summer there may do much to aid the good work of musical reform so auspiciously begun. With the annual gathering of artists in Newport, and this flourishing Institute, Boston is in danger of losing her laurels in the musical world, at least for the season when laurels are freshest, and Newport seems likely to bear the palm. Solo.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 6, 1857.

HANDEL.—It seems to us a fit time, while those mighty fugues and Hallelujahs of the "Messiah" are yet ringing in all our ears after our own great Festival, and while the notes of preparation for a yet grander Handelian Commemoration salute us from abroad, to lay before our readers what we have never done before, some sketch of the life of Handel. Among so many Musical biographies, we have hitherto omitted Handel, simply because the theme was so familiar to really musical readers, and in waiting for an occasion which should clothe it with a more general and fresh interest. The occasion has come, which we improve by commencing to copy on another page the very readable and pleasant sketch from Dr. Burney's account of the Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. To be sure it was written many years ago, and can not contain all that is now known of the great composer. But it has in the first place the recommendation of moderate length; and again that of presenting the essential well-

known facts in a connected, interesting shape, wherewith it will be wholesome just now to refresh our memories.

These reasons will suffice to justify the going back to so old a source, (a very rare book, too,) just at the time of the appearance of a long expected full and critical *Life of Handel*, in England. We have before spoken of the researches in London of M. Victor Schœlcher, a French refugee, and most devout admirer of Handel. His book is at length announced and is reviewed by Chorley in the *Athenæum* of May 9th. We have not yet seen it here. It is undoubtedly the most elaborate work upon the subject which has yet appeared. Yet, if we are to trust Chorley, who, in spite of his strong English prejudices, appears to give good reasons for his judgment, "the life of Handel has still to be written." A couple of extracts from the *Athenæum* article give some notion of the excellencies and defects of the book.

That M. Schœlcher's book is well timed there can be no doubt—that it has been forced out to suit a particular period no one should assume. M. Schœlcher's researches have been so well known to the musical and antiquarian world for some years past, that malice itself would not dream of charging him with the poor design of putting forward a catch-penny book. There is something in the circumstances of its authorship which appeals to every genial sympathy. The sight of one so extreme in his political convictions as Handel's biographer has elsewhere proclaimed himself to be, turning to account exile and pause, by entering the quiet domains of Art—that fairy garden where the rose, be it ever so red, does not signify rebellion—neither, be it ever so white, does it typify the stainless traditions of right divine—is a spectacle so rare as to engage the favor of all those who object to see politics taken up as a trade, not as a conviction; and who thus (whatever opinions a man may have held) appreciate as an act of dignity the politician's retirement into gentler pursuits, when the time does not call him forth. Neither zeal, nor labor, nor money, nor enthusiastic reverence has been wanting to M. Schœlcher during the preparation and arrangement of this biography. Yet it will scarcely satisfy either the general reader or the more strictly educated musician as a life of the man Handel or as an essay on those musical glories the supremacy of which the Haydns, Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, and Rossinis of later times have not one, by a breath, ever thought to dispute. * * *

We are bound to say, in continuation, that passion for (rather than understanding of) his subject pervades M. Schœlcher's treatment of it, where Handel is considered not morally but musically. In a humor akin to that of the recent school of Beethoven's idolaters, M. Schœlcher seems to have entered on his task in a spirit of boundless faith and unlimited acceptance. His divine man is a god who neither hungers nor thirsts, nor falters, nor does aught amiss. * * *

We yield to none in our deep admiration of Handel as the greatest poet in his art who ever lived—the Shakespeare of Music, whose greatness will more and more reveal itself in proportion as intelligence goes hand-in-hand with rapture. But such a wholesale glorification as we find here—confounding what is permanent with what was temporary, what is good with what is less good—amounts to nothing less than a complete abnegation of all knowledge, power, and genuine faculty of loving. In part it arises from the want of musical knowledge, confessed by M. Schœlcher—in part from the impetuosity of worship. Be the cause what it may, the result is unsatisfactory. * * *

It is not unlikely that the English press will teem with works on Handel from this time until the great Crystal Palace Festival in 1859. M. Schœlcher has already in preparation another volume, to contain a complete Catalogue of Handel's works; and we see among the London announcements of books just published: "HANDEL: his Life, Personal and Professional; with Thoughts on Sacred Music. A Sketch. By Mrs. BRAY, author of the 'Life of Stothard,' &c. Ward & Co. Price 2 shillings."

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Festival is over, and the order of the day, for a brief spell, is Italian Opera. MAX MARETZKE and company, fresh from a second profitable campaign in Philadelphia, and after playing for a couple of nights this week at the New York Academy, will open at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening a season of "positively seven nights only." The performances will be on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon; prices \$1.00 for parquet, balcony and first circle, 50 cents for second circle. On Monday Mme. GAZZANIGA, who seems to have made a prodigious sensation by her voice and her fine acting, will appear in Verdi's *Traviata*, its first production in our city. BRIGNOLI and AMODIO will take part in it. Others of the troupe are: Boston's worthy favorite, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Signors COLETTI, ASSONI, BARRATINI, QUINTO and MUELLER.... At the new Academy in Philadelphia, where Opera seems to have set up its headquarters in this country, (always excepting New Orleans), the Italian is to be succeeded next week by a German troupe, with Mme. JOHANNSEN as the prima donna. They commence with Flotow's Frenchy little opera, *Martha*, on Monday. The MORELLI opera experiment in New York has proved a failure. Mme. DE WILLHORST has taken flight for Europe, for more finishing.... Mme. LAGRANGE has got back from her Western tour, and announces a short series of "farewell" concerts in New York.

The Choir of the Unitarian Society at Jamaica Plain gave a Sacred Concert on Wednesday evening, assisted by a chorus of amateur singers, and Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD as organist. The programme included organ voluntaries, choruses and songs from Handel, Mozart, Spohr, Rossini, Costa, Weber; anthems by Webbe, &c.... Accounts of OLE BULL's successes reach us from many places North and East.

At the adjourned meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, on Wednesday evening last, the following officers were elected:—

President, C. F. Chickering—Vice President, Geo. Hews—Secretary, L. B. Barnes—Treasurer, M. S. Parker—Librarian, Edw. Faxon—Trustees, J. S. Farlow, H. L. Hazelton, A. O. Bigelow, J. P. Draper, D. W. Wiswell, O. J. Faxon, Theron J. Dale, and George H. Chickering, in place of Ephim. Wildes, who declined a reelection.

The society voted its thanks to Hon. R. C. Winthrop, for his oration, and also voted to accept the invitation to sing at Charlestown on the 17th, an original ode composed by Hon Geo. Lunt. Thirty-four new members have joined the Society the past year, and now that it has led the way in Festivals, it will naturally draw to itself many more.

The total receipts of the Festival were \$5,336 00, and the expenditures are estimated at \$7,299 00, leaving a deficiency of \$1,963 00 to be assessed upon the guarantors at the rate of thirty per cent. upon their several subscriptions. The guaranty was subscribed by quite a large number of persons in sums ranging from \$500 to \$25 and less. We have not heard of one who does not bear the tax quite cheerfully; for all regard the Festival as a complete success, full of encouragement for like attempts hereafter. Perhaps the uninitiated would like to know how much it costs to get up such an affair. Here are the principal items:

For Orchestra, Extra music, Loan of Libraries, Copying music, &c.....	\$2,917 45
" Vocal and Instrumental Soloists.....	1,337 00
" Printing, Advertising, Posting, &c.....	1,269 73
" Rent of Hall, and alterations, together with Doorkeepers, Ticket-sellers and Ushers.....	995 20
" Conductor, Organist, Librarians, &c....	493 73

It strikes us this is very modest pay for the Conductor and the Organist, considering their indefatigable

labors, throughout all the numerous rehearsals and in private—labors that would seem to outweigh what is done by all the solo-singers. But CARL ZERRAHN has found further reward, not alone in glory, but in a very pleasant occasion which we were too late to chronicle last week: to-wit, a meeting of ladies and gentlemen of the Society in Chickering's rooms, when the president in a neat speech presented the Conductor with a purse of \$200 in gold, subscribed by members as a hearty testimonial of their sense of his great services in conducting them so safely and so gloriously through. Mr. Zerrahn and wife are already on their way to Europe, for a summer visit to the Fatherland.

A writer in the *Daily Advertiser* closes a notice of our recent musical Festival with these timely hints:

Now that it is over, a great many people "are sorry that they did not go"—"did not appreciate how fine it was going to be," etc. etc., but a great many more think that enthusiasm on the subject is "humbug," and that it is a waste of time to listen to music by daylight. Merchants and lawyers think it impossible to leave their counting-rooms and offices in the morning. But did the "solid men of Boston" think it folly to close their stores for half a day when an agricultural fair was held there, and beautiful horses were to be seen at the South End? We would not undervalue that holiday—our people have but too few of them, and they are often ill employed. But we would esteem music worthy to fill one of our rare vacations. Let those who believe it to be one of God's best gifts to man, cherish it in a religious spirit, and guard themselves at least as carefully from the enthusiasm of the stock exchange as from the enthusiasm of the "Divine Art."

Was there ever a time when among us the imagination stood more in need of purification?—when it sought lower and more degrading stimulants than have been greedily swallowed within the last few months? From hideous facts and corrupt fancies, let us gratefully turn to the fresh springs of another country and another century, and thank heaven for these influences, which are "not for an age, but for all time."

Our City fathers have at length, not without opposition in the Council, appropriated \$2,000 for music on the Common, two evenings in the week, for three months, to commence forthwith; also occasionally at the South end, and at East Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*—Handel's third greatest work—perhaps never enjoyed so excellent a chance of being appreciated as at its first performance this season by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The execution on the whole was the finest to which we have ever listened. Urged to more than ordinary energy by the anticipation of the forthcoming grand "Festival" at the Crystal Palace—which is to include *Judas Maccabæus* as well as the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the indefatigable guidance of Mr. Costa, has bestirred itself in a manner hitherto unexampled; and it is not too much to say that the performances this year, with one or two exceptions duly recorded, have surpassed in general excellence anything previously attempted at Exeter Hall. Grand, however, as was, in a more than usual number of instances, the execution of the unparalleled *Israel*, that of *Judas Maccabæus* was still more striking. From the almost irreproachable style in which the most magnificent and stupendous of the choruses—"Disdainful of danger," "Hear us, O Lord" (Part I.); "Fallen is the foe" (one of the choral masterpieces of Handel), "We hear! we hear!" and "We never will bow down" (Part II.); and, last not least, the "Hallelujah" (Part III.)—were delivered, it seemed as if Mr. Costa had either been endowed with a magic wand that enabled him (hopeless task heretofore) to make the whole of the "600" not only sing, but sing correctly, or, which we have reason to believe still more difficult, to persuade all those incapable of singing in time and tune to stay away from the concert.

The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves. All of these ladies and gentlemen sang their very best; but, as customary in this particular oratorio, the chief share of the honor fell to the representative of the principal tenor music, to whom the most striking and effective airs are allotted. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more admirably than on the present occasion. The two fine songs, "Call forth thy powers" and "How vain is

man," were distinguished by the nicest artistic discrimination, and an acquaintance with the proper mode of rendering the music of Handel which perhaps no other singer of the present time can boast to this same extent. But it was in the fierce declamatory outburst, "Sound an alarm," that Mr. Sims Reeves made the greatest impression. It would not be easy to imagine anything more vocally energetic, and yet at the same time more pure and noble in its simplicity than the delivery of this impetuous air, which raised the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Another piece worth mentioning was the duet for soprano and contralto, "O never bow we down" (which leads to the emphatic chorus already named), sung to perfection by Madame Novello and Miss Dolby. The principal bass music was very carefully given by Mr. Thomas, and the performance altogether afforded unqualified satisfaction to a vast assembly.

The next oratorio—announced for Wednesday, May 6—is Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.—*Times*, April 20.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In the third performance of *La Favorita* (April 18) the new tenor, GIUGLINI, confirmed the impression of his triumphant debut, and Mlle. SPEZZA also grew in favor.—The next event was the *reentrée* of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which drew an overflowing audience. The *Musical World* says:

The first appearance of the charming little *ricciandière*, as she hurried down the declivity, was the signal for a hearty cheer from all parts of the house, which increased in intensity as Mlle. Piccolomini ran forward to the footlights. At least two minutes were consumed in the demonstration. * * Mlle. Piccolomini looked more piquant and charming than ever. Her voice has gained in power, she exhibits greater command of the *sostenuto*, and vocalizes with greater facility.

Our old friend BELETTI, always the true artist, took the part of the old sergeant. The new tenor, Sig. STECCI BOTTARDI, was not a "hit."—Next followed a revival of *La Traviata* twice, with La Piccolomini again as the heroine, Giuglini as Alfredo, BENEVENTANO as Germont, and Mlle. BAILLOT as Annetta.

April 28.—*I Puritani*: given for the sake of introducing Mlle. ORTOLANI, a young prima donna from Lisbon. The *Times* says:

* * * At the first glance the countenance of Signor Giuglini does not seem particularly animated, and his movements before he is aroused are somewhat unwholly. The fact is, he does not at once exhibit his true character to its full extent; but as the piece progresses he progresses likewise, and when the emotions of the character have become his own his hearers are perfectly at his command, overpowered at once by the most exquisite singing and the most persuasive eloquence. Before last night it might be said that Signor Giuglini promised much, and a doubt might have been expressed whether the promise would be fully performed. The doubt is now set at rest. He has surpassed all expectations, however sanguine.

* * * Mlle. Ortalani, who had been expected from the commencement of the season, made her *début* as Elvira. She was evidently nervous on her entrance, and her voice, which is a pure soprano, of somewhat thin quality, was not at first quite satisfactory; but in the *palace* she showed a marvellous facility of execution, especially in the second verse, which she embellished with entirely new variations, displaying at once the extensive range of her voice in the upper region, and her command over its resources. This gained her the suffrages of the audience, who loudly demanded a repetition of the favorite air, and in the later portion of the opera she confirmed their good opinion, giving, moreover, great signs of histrionic intelligence. She will probably do good service as a vocalist of the Persian school, who has been most assiduous in the cultivation of her art.

Signor Belletti had not quite weight enough for Georgio, and Signor Beneventano had rather too much weight for Ricardo, but they gave the famous duet with great spirit, and it received the customary honors.

In several repetitions of the *Puritani*, Mlle. Ortalani gained ground with the public, and Sig. Giuglini "created a profound sensation in the *Ella tremante*."—La Piccolomini and Giuglini were again brought together in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The *Musical World* says:

Mlle. Piccolomini acts the part with more passion, feeling, and variety of sentiment than any of her predecessors. Her singing, as a matter of course, was unequal. We are, however, more than ever satisfied, that she may become a real vocalist.

The "incomparable" ALBONI was announced for Tuesday, May 12th, in *Il Barbiere*, Herr REICHARDT to be Count Almaviva.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*, one of his weakest operas, but made famous by RONCONI's impersonation of the Duc de Chevreuse,

was the piece for the 18th of April. As to the performance, we copy from the *Musical World* again:

To the psychological observer Ronconi presents a world in his acting, from the most refined delicacy, through all the gradations of feeling, to the most overwhelming passion. In the end his despair is contagious, and the agony of the artist is communicated to the spectator. Ronconi has been more than once called the Edmund Kean of the lyric stage; and certainly in no character has he more fairly entitled himself to the comparison than in that of the Duke of Chevreuse.

Mlle. Rosa Devries is not exactly the *beau idéal* of a Maria, nor is she a transcendent tragic actress. She is, however, a good singer, a conscientious artiste, and, on that account alone, entitled to consideration.

Signor Neri-Baraldi, who appeared as Chalais, has a very pleasing tenor voice, and knows how to use it, and is altogether one of the best representatives of the part we have seen.

Madame Nantier-Didiée represented Armando di Gondi, and a more admirable representative could hardly be desired. Her acting was replete with intelligence; every movement identified the careful and observant artist, while her singing was even better than her acting.

After a repetition of *Maria di Rohan* came two performances of *Il Trovatore*, with GRISI and MARIO in the chief parts; GRAZIANI, as the Count, NANTIER-DIDIÉE as Azucena, and TAGLIAFICO as Ferrando. Mario was "superlative" as ever; and Grisi, it is said, seems every year endowed with new vitality.—Next followed *La Favorita*, with the same cast as last year: Grisi, Mario, Graziani as king Alphonso, Zelger as the old monk, Soldi, &c.—*Lucrezia Borgia* was given May 2nd with a splendid cast: Grisi, Lucrezia; Mario, Gennaro; Ronconi, Duke Alfonso; Mlle. Nantier-Didiée, Orsini. Mario was ill, however, and Sig. NERI BARALDI took his place. The *Times* describes him as "a young tenor, who has much to acquire before he can lay claim to the highest honors; but his voice, without being powerful, is flexible and of pleasant quality, his singing betrays evidence of a good method and natural capability, and his acting, while quiet and unobtrusive, is by no means devoid of sentiment."

The Thursday following was distinguished by the first appearance this season of Mme. BOSIO. It was in the part of Gilda in *Rigoletto*, with Mario as the duke, Ronconi as the jester, Didiée as Madalena, and Tagliafico as Sparafucile.

Mme. Bosio's reception was enthusiastic. The winter at Petersburg had evidently had no depressing effect on one of the most delicious voices ever heard, while the singing of the fair artist was even more brilliant and finished than before.

Scarcely any character in which Mario appears exhibits him to greater advantage as an actor than the Duke in *Rigoletto*, while Signor Verdi would almost seem to have written this music especially to suit his voice. With what grace and inexpressible sentiment he gives the two airs, "Quest'è quella" and "La donna è mobile" everybody knows, and how impassioned and tender he is in the quartet, needs no telling now. "La donna è mobile" was encored with enthusiasm, and repeated with increased effect.

BOSIO was to appear the following week in *La Traviata*, and the début of Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE was fixed for the 21st, in *La Sonnambula*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following was the programme of the second concert, April 29th.

Overture—Coriolanus Beethoven
Aria: "Ah perfido" Beethoven
Concerto in C minor, Piano-forte Mozart
Aria: "Lascia ch'io pianga" Handel
Symphony in A Beethoven
Duo Concertante, Violin and Viola Mozart
Aria: "Va, dit elle," Mme. Rudersdorff Meyerbeer
Overture—Der Freischütz Weber
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season opened on the 20th of April, with an increased subscription list, and Prof. STERNDALE BENNETT as conductor, who, the London critics say, "has almost restored the Old Society to that equilibrium from which it had been disturbed by the eccentricities of Herr Wagner. This was the programme:

PART I.
Sinfonia in E flat, No. 8 Haydn
Aria, "Di militari onori," (Jessonda) Sig. Belletti Spohr
Concerto in D minor, Piano-forte, Miss Goddard, Mendelssohn
Recit. and Aria, "Du, mein Heil," Mme. Rudersdorff,
(Oberon) Weber
Overture (Euryanthe) Weber

PART II.
Sinfonia in D, No. 2 Beethoven
Concertino Violoncello, Sig. Piatti F. A. Kummer
Duetto (Agnes) Mme. Rudersdorff and Sig. Belletti Paer
Overture (Les Deux Journées) Cherubini

Here too is the programme of the second concert, Monday evening, May 4:

PART I.
Sinfonia in D, No. 2 Mozart
Aria, "O Salutaris hostia," Miss Lascelles Cherubini
Concerto Pathétique, Violin, M. Edouard Remenyi Ernst
Aria, "Selva opaca," Mme. Enderssohn (Guillaume Tell) Rossini

PART II.
Overture (Isles of Fingal) Mendelssohn
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5 Beethoven
Part Songs: "Greeting," "May Bells," Mme. Enderssohn
and Miss Lascelles Mendelssohn
Concertino, Contrabasso, Sig. Bottesini Bottesini
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits) Weber

PARIS, MAY 14.—The musical event of the week has been the concerts which the pianist Rubinstein has given. He is a German, but brought up in St. Petersburg. Fifteen years ago, as a child, he gave a few concerts in Vienna, Germany, and was then considered a wonder. Liszt at that time pronounced the most favorable prognostics over him.

His appearance has something very strange in it—I might say wild—a mixture of bashfulness and pride, a blunt modesty, and a rough dignity, which are not amiss. His face, without being handsome, gives the idea of a superior power. "Look!" said a Russian friend, "what a likeness to Beethoven! wait, and you will be convinced; his exterior is an index to his mind."

Mr. Rubinstein has given three concerts. The first in Erard's Saloon had the fortune to satisfy the judges: the second, in the saloon of Herz attracted the curiosity of their friends; the third, the last Saturday, was crowded. His reputation is made. Paris declares him without exception the greatest of living virtuosos!

On the evening when Rubinstein's last concert took place, Rossini gave a *soirée musicale*. The old maestro was kind enough to play a *sonata* of Haydn, and extracts from "Don Juan." Rossini has composed six new melodies, which he has dedicated to his wife, and which will shortly be published.

M. Meyerbeer is about to return to Paris from Berlin. This time the maestro is definitely to distribute the parts for the long-talked-of "Africaine" at the grand opera. We do not see how the composer will be in better position, however, to do this at present than he was last year, seeing that the want of a good tenor was the reason then alleged for the delay—a want that has certainly not been since removed, but as Arnal says, *au contraire*. Barrini, the Italian violinist, who may be said to divide Paganini's inheritance with Sivori, has just passed through Paris en route to London. Barrini comes from Italy and Vienna, where he has had a brilliant winter campaign. He has been appointed *virtuoso di camera* to the Emperor Francis Joseph.—*Cor. of N. Y. Evening Post.*

Advertisements.

ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

A JOINT EXHIBITION of Paintings and Statuary by the BOSTON ATHENÆUM and the BOSTON ART CLUB, is now open at the Athenæum, in Beacon Street.

Among many other valuable Paintings are a large number of WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S best Works, and the Dowse Collection of Water Colors.
Season tickets 50 cents—Single admissions 25 cents.

Boston Music Hall Association.

THE Annual Meeting of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION will be held at the Hall on WEDNESDAY, the 10th day of June next, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Per order of the Directors,
F. L. BATCHELDER, CLERK.

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1857.

PARLOR PICTURES.

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A LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUEN.

On the top of a lofty mountain
Sate once the dear Father of all,
And measured with rapturous glances
The world that had sprung at his call.

He saw at his feet the ridges
Of mountains, a giant-train,
And forests of green, like oceans,
And harvests of golden grain.

He saw the fountains up-springing,
He breathed the fragrance of flowers,
And heard the warblers singing
In the golden morning hours.

And a quiet smile of contentment
Played over his features,—and men,
Looking up from the vale, saw a brighter
Gold on the mountain-tops then.

And long his glances of rapture
On his creation fell,
And he said: By my oath I swear it,
I have ordered all things well!

And richer perfumes of flowers
Gushed forth, as he spake the word,
And, rolling through earth and heaven,
Harmonious murmurs were heard.

There lay the world in blossom—
A smile lit the face of the Lord;
And up from the depths of His Spirit
A heavenly poem soared.

Fain was he in words to clothe it,
And write upon parchment that day
All his creative raptures
As now in his heart they lay.

But now when he beheld it
As on the leaf it stood,
A feeling came over his spirit,
Like many a poet's mood:

To picture his heart's warm throbbings
Vainly did he essay—
He could not make fairer poem
Than that which around him lay!

So he tore it in thousand pieces,
And gave to the four winds all,
And again, with rapturous glances,
Looked down on his earthly ball.

But lo! as, on the breezes,
The scraps flew to and fro,
There fell a shower of blossoms
On all the valley below!

And whoso travels on Friday,
No need of fasting has he;
And whoso travels on Sunday,
From going to mass is free.

This song have I been singing
To-day, instead of a prayer,
With Sabbath-bells everywhere ringing,
And clouds of blossoms flinging
Their snow-showers everywhere.

C. T. B.

[Continued from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNES, MUS. DOCT., F. R. S.

Handel having acquired by his operas at Hamburg a sum sufficient to enable him to visit Italy, set out for that seat of the Muses, a journey after which every man of genius so ardently pants. He staid some time at Florence, where he composed the opera of *Rodrigo*. From this city he went to Venice, where, in 1709, he produced his *Agrippina*, which is said by his biographer to have been received with acclamation, and to have run thirty nights. Here he met with Domenico Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Lotti.

The next place he visited was Rome, where he had an opportunity of hearing compositions and performers of the first class. Here the elder Scarlatti and Gasparini had brought vocal music to great perfection, and Corelli, instrumental. At Cardinal Ottoboni's, by whom Handel was greatly caressed and patronized, he had frequently the advantage of hearing the natural and elegant Corelli perform his own works. Here our young composer produced a serenata: *Il Trionfo del Tempo*; * after which he proceeded to Naples, where he set *Acis and Galatea*, in Italian, to music totally different from the little English drama, written by Gay, which he set in 1721, for the duke of Chandos.

When he returned to Germany, on quitting Italy, at the latter end of 1709, or the beginning of 1710, the first place at which he stopt was Hanover; where he found a munificent patron in the Elector, who afterwards, on the death of Queen Anne, ascended the English throne, by

* The original score of this work is in his Majesty's collection. In 1770, I purchased at Rome, among other manuscript compositions by old masters, six cantatas, a *voce Solo*, del Georgio Federigo Hendel, detto *il Sassone*, which were, probably, produced in this city during his residence there, about the year 1709: by the yellow color of the ink, they seem to have been long transcribed. Some of them I have never seen in any other collection.

the name of George the First. This prince had in his service, as maestro di capella, the elegant and learned composer, Steffani, whom Handel had met before at Venice, and who now resigned his office of maestro di capella to the Elector, in his favor. This venerable composer served him as a model for the style of chamber duets, as well as facilitated his introduction to the smiles of his patron, the Elector, who settled on him a pension of 1500 crowns, upon condition that he would return to his court, when he had completed his travels. Handel, according to this proposition, went to Dusseldorp, where he had a flattering reception from the Elector Palatine, who, likewise, wished to retain him in his service. But besides the engagement into which he had entered with the Elector of Hanover, he was impatient to visit England, where a passion for dramatic music had already manifested itself in several awkward attempts at operas, and to which place he had received invitations from several of the nobility, whom he had seen in Italy and Hanover.

It was at the latter end of the year 1710, that he arrived in England; his reception was as flattering to himself as honorable to the nation, at this time no less successful in war, than in the cultivation of the arts of peace. To the wit, poetry, literature, and science, which marked this period of our history, Handel added all the blandishments of a nervous and learned music, which he first brought hither, planted, and lived to see grow to a very flourishing state.

Of the superior talents and abilities which Handel now possessed, and of the success with which he had exercised both on the Continent, Fame, who in the character of *avant-coureur*, had wafted intelligence to this country, procured him an easy and favorable reception at court, and in many of the principal families of the kingdom. Aaron Hill, at this time manager of the opera, availing himself of his arrival, hastily sketched out the plan of a Musical Drama, from Tasso's "Jerusalem," and gave it to the Italian poet, Rossi, to work into an opera, by the name of "Rinaldo." This drama was first performed in March, 1711, and Handel is said, in the Preface, to have set it to music in a fortnight.

Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 5, with his usual pleasantry, but total insensibility to superior musical excellence, mentions this circumstance among other frivolous incidents, which he means to ridicule. Had this writer and critic, so admirable in other respects, been possessed of judgment and feeling in music equal to his learning and taste in literature, he would have discovered that to compose an entire opera in less time than a copyist could transcribe it, and in a more masterly and original style than had ever before been heard in this, or perhaps, any country, was not a fair subject for sarcasm. All music seems alike to Addison, except French Recitative, for which he seems to have a particular predilection.*

The opera of *Rinaldo*, in which the celebrated Nicolini and Valentini, the first Italian singers that appeared on our stage, performed, was the delight of the nation during many years; as it was revived 1712, 1717 and 1731.

After remaining about a year in this country, and establishing a great reputation on the solid basis of the most exalted and indisputable merit,

* Spectator, No. 29.

both as a composer and performer, he returned to Hanover, on a promise made to his most powerful English friends to revisit this kingdom again, as soon as he could obtain permission of his Electoral Highness and patron. About the end of the year 1712, this permission was granted for a limited time. And we find his *Pastor Fido* and *Theseus*, in the list of Italian operas, brought on the English stage, this and the following year. And in 1715, *Amadige*, or *Amadis of Gaul*. In all these operas Nicolini, Valentini, Margarita, and Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, were the principal singers.

Not long after his second arrival in London, the peace of Utrecht having been brought to a conclusion, Handel was preferred to all others, seemingly without a murmur from native musicians, to compose the hymn of Gratitude and Triumph on the occasion. Envy, though outrageous and noisy at the success of comparative abilities, is struck dumb and blind by excess of superiority. The grand *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, which he set on this occasion, were composed with such force, regularity and instrumental effects, as the English had never heard before. Purcell's *Te Deum*, in design, and expression of the words, is, perhaps, superior to all others; but in grandeur and richness of accompaniment, nothing but national partiality can deny Handel the preference. The queen settled on him for life a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. And all who had heard "Rinaldo," wished him again employed for the opera; so that the multiplicity of business, and the many protectors and friends he met with in England, a little impaired the memory of our great composer with respect to continental connections; and he seemed to think of nothing less than returning to Hanover till after the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, when his Majesty, George the First, arriving in England, saved him the trouble of a German tour.

Handel, conscious of his deficiency in respect and gratitude, to a prince who honored him with such flattering marks of approbation and bounty, durst not approach the court, till by the ingenuity and friendly interposition of Baron Kilmansegge, he was restored to favor in the following manner. The king, soon after his arrival in these kingdoms, having been prevailed on to form a party on the water, the design was communicated to Handel, who was advised to compose some pieces expressly for the occasion; the performance of which he secretly conducted in a boat, that accompanied the royal barge. Upon hearing these compositions, which have been since so well known, and so justly celebrated under the title of the "Water Music," his majesty, equally surprised and pleased by their excellence, eagerly inquired who was the author of them; when the baron acquainted the king that they were the productions of a faithful servant of his majesty, who, conscious of the cause of displeasure which he had given to so gracious a protector, durst not presume to approach his royal presence, till he had assurance that by every possible demonstration of duty and gratitude in future, he might hope to obtain a pardon. This intercession having been graciously accepted, Handel was restored to favor, and his compositions honored with the most flattering marks of royal approbation. And as a ratification of the delinquent's peace, thus easily obtained, his majesty was pleased to add a pension of two hundred pounds a year to that which had been previously conferred on him by Queen Anne; and not many years after, when he was employed to teach the young princesses, another pension of the same value was added to the former grants, by her Majesty, Queen Caroline.

From the year 1715 to 1720, I find, in the records of the Musical Drama, no new opera that was set by Handel. The first three years of this period were chiefly spent at the Earl of Burlington's, a nobleman, whose taste and judgment in the fine arts were as exquisite as his patronage to their votaries was liberal. And during the other two years, Handel seems to have been employed at Cannons, as maestro di capella to the Duke of Chandos; who, among other splendid and princely kinds of magnificence, established a chapel, in which the cathedral service was daily performed

by a choir of voices and instruments, superior, at that time, perhaps, in number and excellence, to that of any sovereign prince in Europe. Here Handel produced, besides his anthems, the chief part of his haultbois concertos, sonatas, lessons, and organ fugues; which are all so masterly, spirited and exquisite in their several kinds, that if he had never composed an opera, oratorio, *Te Deum*, duet, cantata, or any other species of vocal music, his name would have been had in reverence by true musicians, as long as the characters in which they are written should continue to be legible.

We come now to the busiest and most glorious period of Handel's life; who, arrived at that stage of existence which Dante calls

Il mezzo del cammin di nostra vita:

when the human frame and faculties have acquired their utmost strength and vigor, was endowed with great natural powers, highly improved by cultivation; with a hand which no difficulties could embarrass; a genius for composition unbounded; at the head of a profession which facilitates access to the great, and, with extraordinary abilities, ensures their patronage; high in the favor of the sovereign, nobles, and public, of a great and powerful nation, at a period of its greatest and happiest tranquility; when it was not only blest with leisure and zeal to cultivate the arts of peace, but with power, liberally to reward those whose successful efforts had carried them beyond the bounds of mediocrity.

Such were Handel's circumstances and situation, when a plan was formed, by the English nobility and gentry, for establishing a fund for the support of Italian operas, of which he was to be the composer and director; and, as his Majesty King George the First was pleased to subscribe one thousand pounds towards the execution of this design, and to let his name appear at the head of the subscription, amounting to fifty thousand pounds, this society was called the Royal Academy.

When Handel quitted his employment at Cannons, he was commissioned by this academy to go to Dresden, in order to engage singers. Here he found Senesino, Durastanti, Berenstadt, and Boschi, whom he brought over to England.

Though the principal intention, in forming the academy, was to appoint Handel the composer and director of the band; the public was not, as yet, unanimous in supporting this measure. Bononcini and Attilio had been invited over by the former managers of the opera; and as they were composers of acknowledged merit, there was an unwillingness in their admirers and friends to consent to their dismission. And it was now that those musical feuds began, of which Swift has perpetuated the memory, by an epigram, which throws contempt upon an art, and upon artists, whose merit he never felt or understood, though he could see the ridicule of their situation. But the satirist who discovers no difference between a Dryden and a bell-man, or a Raphael and a house-painter, is full as well qualified to talk about poetry and painting, as he about music, who neither sees nor hears the difference between the productions of a Handel or a Bononcini, and those of the most despicable fiddler.

No art, science, or even religious or moral truth, can parry the assaults of ridicule, when wit and humor guide the thrust; though, luckily, the wounds inflicted are slight, and cure themselves. For neither lovers of art, nor of religion and virtue, can be long diverted from their pursuits, by a gibe or *bon mot*. A great nation, in which there are so many opulent individuals, wants innocent amusements for their leisure hours, when quitting the chase and rural sports they are assembled together in the capital; and in the best and most polished ages of the world, the cultivation and patronage of music have employed the talents and munificence of its most distinguished inhabitants.

* Musical dramas or operas, which during the last century travelled from Italy to France, and from France to England, were never attempted in the Italian language till the reign of Queen Anne, when the first essays were made by per-

formers, partly natives, and partly Italians, who severally used their own dialect; the absurdity of which Addison has ridiculed with great humor and pleasantry in the *Spectator*, No. 18.* But as the love for operas was then, and has been ever since, most powerfully excited in such of our nobility and gentry as have visited Italy in their youth, it is natural that they should at all times wish to have these exhibitions as near the models with which they have been acquainted on the continent, as possible. And of such we may suppose the Royal Academy was composed: as the Duke of Newcastle, was governor; Lord Bingley, deputy-governor; and the Dukes of Portland and Queensbury, Earls of Burlington, Stair and Waldegrave, Lords Chetwynd and Stanhope, James Bruce, Esq., Colonel Blathwait, Thomas Coke, of Norfolk, Esq., Conyers D'Arey, Esq., Brigadier-General Dormer, Bryan Fairfax, Esq., Colonel O'Hara, George Harrison, Esq., Brigadier General Hunter, William Pulteney, Esq., Sir John Vanbrugh, Major-General Wade, and Francis Whitworth, Esq., directors.

These great and eminent personages could not, however, get the whole management of the operas into their own hands, all at once: oppositions are no less frequent, than furious, in popular governments; and, on this occasion, political animosities were blended with musical faction. All the friends of Bononcini and Attilio were not, perhaps, entirely guided by the love of music, and sense of their superiority; the love of power, and hatred of the abettors of Handel, for party considerations, furnished fuel to their zeal; and Handel, ere they gave way, was forced to mount the stage, and fight his own battle. For all that his friends could obtain of those that were in possession of the theatre in the Haymarket, at his return from Dresden, with auxiliaries, was permission to have his opera of *Radamistus* performed there in 1720.† On this occasion, the expectations which the public had formed of the abilities of Handel, from his great reputation, and the specimens he had already given, may be estimated by the crowds which assembled at the opera-house doors, when there was no longer any room for their admission. And the applause of those who were so fortunate as to obtain places, evinced the full gratification of the delight they expected to receive. This opera, however, with all its merit and success, did not obtain for Handel a victory sufficiently decisive, to oblige the enemy to quit the field.

After this, as the last experiment, it was agreed by the friends of the three several rivals, that each of them should compose an act of the same opera, with an overture to each act. The drama fixed upon was *Mutius Scaevola*, of which Bononcini set the first act, Attilio the second, and Handel the third; and this fiery trial determined the point of precedence between him and his competitors: the act in *Mutius Scaevola*, which Handel composed, being pronounced superior to both the others, and Bononcini's the next in merit.

It was the more honorable to our great musician to have vanquished such a champion as Bononcini, as he was a man of great abilities, and very high in reputation all over Europe. Few, indeed, are able, when the difference is doubtful, to discriminate and set a just value on the nicer shades of excellence: a grain of partiality or prejudice can turn the scale of either side, when in the hands of the best judges; but how shall ignorance dare to determine, what learning and experience can scarce discern?

The truth is, that Bononcini's peculiar merit in setting Italian words seems to have been out of the reach of an English audience, and that Italians alone were competent to judge of it; who say, that his knowledge in singing and in their language was such as rendered his *cantilena*, or melody, more natural and elegant to vocal performers, and his *recitatives* more passionate, and

* The Germans, according to Riccoboni, at the beginning of this century, had operas performed in the same manner; the Recitative being pronounced in German, and the Airs in Italian.

† This opera, under the title of "Zenobia," was translated into German, by Mattheson, and performed to Handel's music, in Hamburg, 1721.

expressive of nicer sensations and inflexions, to every hearer accustomed to the tones of Italian speech, than those of his rival; but in majesty, grandeur, force, fire, and invention, which are not local beauties, but striking and intelligible in all countries, Handel was infinitely his superior.

From this memorable victory, in 1721, the Royal Academy seems to have been firmly established during the space of eight or nine years, under the management of Handel's most powerful friends and greatest admirers; who, in appointing him the principal composer, gave him absolute dominion over the performers.*

There were, however, from time to time, several operas of Bononcini and Atilio exhibited during this period, on the same stage, and by the same performers, as those of Handel; perhaps to conciliate parties: the lovers of music are sometimes froward, capricious, and unreasonable, as well as the professors. This was never more conspicuous to by-standers, than in the violence of party for the two singers, Cuzzoni and Faustina, in the year 1727; at which time, though both were excellent performers, in different styles, yet so unwilling was the English public to be pleased with both, that when the admirers of one of these sirens began to applaud, those of the other were sure to hiss. It seems as impossible for two singers of equal merit to tread the same stage, *a parte egale*, as for two people to ride on the same horse, without one being behind.

"If the frequenters of Musical Dramas had not then been enemies to their own pleasure, the merit of these singers consisted of excellencies so different and distinct, that they might have applauded each by turns, and, from their several perfections, by turns, have received equal delight.

"Unluckily for moderate people, who seek pleasure from talents wherever they can be found, the violence of these feuds has cured all succeeding managers of the extravagance of engaging two singers of the same sex, at a time, of disputable abilities."†

Dr. Arbuthnot, on occasion of the contested rights of supremacy between these theatrical principals and their adherents, published 1728, a *Manifesto*, entitled, "The Devil to pay at St. James's: or a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle between Madame Faustina and Madame Cuzzoni. Also a hot skirmish between Signor Boschi and Signor Palmerini. Moreover, how Senesino has taken snuff, is going to leave the opera, and sing psalms at Henley's Oratory."‡

A few years after, a quarrel happened between Handel and Senesino, which broke up the Academy, and was not only injurious to the fortune of our great composer, but the cause of infinite trouble and vexation to him, during the rest of his life.

Dr. Arbuthnot, who was always a very zealous and active friend to Handel, entered the list, as his champion, whenever an opportunity offered of defending his cause. And, as ridicule supplied him with all kinds of ammunition, and the pen was his most irresistible weapon, he had recourse to these in the contention with Senesino, who had almost all the great barons of the realm for his allies. And in this second *puny* war, after mutual complaints of treaties violated, rights infringed, and hostilities committed, he published another *Manifesto*, which had for title, "Harmony in an uproar: a Letter to George Frederick Handel, Esq., master of the Opera House in the Haymarket, from Hurliothrumbo Johnson, Esq., composer extraordinary to all the theatres in Great Britain, excepting that of the Haymarket. In which the rights and merits of both Operas are properly considered."

A court is instituted in this pamphlet for the trial of Handel, who is ordered to hold up his hand, and to answer to the following several high

crimes and misdemeanors committed upon the wills and understandings of the people of this country.

Imprimis, he is charged with having bewitched us for the space of twenty years past.

Secondly, with most insolently daring to give us good music and sound harmony, when we wanted bad.

Thirdly, with most feloniously and arrogantly assuming to himself an uncontrolled power of pleasing us whether we would or no; and with often being so bold as to charm us, when we were positively resolved to be out of humor.

Dr. *Pushpin* and Dr. *Blue*, (Pepusch and Green), accuse him of not being a graduate in either of the universities; and the former of not having read Euclid, or studied the Greek modes. Others of having composed such music as not only puzzled our parish clerks and threw out every congregation, but such as never man produced before. Then, as an instance of his having practiced sorcery in this kingdom on his majesty's liege subjects, and of bewitching every sense we have, it is asserted that there was not a letter in any one of his public bills but had magic in it; and that if at any time a squeak of one of his fiddles, or a tooting of one of his pipes was to be heard, away danced the whole town, helter skelter, crowding, pressing, and shoving; and happy were they who could be squeezed to death. And at length the court concludes, that "as one Opera is such an enormous source of expense, luxury, idleness, sloth and effeminacy, there could be no way so proper to redress these grievances, as the setting up another."

The only parts of this ironical letter which seem to be serious are printed in Italics, and contain Handel's own defence: who, in answer to the crimes with which he was charged by his opponents is made to say, "that he was no way to blame in the whole affair; but that when Senesino had declared he would leave England, he thought himself obliged in honor to proceed with his contract, and provide for himself elsewhere; that as for Cuzzoni, he had no thought of her, no hopes of her, nor any want of her, Strada being in all respects infinitely superior, in any excellency required for the stage; and as for singers in the under parts, he had provided the best set we ever had yet; though basely deserted by Montagnana, after having signed a formal contract to serve him the whole of this season; which he might still force him to do were he not more afraid of Westminster Hall than ten thousand D—rs, or ten thousand D—ls. That as he was obliged to carry on operas this winter, he imagined he might be at liberty to proceed in the business in that manner which would prove most to the satisfaction of the unprejudiced part of the nobility and gentry, and his own interest and honor." He afterwards adds, "that it was impossible for him to comply with the unreasonable and savage proposals made to him; by which he was to give up all contracts, promises, nay risk his fortune, to gratify fantastical whims and unjust piques." And continues to plead his own cause, by saying, "that if he was misled, or had judged wrong at any time in raising the price of his tickets, he was sufficiently punished, without carrying resentment on that account to such a length.* But in whatever light the entertainment was considered, it certainly better merited such an extravagant price, than any other ever yet exhibited in this nation."

In another part of this pamphlet, a partizan for Handel, captivated by the vocal powers of Carestini, whom he had brought over in order to supersede Senesino, accuses Hurliothrumbo in the following manner: "So, Sir, I hear you are a great stickler for the Opera at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; a pretty set of singers, truly! and for composers, you out-do the world!—Don't you think, says he, at this time of life, Senesino could

twang a prayer finely through the nose in petticoats at a conventicle? Hah!—Or, what think you, says he, of Signora Celesti snuffling a hymn there in concert; or, Madame Bertolli, with her unmeaning voice, with as little force in it as a pair of Smith's bellows with twenty holes in the sides: Your base, indeed* makes a humming noise, and could roar to some purpose, if he had songs proper for him: as for your Signora Fagotto† she, indeed, may, with her master, be sent home to school again; and by the time she is fourscore, she'll prove a vast addition to a bonfire; or make a fine Duenna in a Spanish opera.

"Your composers too have behaved notably truly; your Porpoise,‡ says he, may roll and rumble about as he pleases, and prelude to a storm of his own raising; but you should let him know, that a bad imitation always wants the air and spirit of an original, and that there is a wide difference betwixt full harmony, and making a noise.—I know your expectations are very high from the performance of the king of Arragon;§ but that Trolly Colly composer, a stupid cantata-thrummer, must make a mighty poor figure in an opera; though he was so nice last winter, that he would not allow that Handel could compose, or Senesino sing: what art he has used, to produce him now as the first voice in Europe, I cannot imagine; but you must not depend upon his majesty too far; for to my knowledge, he has been engaged by a formal deputation from the general assembly of North Britain, to new-set their Scotch Psalms, and to be clerk to the high-kirk in Edinburgh, with a salary of one hundred pounds Scots, per annum."

This letter, dated February 12, 1733, was published in a shilling pamphlet, and occupies twenty-four pages in the second volume of Arbuthnot's *Miscellanies*. Some of the irony and humor is well pointed, and much of the musical politics of the day may be gathered from its perusal. As here, we see who sided with the nobility, when they set up an opera against Handel in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and engaged Porpora and Arrigoni to compose, and placed Senesino and Segatti, till the arrival of Cuzzoni, at the head of the singers. It appears here, likewise, that Montagnana, the celebrated base-singer, Celeste, and Bertolli, two of Handel's female performers, as well as Arrigoni, the lutenist, with Rolli (Rowley Powley) the Italian opera poet, had deserted from his standard; and that Dr. Pepusch, Dr. Green, and Holcombe (Mr. Honeycomb), were on the side of the opponents; while Carestini, Strada, the Negri family, Durastanti and Scalzi, were at the head of his own troop.

[To be continued.]

La Traviata.

(From the Courier, of Wednesday.)

The recent compositions of Mr. Verdi afford a remarkable example of what might be called the "Art of Sinking in Music," to which not even Martinius Scriblerus's "Art of Sinking in Poetry" can offer a parallel. Each of the last four or five operas he has given to the world has been considerably inferior to that immediately preceding it, and it now becomes a matter for anxious consideration what we are to expect in his next lyrical production, should he continue in this manner. It can hardly be anything better than a series of brilliant and somewhat noisy quadrilles, polkas and waltzes, for ponderous orchestra, with weak vocal accompaniments. The tender cantabiles and plaintive minor andantes, which have for sometime been gradually growing more and more feeble, will probably have died out altogether, the composer's resources in that line being already well-nigh exhausted. Indeed, while listening to the *Traviata* one's first thought is,—what a beautiful writer of quadrilles was lost to the world when Mr. Verdi devoted himself to the manufacture of operas. But then we remember *Ernani*, *Nabuccodonosor*, and other of his earlier works—produced when his genius was in its first flush, and which may claim an eminent position among modern operas; full of fine free melody, and revealing a wonderful

* Montagnana.

† Segatti, the first woman in the opera established by the nobility in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, till the second arrival of Cuzzoni.

‡ Porpora.

§ Arrigoni, the Lutenist.

* During this prosperous period, after *Radamisto*, and *Muzio Scevola*, Handel produced his operas of *Ottone*, *Floridante*, *Flavio*, *Giulio Cesare*, *Tamerlano*, *Rodolinda*, *Scipione*, *Alessandro*, *Ricardo primo*, *Amleto*, *Siroe*, *Tolomeo*, *Lotario*, *Partenope* and *Poro*.

† *Journal of a Musical Tour through Germany, &c.*, vol. ii, p. 189.

‡ Arbuthnot's *Miscellanies*, vol. i, from p. 213 to 216.

* Besides the offence given to the subscribers of the Royal Academy, by refusing to compose for, or even employ Senesino, the great favorite of the nation, Handel disobliged them extremely, not only by raising the price of admission to a Guinea, but by refusing to let them occupy their particular boxes in the Haymarket theatre, when he performed there his oratorio of "Esther," in the summer of 1732.

mastery of dramatic effect—and only regret that in his later works he should have so permitted the exaggerations and defects of his style to over-master the many admirable qualities perceptible in his first creations. That the *Traviata* is more deficient in science and imagination than anything he has previously written cannot be denied.

The story of *Traviata* is taken from Dumas' *Dame aux Camélias* and is essentially the same as that of "Camille." The names of the characters are changed, and the time is put back as far as 1700. And, by the way, in the representation last Monday night at the Boston Theatre, the costumes of the male characters were of the last century, while those of the females were of last week. The main incidents of the play are presented, stitched together with a thread of recitative after the usual fashion of librettos. In the first act occurs the party at Violetta's house, where the hero and heroine meet. In the second, the lovers are found in their country mansion, and Violetta is induced to desert Alfred by the entreaties of his father; then comes the scene in the ball-room, with which the act closes. In the third and last act are represented the reconciliation of the lovers and the death of Violetta. Of course the dramatic connection is destroyed by the necessity of bringing all these events within the smallest possible compass.

Like most of Verdi's operas, the *Traviata* has no overture, but opens with a short prelude of some fifty bars, in which there is nothing interesting or original. At the commencement of the first act we have a brisk chorus, &c., in A major, eminently suited to quadrille purposes, but not otherwise valuable. Next comes a *brindisi*—drinking song—in which Alfred and Violetta take the principal parts, and in the chorus of which all present join. This *moreau* is one of the few genuine melodies in the opera, and is peculiarly appropriate and effective. The waltz movement which follows has nothing whatever to recommend it, nor has the little duet between Alfred and Violetta, the principal phrase of which, introduced in various portions of the opera, is borrowed from Meyerbeer's "Robert." The leading ideas of Violetta's scene and air which close the first act may easily be traced to some of the composer's previous works.

The second act opens with a long scene and air for Alfred, which is somewhat effective, although marked by no particular originality. The whole of this is omitted in the representation at the Boston Theatre. A duet follows between Violetta and the father of Alfred, in which the latter gives vent to his sorrow in an easy air in A flat. This is the same cantabile that has appeared, slightly varied, in all the operas of Mr. Verdi, since the "Infelice" of *Ernani*. A considerable portion of this duet which is very long, is judiciously omitted, as it presents little that is agreeable. A short and uninteresting duet between Violetta and Alfred is omitted, and the scene closes with an indifferent air by Alfred's father, which, although in an altered tempo, bears a most unpleasant resemblance to the well known piece of music by Reissiger, commonly known as "Weber's Last Waltz." The allegro of this air is cut—unfortunately, as it is one of the best in the opera.

The finale of the second act—the scene of the ball and the game at cards—offers some fine opportunities for musical treatment, which, however, Mr. Verdi has not very ably improved. We have first a chorus of gipsy fortune-tellers, who accompany their singing with blows on the Tambour de basque. The chorus is piquant and pleasing. A chorus of Spanish matadors succeeds, who, as they shout in unison, batter the ground with their staffs—a remarkable evidence of the fertility of Mr. Verdi's invention, who, it appears, was resolved not to stop at anvils. In this chorus occurs a most unkind plagiarism; an old familiar nursery tune is forced into service, and seems mightily out of place;—possibly, however, it may be an unconscious imitation; who can tell? The long scene of the card playing, &c., is perhaps the weakest of all, containing nothing worth notice but a little dramatic phrase of four or five bars sung by Violetta. But the concluding movement, by all the characters, is undoubtedly the most powerful and effective in the opera.

The last act opens with a reminiscence of the introduction, leading to a very ordinary air by Violetta. Then comes in a bit of a Bacchanal chorus, behind the scenes, to which succeeds a duet between the reconciled lovers. The *andante* is a palpable imitation of the final duet in *Troatore*, but quite effective, particularly towards the close. The allegro also is much better than the greater part of the music. Next comes a movement modelled upon the "Miscerere" in *Troatore*, but by no means equal to it. The concluding bars of the *Traviata* do not rise above the general inferiority of the opera; and the last tones of

Violetta, long, loud and piercing, seem sadly inappropriate.

La Traviata was first performed in Venice, March 6, 1853, with moderate success. In Paris and London it has met with great favor, but on this side the water it does not appear to have gained much popularity.

American Music Association.

(From Willis's "Musical World," June 6.)

The "New York American-Music Association"—the very long name of a national art-infant of short life, as yet—gave its final concert for the season last week.

The following programme was presented to a very numerous audience at Dodworth's saloon:—

- PART I.
- 1—Kyrie Eleison, from Mass in D..... Dr. R. F. Halsted
Mrs. Crump, Mr. Johnson and Chorus.
 - 2—Piano Solo: Souvenirs d'Andalousie. Caprice de Concert, on Spanish Airs..... Gottschalk
Mr. Candido Berti.
 - 3—Ave Maria..... W. A. King
Miss Henrietta Simon.
 - 4—Grand Scena ed Aria..... A. Reiff, Jr.
Dr. Charles Guilmette.
 - 5—Fantaisie for Violin, on Norma..... Appy
Mr. Henry Appy.
 - 6—Song: "Come, love, with me,"..... J. A. Johnson
Mr. J. A. Johnson.
 - 7—Hymn 186 (Bk. Com. Prayer), Soprano Solo and Chorus,..... Jerome
Miss Henrietta Simon and Chorus.
- PART II.
- 8—Hymn to the Virgin..... J. M. Deems
Mrs. Crump, Mr. Johnson and Chorus.
 - 9—Fantasia sur "Lucrezia" and "Lucia," on the Boehm Flute..... Siede
Mr. F. J. Eben.
 - 10—Song..... W. H. Walter
Mr. J. A. Johnson.
 - 11—Duet, from Opera "Esther,"..... J. M. Deems
Miss Henrietta Simon and Dr. Guilmette.
- Conductor at the Piano..... Mr. Wm. A. King.
Conductor of Chorus..... Dr. Charles Guilmette.

At our request, the obliging President of the Association, Mr. Charles J. Hopkins, furnished us with a few personal statistics of the composers whose names appear on the programme, which will be interesting to those who are interested in persons and things mainly Native-American.

Dr. R. F. Halsted is a New York physician—plays the organ in Church of the Holy Apostles—Native-American—was never abroad.

His "Kyrie" indicates fine musical feeling and a refined and cultivated taste. It is somewhat over-spiced with dissonance, however; the flat-sixth, particularly, in its various harmonic combinations, being over-used and over-prominent. Dr. Halsted will soon, doubtless, fall into a more diatonic style of writing.

The biography of New Orleans Gottschalk, of national culture and European career, we need not here write. We were sorry to read the latest news of him, from Havana, that his consumptive symptoms have not been modified by his voyage. We trust, nevertheless, that his may be one of those cases of pulmonary delusion, which seem to outlive and outlast our worst fears. We have known several such of late years. His "Caprice" is one of his lighter compositions, and was gracefully played by young Berti.

Berti is one of the promising *might-bes* of art, who is giving the enthusiasm to law-study which he formerly applied to music. Meantime, however, he avails himself, as any young enterprising man would, of the pecuniary advantage which his musical accomplishment affords him to help him on in the expense of student-life; and we cordially recommend him to such private families and schools as would like to secure a high-bred, gentlemanly-mannered and very capable teacher.

Wm. A. King, English born and bred, although of almost purely American career, we can write but little about that is not already popularly known. His talent for organ-playing, in which his musical many-mindedness is chiefly brought into play, is now unapplied—Mr. King, in common with many artists, being averse to making Sunday the most laborious and business-day of the week, and wishing a seventh of the time, at least, to himself. We think that Mr. King does his best things when he is not aware of it. We happened in at Grace Church one sleepy, summerly afternoon, some years since, and heard him play an introductory voluntary to about a dozen

people, which, put fairly into notes, would suffice to make the reputation of any man. The moment he takes pen in hand, the afflatus, to our thinking, very much subsides—he becomes more critical and less himself.

Of "A. Reiff, jr." we have obtained no information. His "Grand Scena ed Aria" we could not get into the significance of, despite Dr. Guilmette's painstaking rendering.

Mr. Appy was so un-appy as to be detained at Philadelphia; Mr. Eben, the flutist, falling into his place with the flute-solo, later announced. Mr. Eben plays a most resonant and pure-toned Boehm flute, which he well understands witching the music out of. Mr. Eben is of German birth and education.

Mr. Johnson is music-director at Dr. Mulderberg's church, an American, a teacher in the common schools and an efficient and zealous musician. We have heard better things of him than the song he sang.

"Jerome" (not Bonaparte, but Charles Jerome Hopkins, presumptively) is the President of the society; or, rather, he is Vice-President Financier, all the Directors, Agent, and almost Door-keeper and Type-setter of the programmes—in short, he is the Society itself. He started it, keeps it in a state of active vitality, lives in it and for it, in very close sense is engaged to it, and one of these days, for aught we see to prevent, will marry it.

"Jerome" is a young man in whom we believe, have always been contending two antagonistic biases,—Chemistry and Music. We believe his chemical prowess, particularly in enterprising experiment, showed itself before his musical. We advised him, some time since, to strike the flag of his inclinations to chemistry; but he would not heed us.

The 186th Hymn of his composition, we think, on the whole, the best thing we have heard from Jerome, although composed we understand, before he was instructed in harmony. Out of his family, Jerome has received but little instruction in music, and that little from T. E. Miguel (who died a few weeks ago in the greatest penny). He is organist of St. John's church, at Yonkers, plays the viola, trombone and violoncello, and is son of the distinguished Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont: in consideration of whose late celebrated work, "The End of Controversy Controverted," we must be permitted to express our surprise, that his son should assume to himself any such questionable name as Je-Rome. His real name is C. J. (not Church Journal—that is his brother)—Charles J. Hopkins.

J. M. Deems is a Virginian; studied we believe, abroad, is a teacher, lives in Charlottesville, is a cornet-player, has composed and scored an opera and oratorio, and is a member of the N. Y. Musical Fund Society. His "Hymn to the Virgin" and Duet from "Esther," show decided ability. We should say his talent were as well worth cultivating as that of any composer on the programme.

W. H. Walter is a New Yorker, a pupil of Dr. Hodges, is organist of Trinity chapel and teaches the organ and harmony. Judging by this "Song," his ability lies far more in the sacred than the secular style.

Other names which have appeared on the Association programmes from time to time, are Dr. Hodges, Bristow, Fry, Curtis, Mason, Pechowski, Homan and Willis; severally and all of whom, we threaten to inform the public more personally about, should they ever appear again on an Association programme—unless they particularly intercede with us to the contrary.

From my Diary, No. 5.

"A mint of schemes within his brain."
Shakspeare, (adapted.)

JUNE 10.—The last new scheme is musical, and shall be recorded.

Julius Stern was a rising young musician in Berlin. He travelled. He spent some years in Paris, and gained reputation. At length he returned to Berlin, established himself as a teacher of music, and like Carl Fasch, of the last generation, organized a Sing-

ing Society, which goes by the name of the "Sternsche Gesang Verein," and of which the Loewe, now Frau Leo—so capably described by Chorley in his book of Rambles—is a leading feminine member. This society has become a rival of the great Sing Akademie, so excellent are its performances.

Summer before last another society, one of instrumental performers, was organized, with Stern at the head, and in the winter of 1855-6 the "Gesang" and "Orchester" Societies united in giving a series of concerts. These concerts rank among the best I have ever attended, and now, on turning over the file of the daily paper which I took that winter in Berlin, and seeing the programmes scattered along its pages, and being thus reminded of the great pleasure and benefit I derived from the performances, the mint within my brain has coined a new scheme.

THE SCHEME

Proposes ten grand miscellaneous concerts, on alternate Saturday evenings, to be given by an orchestra of at least seventy performers, and a chorus of one hundred and fifty to two hundred voices, and four grand performances of Oratorio, to be given in the style of the Festival. The smaller chorus is to be made up of so many members of the grand chorus as can be at liberty for rehearsals and performances upon Saturday evenings. The secular concerts are to open each, with a Symphony, and this followed by some instrumental Solo, will make the first part of the programme. The second part will be made up of instrumental and vocal music. Here is a specimen programme:

PART I.

Symphony in D.....Beethoven.
Concert Stueck.....Weber.

PART II.

Overture—Melusine.....Mendelssohn.
The Tempest.....Haydn.
Scene from Seasons.....Haydn.
Overture—Tell.....Rossini.

The "Tempest" is a piece for orchestra and chorus, which Haydn records in his Diary as being his first attempt at setting English words to music. I wish people could have an opportunity of hearing how exquisitely beautiful and how grand it is.

Well, to fill up the ten concerts, the scheme proposes to give Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night music, his fragments: "Loreley" and "Christus," his Summer-night's Dream, his *Lobgesang*. From Beethoven, the "Ruins of Athens" music, with its queer but most effective Turkish march and chorus, the "Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage," (chorus and orchestra), his "Ah, perfido!" (Recitative and air), and the Fantasia, for piano-forte, orchestra and chorus. If possible, the schemer will engage the boys of the Choristers' School, and give Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*, and Allegro's *Miserere*. On another occasion a selection from Gluck's "Orpheus," with Miss Philipps. Why, there is music enough! to say nothing of four or five grand old English Gleees by two hundred voices, without accompaniment—Webbe's "When winds breath soft," or Calcott's (?) "Queen of the Valley," for example—or a scene or two from "The Scarlet Letter."

The scheme moreover embraces the engagement of two or three of England's best singers, both for the miscellaneous and the grand Oratorio Concerts. "For farther particulars, see small bills."

But stop, a moment! He has taken me for granted that Boston is a musical Athens, that will be so eager to embrace the opportunity of attending such a series of concerts, as to put doorkeepers in danger of life and limb!

Let us pause for reflection.

Boston people pay a dollar to Thalberg, for an hour of finger gymnastics, of an evening. They pay a dollar for two hours of "Traviata," with a chorus of twenty persons, an orchestra rather larger, and three or four middling singers. They pay three, four, five dollars for an hour of Jenny Lind, and another hour of Goldschmidt—which bores the audience. But for Oratorio, with 500 voices and 78 instruments, a dollar is too much! If the schemer can put his tickets at half a dollar, why, they will see about it. So will the schemer.

1st.—The schemer must provide orchestra of seventy persons. This, with conductor, may be safely set down at \$100 per night, making over \$5,000, to say nothing of the expense of the rehearsals, for which every man must also be paid. I judge that the instrumental music alone, for the fourteen concerts, would cost \$10,000.

2d.—Think of the expense, Mr. Schemer, you will incur, in the purchase and copying of music alone! This will amount to a sum which will require at least three figures to express it.

3d.—There is the cost of hall, fuel and lights.

4th.—Of printing, advertising, and the making up of illustrative and historic programmes.

5th.—The solo talent to be engaged abroad, or at home, as the case may be, and which will count up by thousands of dollars.

Nothing can be clearer than that at fifty cents a ticket, the outlay in money, to say nothing of the time and labor of three to five hundred persons, in preparing for the performances, cannot be covered, even though every seat in the Music Hall should be paid for beforehand.

It is just possible that, at one dollar for a single ticket, and tickets for the course, (transferable), at the rate of three tickets for two dollars per concert, the expenses might be covered. Twenty-one hundred tickets at this rate, for secured seats, would amount to \$1400 per night, and this would leave some four or five hundred spare places, to be sold at each concert.

Now, Jenny Lind, Thalberg, and such performers, carry off thousands upon thousands of dollars profits, and nobody seems to grudge the money; but the schemer has no thought of profit. He asks only to have his expenses covered. Of course all the musical public stands ready for this.

"By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends."

A good scheme, a capital scheme, and nothing now is wanting to carry it out but—an orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, good soloists, vocal and instrumental, and a paying subscription—of some two thousand dollars per night.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 13, 1857.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The players are come! The gay troupe pitched their tent on Monday for a few nights at the Boston Theatre, and began forthwith to set their dazzling stock of latest fashions before the eyes of an admiring crowd. First they unrolled—the reigning fashion everywhere—the new Verdi patterns, with their "stunning" colors and the unmistakable *prononcés* figures. The last, and of course the first unrolled, is called the "Traviata." Verily the figures, the musical ideas, motives, rhythms, forms, were unmistakable, as indeed the entire general texture and groundwork. It was Verdi reproducing, or rather redigesting, Verdi; his own common-places recombined, with loss of the original freshness; his old effects tried over and over again, as if with a nightmare inability to move beyond them. Nowhere, in one single point, of song or instrumentation, does this opera add a tittle to what we all knew of Verdi. Invention seems exhausted, and only an intense craving for production left. There is nothing in it which we have not heard essentially before either in *Ernani*, or in *Trovatore*, or in some of the works that came between; and they are not those habits of the mind, those characteristic plays of fancy, those traits of identity in style, which never wear out, as in the case of greater geniuses. If

here and there he makes a wilder effort to escape himself, the result is an unconscious, feeble snatching of some well-known theme by others. These marks of borrowed parentage were too palpable in some instances the other evening to escape the general notice. "Dear, dear, what can the matter be!" was the unconscious tune of one of these despairing efforts to work out a new idea, the spears of masquerading matadors helping the while to *drum* it out upon the floor.

The plot of *La Traviata* is that of the play "Camille." We have given descriptions of it ere now. As to its musical contents, the critic of the *Courier* has had the courage, which we had not, to look through the score, and gives us a fair sketch thereof, which we have copied on another page. We fully agree with him—we believe *all* agree—that it is the weakest of Verdi's operas. It saves itself in Paris, London, &c., by the acting and the singing of the Piccolomini, of Bosio, and other captivating artists in the heroine's part; as it has done in Philadelphia and New York, and now finally in Boston, by the lyric powers of Mme. GAZZANIGA.

This fresh, blonde, lady-like and earnest prima donna answers well in quality, if not in degree, to the reports which we have copied of her. Her charm is unique; we do not think of one with whom to compare her. It resides in person—a face, not beautiful, but winning and expressive, a figure light, symmetrical and graceful; in voice—remarkably fresh, clear and searching, for the most part sweet withal, though inclining to scream in high energetic passages, but of a reedy richness in the low tones, barely above mezzo soprano in compass; but above all in genuine *abandon* and naturalness of action. Her impersonation is eminently dramatic, rising at times to great power. In the last scene her action was comparable to Miss Heron's. Her intensity is tempered by good taste. Her gift is that of the lyric actress. As a vocalist she certainly has small claims; she rarely sings false, and with a sort of instinct and true fervor seizes the character of the music; but there is no finely finished vocalization; her scales are indicated rather than sung, and so too all the fine embellishments. But she has that power of throwing passion into a note, of coloring a tone, that never-failing verve and freshness, that show, to use a homely phrase, she has it "in her." The cabaletta of her solo at the end of the first act: *Ah, forse è lui*, was evidently set down from the original key; she sang it perhaps as expressively as such mechanical music would admit, although the florid passages were slighted.

In the scene with the *père* Germont, and in the stormy one that follows, there were fine touches of lyric passion. But it was in the sick and dying scene, where the music too is somewhat better, that her best power shone out. The agony of that line: *Gran Dio! morir si giovane!* (Great God! to die so young!) as twice she seemed to pour out her whole soul in it, was thrilling. In the duet: *Perigi, O cara*, which is the most interesting *morceau* of the play, a duet, however, on Verdi's old model of the one in *Ernani*, and again in *Trovatore*, her voice blended sympathetically and sweetly with that of BRIGNOLI, whose tenor is as musical as ever, and who generally sang well and alive when his part called him into the foreground, and then relapsed into the old indifference.

Sig. AMODIO, with his fat figure, and stereotyped gesticulations, which seem to know only two phases of passion, those of very ordinary love-making and revenge, made rather a droll caricature of the father. The grave, respectable old gentleman seemed making love, where he had come to read a lecture and to rescue from a syren. His facile and correct delivery, and the way in which he pours himself out, a tun of voice, round, full and heavy, frequently brings down the house. In concerted pieces his baritone tells nobly; but we cannot wholly sympathize with the common admiration of that voice; we find in it little of sweetness or of sentiment; the quality is coarse and animal; its weight, fluidity and volume are its conquering charm. Signors COLETTI, BARATTINI, and the rest, did their parts creditably. The choruses were rather coarsely sung, and the orchestra too often brayed with brassy lungs, as if to hide the emptiness of the music. MARETZEK is still the same vigorous and alert conductor, and holds his forces well together. There is one *ensemble* piece, at the end of the second act, which is very effective, only not new after one has heard *Ernani*.

The second opera, of course, was *Trovatore*, in which ADELAIDE PHILLIPS charmed more than ever by her noble contralto, her unaffected manner and her artistic, honest singing; in which Mmc. GAZZANIGA gained new ground, although AMODIO seemed to cut the widest swarth in public favor; and in which BRIGNOLI was hissed, not off the stage, but while off, (such height of courage have our habitués at length reached) for dodging the "encore swindle" (he having been sick the day before). Having been let out of his prison to receive applause(!), and then remanded, he chose not to sing again the air with the guitar; and after that, as often as he "oped his mouth," although to sing his best, some greeted him with hisses, even to the sacrifice of the fine points of Gazzaniga. These were as uniformly drowned by storms of applause, and the play went through. We think an audience has only itself to blame, if it get not a good answer to all its unreasonable demands. The *Trovatore* had, of course, a very large and delighted public. For last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was announced; and this afternoon Miss PHILLIPS sings in music worthy of her, in Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Twelve German Chorals, as harmonized by J. SEBASTIAN BACH. Now complete in 22 pages; price \$1 00.

We would we could persuade our choirs and choral societies, and "Normal Schools" of the satisfaction and sure profit they would find in frequent practice of these incomparable master-pieces of four-part writing. The beauty and religious purity and depth of feeling of these old German tunes, as Bach has harmonized them, must grow upon any one who has any sensibility or depth of nature. Even as sung by a quartet of voices, or only played over on the organ or piano, their charm is inexhaustible; but with a large choir, a "Handel and Haydn" chorus, their effect must be sublime. They ought to be in such general demand, as to warrant the enterprising publishers in issuing many more of the three hundred and odd chorals left in this form by Bach. Each tune here has appropriate English words, and bears its original German title, that is, the first line of the old hymn by which it is known in German churches.

Selections from COSTA'S Oratorio: "Eli."—Two

more numbers. 1. *I will extol thee, O Lord*, is that brilliant soprano air, which reminds one somewhat of Handel's *Rejoice greatly*, only less full of old-fashioned roudades. There is a high B flat in it to be sustained through a couple of bars. 2. Chorus of Angels: *No evil shall befall thee*, &c. This is one of those soft and gentle choruses in which Costa has so clearly imitated Mendelssohn's "Blessed are they," "He watching over Israel," &c. Prices 25 and 20 cts.

Wayside Flowers of France and Italy. Translated and adapted by THEO. T. BARKER.

A series of the simpler little songs of recent French and Italian composers, some comparatively but little known in these parts, and some world-famous. We would rather take our chance among them, than among the more ambitious "gems" of opera; there is often character and freshness in these little things. Of sixteen numbers promised we have four: 1. *Petit Fleur des Bois*, by F. MASINI, a simple, pretty Allegretto; 2. *La Camelia*, by GUGLIELMO; 3. *Il Tempo passato*, (Departed days), a slow minor melody, of considerable pathos; and 4. *La Vento*, (Muleteer's Song), by HALEVY. A very pleasant variety already, and all within easy range of voice. Price of each song 25 cents.

"Florence." A collection of Songs, by F. BOOTT. 1. *I am weary with rowing.* 2. *Battle of the Baltic*: words by Campbell. 3. *From the close shut window*, (J. R. Lowell). 4. *The Sands o' Dee*, (Kingsley's "Alton Locke"). 5. *The night is calm and cloudless*, (Longfellow.) 6. *Stars of the summer night*, (Ditto). 7. *Ring out, wild bells*, (Tennyson). 8. *Break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea*, (Ditto). 25 cts. each.

"Florence" is the publisher's fanciful and not inappropriate title to this series of some of the shorter flights of our townsman, who has for years dwelt in the atmosphere of song in Florence. The subjects are happily chosen, the melodies for the most part natural and appropriate, the accompaniments simple and effective. If not strikingly original or imaginative, they are very graceful, facile little songs, and have some of the best elements of popularity. Certainly they are very far to be preferred to some of the sweetish, sentimental productions of the day, which sell by tens of thousands, and are famous. It is the intention of the publisher to put together the eight songs, with possibly a few more, in a neat brochure, which will be quite acceptable to Mr. Boott's many friends.

Nacqui all affanno, and Non piu mesta, by ROSSINI. (Pp. 11. Price 50 cts.) The famous exceedingly florid and elegant Introduction and Rondo from *Cenerentola*, in which Alboni, D'Angri, Adelaide Phillips, and others, have charmed so many audiences. This seems to be an accurate and complete copy.

Ah! forse è lui, (with also English words), from VERDI'S *La Traviata*, (pp. 13, 75 cts.) This comprises the introductory recitative, the Andantino air, and brilliant Cabaletta, with soprano at the end of the first act. It is here in the original key, running up to D flat above the staff, and is sufficiently Verdiish, requiring a singer trained to difficult vocal feats. The performance of the *Traviata* here this week will provoke not a few to try it.

Six Songs, by JULES SCHULHOFF. Judging from these two: *Star of my love*, and *Bright land of Bohemia*, the bravura pianist has not the gift of song, beyond quite common-place and sentimental melody. So much the more likely, we suppose, are they to please the many; besides, they are very easy.

Sechs Lieder ohne Worte, (*Six Songs without words*), by MENDELSSOHN. Arranged for four hands, by CZERNY. In 7 Books. Book I. Pp. 23.

Ditson's edition of the *Lieder*, &c., in the original form for two hands, has for some years been among the easily accessible treasures of pianists in this country. We now have the first set of six of them, conveniently arranged for two performers, bringing

them within the reach of more limited powers of execution; so that the poetic character and expression of each little piece may be studied and realized with less thought of mere technical requirements.

Sechs Lieder de SCHUBERT; transcribed for piano by STEPHEN HELLER. No. 3. *La Vogueur*; No. 4. *La Barcarole*. Pp. 7 and 9.

These transcriptions are not immensely difficult, like those by Liszt. They simply bring all the essential features of both melody and accompaniment, of these wondrous Schubert songs, within the grasp of an ordinary pianist's two hands. That the work is artistically and truly done, the name of Stephen Heller is sufficient guaranty.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The old story; Verdi rules the day; and the *Musical World* of May 16th, reports a week's work briefly thus:

Rigoletto was repeated on Saturday, and Mad. Bosio renewed her triumph of the preceding Thursday.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia*, and on Thursday (*La Traviata* being postponed, in consequence of the indisposition of Sig. Graziani) *Rigoletto* was given for the third time.

To-night *La Traviata*, with Mad. Bosio and Mario as the heroine and hero.

The *début* of Mlle. Balfé is postponed to the 28th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On Saturday, May 9, *Lucia* was repeated. Sig. GIUGLINI "gains new adherents nightly," and the *Musical World* says:

Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, by her performance of *Lucia*, must have satisfied the most doubting that she is not the parrot some of her disbelievers would make her out. She has not yet surmounted the obstacles presented in the opening cavatina and the last movement of the mad scene; but we have faith in her, and believe her capable of any effort to acquire perfection in her art.

The event of the following week was the return of ALBONI, who made her first appearance in *Il Barbiere*, with Herr Beichardt as Almaviva, who though a German tenor, is pronounced an admirable florid singer; Sig. Belletti as Figaro; Beneventano, Doctor Bartolo; and Violetti, Don Basilio.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the third concert was a splendid one, to-wit:

PART I.

Sinfonia in A minor, No. 3. Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Madame Novello (Idemeneo) Mozart.
Overture in D major. J. S. Bach.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G, Herr Rubinstein. Rubinstein.

PART II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8. Beethoven.
Aria, Mmc. Novello (Iphigénie en Tauride). Gluck.
Solos, pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein. Rubinstein.
Overture (Berg-geist). Spohr.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

The critic of the *Times*, however, condemns Herr Rubinstein, who had just before created a Parisian "sensation," in the following strong language, which we quote to show how judgments differ:

So strange and chaotic a jumble as the concerto in G defies analysis. To assert that it is wanting in intelligible design would be insufficient, since not only is there no evidence of development but nothing to develop. Not a single subject, fit to be designated "phrase" or "melody," can be traced throughout the whole dreary length of the composition: while, to atone for the absence of every musical attribute, we look in vain even for what abounds in the pianoforte writings of Liszt and others of the same eccentric school—viz., the materials for displaying mechanical facility to advantage. Herr Rubinstein's concerto, in short, is quite as dull as it is shapeless and confused. The orchestral accompaniments, moreover, betray the hand of a tyro; anything more meagre and unsatisfactory has rarely been committed to paper. The two pieces without accompaniments which the Russian pianist introduced in the second part of the programme—a nocturne and a *Polonaise*—are not much better. In the first something like the shadow of a theme is indicated; but the last is empty rhodomontade from end to end. Such things have nothing whatever to do with music; and the wonder is how so beautiful an art can, under any circumstances, be exhibited in a light so unattractive and absurd. As a player, Herr Rubinstein (who, when a mere boy, paid London a visit in 1813-4) may lay claim to the possession of extraordinary manual dexterity. His execution (more particularly when he has passages in octaves to perform) is prodigious, and the difficulties he surmounts with apparent ease are manifold and astonishing. But his mechanism is by no means invariably pure;

nor is his manner of attacking the notes at all favorable to the production of legitimate tone. A pianist should treat his instrument rather as a friend than as an enemy, caress rather than bully it; but Herr Rubinstein seats himself at the piano with a seeming determination to punish it, and his endeavors to extort the power of an orchestra from that which is, after all, but an unpretending row of keys, hammers, and strings, result in an exaggeration of style entirely antagonistic to real musical expression.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The stock-holders of the Boston Music Hall had their fifth annual meeting on Wednesday. The receipts of the Hall for the year past were found to be \$8976 56; the expenditures, (including some \$600 for permanent improvements), \$5170 80; to which has to be added interest on debt, \$2400, leaving a clear profit of \$1405 76. The debt, originally \$45,000, stands where it did last year, at \$40,000. The stock is now represented by 1011 shares. The old Directors were reelected, viz.: Dr. J. B. Upham (President), J. M. Fessenden, C. C. Perkins, H. W. Pickering, Dr. George Derby, E. D. Brigham, and Eben Dale. . . . The article on "Musical Festivities," in our last number, should have been credited to the *Courier*. . . . Sig. CORELLI sails for Italy on Wednesday, having sent a large musical instrument before him, and leaving behind a patriotic Card, which will be found below. A pleasant journey to him, and a safe return to Boston in October!

The German Opera at the Philadelphia Academy, opened on Monday evening with the *Freyschutz*, and not with *Martha*, as at first announced. *Fidelio* and Auber's "Mason and Locksmith" followed. A friend in Philadelphia writes: "You have much to regret in not having visited our Academy of Music during the long season it has been enjoying. You will not find GAZZANIGA a fine vocalist, by any means, but you will recognize in her a great genius, a lyrical Rachel—who in Verdi's *Traviata* will give a new reading to a character which has already excited a world-wide interest. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that during the forty-three opera nights at the Academy, there has not been one case of 'indisposition,' not a single change of programme. To balance this, it is true, we have had two unequivocal fiascos—a soprano and a tenor—Madame dePaez and Signor Giannoni, each of whom sang once, and once only. The newspapers give you no idea of the enthusiasm and splendor of the audiences; strange to say, all descriptions have fallen short of the reality, excepting Fry's editorial in the *N. Y. Tribune*, which was almost too much on the other side. Nor can you form any conception of the wonderful favoritism achieved by Gazzaniga; never was an artist more popular in our dull city; her every appearance has been a triumph, and on her two benefit nights she literally had a flowery path across the stage." . . . The Foyer of the Philadelphia Academy is to be adorned with a marble bust of Mme. Gazzaniga, by some of her admirers, she having so identified herself with its inauguration and first brilliant season. This is said to be in imitation of the enthusiasm which has placed the bust of Malibran in La Scala, and of Rachel in the Théâtre Française. . . . To-day the Great National Musical Festival of the Germans will commence at Philadelphia. The total number of singing societies which will participate will be 54, embracing 1505 members. The societies are from the following cities and boroughs: New York, 17—650 members; Philadelphia, 12—334 members; Baltimore, 8—215 members. One society from each of the following: Alexandria, Hartford, Brooklyn, Easton, Hartsburg, Hoboken, Boston, New Haven, Reading, Richmond, Trenton, Washington, and Wilmington. From Williamsburg and Newark, 2 each.

Our Boston prima donna, ELISE HENSLEY, is still in Paris, where she sang not long since in the con-

cert of M. Nicosia, a famous Sicilian violinist. We translate from a French review:

"We admired at this concert a large and beautiful young lady, Mlle. Hensley, an American, who dresses like a Parisienne, pronounces like a Siennese, and sings like a Neapolitaine. She sang the air from *Rigoletto*—that air so beautiful, so melodious, but so difficult, and the cavatina from *I Puritani*. She sang these two pieces with exquisite taste, with unimpeachable precision, and above all with an immense success. She was applauded, she was recalled, and recalled again; everybody asked who this young *cantatrice* was, whom America had sent us in exchange for the great artists whom she demands of the first lyric theatres upon our continent." . . . Brussels papers report the fine impression made upon a great audience by our young Boston violinist, Mr. J. P. GROVES, at the last concert of the Conservatoire, (over which M. Féus presides), of which he is one of the most promising pupils. The programme of this concert consisted of a MS. Symphony, by Ferdinand Hiller, the overture and entr'actes to Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, solos, &c. We translate from two of them:

"A young Bostonian, who presented the Anglo-American type strongly pronounced, executed the first part of the first violin Concerto by Vieuxtemps. Mr. Groves is a pupil of M. Léonard, and pupil and master achieved a grand success for one another. It seemed audacious for a young man to attack one of the most difficult pieces for the violin; but Mr. Groves soon showed that he was equal to his terrible task. He places his bow with a remarkable certainty, and executes full and vigorous passages with the boldest manner. The bow bites the strings, making them resound with amplitude and power, or sets them vibrating with a prodigious rapidity. Mr. Groves executes wonders with the left hand, while the right details and brilliantly accentuates the melody. Here is a young artist with a fair future before him."—*Le Moniteur Belge*.

"Mr. Groves, a second prize violin of the class of Mr. Léonard, was warmly applauded and even recalled,—a thing which does not happen at the concerts of the Conservatoire as often as it does elsewhere. . . . The young virtuoso showed remarkable qualities of mechanism, and a certain energy of execution which augur well for his future."—*Le National*.

Advertisements.

ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

A JOINT EXHIBITION of Paintings and Statuary by the BOSTON ATHENÆUM and the BOSTON ART CLUB, is now open at the Athenæum, in Beacon Street.

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A CARD.—Signor CORELLI begs leave to offer his thanks to those generous friends of Italy who have enabled him, by their contributions, to present an American cannon to the fortress of Alexandria. He assures them that their gift is already on its way, and will soon be welcomed upon the frontier citadel of his country, as the tribute of the friends of constitutional liberty in the new world to the defenders of constitutional government in the old.

It will be the novel office of this cannon to announce, on the borders of the most despotic states of Europe, that the citizens of a democratic republic, can appreciate and encourage a constitutional monarchy, and that in the patriotic exertions of Victor Emanuel and of the Count Cavour, they can recognize the fact that a monarch and his enlightened minister may be the best guardians of the happiness, the good order and the liberty of Northern Italy. In the present threatening attitude of the old despotisms to Sardinia, its citizens will understand and cherish the sympathy of the young Republic, with its well regulated institutions, in the stability of which is the only present hope of freedom for Italy.
Boston, June 12, 1857.

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The peculiarity of this book consists in the fact that it has been prepared expressly for children's use. The hymns are written to the comprehension of children, are all original, and are such as children delight to sing.

The tunes, a large proportion of which are original, have been composed and arranged with special reference to children's voices.

Superintendents and others connected with the Sabbath School will find this book to be one of the best for use in the Sabbath School Concert and other Sabbath School services, that has yet been published. They are invited to examine it.

The talented editor of the *Congregationalist* speaks thus of this book:—"This is, without exception, the best book which we have ever seen, for the purposes indicated in its title. The hymns are all appropriate—some exquisitely and unusually so—and the music is simple and effective. The book needs only to be known to be universally used."

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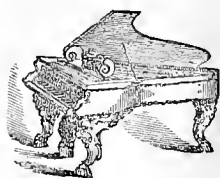
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

FROM THE INN.

[From the German of GRUEN.]

'Tis time to sleep;—but, ah! the frenzied woes
And wails of Nature, here, forbid repose.
Beneath my window, ghostly and sublime,
The crashing cataract on the rock beats time!
Unseasonable music! what can I
But wake and hear the juggling melody?—
Monotonous, yet strangely mingling tones,
Like harp-strings now, and now like thunder-groans!
Rattling of wheels was that? an army's tread?
Or clattering mills that grind thy daily bread?
Heard I the anvils, forging iron arms?
Heard I the organ's heart-dissolving charms?
The post-horn's peal that draws thee far away?
The murmur of the woods that bids thee stay?
The chime of bells that calls to prayer! the boom
Of the dead-march, escorting to the tomb!—
Emblem of life! all foam and smoke and spray,
And yet to sleep and dream it singeth thee away!

C. T. B.

[Continued from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNLEY, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

It is now too late to determine who was the aggressor in this long and ruinous war; perhaps Handel exercised his power too roughly, and Senesino was too impatient of control. Perhaps too, the nobility carried their resentment too far, in setting up another opera to the ruin of a man of such uncommon worth and abilities; and, perhaps, if Handel's temper had at all resembled his finger, in flexibility, a reconciliation might have been effected on no very mortifying or dishonorable terms. It is painful to dwell on this part of his life, which was one continued tissue of losses and misfortunes. He produced thirty operas between the year 1721 and 1740; yet, after the dissolution of the Academy, in 1729, none were attended with the success that was due to their

intrinsic and superior merit, though some of the best were posterior to that period. Neglect and opposition conspired to rob him at once of health, fame, and fortune!

Indeed the breach with the Academy and enmity to Senesino, may with truth be said to have had some effect on his later Dramatic compositions. Senesino had so noble a voice and manner of singing, was so admirable an actor, and in such high favor with the public, that besides the real force and energy of his performance, there was an additional weight and importance given to whatever he sung, by the elevated situation in which he stood with the audience. I have been acquainted with several masters, and persons of judgment and probity, who perfectly remembering his performance and its effects on themselves and the public, assured me, that none of the great singers, who have since visited this country, ever gave such exquisite pleasure and heart-felt satisfaction as Senesino; who, without high notes or rapid execution, by the majesty and dignity of his person, gestures, voice, and expression, captivated more, though he surprised less, than Farinelli, Caffarelli, Conti detto Gizziello, Carestini, or any of their immediate successors. It is impossible for a composer to set a song to music without thinking of the talents and abilities of the singer who is to perform it, and casting the air in his particular calibre.

The singers engaged and employed by Handel, after the schism of Senesino, brought over a new style of singing, and were possessed of vocal feats of activity to which he was never partial; it has, however been, I think, unjustly said, that the operas he composed after the quarrel "have so little to recommend them, that few would take them for the work of the same author." Can that severe sentence be reconciled to judgment, truth, and candor, in speaking of *Lotharius*, *Ariadne*, *Alcina*, *Berenice*, *Ariodante*, *Xerxes*, and *Faramond*? The voice part of his songs was generally proportioned to the abilities of his singers, and it must be owned, that, with a few exceptions, those of his late operas, and oratorios, were not possessed of great powers either of voice, taste, expression, or execution.* Yet so unbounded were his orchestra resources, that he never failed making judges of Music ample amends for deficiencies of voice or talents in a singer, by the richness and ingenuity of his accompaniments. And it may, perhaps, be said, that his best vocal thoughts, or melodies, seem to have been inspired by the troop for which he

* Carestini, Conti detto Gizziello, and Cafferello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. *Verdi prati*, which was constantly encored during the whole run of *Alcina*, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for him to sing; upon which he went, in a great rage, to his house, and in a way which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a first-singer, cries out: "You too! don't I know better as your self, what is best for you to sing? If you will not sing all de song vaat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver."

His government of singers was certainly somewhat despotic: for, upon Cuzzoni insolently refusing to sing his admirable air, *Falsa Imagine*, in *Otho*, he told her that he always knew she was a *very Devil*; but that he should now let her know, in her turn, that he was *Beelzebub*, the *Prince of the Devils*. And then, taking her up by the waist, swore, if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

composed, in 1727, at the head of which were Senesino, Boschi, Cuzzoni, and Faustina, all possessed of such different kinds of excellence, as might have supported, and sung into favor, the worst Music that ever was composed. There are airs in *Siroe*, which have much merit of a different kind from that which all candid judges readily allow him: for *Non vi piacquero ingiusti Dei*, sung by Faustina, and *Deggio morire o stelle*, by Senesino, in that opera, are songs with quiet accompaniments in the style of the most capital modern Airs, in which the singer and the poet are equally respected. These were composed in 1728, about the time that Vinci and Hasse had begun to thin and simplify accompaniment, as well as to polish melody. In the first of these Airs the voice-part is beautiful and a *canevas* for a great singer; in the second, the effects by modulation and broken sentences of melody are truly pathetic and theatrical: the first violin admirably filling up the chasms in the principal melody, while the second violin, tenor, and bass, are murmuring in the subdued accompaniment of iterated notes in modern songs. By these two Airs it appears that Handel, who had always more solidity and contrivance than his cotemporaries, penetrated very far into those regions of taste and refinement at which his successors only arrived, by a slow progress, half a century after.

We shall now quit his dramatic transactions, and confine this narration to such incidents as gave rise to the composition and public performance of his Oratorios, which being in our own language, have chiefly endeared him to the nation.

Sacred dramas, or Oratorios, are of great antiquity in Italy, if that title be allowed to the legendary tales, mysteries, and moralities, in which hymns, psalms, songs, and choruses, were incidentally introduced; but the first regular sacred Drama that was wholly sung, and in which the Dialogue was carried on in *Recitative*, was entitled *Anima e Corpo*; it was set to music by Emilio del Cavalieri, and first performed at Rome, in February, 1600, the same year as secular musical Dramas, or Operas, had their beginning at Florence. The Sacred Dramas, which, during the last century, were performed in the churches and convents of Italy, and generally in action, are innumerable; but the title of Oratorio was first given to this species of *Mystery in Music*, by Francesco Balducci, about 1645, after which time it became the general term for such productions.* Indeed it appears from the *Drammaturgia* of Italy, that more *Dramme Sacre*, or *Rappresentazioni Musicali*, on religious subjects, were performed at Palermo, and, even Naples, during the latter end of the last century, and beginning of this, than secular. At the church of *S. Girolamo della Carità*, and *La Chiesa Nuova*, at Rome, Oratorios are still constantly performed on Sundays, from All-Saints day till Palm-Sunday, and on all festivals; and the conservatorios at Venice are still constant in the use of these Dramas.

Esther, composed for the duke of Chandos, in 1720, was the first Oratorio which Handel set to music. And eleven years after its performance

* Quadrio, *Storia d'ogni Poesia*, tom. v. p. 495. The word *Oratorio* had its origin from the early introduction of a more artificial kind of music than *canto fermo*, or the mass in a constant chorus of four parts, at the Oratory of San Filippo Neri, at Rome, who died 1595.

at Cannons, a copy of the score having been obtained, it was represented, in action, by the Children of his Majesty's Chapel, at the house of Mr. Bernard Gates, master of the boys, in James-street, Westminster, on Wednesday, February 23, 1731.* The Chorus, consisting of performers from the Chapel-Royal and Westminster-Abbey, was placed after the manner of the ancients, between the stage and orchestra; and the instrumental parts were chiefly performed by Gentlemen who were members of the Philharmonic Society. After this, it was performed by the same singers at the Crown and Anchor, which is said to have first suggested to Handel the idea of bringing Oratorios on the stage. And in 1732, *Esther* was performed at the Haymarket, Ten Nights. In March, 1733, *Deborah* was first given to the public; and in April *Esther* was again exhibited at the same theatre. It was during these early performances of Oratorios, that Handel first gratified the public by the performance of Concertos on the organ, a species of Music wholly of his own invention,† in which he usually introduced an extempore fugue, a diapason-piece, or an adagio, manifesting not only the wonderful fertility and readiness of his invention, but the most perfect accuracy and neatness of execution.‡

It was in the summer of 1733, that he went to the university of Oxford, on occasion of a public act, taking with him Carestini, Strada, and his opera band: at this solemnity he had the Oratorio of *Athalia* performed in the public theatre, where he opened the organ in such a manner as astonished every hearer. The late Mr. Michael Christian Festing, and Dr. Arne, who were present, both assured me, that neither themselves, nor any one else of their acquaintance, had ever before heard such extempore, or such premeditated playing, on that or any other instrument.

In the Lent of 1734, he performed *Esther*, *Deborah*, and *Athalia*, at Covent-Garden; and in 1735, *Esther*, *Acis and Galatea*, and *Alexander's Feast*, for the first time. In 1738, *Israel in Egypt*, and 1739, *Allegro ed il Penseroso*. During these last two years the Opera-house was shut, and Handel's affairs were at this time so deranged, that he was under constant apprehensions of being arrested by Del Pò, the husband of Strada. This stimulated his friends to persuade him to have a benefit; and, in following their advice, he received such testimonies of public favor at the Opera-house, in the Haymarket, March 28, 1738, as proved extremely lucrative: for, besides every usual part of the house being uncommonly crowded, when the curtain drew up, five hundred persons of rank and fashion were discovered on the stage, which was formed into an amphitheatre.§

In 1740, the Oratorio of *Saul* was performed, for the first time, at the theatre in Lincoln-Inn-Fields; and from this period, Handel may be said to have devoted his labors solely to the service of the church; as, except his *grand Concertos for Violins*, and the *Five-work Music*, for the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, 1748, I remember no other compositions than Oratorios, that were either performed or published by him.¶

* This Oratorio, and *Athalia*, seem both to have been taken from Racine's two celebrated tragedies of *Esther* and *Athalia*, written for music, and performed at the convent of St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon. Nothing, however, but the Choruses of these sacred Dramas was ever sung in France, nor was the music of these Choruses set by Lulli, as inadvertently asserted in the former Life of Handel. Indeed, Lulli, unluckily, died two years before the first of these tragedies was represented; that is, in 1687, and *Esther* was not performed at St. Cyr, till 1689.

† Rameau's *Livre de Pièces de Clavecin en Concerts*, did not appear till 1741.

‡ The favorite movement, at the end of his second organ-concerto, was long called the *Minuet in the Oratorio of Esther*, from the circumstance of its having been first heard in the concerto which he played between the parts of that Oratorio.

§ This performance was called an *Oratorio*; but in examining the printed book of the words, with which I have been favored by Mr. Belcher, one of Handel's few surviving friends, it appears that this exhibition was miscellaneous: consisting of a mixture of sacred and profane, of English and Italian Airs and Recitatives, without the least connection either in the words or music.

¶ From 1740, when he totally quitted the Opera-

During the first years of his retreat from the Opera stage, the profits arising from the performance of Oratorios were not sufficient to indemnify his losses; and it would remain a perpetual stigma on the taste of the nation, if it should be recorded, that his "Messiah," that truly noble and sublime work, was not only ill-attended, but ill-received, on its first performance in 1741, were its miscarriage not to be wholly ascribed to the resentment of the many great personages whom he had offended, in refusing to compose for Senesino, by whom he thought himself affronted; or even for the opera, unless that singer were dismissed; which inflexibility being construed into insolence, was the cause of powerful oppositions that were at once oppressive and mortifying.

Handel had been so unfortunate in all his attempts to carry on operas at the three several theatres of the Haymarket, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Covent-Garden, in opposition to his former protectors, the members of the Royal Academy, that he was reduced to the necessity of drawing out of the funds ten thousand pounds, which he had lodged there in his more prosperous days; and still Strada, Montagnana, and other singers employed in his last operas were unpaid, and obliged to quit this country with promissory notes instead of cash.

Handel, however, who was a man of strict probity, and accustomed to pay his performers not only honestly, but generously, discharged these debts very honorably, as soon as he was able.

It was after these repeated miscarriages, and a very severe illness, supposed to have been brought on by the joint effects of anxiety, mortification, distress, and disappointment, that he went to Ireland, in order to try whether his Oratorios would be out of the reach of prejudice and enmity in that kingdom. Pope, on this occasion personifying the Italian Opera, put into her mouth the following well-known lines, which she addresses to the goddess of Dulness.

"Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress; or you sleep no more—
She heard;—and drove him to the Hibernian shore."*

On his arrival at Dublin, with equal judgment and humanity, he began by performing the "Messiah," for the benefit of the city prison. This act of generosity and benevolence met with universal approbation, as well as his music; which,

stage, to 1751, he produced fifteen original Oratorios, and adapted English words to the music of a serenata, or morality, *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, (the Triumph of Time and Truth) which he had set to Italian words, at Rome, 1709. Of these, the *Messiah*, *Samson*, and *Judas Maccabeus*, were sure to fill the house whenever they were performed; but though the rest are hazardous, and fluctuating in favor, yet there is no one of them which an exquisite and darling singer, such as Mrs. Sheridan, or Mrs. Bates, could not render important and attractive.

* When Handel went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, this year, 1741, I was at the public school in that city, and very well remember seeing him smoke a pipe, over a dish of coffee, at the Exchange-Coffee-house; for being extremely curious to see so extraordinary a man, I watched him narrowly as long as he remained in Chester; which, on account of the wind being unfavorable for his embarking at Parkgate, was several days. During this time, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, my first music-master, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing *at sight*; as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the choruses which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and, among the rest, a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. At this time Harry Alcock, a good player, was the first violin at Chester, which was then a very musical place; for besides public performances, Mr. Prebendary Prescott had a weekly concert, at which he was able to muster eighteen or twenty performers, gentlemen, and professors. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but, alas! on trial of the chorus in the "Messiah." *And with his stripes are we healed*, poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him; and after swearing in four or five languages, cried out in broken English: "You sheauntrel! tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," says the printer, "and so I can; but not at *first sight*."

after spending some time in the discipline of his troops, was admirably performed, with Dubourg for leader, and the late Mrs. Cibber to sing: *He was despised and rejected of men*. This air, the first, perhaps, in our language, has been often sung by Italian singers of the greatest abilities, but never, I believe, in a manner so truly touching to an Englishman, as by Mrs. Cibber for whom it was originally composed; and whose voice, though a mere thread, and knowledge of music, inconsiderable; yet, by a natural pathos, and perfect conception of the words, she often penetrated the heart, when others, with infinitely greater voice and skill, could only reach the ear.*

[To be continued.]

Mlle. Victoire Balfe.

This young English singer, the daughter we believe of BALFE, the composer, made her debut at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 28th of last month. We copy an account of it from the *Daily News*.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE made her *début* last night at the Lyceum in the *Sonnambula*, and a more triumphant first appearance, or one that promises a more brilliant career, has rarely been witnessed. It excited very great interest in our musical circles, not only from the name the young lady bears, but from what had been heard respecting her qualities and talents: and the theatre consequently was filled to overflowing, every place in every part of the house having been taken days ago. The youthful *débütante* had a most cordial reception, which she acknowledged tastefully, but very timidly. Her agitation, indeed, was extreme; it was easy to understand her feelings, and impossible not to sympathize with them. A young girl of twenty, who not only had never faced the public gaze, but had never even been heard beyond the circle of her family and intimate friends—who must have felt that her most terrible trial was begun, and that the next few minutes would determine the fate of her whole future life, and fill her parents with happiness, or blight their fondest hopes—must have been in a state of mind sufficient, one would think, to paralyze all her faculties. But she supported herself bravely. Nothing could be more winning than her whole aspect. Her beauty is remarkable; and in her pretty attire, with her innocent looks and simplicity of manner, she was the very ideal of the rustic heroine. She spoke her first phrases of recitative, in addressing her young companions, in a voice of the most musical sweetness; and when she came to the air:

Come per me sereno, so beautifully expressive of overflowing happiness, she gave it with a warmth and joyousness, revelling in a profusion of the most brilliant fioriture, which drew thunders of applause from every part of the house. From that moment she must have felt assured of her success, for her tremor disappeared and she was able to give full scope to her powers, and to show her genius as an actress as well as a singer. In the scene where Amina is exposed to the attentions of the gallant Count, which give umbrage to her moody swain, and the little lovers' quarrel and reconciliation which ensue, she charmed the audience by the pretty, delicate touches which she threw into her bye play. When the first act closed she was twice called before the curtain. In the second act she was still more successful, when her powers of strong and passionate expression were shown; and at the end of that act she was again twice called for, even more vehemently than before. But it was in the last act that her great triumph was achieved. Amina's meek and gentle endurance of her lover's cruel taunts and reproaches was beautifully rendered;

* One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make, *ad libitum*, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and seemed indeed a little bewildered, and uncertain of his original key—but, at length, coming to the shake, which was to terminate his long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre: "You are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg!"

and the sleep-walking scene, when she descends from the mill, never was made more deeply pathetic, even by Jenny Lind herself. The final air: *Ah, non giunge*, was a blaze of brilliant execution, expressing more eloquently than any words could do, the fulness of joy and rapture. When the opera was concluded, the audience gave vent to their feelings of admiration and delight. The curtain fell amid deafening applause. The young performer had to come forward three times, in compliance with reiterated calls, and, each time, was received with acclamations, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and showers of bouquets. Her success is of the most solid description, for it is founded on sterling qualities. Her voice is a perfect organ—a true soprano, full, round, sweet and powerful, with that indescribable thrilling quality which goes to the heart of the hearer. Her powers have received the highest cultivation that education can bestow; but she is, moreover, an artist of nature's own making; for, without the rarest gifts of genius, she could not have been made what she is by all the education in the world.

She was admirably supported by Gardoni, who exerted himself to the utmost, and shared in the triumph which he so zealously assisted her to gain. Roneoni, too, with excellent feeling, took, for her sake, the character of the Count, though it is a part beneath his professional rank, and performed it with great care and happy effect.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin, June 11.]

DER FREISCHUETZ.

"FREISCHUETZ—fri" shut! zai, m. (n. pl. n.)—free archer, one who uses charmed bullets.—[Oelschläger's Pronouncing German Dictionary, p. 150.]

Air—"The Pope he leads a jolly life."

Wie geht's, my frents—if you'll allow,
I sings you right away shoost now
Some dretful stories vitch dey calls
DER FREISCHUETZ, or, de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Where folk drinks prandy mate of ploods;
Dere lifed ein Yager—Kaspar Schmit,
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Und dere vas one old Yager, who
Says, "Kaspar, dis vill nefer do;
If you should miss on trial day,
Dere'l be de tyfel den to pay.

"If you do miss, you shupid goose,
Dere'l be de donnerwetter loose;
For you shant have mine taugher's hand,
Nor pe de Hertshog's yagersmann."

It coomed pefore de day vas set,
Dat all de chaps togeder met,
Und Kaspar fired his bix and missed,
Und all de gals cot round and hissed.

Dey laughed pefore and hissed behind;
Put one chap (Max) says, "Never mind!
I tells you what, you stuns 'em alls,
If yoost you shoot mit magic palls."

"De magic palls—oh vot is dat!"
"I got dem in mine hoonting hat;
De'r plack as kohl and shoot so true,
Oh dems de sort of palls fur you.

"You see dat eagle flyin' high,
Ein hoondred miles up in de sky?
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him dead as doonderblix."

"I ton't pelieve de dings you say."
"You fool," says Max, "den plaze away!"
He plazed away, ven sure as blood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

"O was ist das?" said Kaspar Schmit.
"Vy—dat's de eagle vat you hit,
You kills um when you plaze away;
But dat's a ting you nix ferstay."

"Und you moost go to make dem palls
To de Wolf's Glen ven midnight falls;
Dow knowst de shpot?—alone and late"—
"O yaw—I knows him ganz foost rate."

"But denn I does not likes to go
Among dem dings." Says Max, "Ach sho!
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps;
Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!"

"(Hilf Zamiel! hilf!)"—Here, trink some more!"
Den Max vent shtomping round de floor,
Und comed his hoornboogs ofter Schmit,
Till Kasp. said "Nun—ich gehe mit!"

All in de finster mitternockt,
When oder folks in shleep vas locked,

Down in de Wolfsschlucht Max did try
His tyfel-strikes und heereci.

Mit skools und pones he made a ring,
De howls und spooks pegin to sing;
Und all de tyfels under ground
Coom breaking loose and rushing round.

Den Kaspar cooms along; says he,
"Mein Got! what dings is dis I see!
I tinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic pall.

"I vish dat I had nix cum rous,
Und shtaid minself in ped to house."
"Hilf Zamiel!" cried Max, "you whelp!
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Denn up dere coomed a trefful shtorm,
De todtegrrips aroundt did sehwarm;
De howl joumped oop und flapt his vings,
Und turned his het like avery dings.

Up troo de groundt here coomed a pot,
Mit leadt und dings to make de shot;
Und hoollisch fire in crimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kæs'.

Across de scene a pine shtick flew,
Mit seferal jail-pirds fastest to;
Six trefful jail-pirds, mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All troo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go;
De hounts und deer all made of pone,
Und hoonted by a skilleton.

Dere coomed de dretful shpeetre pig
Who shpitten fire, away did dig;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-snake
A scootin troo de air tid preak.

But Max he didn't mind dem alls,
But casted out de pullet palls;
Six vas to go as dey wouldt like,
De sevent moost for de tyfel shtrike.

At last oopon de trial day
De gals coomes round so nice and gay;
Und denn dey goes and makes a tanz
Und singed about de Jungfernkranz.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's de Duke—
Cooms down und dinks he'll take a look;
"Young mans," to Kaspar denn says he,
"Joost shoot dem dove upon dat tree!"

Denn Kaspar pointed mit de bix—
"Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I'll fix!"
He fired his rifle at de taub',
When Max rolled over in de staub.

De pride she falled too in de dust,
De gals dey cried—de men dey cussed;
De Hertshog says, "It's fery clear
Dat dere has been some tyfels here;

"Und Max has shot mit tyfel's-blei.
Pfui!—die verfluchte Hexerei!
O Maximilian! O du
Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu!"

But den a hermits coomed in late,
Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost-rate,"
Und teld de Hertshog dat young men
Will raise de tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
Und made of him ein Yagersmann,
What shoots mit bixen gun und pfeil,
Und talks about de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
Und cot to be de Kaspar's wife;
Denn all de beoples cried Hoorah!
Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!

NOTES.

Tyfel—Teufel—An evil spirit.
Donnerwetter—Thunder-weather, and a grand smash, generally speaking.

Herzog—Duke.

Yagersmann or Jager—A hunter.

Bix—Buche—A rifle.

Kohl—Coal.

"O! was ist das?"—What is that?

"Nix ferstay"—Unintelligible, (both to Germans and English.)

Schnapps—Schnapps. Very appropriate in the Wolf's Schlucht, or Wolf's ravine.

"Hilf Zamiel!"—Invocation to an evil spirit.

"Ich gehe mit"—I will go with you.

Mitternacht—Mitternacht—Midnight.

Hexerei—Witchcraft.

Spooks—Spuk—Ghosts.

Nix cum'rous—Ne ezzeat—Not come out. No go.

Todtengerippe—Skeleton.

Schweitzer Kase—Swiss cheese.

Die Wilde Jagd—The wild hunt.

Fiery Dracks—Drachen—Fire-drakes. Fire-dragons.

Jungfernkranz—Bridal-wreath.

Taub—Dove.

Staub—Dust.

Blei—Lead.

O! Maximilian, &c.—O! Maximilian, you have employed improper means: i. e., sorcery.

Pfeil—Arrow.

Waidmannsheil—Salutation of German hunters.

Das ist recht brav—That is first-rate.

Alboni in "Il Barbiere."

Rosina, judged from a musical point of view, is one of Alboni's very best parts, and on no occasion has she exhibited more wonderful brilliancy, grace, and finish. The introductory air, the famous *Una voce poco fa*—in which Rossini discourses of her love for Lindoro, (Almaviva), and calculates upon the means of bringing it to a successful issue—was an example of pure and effortless singing from which any contemporary might have derived a profitable lesson. The opening of the *largo* was delivered with exquisite taste, and the ornaments were invariably in keeping—ornaments, in short, which really embellished the text, instead of distorting and tormenting it, as is too often the case with those who think more of obtruding their own mechanical proficiency than of doing artistic justice to the music. The quick movement, or *cabaletta*, (for that is the recognized term), was at first given without alterations, and then varied, (as the composer intended), with admirable fancy and discretion. The whole display was consummate, and excited the enthusiasm of every connoisseur in the theatre. Such singing is too rare now-a-days not to be warmly appreciated by all who are capable of understanding the difference between true art and the semblance of art. Equally worthy of admiration was Alboni's share of the racy and vigorous duet with Figaro—*Dunque io son*—in which a new and effective point was introduced, where Rosina helps the barber to spell her own name:

"Poverina—si chiama Rosina—Rosina."

The shake on the penultimate syllable—"si"—dwelt on for some time, and graduated with charming facility, from soft to loud, and *vice versa*, until at the conclusion, the rapidly alternate notes became just audible and no more, was a striking improvement on the ancient stereotyped tradition which made Rossini and Figaro draw out the unabbreviated name in unison. In every other respect this duet was inimitable; and it required the habitual coolness for which Alboni is noted to resist the loud and general demand for a repetition of the final movement. In the lesson-scene she introduced Rode's well-known air with variations. Such vocalization as was here displayed can only be fitly described in one word—perfection.... The last variation of Rode's air was consequently sung again; and when the admiring Bartolo exclaims, in the height of his enthusiasm, "Bella voce! Bravissima!" the whole house joined spontaneously in the verdict. "Bella voce!" he might aptly ejaculate. Alboni's voice is stronger than last season, (richer and mellower it could never be), while her art is as supreme and faultless as before, entitling her to maintain the rank she has for a long time held as the foremost vocalist in the unrivaled school of Italy—that school which combines the natural and the incomparable melody of Mozart with the more florid and ornamental style of Rossini. The reception accorded to Alboni was immense, several minutes elapsing before the applause subsided—a reception, in fact, worthy of her unequalled talent.—*London Times*, May 14.

Debuts at the Grand Opera.

(Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.)

PARIS, MAY 14, 1857.

Here is M. Hector Berlioz's last piece of drolery. It is a description of the different species of debuts which are made at the Grand Opera, and which like everything of the sort he writes, is sure to raise merry peals of laughter. There are, he says, two principal species of *debutans*, the "official" *debutans*, and the "officieux" *debutans*. Among the *debutans* who were "official" and who were educated at the Conservatory, we may instance a good many remarkable artists, for example, Roger, Levasseur, Mlle. Falcon, and a great many more. These, despite all sorts of lessons, which they were obliged to undergo, rapidly developed themselves as soon as they quitted the Conservatory; for they were of an incompressible nature. It was in vain they had bawled into their ears for several years: "This is the way to emit the voice; this is the way to breathe; these are the points of the phrase's intersection; here you may add a pause to the measure, there you should suppress the *elision* and make a hiatus; this little *gruppetto* would produce a good effect in that expressive accent; imitate me; make at the higher octave this bass note too low for your voice; substitute a 'sol sharp' for this 'mi flat,' since you can easily do so, for it is more brilliant; study this *point d'orgue* and give it 'em at the end of your piece—I composed it for you; the music of the masters must be brushed up; don't bother yourself about the rhythm or the measure, leaders of orchestras are made to follow and wait on you; hammer us out a vigorous trill on the word *ame*, that vowel *a* invites you to do so; force the voice on the *je t'aime* so as to produce a trem-

bling sound, which expresses passion; this is the way you should manage your right arm; that's the way you should move your left leg; here's the way you enter on the stage; look! see! this is the way you make your exit. After your solo, cross over four paces to the left, if you are on the right of the stage; or four to the right, if you are on the left of the stage, passing in front of your interlocutor." "What is the use of that?" "Oh! Lor! I don't know! It is the usage, custom, tradition." "But, Monsieur!" "Oh! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* if you are going to reason about everything, you'll never do anything in the profession. And above all things, don't make a fool of yourself by ruining your voice by sol-fa-ing, and brutify your imagination by studying music; a *virtuoso* 'star' has no occasion for knowing how to read music; that should be left to the choristers."

Yes, despite this admirable instruction so much in honor formerly, several "official" *debutants* rapidly became great artists, musicians, singers, actors. Some of them are now eminent professors. They are taking their vengeance.....Others—and they are the immense majority—have disappeared in the theatrical *limbo* of the provinces, or have become pop-shop keepers, *demoiselles de compagnie* in Poland, singers or songstresses of the chapel of one of the seven chateaux of the *Roi de Bohême*. But all were equally encouraged and sustained by the management at their first début; they obtained the necessary number of rehearsals; they made all the arrangements they desired with the leader of the orchestra, with the leader of the *claque*; and new costumes were made expressly for them. The first début of an "official" is always more or less a family festival. The box openers on these evenings commonly look amiable and affable, their smile seems to implore the good will of all subscribers; they take an interest in the *débutant* or the *débutante*, it is one of the family; the singing masters, the masters of lyrical declamation, and of pronunciation, with white kid gloves and white cravats, and followed by the instructor of the right arm and the guide of the left leg, trot their paternal emotion from the public saloon to the parquet, and from the parquet to the public saloon long before the gas is turned on. David, (the leader of the *claque*), numbers by his side twenty extra men, or forty, or a hundred, according to the importance of the début. All the tigers of the press conceal their claws in their velvet paws; and the lambs are cocked and primed ready to *ba-a-a* a dithyrambic.

If the *débutant*, with such odds in his favor, makes what is called *un four*, if he exhibits neither natural nor acquired gifts, neither voice nor vocalization, neither intelligence nor warmth:

"La faute en est aux dieux qui le firent si bête,"

and nobody can be blamed.

The "*debutants officieux*," on the contrary, are the shriveled fruit of Toulouse, or Lille, or Marseilles, or Paris conservatory. They have, for the most part, an infernal voice, and a style like nothing in the heaven above nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, but they have a memory furnished like the auction room of a *vendue-merchant*. They know everything—eve-ry-th-ing—they are ready to sing everything, from A to izzard, before you can say Jack Robinson. More patiently than the gamblers who prick their cards by the side of the roulette table, they wait for the day when the grand opera finds itself menaced with a postponed performance, for want of an artist capable of filling an important part in the only piece which can that night be played. At last that day comes. Such-a-one is sick—the devil's to pay! The *débutant officieux* runs to the opera house, proposes himself, is accepted with alacrity. There are no rehearsals for him, it is too late; no costumes for him, he'll don the first offered; no interview with David; no extra men, no tigers, no lambs; the press is absent; the box openers do not delicately bring their crickets in their floss silk gloved hands, they push them brutally along with their feet. The official professors of singing, declamation, pronunciation, right arm and

left leg, come late; but they do come, and Lor! how they do tear up beforehand the poor *débutant*. "He was never capable of giving out a note." "He enters the stage right foot foremost." "I have seen him at Ronen, in Lucie." "I have seen him at Rennes, in Robert." "He was execrable—execrable!" "But he has some good points," says the leader of the orchestra, listening to these gentlemen; "they say he does it fast; so we'll get to bed all the sooner!"

At last the performance begins, the *débutant* is received with a formidable silence which would paralyze any organization less robust than his; nevertheless, he sings pretty decently, nay, he has a moment of real and well expressed sensibility in the principal scene. A connoisseur, who happens by some accident to be at the opera that night, exclaims: "Who is that tenor? Whence comes he?" and he applauds him warmly without being paid to do so, the only applauder in the house. David, from the centre of the pit, looks at him, examines him with his telescope; the neighbors of the applauder look at him and whisper. He then comprehends his mistake and goes out of the theatre, murmuring: "Tis an '*officieux*!' pauvre diable?" The poor wretch makes his exit as he made his entrance; a solemn silence follows him into the green-room, a silence of the desert, a silence of the top of the Alps. He goes into the kennel where he is allowed to dress and undress; nobody is there waiting for him, nobody comes there to shake him by the hand, congratulate him, and bid him God-speed! He throws off his costume, feeling a little uneasy at seeing that he has burst some of the seams. "I was not called out once," says he to himself, "but this is a trick on the part of the manager, that he may not be obliged to pay me too high a salary. He is capable of calling on me to-morrow and offering forty or fifty thousand francs a year, and three months leave of absence. I'll take care I'm not too easy with him." To-morrow comes and goes, but there is no sign of the manager. Day after to-morrow comes and goes—no manager. Uneasy the third day, he goes to showing himself in the court-yard of the opera; a good many people are there chattering gaily around the manager's *real* tenor, who is now in fine health; nobody says a word to the new comer. He, more uneasy than ever, knocks at the manager's office: the manager "has gone to Italy"—and as the poor wretch goes out of the court-yard, the tailor runs after him and claims twenty francs for mending the seams he burst.

What a daguerreotype—touching and comic, painful and droll—this is of life behind the curtain at the grand opera here!

GAMMA.

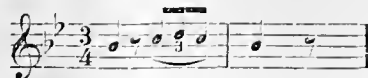
Miss Oriole.

Our friend Willis, of the *Musical World*, is a happy man; he sits in his cottage and the opera comes to him. How pleasantly he chronicles the first début of the season, thus:

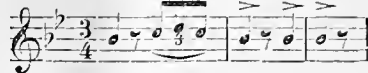
We have just witnessed her triumphant début from our cottage-window—the new *cantatrice*. Her name—and we expect to set all the tender hearts of the young gentlemen thrushes, nightingales and bob-o-links throbbing with the announcement—is Mademoiselle Oriole. She has just arrived from the South—Baltimore. The scene of her début is a delicious grove of young maples, cedars, and a variety of tender-leaf'd trees, which spring up from the fertile bosom of a little acre at Roslyn, close in the rear of our "love of a cottage."

Mademoiselle Oriole selected this scene of her début, partly, we fancy, from the fact that an accompanying orchestra of a lively brook, several sweet-piping robins, and an infinitude of low-rustling leaves was quite ready and waiting for her; partly from the natural beauty of the place and the proximity of the bay, over whose water her song could be wafted; but chiefly (doubtless) from the immediate neighborhood of a musical editor, who could directly report to the public her triumphs of melody.

Mademoiselle Oriole first drew our attention to herself with the following modest remark:



Thinking, haply, that we did not hear her, after sixteen measures' pause she repeated the observation, with the following additional emphasis:—



Finding that she had gained our ear, she tipped the wink, presumptively, to the leader (whoever of clever birds this may have been) and robin, bob-o-link, leaves and running-water, set about their open-air operetta in the most approved method.

It was fine, very fine. We had no opera-glass, nor a single white kid on. But we enjoyed it.

The voice of Mademoiselle Oriole is a Mezzo-Soprano—as may be seen by the medium key which she chose for her song. Her intonation is singularly pure and clear, vocalizing in perfect tune and not flattening or sharpening a moiety. The tone of her voice is somewhat described by her name: it will be observed there are two O's in it—a round, open-throated, soft-diapason kind of name. And so her voice. It slides into the ear with an unctuous smoothness, without fraying the skin in the slightest on the way.

Her stage-action is graceful, very graceful—light and airy as a fairy's: her feet being dainty-small, exceedingly. In personal appearance she is a beauty—a Baltimore belle. Her toilette is unexceptionable—a blending of glossy black and gold.

Her personal habits, we are happy to state, are of the purest and best, getting up early o' the morning, drinking nothing stronger than spring-water and morning dew, and feeding on red cedar-berries.

We welcome this young singer to the scene of her summer career and trust she will not return to her native Baltimore until yonder delicate foliage has assumed the gorgeous autumn tints of her own plumage.

P. S. Perhaps it may be necessary to state, that the song of Miss Oriole, given above, is composed by herself, is country and copy righted, and, for the present, is not offered to the Board of Music-Trade for purchase.

AN OVERTURE BY BACH was played at the third of the London Philharmonic Concerts this season, and not without success, it would seem, although an "Overture" of that time must bear about the same relation to those of Beethoven or Weber, that the old harpsichords and spinnets do to our modern grand pianos. The *Times* says:

The introduction of John Sebastian Bach's overture, symphony, or "*suite*," as it is variously entitled, in D major—for stringed instruments, two oboes, three trumpets, and drums—was a bold experiment. Nevertheless, it turned out perfectly successful. This music, although it sounds somewhat old-fashioned, is so masterly and spirited that even the monotony arising from all the movements being in the same key is scarcely felt. The plan of the work is the same as that which Handel adopted in his *Suites de Pièces* for the harpsichord, of which Bach, too, has left such noble examples in his *Suites Anglaises*, &c. There are seven pieces to make up the series, and among them two gavottes, a "*bourrée*" and a "*gigue*"—dance movements which the masters of the time frequently introduced in their instrumental compositions, with greater or less elaboration. The most striking are the first, (grave,) of which Handel was not in-cognizant, and the *riace* which follows—one of the most vigorous and ingenious of its composer. After the resumption of the slow movement this *riace* should, if we are not mistaken, be repeated. In spite of its square-cut periods and antiquated phraseology, the overture of Bach was thoroughly relished—the performance being first-rate, and the audience full of faith and reverence for the illustrious father of counterpoint and fugue.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 20, 1857.

Italian Opera.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Friday evening, June 12. The third opera of the brief season was *Lucrezia Borgia*. It drew a very moderate audience, in comparison with the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore*. The more's the pity. But we are told: Wait, until you have heard the *Trovatore* twelve times (!), and then you will begin to like it. Administered so perseveringly, we really think it might, after the manner of creosote, subdue the musical nerve to that blessed state of indifference that could endure and possibly enjoy all operas alike. But to our sense, *Lucrezia Borgia*, familiar as it has been for years, had a fresh ring and smack of life after it. Dramatically and musically, it is Donizetti's happiest effort, as a whole. If the drinking song, and the well-worn airs and cavatinas yield nothing new to us, there is still a genial, summer charm, sometimes a little Mozart-like, in some of its minor incidental bits, as the encounter of the two spies of the Duke and Duchess, the chorus of the assassins, &c.; and the festive music of the first and last scenes is ever fresh. What a charm, too, in the picturesque character of Maffeo Orsini, and how happily contrasted all the parts!

Those who were present got for their pains an uncommonly spirited, indeed a capital performance of the favorite opera. Mme. GAZZANIGA looked, sang and acted the part of Lucrezia to a charm. Her singing, as such, pleased us better than before, although by no means perfect; but she contrives somehow infallibly to render you the soul and meaning of the music; and for this her voice is singularly available; it is always true and always tells, and if it wear a rough edge where it is forced sometimes in high, emphatic passages, it can subdue itself to tenderness and sweetness in the mother's strains, while its rich and marrowy low tones are very eloquent in bursts of darker passion. Her acting from the first was beautiful; never tame, never excessive, but rising to the full height of every climax, with something of that quiet certainty so much admired in Bosio. Power is sometimes felt in the inverse ratio of the vehemence of outward demonstration. By this impersonation Mme. Gazzaniga has surely placed herself in the first rank of lyric artists; but let us not be understood as saying that she is comparable to Bosio, Lagrange or Sontag as a singer, or that her acting equals Grisi's.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, with her magnificent contralto, sang the music of Orsini almost as satisfactorily as we have ever heard it; there is always the grace of simplicity and honesty in her manner; she moves at ease upon the stage, attentive to every point of action, although her physiognomy and figure poorly correspond to the type of a young Italian nobleman and poet. Her rendering of the Brindisi was admirable, full of zest and sparkle, and finished to a charm; she made a fine trill at the end, and a repetition was enthusiastically enforced. It had been better, had not her final cadenza been so literally repeated three times. Can it be doubted that our young Boston contralto is one of the brightest

ornaments of the Italian Opera? We ask, because a fitting recognition on the public part is yet to come.

BRIGNOLI sang with exquisite sweetness in the part of Gennaro, and AMODIO's round and fluent baritone did excellent effect in that of the Duke. The famous trio: *Guai se ti sfugge un moto* received the usual encore. There was unusual excellence, too, in the secondary characters, filled by such clever artists as COLETTI (for Gubetta), HERR QUINT, or QUINTO, (for the Duke's spy), BARRATINI, &c. We really enjoyed the old well-worn opera. (Perhaps we have to thank the *Trovatore* for it.)

Saturday Afternoon.—It was with no small regret that we were obliged, by a prior engagement, to lose the performance of infinitely the best opera which this company have given us, or are likely to give us, the ever fresh and sparkling, exquisitely musical "Barber," of Rossini. We hear there was a very, very thin house, to the shame of our professed music lovers. We know not whether publics or managers are most to blame; it seems to have become the way of the Italian troupes of late to crowd the "Barber" off upon an "off night" or a Saturday afternoon, as if with the understanding that it is a thing of small account, a mere idle afternoon joke, between more serious excitements. And yet they, (all but a handful of people), who did not hear Grisi and Mario in it one of those afternoons, lost by all odds the finest operatic performance ever witnessed in this town of Boston. We were not surprised to learn that Rossini's music on Saturday was slighted by the actors; the *Courier* says:

Artists commonly look upon the performance of the "Barber" as an occasion to play off all the wild pranks their fancy can suggest, with as little regard to the music as decency will allow. It is not unpleasant to see performers who have been "doing" tragedy night after night, drop their heroics, and bend themselves to the pleasant humor of this most captivating of comic operas; a little and considerable exaggeration is easily pardonable; but when the music is made a very subordinate consideration, and the main object appears to be to turn the opera into a lusty farce, the joke becomes a little too severe. It was carried to excess on Saturday afternoon, and those present unfamiliar with the music of the opera could hardly obtain a fair idea of its abundant beauties by that imperfect rendering, however much they might fancy the boisterous fun of the performance. Miss PHILLIPPS, indeed, sang her part with conscientious care, and in a very pleasing manner, although she might with advantage have thrown into the music greater warmth of expression. And Mr. Assoni, the new baritone, showed himself a vocalist of no ordinary capacity. The performance was certainly laughable enough, if not in good taste. Amodio's make-up, as Don Basilio, was the ne plus ultra of comical hideousness, his "maturity of personal development" adding to the ludicrous effect. He looked like a huge black beetle, escaped from his pin in some entomological cabinet.

This week, to take advantage of the crowds assembled for the celebration of the 17th of June, there has been an operatic performance every evening. On Monday *La Traviata* was repeated to a miserably small audience. There seems to be a notion that the plot is wicked, besides a pretty general persuasion that it is poor music. The faith in Verdi's productive faculty being at length shaken in this one instance, we wonder whether the doubt will begin to eat back into some other operas of the public's idol. For ourselves we must confess to the stupidity of not being able to see wherein the *Trovatore* is so very much better. Of the two we find the *Traviata* the least disagreeable, for it abounds in gay

waltz music, for which we have always felt that Verdi had a special talent; witness the masquerade music in the last act of *Ernani*, the first act of *Rigoletto*, &c. The performance this time was an improvement on the first. Mme. GAZZANIGA looked positively beautiful in the first act, and her impersonation throughout was admirable. BRIGNOLI sang some music which he omitted before, and sang it very sweetly. Gazzaniga's last scene was thrillingly pathetic.

On Tuesday evening the flowery and sentimental melody of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was revived for once, with plentiful omissions, for the introduction of a new prima donna, Signorina LANDI, announced as having made a sensation in Mexico, and as bearing the endorsement of Signorina Azucena Felicita Vestvali. The lady is young, slight in figure, and good-looking, with a tremulous, girlish voice, a somewhat distressed look, (perhaps from timidity,) and a habit of screwing up her eyes which indicates the same weakness with her voice. Her soprano, however, is of fair compass, considerable sweetness and flexibility, and she executes the florid music as if she had studied hard upon it, but with indifferent effect. Her intonation, too, was sometimes false. On the whole, it was not the worst, and far from the best Lucia we have had. BRIGNOLI, as Edgardo, was in excellent voice, and sang for the most part charmingly. In the interruption of the fatal wedding, where he curses poor Lucia and the house of his rival, he really for once struck out some sparks of passion, and quite took the house. But in the death scene: *Tomba degli ari miei*, &c., he wore no tokens of despair, warbling the pensive, sweet soliloquy with the air of a lover soon to be made too happy, and with a lazy contentedness resigned to the event. AMODIO of course was not wanting in the part of Henry. Signor QUINTO, always faithful and artistic in his humble parts, fairly astonished his audience by the fine effect with which he sang the little air of the bridegroom. Sig. COLETTI was the priest, Raimondo, but his rôle was curtailed of its best chance for display. The challenge scene, too, was omitted. The brass part of the orchestra brayed terribly in the fortissimos, quite smothering at times the ineffectual tones of poor Lucia. The audience was not large.

On Wednesday evening *Il Trovatore* was repeated before a large Seventeenth of June audience, eager to see and hear both Gazzaniga and Adelaide Phillipps in one play.

Thursday evening.—A bitter Easterly storm, bringing the usual ill luck to Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS on the occasion of her benefit. The curtain rose upon a most meagre audience, although many seats were filled before the play was over. We cannot understand the capricious chills and enthusiasms of our operatic public. Surely a benefit to Miss Phillips, our own Boston singer, the most gifted whom we have yet sent forth, so estimable a lady, so excellent an artist, and continually improving, should be a signal, if there ever is one, for a full house. What was wanting, however, in numbers, was made up in enthusiasm. But where was MARETZK? His conductor's post was filled by a stranger.

The piece was Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*, in which Mme. GAZZANIGA took the part of Linda; and a more charming impersonation of

it we have never witnessed. The freshness and innocence, the girlish gayety and frankness of the fair peasant in the first scene, were beautiful exceedingly. It was the simple type of character preserved and carried up to an artistic grace. She sang the music most expressively; more and more do the sweet purity and freshness and searching earnestness of her remarkable voice win their way to the heart, satisfying the soul almost before they satisfy the ear. The great secret of the charm is, that there is soul in all her singing. Whatever technical defects there may be therefore in mere vocal execution, are almost always covered and lost sight of in a higher grace. Yet as a mere singer she continually gains upon us. The scene with the old Marquis in the second act was admirably sung, as well as acted to perfection; and we have had nothing better, in action or in singing, than her last scene, where the poor crazed wanderer is restored to consciousness and to her lover and her friends.

Miss PHILLIPS was all that could be wished in the pretty boy part of Pierotto; her voice throughout was singularly rich and satisfying, and she rendered the music, both melody and recitative, with touching truth and beauty. The parts of the lover, by BRIGNOLI, the old father, by AMODIO, and the pastor, by COLETTI, were well sustained. Sig. ASSONI, the buffo of the troupe, was perhaps too clownish for the old roué of a Marquis; but he has a resonant and telling baritone, which sounded well in the unaccompanied quintet, or prayer, of the last scene. This made the best impression of the concerted pieces. Generally the choruses and orchestra were rough and over-loud. The principal singers were repeatedly called out with great enthusiasm.

Linda was followed by the last act of Vaccai's *Romeo e Giulietta*, with Miss Phillips as Romeo, and Mme. Gazzaniga as Juliet. We confess, we hardly thought Miss Phillips capable of so much depth and energy of pathos; the scene produced a deep impression, and gave us new faith in the lyric capabilities of the young Boston artist.

The Opera was to close last evening with *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

New Publications.

(From Russell & Richardson.)

Prelude for the Piano. MENDELSSOHN. Pp. 5. Price 20 cts. An impatient, restless, rapid movement in E minor, (Allegro molto.) The mood is first marked unmistakably by the little melancholy theme of two measures, twice uttered in the bass without accompaniment; and followed by a nervous, flighty figure in the same way with the right hand; which figure, (in arpeggio), becomes thenceforth the accompaniment to the theme. It is beautifully wrought out, only difficult from its rapidity, and is a fascinating little bit of moodiness.

Gondoline, pour piano. MENDELSSOHN. 2 pages. Price 15 cts.—Another of those charming little Gondola songs, which is not generally known, we suspect, among our lovers of Mendelssohn. It is hardly equal to the three exquisite ones in the *Lieder ohne Worte*, but has a grace and beauty of its own.

Song Without Words. ROBERT SCHUMANN. Pp. 4. 20 cts.—This singular little piece, (originally for four hands), is the fourth of a set of six, marked Op. 85. It bears the title: *Trauer*, grief, mourning. The melody is simple and expressive, continually returning, but made new by most ingenious treatment;

it comes back when you do not expect it, and baunts you in a series of bewildering modulations and surprises. It may take a little time to feel at home in it; but the more you hear it, the more you like it.

Six Songs, by ROBERT FRANZ. These are selected from the less difficult, and yet most characteristic and beautiful of that long list of the original and best songs of our day. With the German words, (which are always genuine little poems), a careful and singable English version is given in each case. They are: 1. "The Water Lily," (*Die Lotos-blume*), a delicate and dreamy melody, (Andante), with ever-shifting play of arpeggio chords; 2. "Good night, my heart;" 3. "Dedication," (*Widmung*), a rich, heart-felt, grateful Andante, in which the poet declines thanks for his songs and ascribes their inspiration to his lady love; 4. "Supplication," (*Bitte*): a deep, religious, soulful strain, of richest harmony, fully expressive of the words: *Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge!* ("Rest on me, thou deep and dark eye! Here exert thou all thy might, Earnest, mild and visionary, O most sweet, mysterious Night!") &c., &c.) 5. "Good Night," (*Die Löhn und Wälder schon steigen*, &c.) one of the simplest and loveliest; 6. "Forest Birds," (*Unst*, is the untranslatable German title.) The idea of the song is: The birds are singing, the roses in bloom, and all around is the old tune of Spring and gayety, but in vain! still I am sad. The melody is built upon a single bass note, the dominant of the key, which repeats itself to the end; the whole strain, (exceedingly sweet and simple), being as it were a long organ-point. We cannot too strongly recommend the study of these songs.

Gems from the German and Italian Opera. No. 1. *In terra ci divisero:* Romanza from *I due illustri Rivali*. MERCADANTE. A favorite andante for tenor, well known in the concert room. No. 2. *Di scrivermi ogni giorno:* an easy Quintet from MOZART'S *Così fan tutti*. Words Italian and English. 25 cts. each.

Italy: A collection of pieces for three female voices. No. 10. *Al crin le cingete:* by PACINI. This, however, is for two female voices, so arranged from the quaint and pretty chorus in the opera of *Saffo*. 25 cts.

Album Lirico, posto in musica da AUGUSTO BENDELARI. The first number of the lyrical album of our excellent maestro di Canto, is a graceful Serenade, of tender, plaintive melody: *Com'è sereno il cielo*, with adaptation also of English words. His many friends and pupils, and lovers of Italian music generally, will hail the pledge of more good things to come. Pp. 7.

Theme de RODE, with accompaniment for piano or harp, by L. Moreau. This is the celebrated "Rode's Air," (for violin originally), with the variations, as sung by Sontag, Alboni, and others, in concerts, and for the music lesson in the "Barber of Seville." Many who have marvelled at these feats of vocal execution will be glad to have a copy, that they may see what it is they have been hearing as it were with dazzled sense. 40 cts.

[From Firth, Pond & Co., New York.]

Lullaby, (Cradle Song), for the Piano. Op. 10. WM. MASON. Pp. 6.—This is by no means so very different as earlier publications of the young pianist, nor as the *Berceuse* of Chopin, which it resembles in the happy invention of the little accompanying phrase that runs through it. The tune is singing and graceful, the treatment clear and artistic, and the piece quite a little gem.

Vocal Music for the 18th Academic Commencement of the Rutgers Female Institution, July 1857. Poetry by a pupil; music by SIGISMUND LASAN. Pp. 10. The accomplished teacher has here given a series of school choruses, or two-part songs, for two sopranos,

which are both simple and beautiful, and quite above the common run of things prepared for such occasions.

L'Ondine: Morceau de salon, for piano. A. GÖCKEL. Pp. 9. Introduction *energico*; Andante, waltz rhythm; variations.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The operas performed in the week ending May 23, were: *Lucia* (repeated); *La Figlia del Reggimento*, Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, as Tonio; *La Traviata*; and *Il Trovatore*, with Alboni, Spezia, Giuglini and Beneventano.—During the following week were given the *Trovatore* again; *Lucia* again; and Verdi's *Nino* (*Nabuco*). We copy from the *Daily News*, June 3:

Verdi's opera—originally called *Nabuccodonosor* (or for shortness *Nabuco*), and produced at this theatre some eight or nine years ago under the title of *Nino*, was revived last night, for the debut in this country of Signor Corsi, a distinguished Italian baritone, who has now paid us his first visit. We believe that Signor Corsi's part in this opera is one in which he himself has gained continental success, and that it is on this account that the piece has now been brought forward, otherwise we think the management would not have been disposed to revive an opera which has never been relished in London. It not only had little success at Her Majesty's Theatre, but, when afterwards performed at the Royal Italian Opera under the title of *Anato*, or *Arnato*, or some such name (it does not much matter what), it proved a dead failure, notwithstanding Ronconi's powerful tragic acting, and the splendor of the Covent Garden *mise en scène*. These changes of name, we need hardly tell our musical readers, arise from the impossibility in this country of bringing a subject from the Bible upon the stage: so, in the same manner as Rossini's *Moses* was turned into *Peter the Hermit*, the fanatical crusader, Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* was changed into *Ninus*, the Assyrian king. The subject of the piece at our two London theatres was perverted in different ways, but both ways equally preposterous, and destructive of dramatic propriety and interest. And, besides, this is one of the very weakest of Verdi's productions. The airs are trite, and void of character; they force the singers to scream, or shout, almost incessantly, and afford no room for refined execution or delicate expression. The choruses are, almost all of them, mere tunes sung in unison, and the scenes of concerted music are inartificial and meagre in the extreme. In short, though the standard of operatic taste seems to be falling every day, yet we think it must fall a good deal lower before this same *Nino* will find acceptance in England.

Signor Corsi, nevertheless, showed that his reputation is deserved, and that he is an excellent artist. His figure is large, stout, and burly, and his air, even in royal robes was not very kingly: but he has great force and energy, and in the scenes of the monarch's desolation under the curse of heaven, his acting was feeling and pathetic. He has a superb baritone voice, which we hope to hear employed in better music. The Amazon slave, Abigale, had a good representative in Mlle. Spezia, who looked well in her warlike attire, acted vigorously, and sang with power. She is evidently at home in Verdi's music, and aware of the vocal efforts which it requires,—efforts, however, which, if habitually made, must wear out her voice in no great number of years. She had considerable success, particularly in the air at the beginning of the second act, "Anch'io dischiuso," which was much applauded. The part of Fenena (the second soprano) was performed by Mlle. Ramos, and Hydaspes (the tenor) by Mr. Charles Braham. They both sang very well; but the parts are too insignificant in themselves to produce any effect.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Saturday, May 16, a crowded house for *La Traviata*, with Bosio and Mario—That they should sing such music! But it has been said, the meanest thing is beautiful, if enough sunshine fall on it. The *mise en scène* was very perfect; in the ball-room scene of the second act "the dancers danced, the singers sang, the players played, and those who neither danced, sang, nor played, made excellent lookers on, or perambulated as they would at an Almack's or a Hanover Square Room rout." Of course Mario and Bosio were triumphant; the *Musical World* says:

Madame Bosio does not throw into the part all the passion we have been accustomed to; but the feeling is not less deep because more quiescent, and there is an atmosphere of grace and nature about the whole impersonation which confers a special fascination. In the music Mme. Bosio was irreproachable. The first act especially was a masterpiece of singing. The

brilliance of the air "Ah! forse è lui" has seldom been surpassed, and the popular "Libiamo" was instinct with grace and expression. In the second act there is not much to exhibit the art of a great vocalist. In the last, however, she was admirable, and created an unusual sensation in the passionate outbreak "Gran Dio! morir si giovane." In short, no success could be more complete. Madame Bosio was recalled twice after the first act, twice with Mario, and once alone, at the fall of the curtain, to receive the congratulations of a delighted audience.

Mario's Alfredo was perfect throughout, both in acting and singing. Evidently determined to sing his best, he carried out his resolution. The "Libiamo" created a furor, and was rapturously encored. The air in the second act, "Di miei volenti," though given with intense feeling, did not produce a corresponding impression. The duet, "Parigi, o cara," exquisitely warbled by Mario and Bosio, was one of the "hits" of the performance, and was repeated with acclamations. On the whole we consider Mario's Alfredo—his third Verdi part—one of his most striking and finished assumptions, and prognosticate for *La Traviata* as great a popularity as that achieved by *Rigoletto* or the *Trovatore*.

On Thursday *I Puritani* was given; the first appearance of Mlle. Parepa, from the opera at Lisbon, as Elvira; she made little impression. Then came *Traviata* again, and then *Trovatore* again, and on the 28th the triumphant debut of Miss Victoire Balfé in *La Sonnambula*. We copy an account of it upon another page. Sig. Gardoni was the Elvino, and Ronconi, Count Rodolpho.

A grand concert, consisting of Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* was given, on Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hullah. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Miss Marian Mress, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Thomas. The performance of the above masterpieces was most admirable, and might almost challenge comparison with any yet given by institutions of much higher pretension. Mr. Sims Reeves sang, from first to last, magnificently, and excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch.

PARIS.—"Sensation" pianists are the order of the day. The last one was RUBINSTEIN, who, when the "sensation" temperature was at its height, plunged, as we have seen, into a cold bath in England. ALFRED JAELL came next, raising enthusiasm to a still higher pitch; but he is not a rash adventurer, and does not undertake to rival Beethoven; Jaell in his own sphere is sure of admiration everywhere. From *La France Musicale* of May 24th, we translate this most glowing eulogy:

"A pianist-composer of a great reputation, M. ALFRED JAELL, feared not to brave last Thursday the dog-day heat. He gave a *matinée* at Erard's before a select public. Scarcely had this concert been announced, when the crowd pressed thither, a brilliant and enthusiastic crowd.

"M. Jaell is a great artist in every acceptance of the word. We may class him on the same line with Liszt, Thalberg and Prudent; the same fire, same nerve, same originality. It is to be regretted that he did not arrive in Paris sooner; he would certainly have been the star of the season. His success has been immense; he was recalled, his compositions were encored; rarely have we witnessed a more brilliant, and we must say a more merited triumph. His illustrations of *La Traviata* and his paraphrase of *Il Trovatore* especially stirred up the enthusiasm of the audience. His "Italian Serenade" his pretty piece entitled *Le Ruisseau*, and his *Melodie Anglaise variée* produced an unheard of effect.

"Jaell not only executes his own music; he plays the works of the great masters of the art with the same taste, the same warmth, the same *brío*. Thus in the andante and finale of Beethoven's great sonata in B flat he was admirable.—Mme. Bertine, the heroine of all the fine concerts, sang *adorably*," &c.

LEIPZIG.—The London *Athenæum* gives the following list of some of the leading instrumental works during the last season of the far-famed Gewandhaus concerts:

Nineteen symphonies were played;—five by Beethoven (including his ninth), two by Herr Gade, two by Haydn, one by Herr Hiller, one by Mozart, one by Herr Rietz, two by Mendelssohn (including the 'Lobgesang'), one by Schubert, three by Schumann, and Dr. Spohr's 'Power of Sound.'—Twenty overtures were given:—by Beethoven, the three 'Leonore,' and the 'Coriolan' overtures, and his 'Fest Overture,'—

by Cherubini four, including those to the 'Abencerages,' and to 'Eliza,'—by Gade, 'In the Highlands,'—Gluck's 'Iphigenia,'—Lindpaintner's 'Faust,'—Mendelssohn's 'Melusine,'—Mozart's 'Zauberflöte,'—Schumann's 'Manfred' and 'Genevieve,'—Herr Wagner's 'Faust,'—three by Weber.—The list of *Concertos* and of *Cantatas*, in temper and in taste, corresponds to the above, and had we not testimony from numerous private sources to encourage the hope, would of itself satisfy us that the new revelation of Music gathers few converts in the stronghold of Bach, and the head-quarters of musical publication.

The principal examination at the Conservatorium took place on the 23d of April, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a concert was given in which the orchestra and all the solo players and singers were pupils of the institution. The following were the pieces:

1. Concerto, for piano, by Beethoven, (in E flat, first movement), played by Herr Heinrich Rupp, of Mayence.
2. Adagio and Finale of the 4th violin Concerto, by F. David, played by Herr Max Schenck, of Posen.
3. Concerto for piano, by Mendelssohn, (G minor), played by Fräulein Frédérique Bénamin, of Hamburg.
4. Concerto for violin, by B. Molique, (No. 5, A minor, first movement), played by Herr Johan Navet-Koning, of Amsterdam.
5. Concerto fantastique, for piano, by Moscheles, played by Herr Albert Lindholm, of Stockholm.
6. Aria from *Zauberflöte*, Mozart, sung by Herr Georg Egli, of Chur.
7. Caprice, for violoncello, by Kummer, played by Mr. Edward Sidney Smith, from Dorchester.
8. Variations and Finale, for piano, from Septuor, by Hummel, played by Fräulein Wilhelmine Döring, of Darmstadt.
9. Concerto for violin, by De Beriot, (No. 5, D major), played by Herr Gerhard Brassin, of Leipzig.

Our citizens have had a fine opportunity this week, in listening to the noble band of the New York National Guard, of appreciating the superiority of a true military band, with clarinets, &c., over all bands of mere brass. This reminds us that we are to have no music these summer evenings on the Common. The Aldermen, by a majority of eight to four, having no music in their souls, and thinking turtle-soup no doubt much better, have heroically tabled the resolution of the Common Council, appropriating \$2,000 for that purpose. How many thousands will they expend in fireworks, to be puffed away in one short hour, and nobody the better or the wiser for it!

ALFRED JAELL has been since April in Paris; he proposes to pass the next winter in Russia, and then revisit the United States.... The German Opera Troupe in Philadelphia seem to have been far more successful in their performance of *Fidelio* than they were in Boston; Johannsen, Piekneser, the tenor, and Oehlein are highly complimented, and above all Herr Bergmann's conducting. The season was to end this evening with Flotow's *Martina*..... The great event of the past week in Philadelphia has been the vast gathering of Germans at their annual *Saenger-Fest*. We have as yet no full account of it, but gather thus much from *Fitzgerald's Item*:

This Musical Congress commenced on Saturday evening last, with a torch light procession, an open air concert in Independence Square, and a collation at the head quarters—Jayne's Hall. On Sunday evening, this fine building was the scene of a Sacred Concert given by the Philadelphia Societies, at which Miss Caroline Richings and Mr. Philip Rohr won a great deal of applause. There was a long and imposing procession on Monday morning, and in the evening a Choral Concert at the Academy of Music, at which eleven hundred male singers and a monster orchestra made a great deal of noise, producing now and then some fine effects. The best parts of the programme were the "Rhine Song," sung by the New York societies, and a Serenade by the Orpheus Club of Boston, which received the only encores of the evening;—the Boston delegation carried off the palm, as well as the bouquets. Tuesday was set apart for the Festival Picnic, and to-day (Wednesday) the Societies return to their respective homes.

Advertisements.

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Selections from the "Messiah," and other celebrated compositions, will be performed by the following eminent Solo Talent:—

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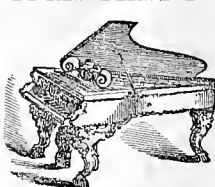
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[From the National Era]

THE SYCAMORES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores!

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Defly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Talent!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brim full of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light—

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rolick air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side,
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin,
And the woman of Three Cows.

By the blazing hearths of Winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends,
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who in Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland talks!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Talent,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But, if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks!

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river shores,
With their shadows, east by sunset,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old King's-arm—

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls, as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down,
On the hills of Gold and Silver,
Rimming round the little town—

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales,
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life hath had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner, green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble ealm of Tadmor
Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Sillvers o'er each stately shaft;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hill-side wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught—

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy, ample face;
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy,
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Talent's sycamores!

[Concluded from last week.]

Sketch of the Life of Handel.

From An Account of the Handel Commemoration in
Westminster Abbey, in 1784.

BY CHARLES BURNES, MUS. DOC., F. R. S.

Handel remained eight or nine months in Ireland, where he extended his fame, and began to repair his fortune. At his return to London, in the beginning of 1742, as he had relinquished all thoughts of opposing the present managers of the opera, former enmities began to subside; and, when he recommenced his Oratorios at Covent-Garden, the Lent following, he found a general disposition in the public to countenance and support him. "Samson" was the first he performed this year, which was not only much applauded by the crowded houses in the capital, but was soon disseminated, in single songs, throughout the kingdom; and, indeed, it has ever been in the highest favor of all his Oratorios, except the "Messiah," which this season, to the honor of the public at large, and disgrace of cabal and faction, was received with universal admiration and applause. And from that time to the present, this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight; it has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan, and enriched succeeding managers of Oratorios, more than any single musical production in this or any country.

This Sacred Oratorio, as it was at first called, on account of the words being wholly composed of genuine texts of Scripture, appearing to stand in such high estimation with the public, Handel, actuated by motives of the purest benevolence and humanity, formed the laudable resolution of performing it annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, which resolution was constantly put in practice, to the end of his life, under his own direction; and, long after, under that of Mr. Smith and Mr. Stanley. In consequence of these performances, the benefactions to the charity from the year 1749 to 1759, by eleven performances under Handel's own direction, amounted to £6935 00
From 1760 to 1768, by eight performances under the conduct of Mr. John Christian Smith, 1332
From 1769 to 1777, nine performances under that of Mr. Stanley, 2032

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The organ in the chapel of this hospital was likewise a present from Handel; and he bequeathed, as a legacy to this charity, a fair copy of the original score of the "Messiah."

From the time of his quitting Ireland, with little opposition, and a few thin houses, in consequence of great assemblies of the nobility and gentry, manifestly and cruelly collected together on his nights of performance, with hostile intentions, by some implacable remains of his most powerful adversaries, he continued his oratorios till within a week of his death.*

But though the oratorio of the "Messiah" increased in reputation every year, after his return from Ireland, and the crowds that flocked to the theatre were more considerable every time it was performed; yet, to some of his other oratorios, the houses were so thin, as not nearly to defray his expenses; which, as he always employed a very numerous band, and paid his performers liberally, so deranged his affairs, that in the year 1745, after two performances of "Hercules," January 5th and 12th, before the Lent season, he stopped payment. He, however, resumed the performance of his oratorios of *Samson*, *Saul*, *Joseph*, *Belshazzar*, and the *Messiah*, in March; but I perfectly remember, that none were well attended, except *Samson*, and the *Messiah*.†

His late majesty, king George the Second, was a steady patron of Handel during these times, and constantly attended his oratorios, when they were abandoned by the rest of his court.‡

Handel, late in life, like the great poets, Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness; which, however it might dispirit and embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellects, in public; as he continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the parts of his oratorios to the last, with the same vigor of thought and touch, for which he was ever so justly renowned. To see him, however, led to the organ after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly afflicting and deplorable to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure, in hearing him perform.

During the oratorio season, I have been told, that he practised almost incessantly; and, indeed, that must have been the case, or his memory uncommonly retentive; for, after his blindness, he played several of his *old* organ concertos, which must have been previously impressed on his memory by practice. At last, however, he rather chose to trust to his inventive powers, than those of reminiscence: for, giving the band only the skeleton, or ritornels of each movement, he played all the solo parts extempore, while the other instruments left him, *ad libitum*; waiting for the signal of a shake, before they played such fragments of symphony as they found in their books.

Indeed, he not only continued to perform in

* The last season of Handel's personal attendance and of his life was remarkably successful. One of my friends, who was generally at the performance of each oratorio that year, and who used to visit him after it was over, in the treasurer of the theatre's office, says, that the money he used to take to his carriage of a night, though in gold and silver, was as likely to weigh him down and throw him into a fever, as the copper money of the painter Coreggio, if he had had as far to carry it.

† In 1749, *Theodora* was so very unfortunately abandoned, that he was glad if any professors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admission. Two gentlemen of that description, now living, having applied to Handel, after the disgrace of *Theodora*, for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out: "Oh your servant, Mein-herren! you are tamnaple tainty! you would not co to *Theodora*—der was room enough to tance dere, when dat was perform."

Sometimes, however, I have heard him, as pleasantly as philosophically, console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, by saying: "Nevre moind; de moosie vil sound de petter."

‡ About this time a *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield's was handed about by a nobleman, still living, who going one night to the Oratorio at Covent-Garden, met his lordship coming out of the theatre. "What! my lord, are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "Yes, says his lordship, they are now performing; but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his *privacies*."

public after he was afflicted with blindness, but to *compose* in private; for I have been assured, that the duet and chorus in "Judas Maccabæus," of *Zion now his head shall raise, Tune your harps to songs of praise*, were dictated to Mr. Smith, by Handel, after the total privation of sight. This composition, so late in life, and under such depressing circumstances, confirms an opinion of Dr. Johnson, "that it seldom happens to men of powerful intellects and original genius, to be robbed of mental vigor, by age; it is only the feeble-minded and *fool-born* part of the creation, who fall into that species of imbecility, which gives occasion to say that they are *superannuated*;" for these, when they retire late in life from the world on which they have lived by retailing the sense of others, are instantly reduced to indigence of mind." Dryden, Newton, Dr. Johnson himself, and our great musician, are admirable illustrations of this doctrine. Indeed, Handel not only exhibited great intellectual ability in the composition of this duet and chorus, but manifested his power of invention in extemporaneous flights of fancy to be as rich and rapid, a week before his decease, as they had been for many years. He was always much disturbed and agitated by the similar circumstances of "Samson," whenever the affecting air in that oratorio of: *Total Eclipse, no Sun, no Moon, &c.*, was performed.

The last oratorio at which he attended, and performed, was on the 6th of April, and he expired on Friday the 13th, 1759, and not on Saturday the 14th, as was at first erroneously engraved on his monument, and recorded in his life; I have indisputable authority for the contrary: as Dr. Warren, who attended Handel in his last sickness, not only remembers his dying before midnight, on the 13th, but, that he was sensible of his approaching dissolution; and having been always impressed with a profound reverence for the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, that he had most seriously and devoutly wished, for several days before his death, that he might breathe his last on *Good-Friday*, "in hopes, he said, of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Savior, on the day of his resurrection," meaning the third day, or the Easter Sunday following.

The figure of Handel was large, and he was somewhat corpulent, and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity; and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius. He was impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and conversation, but totally devoid of ill-nature or malevolence; indeed, there was an original humor and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger or impatience, which, with his broken English, were extremely risible. His natural propensity to wit and humor, and happy manner of relating common occurrences, in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a master of the English language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and somewhat of the same kind.

Handel, with many virtues, was addicted to no vice that was injurious to society. Nature, indeed, required a great supply of sustenance to support so huge a mass, and he was rather epicurean in the choice of it; but this seems to have been the only appetite he allowed himself to gratify.*

* The late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band, used to tell me several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid, as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast, Handel often cried out: "Oh,—I have de taught;" when the company, unwilling that, out of civility to them, the public should be robbed of anything so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that, at last, one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room; where he perceived that *dese taughts* were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of *Burgundy*, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received in a pres-

When Pope found that his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, thought so highly of Handel, he not only lashed his enemies in the *Dunciad*, but wished to have his *Eurydice* set to music by him. Mr. Belchier, a common friend, undertook to negotiate the business; but Handel having heard that Pope had made his *Ode* more lyrical, that is, fitter for music, by dividing it into airs and recitatives, for Dr. Green, who had already set it; and whom, as a partizan for Bononcini, and confederate with his enemies, he had long disliked, says: "It is de very ding vat my *fellows-blower* has set already for ein tocktor's terrace at Cambridge."*

When Gluck came first into England, in 1745, he was neither so great a composer, nor so high in reputation, as he afterwards mounted; and I remember when Mrs. Cibber, in my hearing, asked Handel what sort of a composer he was; his answer, prefaced by an oath, was: "He knows no more of contrapunto, as mein cook, Waltz."

But though he was so rough in his language, and in the habit of swearing, a vice then much more in fashion than at present, he was truly pious, during the last years of his life, and constantly attended public prayers, twice a day, winter and summer, both in London and Tunbridge.

At the coronation of his late majesty, George the Second, in 1727, Handel had words sent to him, by the bishops, for the anthems; at which he murmured, and took offence, as he thought it implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures: "I have read my Bible very well, and shall chuse for myself." And, indeed, his selection of the words: *My heart is inditing of a good matter*, was very judicious, and inspired him with some of the finest thoughts that are to be found in all his works. This anthem was sung at the coronation, while the peers were doing homage.

He knew the value of time too well to spend it in frivolous pursuits, or with futile companions, however high in rank. Fond of his art, and diligent in its cultivation, and the exercise of it, as a profession, he spent so studious and sedentary

ent from his friend, the late Lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and spirited port.

Another anecdote which I had from Brown, was the following: When the late Reverend Mr. Felton found that his first organ concertos were well received, he opened a subscription for a second set, and begged of Brown to solicit Mr. Handel's permission to insert his name in the list. Brown, who had been in great favor with Handel the winter before, when he led his oratorios, remembering how civilly he had been attended by him to the door, and how carefully cautioned, after being heated by a crowded room and hard labor, at the rehearsals in Brook street, not to stir without a chair, had no doubt of his success: but upon mentioning to him Felton's request, as delicately as possible, one morning when he was shaving, by telling him that he was a clergyman, who being about to publish some Concertos by subscription, was extremely ambitious of the honor of his name and acceptance of a book, merely to grace his list, without involving him in any kind of expense; Handel, putting the barber's hand aside, got up in a fury, and, with his face still in a lather, cries out with great vehemence: "Tamp your self, and go to der teiffel—a barson make Concerto! why he no make sarmon?" &c. In short, Brown seeing him in such a rage, with razors in his reach, got out of the room as fast as he could, lest he should have used them in a more *barbarous* way than would be safe. Indeed, he had a thorough contempt for all our composers at this time, from Dr. Green down to Harry Burgess; and performers on the organ too: for, after being long an inhabitant of this country, he used to say: "When I came hither first, I found, among the English, many good players, and no composers; but now, they are all composers, and no players."

* Dr. Green took his degree at that University in 1730. Indeed, on Handel's first arrival in England, from Green's great admiration of this master's manner of playing, he had sometimes literally condescended to become his *bellows-blower*, when he went to St. Paul's to play on that organ, for the exercise it afforded him, in the use of the pedals. Handel, after the three o'clock prayers, used frequently to get himself and young Green locked up in the church together; and, in summer, often stripped into his shirt, and played till eight or nine o'clock at night. Dr. Green, previous to his admission into St. Paul's, as a chorister, was taught to sing by the late Mr. Charles King; he was afterwards bound apprentice to Brind, the organist of that cathedral, and was, at the time alluded to by Handel, either still an apprentice, or, at least, a very young man, and deputy to the organist, whom he afterwards succeeded.

a life, as seldom allowed him to mix in society, or partake of public amusements. Indeed, after my first arrival in London, 1744, he seldom was absent from the benefit for decayed musicians and their families; and I have sometimes seen him at the playhouses, the opera, and at St. Martin's church, when the late Mr. Kelway played the organ. But those who were more intimately acquainted with him than myself, say, that in his later years, except when he went to pay his duty to the royal family at St. James's, or Leicester-House, he seldom visited the great, or was visible, but at church, and the performance of his own oratorios.

Besides seeing Handel, myself, at his own house, in Brook street, and at Carlton-House, where he had rehearsals of his oratorios, by meeting him at Mrs. Cibber's, and, at Frasi's, who was then my scholar, I acquired considerable knowledge of his private character, and turn for humor. He was very fond of Mrs. Cibber, whose voice and manners had softened his severity for want of musical knowledge. At her house, of a Sunday evening, he used to meet Quin, who, in spite of native roughness, was very fond of music. Yet the first time Mrs. Cibber prevailed on Handel to sit down to the harpsichord, while he was present, on which occasion I remember the great musician played the overture in *Siroe*, and delighted us all with the marvellous neatness with which he played the jig, at the end of it. Quin, after Handel had gone, being asked by Mrs. Cibber, whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand? replied: "a hand, madame! you mistake, it's a foot." Poh! poh! says she, has he not a fine finger?" "Toes, by G—, madame!" Indeed, his hand was then so fat, that the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dented or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave; however, his touch was so smooth, and the tone of the instrument so much cherished, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact, when he played, that no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves, could be discovered.

At Frasi's, I remember, in the year 1748, he brought, in his pocket, the duet of "Judas Macabæus," *From these dread Scenes*, in which she had not sung when that oratorio was first performed, in 1746. At the time he sat down to the harpsichord, to give her and me the time of it, while he sung her part, I hummed, at sight, the second, over his shoulder; in which he encouraged me, by desiring that I would sing out—but, unfortunately, something went wrong, and Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent: a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, however, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say, that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing; which, upon examining, Handel discovered to be the case: and then, instantly, with the greatest good humor and humility, said: "I pec your barton—I am a very odd tog—Maishter Schmitt is to plame."

When Frasi told him that she should study hard, and was going to learn thorough-bass, in order to accompany herself: Handel, who well knew how little this pleasing singer was addicted to application and diligence, says, "Oh—vaat may we not expect!"

Handel wore an enormous white wig, and, when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod, or vibration, which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor.

At the close of an air, the voice with which he used to cry out, Chorus! was extremely formidable indeed; and, at the rehearsals of his oratorios at Carleton-House, if the Prince and Princess of Wales were not exact in coming into the music-room, he used to be very violent; yet, such was the reverence with which his Royal Highness treated him, that, admitting Handel to have had cause of complaint, he has been heard to say: "Indeed, it is cruel to have kept these poor people, meaning the performers, so long from their scholars, and other concerns." But if the maids of honor, or any other female attendants, talked during the performance, I fear that our modern Timotheus not only swore, but called names; yet,

at such times, the Princess of Wales, with her accustomed mildness and benignity, used to say: "Hush! hush! Handel's in a passion."

Handel was in the habit of talking to himself so loud, that it was easy for persons not very near him, to hear the subject of his soliloquies. He had, by much persuasion, received under his roof and protection, a boy, who had been represented not only as having an uncommon disposition for music, but for sobriety and diligence: this boy, however, turned out ill, and ran away, no one, for a considerable time, knew whither. During this period, Handel walking in the park, as he thought, alone, was heard to commune with himself in the following manner: "Der teuffel! de fater vas desheved; de mütter vas desheved; but I vas not desheved; he is ein t—d sheauntrel—and coot for nutting."

Handel's general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.

It has been said of him, that out of his profession he was ignorant and dull; but though I do not admit the fact, yet, if the charge were as true as it is severe, it must be allowed, in extenuation, that to possess a difficult art in the perfect manner he did, and to be possessed by it, seems a natural consequence; and all that the public had a right to expect, as he pretended to nothing more. Accomplishments can only amuse our private friends, and ourselves, in leisure hours; but so occupied and absorbed was Handel, by the study and exercise of his profession, that he had little time to bestow, either on private amusements, or the cultivation of friendship. Indeed, the credit and reverence arising from these, had Handel possessed them, would have been transient, and confined to his own age and acquaintance; whereas the fame acquired by silent and close application to his professional business,

—Nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

And it is probable that his name, like that of many of his brethren, will long survive his works. The most learned man can give us no information concerning either the private life or compositions of Orpheus, Amphion, Linus, Olympus, Terpander, or Timotheus, yet every school boy can tell us that they were great musicians, the delight of their several ages, and, many years after, of posterity.

Though totally free from the sordid vices of meanness and avarice, and possessed of their opposite virtues, charity and generosity, in spite of temporary adversity, powerful enemies, and frequent maladies of body, which sometimes extended to intellect, Handel died worth upwards of twenty thousand pounds; which, except one thousand to the fund for decayed musicians and their families, he chiefly bequeathed to his relations on the continent.

His funeral was not public, like that of Rameau, in France; of Jomelli, in Italy; or of our Dryden and Garrick, in England; yet, when he was buried in Westminster-Abbey, April the 20th, 1759, the Dean, Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir, performed the funeral solemnity. More general and national testimonies of regard were left to the present period, when all enmities, jealousies, and operations of envy were subsided; and when time, examination, and reflection, had given new charms and importance to his works. And this pleasing task has been performed in a way so ample, magnificent and honorable, that it will be difficult to find, either in ancient or modern history, a more liberal and splendid example of gratitude to a deceased artist, in any other country.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Popular Songs.

Whoever has studied the works of Hogarth with the precision which their excellence requires, will remember the ballad-singers chanting in a corner, or loud-mouthed at an execution, or

proclaiming hoarsely through the mob a naval or military victory. Englishmen and Americans have been put into a common category by the *dilettanti* of music. It is said that we go to the opera, at ridiculously high prices, only to applaud in the wrong places; only to show off the dresses of our wives, sisters and daughters; only, in a general way, to make fools of ourselves. Perhaps this may be true. We may not be skillful in detecting and incontinently hissing a tenor who flats in B, or a soprano who sharps in C. We do not take off our shoes and throw them over our heads, as Tuscan virtuosos are said to do, in the ecstasy produced by a perfect cadenza. But that we are not wholly indifferent to the Muses—that we are not absolutely incapable of appreciating rhythm, melody and harmony—that the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-American has some "music in his soul," (whether of the strident or the liquid kind we say not)—that even here upon our barbarous shores, if not the shell of Mercury, at least the pipes of Pan are welcome—let the innumerable and ever-grinding organs of the street, let the hundred thousand piano-fortes of the Republic, let the Pierian sodalities, the societies which claim Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn as their godfathers, the Academies, the insolvent Opera-Houses, and the grimy choirs of African Minstrels attest! And above all, (if we may offer cumulative evidence), let the cheap and humble sheets, which, fluttering from the iron rails of the Park or of Trinity, afford a modicum of meat to breechless boys, which are sold for a penny and cost less—let these bear witness to the inherent and everlasting appetite of man, whether of lofty or of low estate, for a rhymed epic of events, for a melodious expression of human experience and of earthly vicissitude, for a measured enunciation of the grotesqueness of the hour, for a song, either by a poet or poetaster, to the immortal love, heroism or domesticity of the ages. We may be at fault in comprehending the sinuosities of a score, and quite out in our *majors* and *minors*, but we would not exchange the profound reverence with which a Yorker receives "Lilly Dale," or "Woodman Spare that Tree," or "The Old Folks at Home," as, in some sort, a stammering utterance of his best hopes and sweetest reminiscences, for all the sensuous and deliquescent raptures of southern shores.

What a song is, and by what rules it should be constructed, remains to this day an unsolved and inscrutable problem. Horace, with all his art poetical, would have been puzzled to say by what method he composed "*Nunc est bibendum*," the most joyous and fascinating of Latin melodies. Of all singers, it may best be said of the song-singer that he is born and not made. These harmonists of the heart are always bustling upon us like angels, without the drill of colleges or drum of discipline. From the Ayrshire cottage of Burns, from the garret of Carey, from the printing-house of Beranger, from shrinking women and from unlettered men, come the melodies which fasten themselves upon the life of the world. The song is written, nobody knows how or when or where. Often, like the *Marseillaise*, it is the accident of an accident. Often, like a little foundling, it ventures into the earth without paternity, and first winning, by its honest humanity, the affection of the street or the cottage, wails its way to the affection of the palace. Poor Howard Payne, sitting in the lonesome London chamber, hard at work by manufacture, and adaptation, and Heaven knows by what other resources, constructing his "Maid of Milan" for a manager greedy of novelties, feels some old thoughts come over him of Boston or New York, and of boyish triumphs there, marries his "Home, Sweet Home" to a Sicilian air, and the world catches the complaint of his home-sick heart, and will sing it for a century. A young lawyer in Philadelphia is asked for a song by an actor whose benefit night does not promise to be of the most lucrative; he dashes off "Hail Columbia!" and to this day he is chanted by glee singers, played by brass bands, and whistled upon the fore-castles of ships sailing about Cape Horn. We remember that Prof. Wilson undertook to

prove—we think in one of the "Noctes"—that Tom Moore could not write a song; yet there is no land upon this globe that has not listened to "Oft in the Silly Night," "Mary's Tears," and "There's Nothing True but Heaven."

The song floats into existence a priceless waif, a most opulent stray, an anonymous donation, a love-gift of the modest and kindly, to the kind and retiring. The masses, taking up the cheerful carol or the minor plaint, seldom inquire whose master-hand struck the key-note of their unfathomed erudition. How many gallant tars, roaring out "The Bay of Biscay," know who wrote it? How many grim-whiskered soldiers, singing with unusual tears "Annie Laurie," in the trenches of Sevastopol, have heard of the pure-hearted woman whose white hand first wrote "Maxwelton braes are bonnie?" The singer of songs must be content to find in his vocation "its own exceeding great reward." Not less, however, should be our gratitude toward those who have cheered our loneliness, elevated our hopes or assuaged our grief.

The song is especially the property of the people. It is pleasant, therefore, and encouraging to find that the taste of the people inclines to the decorous, the chaste and the affectionate, and eschews the coarse, the ribald and the heartless. Of a dozen ballads purchased of a hawker yesterday, we found but one which might not be sung by a modest woman. A recapitulation of the titles will at once recall to the reader the character of these productions. We have "Annie Laurie," "Ellen Bayne," "Song of the Farmer," "The Dying Californian," "Willie, we have Missed You," "Jeannie with the Light-brown Hair," "Cheer, boys, cheer," and "Let us Speak of a Man as we find Him"—productions of widely differing poetical merit, but all of them honest and true in their sentiment and decorous in their expression. Nor do we discover in those which are designedly grotesque any unpardonable violation of taste.

We are inclined to believe that in this kind of street commodity, New York is entitled to a precedence of London. The songs of the metropolis of Great Britain—we mean, of course, those vended by the peripatetic dealers—are usually nothing but unfortunate doggerel. We remember one which was especially a favorite with bold Britons during the late war, and in which the Emperor of Russia was most disrespectfully alluded to. A couplet occurs to us in which it is asserted, of the potentate before mentioned, that for him

"The English digged a h—ll of a hole,
And buried him deep in Sevastopol."

We do not, as a people, relish such stuff as this. We like songs that are spirited, heroic, plaintive, affectionate and funny; but even the Ethiopian minstrels have tuned us to something better than sheer slang and buffoonery. In conclusion, we may parody the wish of Goethe, and trust, "while our poets sing," that "some good genius may save them all" from the low, the meretricious and the debasing.

The "Don Giovanni" Legend.

(From the *Opera Box*, London, June 6)

The revival of *Il Don Giovanni*, which has long been anticipated as the crowning event of the season, is now definitely fixed for next week. The splendor and correctness of the decorations, and the introduction of several airs hitherto omitted, will endow this *chef d'œuvre* with a character entirely new, so the revival may be regarded as a sort of musical festival in honor of Mozart. While the public mind is looking forward to the production of this great work, a few words respecting the legend of Don Juan, and the dramatic phases through which it passed before it was stamped as the chief glory of the lyrical stage, will not be inappropriate. Don Juan Tenorio belonged to one of the twenty-four illustrious houses of Seville. One night he killed the Commandada Ulloa, whose daughter he had previously carried off; and the murdered man was buried in a Franciscan convent, where his

family held a chapel. The friars having decoyed Don Juan into their convent, and deprived him of life, spread the report that he had insulted the statue of his victim, which, by way of retaliation, had plunged him into the infernal regions. This is the entire tradition, which is so exceedingly meagre, that notorious as the name of Don Juan may have been in his own country for several centuries, his fame can scarcely be said to have had a definite shape till he was brought upon the stage. If, as some suppose, he was an intimate friend of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, something like two centuries and a half must have elapsed before he became a theatrical figure, for the monk, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of "Tirso de Molina," lived from about 1570 to 1650. Molina's play is entitled "El Burlado de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra," and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of some itinerant Italian actors, who took it into France. In one of the suburbs of Paris an Italian modification of the Spanish piece was performed, and seems to have inspired Molière with the idea of his celebrated *Festin de Pierre*, which was first performed in 1665, at the Theatre of the Palais-Royal, though it may be observed that a French drama, on the same subject, written by Villiers, and entitled *Le Festin de Pierre, ou le Fils Criminel*, had been performed in 1659, at the Hotel de Bourgogne. Two other French versions, one by the actor Dumesnil, the other by Thomas Corneille, followed that of Molière at short intervals. The English tragedy, entitled the *Libertine*, written by Shadwell, celebrated as the object of Dryden's satire, seems first to have introduced the subject to the London public. It was first played at Dorset Gardens in 1676.

Fortunately, Goldoni found no imitators; but in a ballet, to which the music was composed by Gluck, and the date of which is about 1765, the old terrible catastrophe is preferred to the prosaic modification. The Statue comes to sup with Don Juan; Don Juan goes to sup with the Statue; and then comes the retribution, as in the early dramatic version. An Italian opera, composed by Vincenzo Righini, about twelve years afterwards, is exactly on the same principle. The music to this work is entirely forgotten. Last in the series of dramatists is Lorenzo da Ponte, who was born in 1749, and died in 1838, at New York, where he was director of the Italian Opera. He had so highly pleased Mozart by his libretto of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which he wrote in 1786, that in the following year he was asked by the great composer for another work, which now exists in that of the immortal *Il Don Giovanni*. By this *chef d'œuvre* all the previous versions of *Don Juan*, both musical and dramatic, are eclipsed, and as the *Faust* of Goethe is now the *Faustus par excellence*, so is the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart the only acknowledged form of the Spanish libertine.

Between these earlier versions of the Juan story and the libretto of Mozart's opera, written by Da Ponte, there is a difference with respect to the catastrophe. In the former the divine retribution does not visit Don Juan when the Statue, in compliance with his invitation, comes to sup with him; but the *Libertine* is invited to return the visit, and it is in a scene, in which the Statue is the host and he is the guest, that his destruction takes place. Two of the versions, Dumesnil's and Shadwell's, give the *Libertine* a pair of friends, who share his fate when the Statue's visit is returned. Da Ponte, on the other hand, destroys the *Libertine* without going through the formality of a second festival. However, the celebrated Goldoni, who, in the course of the last century, wrote an Italian play on the subject, entitled "Don Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il Dissoluto punito," had departed so much from the original legend, that Da Ponte's book, in spite of minor differences, may be regarded as a return to the old story. With a prosaic veneration for probability, Goldoni omits all the supernatural agency that gives the tale its peculiar coloring. Don Juan does indeed sup with the Commander, but it is before the death of the latter; the Statue, too, is introduced, but it is a mere stone image, that remains fixed in the churchyard, where Don Giovanni is struck dead by a flash of lightning.

The comic servant, who is called "Catalinon" by Tirso de Molina, "Arlecchino" by the old Italian, "Sganarelle" by Molière, "Jacomino" by Shadwell, and who afterwards revives in the "Leporello" of Da Ponte, is likewise left out in Goldoni's latter production.

From my Diary, No. 6.

JUNE 18.—The papers are talking about a chime of bells for the city of Lowell. A *Peal* of bells, gentlemen, a *peal*. Talking of a chime of bells, is like speaking of a tune of organ-pipes, or a melody of piano-forte strings. Chimes are the sounds produced by a *peal* of bells, when rung according to certain rules. All good English authorities agree in their use of the terms. See Robert Southey's *Doctor*, for instance, chap. xxxi, et seq.

The idea of having a *peal* of bells, and consequently of having chimes of an evening, and thus rendering real to us the allusions with which the whole body of English poetry is full, is certainly very pleasant; but is it certain that the result of the experiment will not be merely the infliction of a chronic nuisance upon the neighborhood in which the *peal* is placed, with no corresponding gratification to people farther off? I happen to have made this matter a subject of study and observation for a long time; I have listened hours to the music from a belfry in which the bells, ranging in size from one of 16,000 pounds to a little one of 15 inches in circumference, number *ninety-nine*—and I, on the other hand, have thanked my stars, when I heard that same old choral hammered slowly from the dozen bells in the Parochial Church in Kloster street, Berlin, that I did not reside in that part of the city.

It is a pleasant thing to have a piano-forte in a house; but suppose the only use made of it was to drum out simple melodies with one finger, and that you were condemned to bear this half an hour every evening after tea. About the third Sunday we should find your prayer-book improved thus: "From famine, pestilence, from sudden death, and from our piano-forte, Good Lord, deliver us." The 'Ding-dong-dinging' of psalm tunes and simple airs, without harmonies, is but another form of the piano-forte nuisance, and this I take to be the real reason why, in England, *peals* of bells are devoted almost exclusively to the ringing of changes. With a *peal* of six, eight, or ten bells, it is clear that all attempts at harmonies would be absurd, and 'change ringing' is therefore the most available means of bringing out the richness and variety of the *peal*.

I am surprised to find how few persons are aware that every bell gives out two or three distinct notes; that the sound of a bell in fact is, instead of a single tone, a regular chord. I suppose there is not a bell in the country in the sound of which two tones are not perfectly distinguishable to the ear. If now, say four large bells tuned to each other, are put into one of our low church steeples, and struck in order, we have not only a succession of the fundamental notes of the bells, but of the harmonies also. Rapid ringing gives us a singular involved mass of musical tones. Make the number of bells eight and ring a tune; your melody is there, but clothed in an arabesque of harmonies. Now at a proper distance the effect of this is not unpleasant, at least for a time, as in case of a piece of fire-work you must not be too near.

A *peal*, then, might be a delightful neighbor to us, did it hang high up in a lofty old English church tower, standing in the vacant space of the church grounds, which, hung in yonder church steeple directly on the street, and not more than fifty or sixty feet from the earth, would soon prove a nuisance.

I have not much faith in anything we shall be likely to do at present in the way of *peals* of bells, for we have neither church towers suitable nor societies of change ringers, though these might be formed.

I do wish, however, that we could have in the United States one such set of bells as constitute the "Carillon" of Belgium and Holland. One at Amsterdam has forty-two bells. That at Antwerp ninety-nine. How large that at Bruges is I do not know.

These are furnished with a key board, and can be played like a gigantic organ. Tunes—nay *symphonies* are played upon that at Antwerp, by clock work.

If ever the idea should arise of erecting a monument in commemoration of one of the most important events of the Revolution, as yet "unhonored and unsung," I mean Washington's assumption of the command of the American armies on Cambridge common, my design for that structure should be a campanile or bell tower, with a carillon worthy the name. There are not many large cities in our country which would not gladly contribute their bell to the "Washington Carillon."

JUNE 21.—Turning over a file of the "Voss'sche Zeitung," a daily Berlin paper, which I took during the winter of 1855-6, I find Rellstab's account of the centennial celebrations of Mozart's birth. I will quote one or two historic notices from the article, after a word or two upon the writer.

Ludwig Rellstab, whose bluff, burly figure, large, gray head, full, round face, ornamented with a small Thackeray nose, is to be seen at every first-class concert in Berlin, was born in that city, in April, 1799. His father was something of a composer, but better known as a writer upon music; still better as a music publisher. Before the close of the last century, he had added a large retail business and musical circulating library to his establishment, and had prepared a large hall in his house for private concerts. He died in 1813. A daughter, Caroline, (born in 1786, died in 1814), was quite a distinguished singer.

No bright intelligent boy, with a strong taste for music, and a natural turn for literary composition, could be placed in circumstances better adapted to foster and develop his talents, than was Ludwig, the son of the music publisher, Rellstab. He knew all the distinguished musical people of Berlin, and who visited that capital, and gathered up an immense fund of anecdotes and interesting notices of the great men who were still living or had just passed from the stage. Mendelssohn he knew from boyhood, intimately. Weber consulted him about the *Euryanthe* text, and under his advice many of its absurdities were pruned by Frau von Chezy. As the text now stands, the catastrophe is ridiculous. But as it was too late to alter it, Rellstab advised Weber to have the curtain rise during the overture, and present a tableau to the audience, which should give the key to the plot. This struck Weber favorably, and the passage in which the violins are muted was written with this object in view; but though the music was retained, the tableau was never presented. Rellstab had long negotiations with Weber about writing him an opera text, but the composition of *Oberon*, and the death of the composer, put an end to the project.

About 1823-4, Rellstab went to Vienna, and I find in the conversation books that he had negotiations with Beethoven also, upon the subject of a text. These also came to nothing.

As early as 1825, Rellstab appeared as the author of *Sagen und Romantische Erzählungen*, (Legends and romantic tales), which were honorably received at a time when Hoffmann, Fouqué and Achim von Arnim were pouring forth their productions from the press. In fact, for nearly forty years, Rellstab has been before the German public as a writer of tales, sketches, poems, criticisms, and indeed of works in all departments of lighter literature. In his articles upon concerts, he often gives the reader carefully prepared historical notices of the music, to which his own personal recollections, or those of men whom he knew in his youth, add a peculiar charm. These articles may also be considered good historical authority. Hence I think the following, upon Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*, worth translating.

The *Ave Verum Corpus*, which, as performed by the Domchor, made so deep an impression upon the audience, was in fact composed at Potsdam, during Mozart's stay here, [Berlin], and in that city in 1789, at the time he visited these cities, Dresden and Leipzig, in company with his pupil, Count Lichnowsky. The particulars in regard to the composition of the *Ave Verum*, are thus related: he was invited to dine with the father of our present oldest and most worthy pianoforte teacher, Türschmid, also known as the excellent hornist of the royal orchestra. The conversation turned upon church music, and its use in sustaining the services of the church, and Mozart spoke with

great animation for its employment in the manner of the Catholic Church. He suddenly sprang up, called for music paper, and seated himself at a table to write; the conversation at once ceased, in order not to disturb him, but he called out good-naturedly in his Austrian dialect: "Talk away, that don't disturb me, only no one must sing or utter even a single tone." And so in the midst of the conversation, he wrote in an incredible short time that wonderful piece of music, which he handed to the company with the words: "There you have something that will suit your church!"

Of this availability of his talent, which was ready at every moment to enable him to write with a rapidity and certainty bordering upon the magical, there are many examples. For instance, there is the story in Nissen's Biography, of his composition of the double canon at Leipzig, at the moment of his taking leave of Cantor Doles. Herr André, now in Berlin, (Feb. 1856), with so many rare MSS. of Mozart, has among them one beautiful song, on which is written in Mozart's own hand: "Written at Vienna, in the room of Herr R., on the Landstrasse." During the period above mentioned, April and May, 1789, Mozart was several times in Berlin. At one time he put up in the then noted hotel, "Zur Stadt Paris," in the Brüderstrasse, probably on occasion of a longer visit than usual, and his room was one which is now visited daily by hundreds, as it is now the public room of the confectioner, Stehly.

Speaking of the supper in honor of Mozart's birthday, Rellstab adds: "At the table, a fac simile of Mozart's hand was passed round, containing two humorous impromptus, the celebrated *O du Eselhafter Martin*, and the well known *Lectu difficile*. Numberless, sometimes rather hard, but always good-natured, jokes of this kind, full of spirit and musical fun, were thrown off by Mozart." For instance, the *Venerabilis barba Capucinatorum*. A very musical gentleman, who sat by me, said he possessed twelve such comical canons by Mozart. Ought not these to be published?"

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19.—The German Opera Troupe closes its season of eight nights to-morrow evening. Four operas have been produced—*Der Freischütz*, "The Mason and Locksmith," (Auber), *Fidelio*, and Flotow's *Martha*. *Fidelio* was the best and most successful performance; it was given entire, including the final scene of the release of the prisoners in the Market Place. On both representations it was received with the utmost enthusiasm, Mme. JOHANNSEN having three calls before the audience, and boquets in proportion. The company gives perfect satisfaction as far as it goes. The chorus and orchestra are much better than those attached to the Italian Opera Company, and are thoroughly under BERGMANN'S command; he is highly esteemed here as a conductor. Owing to the very inclement weather, and the excitement of the great German Festival, the opera has not been so well attended as it would have been, although it has been profitable to the management. However, it has given so much pleasure, that arrangements have been made for its return next season, and several thousand dollars have been subscribed for the importation of a first bass, baritone, contralto and soprano to strengthen the ensemble, and ensure the production of such operas as *Don Giovanni*, the *Zauberflöte* and *Euryanthe*.

This is a step in the right direction, and shows how general is the feeling in Philadelphia to support the Opera House, through all hazards, no matter in what language the music is given.

The *Saengerfest* was largely attended. The choral concert was given on Monday, in the Academy. Eleven hundred singers were on the stage, and gave grand effect to Luther's Choral: *Ein feste Burg*; the other selections were very indifferently rendered by the whole body, though the pieces given by the

separate societies were well sung. The palm was won by the "Orpheus Club," of Boston, the members of which sang a Serenade with immense applause, receiving an encore and plenty of boquets. The other encore of the evening was bestowed upon the New York Societies, who sang a "Rhine Song" admirably. The deputations from Baltimore and Philadelphia did themselves no credit at all. The orchestra was large, with a small host of charming violin bows, but it was weak in basses—having but five contras and six 'celli; likewise was it much in need of good conducting—Bergmann should have had the desk and baton, and then the overture to *Egmont* and Weber's "Jubilee" would have been taken in correct *tempi* instead of being drawn out like dead marches. Musically speaking, then, the Choral Concert was a comparative failure, in consequence of a want of care in the rehearsals, and of interest in the programme. The dollar seats were thronged, so were the cheap places aloft; but the \$1 50 chairs were but sparsely occupied, compared to the appearance of the Academy on Opera nights.

The tenor, FRAZER, formerly of the SEGUINS, is giving Ballad Soirées at the Musical Fund Hall, to very good audiences. It is said that he is about to enter the field in Philadelphia as a teacher of singing, and that he will preside over the music of one of the fashionable churches. It is to be hoped that this is true, for the sake of our Oratorio Concerts during the coming season. With BISHOP and FRAZER, the Harmonia, or whatever Society secured the services of these five vocalists, could take the lead in sacred concerts.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 27, 1857.

Music of the Week.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The last of the series of nine performances, not one of which it is said has paid expenses, took place at the Boston Theatre on Friday evening of last week. Certainly there was enough of merit in the performances to deserve better success, although the selections were for the most part hacknied, the new opera of *La Traviata* being in fact anything but new to those familiar with the other works of Verdi. The *Traviata* twice, the *Trovatore* twice, and one representation each of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, *Il Barbiere*, and finally *L'Elisir d'Amore*, make on the whole a pretty beggarly account. Decidedly we give the preference to the lighter part of the list, to the two comic operas last mentioned. But Rossini's "Barber" was treated as of small account; for one good performance of that we would willingly sit through all the others. Next to that, for free and happy play of fancy, for ready flow of musical invention, for piquancy and brilliancy, of all the strictly comic operas which we are allowed to hear upon our stage, give us this early work of Donizetti, the picturesque, sparkling, delightful little comedy of "The Elixir of Love." It is full of beautiful music, of the kind light as air, not fraught with any weight or depth of meaning, not leaving any lasting impression, but exceedingly fascinating and refreshing for the moment. It is a very enjoyable little opera, at least to one who does not crave tragical intensities and horrors, or care to be stormed and startled by the effective climaxes of the fashionable Verdi school. But it is natural enough perhaps; romantic youth loves tragedy,

yearns for excitement, while longer experience of the real tragedy of life is grateful for the merrier scintillations of genius, for the exquisite summer fancies and heat-lightnings of the brain. Any true lover of Art, however, will be sure to learn, sooner or later, that the most playful freaks, the lightest fancies of real imaginative genius, are worth more than the most serious sentimentality wedded to the most intensely tragic plots of third-rate minds. And sometimes a man will develop sparks of genius, of true inventiveness, in sport, who cannot get beyond sentimental common-place, or over-strained and false effects, when he devotes himself to the illustration of a serious subject.

The *Elisir d'Amore* was performed whilome in Boston with Madame LABORDE as Adina, who could execute the florid music with sure mechanical precision, but had little other charm. Much more fascinating in it about four years since was Madame SONTAG, at the Howard Athenæum, assisted by POZZOLINI, ROCCO, &c. We may have heard some others, but surely no one who so completely gave us the zest and sparkle and witchery of the part, both as singer and as actress, as did Madame GAZZANIGA on that Friday evening. She was indeed the feature of the operatic season; the one fresh, really interesting thing, the one addition to our stock of artistic experiences worth cherishing, and not easily exhaustible, was this charmingly unique manifestation of the true lyric faculty in her. We have told how it has steadily grown upon us in music and in characters so widely different as the Violetta, the Lucrezia Borgia, and the unsophisticated Linda. The freshness and naturalness of this last was even surpassed in her impersonation of the intelligent, coquettish, but good-hearted peasant girl Adina, who plays with her bashful lover, till in his despair he buys the quack elixir, trusting to whose virtues he exults with a new courage, which is all he ever wanted to win the hearts of all the village maidens, so that she in turn is jealous, and thus caught in her own trap. Charmingly she looked it, acted it and sang it. There was exquisite vivacity and subtlety, and true artistic, refined accent, coloring and shading in all her little fragments of coquettish recitative. The duets with her lover, and especially that with the quack doctor, were admirable on her part. The latter was encored, and evidently her more potent elixir, of her eyes and voice:

La ricetta è il mio vicino,
In quest' ocelli è l'elisir,

worked upon the Doctor, Sig. ASSONI, to the inspiring of his best *vis comica*; the thing was a complete success. Her voice wins its way into our best feelings, for it has a character of innocence and purity, as well as of remarkable freshness for her age, (the Countess di MALESPINA, which is her married name, is said to be over thirty, although in looks, in voice, in vivacity and naturalness of action she appears so girlish); it is a voice full of sunshine from within, the heart's sunshine, and therefore not simply bright and hard, but easily touched with emotion and sensitively true to every coloring of pathos. The intelligence, innocence and frankness of her face conspired with such a voice to make a fascinating Adina. The lady's blonde complexion and features seem more German than Italian; who can tell her history? In the rendering of the music

there were no noticeable defects, or what there were were overlooked in higher graces of expression. The music of the whole opera was much abridged; and it was better to omit than to mar, at least in a composition of this character, where it is only so much more or less of a certain sort of musical delectation, of which you do not weigh the several moments; the whole is very pleasant, no part very valuable. Mme. GAZZANIGA may have wisely evaded vocal passages beyond her easy execution; no one missed them; but in this case the plot itself was made to suffer by apparent hurry to get through.

Signor BRIGNOLI, though his voice at first betrayed some weariness after the nightly exertions of a whole week, seemed more alive and natural in Nemorino than we had seen him before. He sang all the music sweetly and expressively, especially the love-sick strain in the last act: *Una furtiva lagrima*, his rendering of which was full of pathos, and his tones exceedingly beautiful. The magical elixir, too, appeared to quicken in him quite an unexpected comic vein, in the exulting *larà, larà*. Sig. ASSONI made a most amiable, amusingly grotesque, and cunningly persuasive Dr. Dulcamara; one could forgive him all his quackeries, he did them with such a queer grace, and because his pretended elixir did so successfully operate to quicken into life the sparkling and pretty comedy. Sig. COLETTI was the vain and dashing sergeant; he gave the music faithfully, but it is too florid for a bass of his thick quality.

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Selections from the Oratorio "Eli," by COSTA. No. 6. Trio: *Thou shalt love the Lord*. Price 25 cts.—This is the beautiful trio between the young Samuel and his parents; properly therefore for soprano, alto and tenor, though here indicated for three soprani.

Cathedral Voluntaries, from the works of GIBBONS, DR. BLOW, HUMPHREYS, PURCELL, WELDON, DR. CROFT, BOYCE, &c.; selected and arranged for the Organ, by VINCENT NOVELLO. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. 35 cts. each.—Here is a good opportunity to make acquaintance with the old English school of church composers, and enrich one's stock of organ voluntaries. They are mostly arranged from anthems for four, six or eight voices, in strict and learned style.

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Gems from the German: a collection of the most admired songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Abt, &c. No. 64: *Friendly is thine air, Rosalie*; by KUECKEN. The German words of this pretty *Volkslied* are also given, *Gretlein*, or little Margaret, being the name for which Rosalie is substituted by the translator.

Rossini's *Stabat Mater*: The concerted pieces and choruses separate, for the convenience of Societies and Clubs. No. 6. Chorus finale: *Amen*. Octavo form, 12 pages, price 25 cts.

Echos of Italy: A collection of vocal Duets from operas by Donizetti, Mercadante, and others. No. 1. *Fra queste braccia un solo istante*: from *Pia di Tolomei*. For soprano and tenor, and requiring well-trained voices.

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No. 1. Beethoven's *Adelaide*, transcribed for piano, by R. WILLMERS. Pp. 9.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.—This new institution is now in full operation and progressing well, with about forty pupils for the full term. Singing in classes and the cultivation of the voice are taught by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, who is the head of the School, and J. W. ADAMS; Harmony, Theory of Composition, &c., by Mr. LEVI B. HOMER; the Piano-forte, by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER; the Violin by Mr. Wm SCHULTZE. Here is already a strong force for a beginning; and it is the design of the managers, as fast as patronage and opportunity shall warrant, to add new teachers and secure the best available influences in all departments. The advantages to the pupil, by such continued devotion to Music, in the company of others, in the city, are much increased, especially in the winter term, by facilities for attending most of the public performances of the best music. For greater efficiency the School has already organized itself under an act of incorporation, with a board of Trustees, of Managers, and a Committee of Examiners, composed of some of our best qualified citizens.

On Monday evening a specimen of the first three months' progress of the school was afforded to an invited company, at the rooms of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co. The performances were highly promising, but not of course fair theme for criticism. It was gratifying to find that music of so high an order had been made material for practice.

The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* of Beethoven's Mass in C, were sung in a manner that showed careful study, by a choir of thirty or forty voices; also one or two of Mendelssohn's four-part songs. A couple of young ladies sang one of Mendelssohn's two-part songs; and there were creditable solos, such as *Robert, Robert*, Beethoven's *Adelaide*, &c. A Sonata duo, not a very difficult one, for piano and violin, was well played by a young lady and gentleman. Mr. Baker conducted, and Mr. Parker played the accompaniment upon a grand piano. Of course there was much that was crude about all this; but why may not the experiment, if duly cherished, grow up into the Conservatoire of which the need is constantly expressed?

Musical Chat-Chat.

It is telegraphically stated that Herr Ullman has made arrangements with M. Calzado, manager of the Italian Opera in Paris, for four months' services of Mme. FREZZOLINI, who will commence to sing at the New York Academy of Music about the 1st of Sept. It is also rumored that the new lessees of the Academy (Messrs. Thalberg and Ullman) are likely to bring over Mr. Lumley's troupe to New York in the winter, including the famous tenor, GIUGLINI, the prima donna, SPEZIA, &c.....Fitzgerald's *City Item*, Philadelphia, tells us:

Gazzaniga, Brignoli and Amodio have been re-engaged by Maretzek for a season of nine months from next September. A new Soprano, Contralto, Tenor and Bass will be added to the troupe. Overtures have been made to Madame Lagrange for the whole of this season. This large and splendid troupe will sing only in Philadelphia, Boston and Havana.

Others foresee no such fine privileges for Boston, but, reasoning from the poor patronage extended to the Opera during this last brief visit here, and from the inglorious flight of Maretzek, hint of punishment in store for us,—that henceforth these melodious showers will all pass wide of Boston, and make us very envious, while they refresh our neighbors. The

loss of *Troratores*, *Rigoletto*, &c., is one that real friends of music can well bear, nor will the public taste in their opinion grow the worse for it; but we trust it is not yet fully demonstrated that we support no opera. . . . Philadelphia is certainly just now the Western paradise of opera-singers. The German opera have had encouragement to prolong their engagement through this week. *Fidilio* has been given at least three times, and with marked success. *Martha* and the *Czar und Zimmermann* have drawn excellent houses. The Academy will now be closed until the Autumn campaign of Maretzek. They are to have English opera at one of the theatres, next week,—a troupe from New Orleans.

Mme. DE LAGRANGE has been giving farewell concerts in New York, before leaving for Europe. Has she no farewells for Boston? . . . Madame LORINI, *de* Virginia Whiting, a Boston girl, made her debut at the Teatro Pazyliano, in Florence, on the 8th of May, with great success. She sang Lucia, with MIRATE.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mlle. Balfe's triumphant début in the *Sonnambula*, was followed by Verdi's *Traviata*; after which *La Sonnambula* was repeated with new triumphs for the young English prima donna. The next night offered Verdi's *Traviata* in place of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Ronconi being ill. Mlle. Balfe's next part was to be Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*.

M. CHARLES HALLE gave the first of three performances of classical piano music on the 8th, at Dudley Gallery.

"The selection was extremely interesting, not only on account of the sterling merit of the pieces of which it was composed, but because of the very rare occasions on which any of them can be heard in public. Two Sonatas of Beethoven—in G, op. 29, and in E, op. 109—Dussek's in A flat, op. 71, and some movements from one of the *Suites Anglaises* (in G minor) by John Sebastian Bach, together with smaller pieces by M. Stephen Heller and Chopin, made up the programme, which was in all respects worthy the reputation M. Hallé has long enjoyed as a most accomplished professor, whose legitimate taste leads him to dedicate his talent exclusively to the highest order of music."

Mr. BENEDICT gave on the 10th at Her Majesty's Theatre, the first of three grand concerts, "dramatic, classical and miscellaneous,"—thus dividing his one annual "monster" concert into three more practicable doses. His programme included an overture and a ballad of his own; selections from Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi, sung by Mme. Alboni, Mles. Piccolomini and Ortolani, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, &c.; Beethoven's *Adelaide*, sung by Giuglini; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Ernst; Weber's *Concert-stück*, played by Mme. Clara Schumann; Mendelssohn's *Lorelei* finale; and the overtures to *Freyshütz* and *Zauberflöte*. Rather a surfeit of good things for one night! At the next, a selection from Gluck's *Orfeo* was promised, with Alboni for the hero.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Our last report brought the Opera down to the revival of Verdi's *Nino*, or *Nabucco*, June 2. The sequel was such as one might find by dipping at random into any week of Italian opera in any city,—to-wit, a repetition of Verdi's *Trovatore* and of Verdi's *Traviata*. But on the 11th came a refreshing change of air,—a representation of *Don Giovanni*, with closer approximation to the design of the composer and the poet than has been seen for many years. Beneventano was the Don; Piccolomini, Zerlina; and Spezzia, Donna Anna.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL. (*From the Times*, June 13.)—Last night the entire choral force, metropolitan and provincial, assembled in Exeter Hall to rehearse the principal choruses from the three oratorios, (*The Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus* and *Israel in Egypt*), selected for performance at the great Handel commemoration which begins on Monday morning, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

In all about 2,000 choral singers, men and women, were congregated last night in Exeter Hall, for the purpose of rehearsing under the direction of Mr. Costa. Such a choral force was never before assembled in England; and the result of their united efforts was unprecedented. We may confidently as-

sert that nothing on the continent (with all its affected superiority) ever approached it. The flat floor of the hall presented difficulties for the accommodation of so vast a body of singers, not easy to surmount. They were nevertheless surmounted by the indefatigable Mr. Bowley and his assistant, who have labored night and day for the last two months or more to carry out triumphantly the idea of the Handel commemoration. The best practicable plan was adopted. The singers were arranged in double choir, as they will be on the *Israel in Egypt* day, at the Crystal Palace, when the most astounding effect is anticipated from the splendid double choruses in which that masterpiece abounds. The trebles were stationed in the ordinary orchestra; the altos occupied the level space on the floor between the north and south galleries; the tenors commenced at the raised seats; and the basses were situated in the west gallery and the space underneath it. Mr. Costa, the conductor, stood on a raised platform, about the centre of the hall, where he could be visible, in a greater or less degree, to all the singers. The only instruments employed to sustain the chorus were the organ, (Mr. Brownsmith, organist), the gigantic bass-drum, manufactured by Mr. Distin for the Sacred Harmonic Society, (which was in front of the orchestra), a pair of kettle-drums, and four serpents, in the middle of the hall.

Among the many tributes to the fame of Handel which this Festival calls forth, is an exceedingly cheap edition of the "Messiah," issued by Messrs. Cocks & Co. The oratorio complete, with piano-forte score, is sold for one shilling and four pence! When the "Messiah" was produced in Dublin, in 1741, the ladies were respectfully requested to attend the performance without their hoops; a writer in the *Athenæum* suggests the propriety of the same self-denial at Sydenham on the 15th and following days.

We glean the following items from the *Athenæum* of the 6th:

It is long since we have enjoyed a greater musical pleasure than a hearing of the French version of Mozart's "Schauspiel Director," at the St. James's Theatre, the other evening, afforded us. For the most part, "the unconcealed trifles" flung out hastily by those who have been fertile in producing great works are best left unclaimed. Even Mozart could not always command the fairy gift of "speaking pearls and diamonds" whenever he opened his mouth; as his "Masses" attest,—many pages of which are merely so much commonplace, not worth claiming for him who wrote the "Confutatis," the "Ave Verum," and the "Motets." We own, therefore, to have been surprised by the excessive grace, freshness and *stamen* of the music of this *opérette*, which, we believe, was neglected and the music dispersed in Germany till the happy idea possessed M. Offenbach of collecting it and bringing the work forward, with French text adapted by MM. Halévy and Battu. From first to last, it is charming, and may be ranked with the first act of its composer's "Cosi fan tutte." Two trios in particular may be cited, as blending Art and Nature as only a Mozart could do. The French authors have contrived to arrange a very digestible little farce for the four characters, which are gaily acted; and the music belonging to them honestly sung, and delicately accompanied by the orchestra. It will not surprise us if "L'Impresario" should become more popular in London than it has been in Paris.

Where such Londoners as desire a little silence are to hide themselves next week it seems hard to point out. . . . M. Jullien is announcing a ten days' festival at the Surrey Gardens, beginning on Friday next, to amuse such of the public as have not had sound enough at Sydenham. He undertakes to give the "Creation" and the "Seasons" and Signor Rossini's "Stabat," and the "Messiah,"—and a Rossini Festival, and a Verdi Festival, and a Beethoven Festival, and a Mozart Festival,—and for these he has engaged (to quote from his programme), a "great" soprano, "an accomplished *ditto*," a popular English "*ditto*," "a new celebrated" *ditto*, &c., &c., &c., with all manner of solo players, and other delightful and attractive personages. Now, considering what the musical engagements for the coming fortnight are, we submit that it is a bold measure to speak of the amount of music advertised, on the scale pointed out, being executed otherwise than in a state of massacre. Or are the orchestral players and the solo singers to dispense with sleep, in order that London is to be deprived of silence during these June days?

Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were given before a crowded audience, on the 10th, at St. Martin's Hall, by Mr. Hullah and his First Upper Singing School; being the eighth and last of a series of subscription concerts.

Classical Chamber Concerts, chiefly of piano-forte music, abound as usual in London. Among the different series recently in progress were those of Mrs. John Macfarren, of Mme. Endersohn, of Messrs. Blagrove and Thomas, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, of Mr. W. G. Cousins, of Herr Louis Ries, Mr. Kiallmark, &c.

ITALY.—The *Athenæum* gives the operative plans of the campaign at Naples for the coming season. At San Carlo 28 representations will be given, commencing May 20th, and one new opera will be produced. At Il Fondo sixty performances will be given ere the season closes, Sept. 6, and two new operas produced, one by Giosa, called *Girella*, the other by Serviano, a novice in opera writing, called *Pergolesi*. The same artists are engaged at both theatres, Viola and Fioretti being prime donne, Prudenza and Pardini prime tenori, Colini the baritone, Arite the basso, and Salvetti the buffo.—The same journal adds:

"In a recent letter," says our Neapolitan Correspondent, "I spoke of our new *prima donna*, Signora Fioretti, from whom much was expected. On Thursday, 'I Puritani' was performed at San Carlo. Her singing is admitted to be full of grace, of flexibility, and spontaneity—her voice is limpid, fresh, and of a wide range."—The writer of the above welcome tidings, enters largely into the general decay of music in Naples. How complete this is the Londoner may gather even more clearly from the extract from an epistle of another friend in Italy, competent to speak, who writes about the music in Florence, after having wintered further south. Fancy his describing Signora Beltramelli (Mlle. Bertrando that was) and Signora Lorini (the American lady who appeared last year at our Surrey Opera) as "a Pasta and a Malibran, in comparison with *La Viola*," the last winter's *prima donna* in Naples!—Our Florentine letter speaks in less qualifying phrase of Signor Cresci, a baritone, and Signor Mirate, a *tenore robusto*, dwelling on the latter particularly as a magnificent-looking man, with a fine voice and a good method.

PARIS.—There is a letter in this week's *Gazette Musicale*, signed by M. La Fage—to whom, and to the journal we leave the responsibility—which will be little less provocative to the world of musicians. Let us, however, at once say that we will not believe, till our own ears have heard it, that Signor Rossini has absolutely broken silence! This is said to be the case, "believe it who list," and the breach is described as amounting to six Songs, for a mezzo-soprano voice, which are shortly to be published for a charity,—also a new composition for the horn, beguiled out of the dead composer by M. Vivier. Every musician or lover of music, let him write ever so incredulously of such a tale, may be excused if he feels a tingling of hope that it may prove true. Meanwhile—whether on the principle of the man and wife in the children's weather-houses, who may guess?—M. Meyerbeer is understood to be in a state of dudgeon with his subjects in Paris, and to have vanished thence.

M. Battaille, one of the most consummate artists of his time, is about to leave the Opera Comique. A one-act trifle, "La Clef des Champs," with music by M. Delfès, having Mme. Du Barry for heroine of its story, has just been produced at the same theatre.—At the annual meeting of the *Orphéon*, or gathering of the popular singing-classes held the other day, a popular novelty seems to have been a setting, by M. Gounod, the Director, of La Fontaine's fable, "La Cigale et la Fourmi." "He has written," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "a little musical comedy, as pleasant as the poetical one; arranged his chorus dialogue-wise, and made it be surprised, mock itself, laugh and moralize, in the most natural, and consequently most original fashion possible."

Advertisements.

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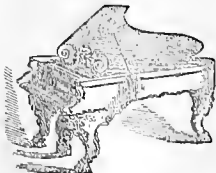
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THE FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can breathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting on some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice;
But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage of both eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

Andrew Marvell.

The Great Handel Festival, Crystal Palace, London.

(From the Times of June 15)

Saturday, June 13.—Full Rehearsal.

The full rehearsal for this grand and unexamined celebration, which, although entirely the work of a society of amateurs (the Sacred Harmonic Society), may be fairly regarded—that society representing the musical taste of England in its noblest and purest expression—as the homage of a great nation to a great man, took place on Saturday morning in the Crystal Palace, before an assemblage of many thousands of persons. For the first time was tested the combined effect of the much-vaunted 2,500 singers and players, in the immense and elaborately constructed orchestra prepared for their reception, and with a space for sound to travel in which no ingenuity could devise the means of enclosing, and which had consequently rendered questionable the wisdom of the experiment when judged

from the point of view of acoustics. Hesitation, nevertheless, was partially checked from the very outset; and as the music went on, and the area gradually filled, the result became less and less uncertain, until finally all doubt was expelled, and the apprehensions preposterously entertained in certain timorous quarters with regard to the possible effects of reverberation on the roof and sides of the building, having altogether vanished, a triumphant success for the Handel Festival was unanimously and confidently predicted.

THE SCENE.

To convey any idea of the sight that unfolded itself to the spectator, in no matter what part of the edifice contiguous to the area he might be situated—whether from the orchestra and the adjacent galleries, looking down upon the multitude below, or from the base of the central transept, gazing up at the orchestra, with its army of musicians of both sexes, backed by the gigantic organ towering to the roof—whether from the organ-loft itself, or from the remotest of the galleries facing it, whence in either instance the eye might comprehend the whole prodigious and variegated picture at a glance—would demand the graphic pen of one who has described the paraphernalia of Imperial consecration with the same vivid eloquence as he has portrayed the evolutions of martial hosts, the array, the incidents, and sanguinary results of battle. We can only say that even those most familiar with the interior of the "Palace made of windows," and under circumstances of the greatest festivity, can form no notion of it, but must await the experience of today to acknowledge that they never beheld the like before. To argue from the incessant circulation which took place during the rehearsal, there was as much anxiety to obtain a series of views as even to judge of the effect of the music. The winding staircases that connect the galleries with each other appeared to distant beholders as though endowed with locomotive power—as if, indeed, they themselves were making, with strange evolutions, the passage from platform to platform, of which they were merely the unconscious instruments under the pressure of living feet. The opportunity of perpetuating so imposing a spectacle was not lost, since, while Mr. Costa was directing the rehearsal of one of the choruses, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, photographers to the Crystal Palace Company, procured, in almost an instant of time, for the stereoscope, a very striking daguerreotype view of the whole orchestra and a great part of the audience, which was subsequently forwarded to Her Majesty the Queen.

THE STAGE.

The orchestra, its aspect, and the method of its construction, have already been described in general terms; but a few brief technical *memoranda* will not be out of place. This really ingenious and novel work of architectural carpentry was not erected by contract (like its costly predecessor at the inauguration of the Sydenham Palace in 1854), but planned and completed by Mr. W. Earee, the company's resident clerk of the works, assisted by the permanent staff of workmen. It occupies a space of 14,784 superficial feet, 168 feet wide, and absorbs 10,102 cubical feet of timber. The weight of the entire structure is about 160 tons. The banks of seats

for the chorus are 23 in number, which, with 9 for the instrumental performers, makes a total of 32. The highest range is 52 feet from the floor of the orchestra, where Mr. Costa, the conductor, and the principal vocalists are stationed. The average curved extent of each range of seats is 160 feet. This huge mass of timber is supported by "uprights," with a scantling of 5 inches by 5, and diagonal braces 4 inches by 1½. The whole framework is distributed in squares of 8 feet, "centre and centre."

THE ORGAN.

The organ, erected for the occasion by Messrs. Gray and Davison, (who also built the instrument for the last Handel commemoration, which took place in 1834, at Westminster Abbey,) covers an area of 42 by 26 feet, and is supported by a platform of enormous strength and solidity. Some description of this magnificent instrument—of which Saturday's experience, under the hands and feet of Mr. Brownsmith, organist to the Sacred Harmonic Society, more than confirmed the favorable anticipations—has already been given in *The Times*, accompanied by a catalogue of its stops, &c. Any attempt at a technical analysis of its mechanical construction, or even at an abstract appreciation of its merits, would be out of place in the columns of a newspaper not exclusively devoted to such matters; but we may afford space for a short extract from a pamphlet evidently written by an accomplished connoisseur, and which enters at great length into the peculiar claims of the new instrument to be regarded as one of the most admirable works of English manufacture:—

The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all desirable musical beauty with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it is specially destined to bear in this great commemoration; and, should the result be pronounced successful, it is presumed that the very unusual difficulties to which the instrument is subjected will be felt to proportionately enhance the credit due to its constructors. On an occasion when all the preparations are on so vast a scale it will be naturally concluded that the festival organ must be, even in the obvious and external sense, a very large instrument. In this particular it is highly probable that the spectator will at a first glance be disappointed. The prodigious dimensions of the transept of the Crystal Palace, dwarfing to all but insignificance every single object it encloses, operates of course, in greatly diminishing the apparent magnitude of the organ. The reader has been elsewhere informed that the orchestra prepared for this occasion 'alone covers considerably more space than is found in any music hall in the kingdom;' and similarly he may be assisted to estimate the space occupied by the organ if told that it stands on more ground than that allotted to most ordinary houses. Its width is 40 feet by a depth of 30. He will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive how by any possibility a musical instrument can require all these 1,200 superficial feet of standing room, and be tempted to set it down as a piece of display—an attempt to impose on him by the mere appearance of magnitude. A few simple facts will, however, convince him that these arrangements are controlled by a necessity passing all show. When he is told that this organ contains 4,510 sounding pipes, varying in size from 32 feet in length, with a diameter sufficient to easily admit the passage of a stout man's body, to less than 1 inch in length, with the bore of an ordinary quill; that, in order to place these 4,510 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are required (many of these being complete machines in themselves, and separate members of which, if reckoned as in the process of manufacture, would at least quintuple the number;) that all these 11,310 sounding and working

parts require such a disposition and arrangement that each one may be more or less easily accessible for those occasions of adjustment which must frequently arise in so complicated an instrument; and, finally, that the entire mass before him weighs nearly 50 tons, he will scarcely fail to perceive that the space is economically rather than ostentatiously occupied, and will, moreover, be enabled perhaps to understand some of those points often deemed mysterious with regard to large organs in general—such, for example, as their cost and the time occupied in their manufacture.

Internally the Crystal Palace organ is beyond doubt a very large instrument. Although the number of its pipes is for many reasons a very fallacious test, when applied to the power and capability of such an instrument, it may be well to state that in this respect it considerably exceeds the world-famous organ at Haarlem—the total number of pipes in the latter being 4,088, while, were the two placed side by side in the Crystal Palace orchestra, the difference in point of power would be still more remarkable. The performer has, at his disposal four complete rows of keys, each having a compass of 58 notes, and each commanding a distinct department of the instrument. He has also a set of 'pedals'—a key-board played by his feet, in fact—by means of which he calls forth the ponderous basses necessary to support the general harmony.

GETTING SEATED AND BEGINNING.

But to return to the rehearsal. The mere preliminary of getting 2,500 vocal and instrumental performers in their places without confusion would, it was very naturally imagined, involve a labor of no ordinary difficulty; but so efficient were the precautions adopted, and so easy the means of ingress and egress, that the feat was accomplished without a single misunderstanding. At 11 o'clock, the hour appointed for beginning, every singer and every player was stationed in the spot assigned, while every instrument and every music book was at the immediate disposal of the owners. This shows how much, with how little pains and in how short a time, can be effected by simple regulations and strict discipline. The regulations were due to the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the superintendence of their untiring agent, Mr. Robert Bowley; the discipline proceeded from the moral control of Mr. Costa, to the exercise of which he owes no little of the influence both social and professional that has invariably attached to his position. The generalissimo, whose duty was to marshal and review the harmonious host assembled at the mighty name of Handel, was (as usual) to the minute at his post. The cheers and acclamations that greeted him, not only from the crowds that peopled the area and galleries, but from his own forces, anxiously awaiting the first gyrations of his familiar wand, testified to the popular deference he has won through his own perseverance, and the conviction that he was born to sway, and not to serve. For a moment Handel himself, the Crystal Palace, and all that it contained were forgotten in Mr. Costa; but when—after the overture to the *Messiah* had been performed (in which the amazing force of stringed instruments almost bewildered the hearer favorably enough situated to catch the entire volume of sound)—the first strains of that majestic chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," were led off by the altos, answered by the trebles, and the whole measure of harmony filled simultaneously up by tenors and basses, Handel resumed his sceptre, and from that instant remained undisputed monarch of the day.

REHEARSING "THE MESSIAH."

Several choruses from the first and second parts of the *Messiah* were gone through, and, among others, "For unto us a child is born," "He is the King of Glory," and "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers,"—all of which (and they are very different in character) produced a marked sensation. But from the sublime "Hallelujah" most was expected, and the greatest results were obtained. The weight and sonority of the numberless bass voices, in unison, on the passage, "He shall reign for ever and ever," which forms one of the counter-themes of this transcendent hymn, were marvellous; and when—at the end of the progression (so wondrous from its combined simplicity and grandeur,) in which the trebles hold out a succession of long-sustained notes, from D up to G—the entire force of voices and instru-

ments united in giving emphasis to the chord which leads to the resumption of the original key, the effect was nothing short of stupendous. It is worthy of remark that, "great as was the company of" singers and players, their efficiency was not only preserved in passages where they are employed on plain harmony, but just as much where the working of two themes in conjunction renders the acquisition of clearness and precision a task of much more difficulty. There was not the slightest evidence of hesitation from beginning to end. We have one observation to make, however, in a more critical spirit. It may be absolutely necessary, under the conditions of such a performance in such a place, and with such a host, to take the "Hallelujah" and other choruses slower than the composer meant, but it is assuredly not necessary to depart from his intentions without some beneficial result to sanction the liberty. Now, no such result, but the contrary, is derived from the *pianissimo*, upon which Mr. Costa insists, at the commencement of the chorals "For unto us a child is born," and as far on as to the passage on the words "wonderful—counsellor—the mighty God—the everlasting Father—the Prince of Peace." There is no warrant for such a reading. The proclamation of the birth of a Saviour is not made in a whisper, as if it were a secret perilous to disclose, but in accents of exultation, conveying the joy and gratitude of the nations at their delivery. An abstract musical effect may, perhaps, be attained by the sudden burst upon the word "wonderful," after a long continuance of underbreath singing, but it is an effect wholly independent of the words. Handel has given appropriate significance to the exclamation by putting the voices in full harmony and reinforcing them with the whole strength of the orchestra. But we protest here against this reading chiefly because it fails, under the actual circumstances, to achieve the point contemplated. Where we were placed during the performance of "For unto us a child is born," almost the whole of that part which precedes the exclamation, "Wonderful!" was lost. We could not hear the trebles give out the theme, nor the tenors answer them, nor the altos respond to the tenors, nor the basses join the altos with their florid divisions. Nor was the counter-theme, introduced by the tenors ("And the government shall be upon His shoulders"), distinctly audible; or, indeed, anything until the arrival of the *fortissimo* on the word "wonderful," which was the first indication to many not intent upon the movements of the conductor's stick that any singing or playing was going on.

"JUDAS MACCABEUS."

After the *Messiah* several choruses from *Judas Maccabæus* were rehearsed, and to such good purpose as to encourage the belief that Wednesday's performance will be as musically attractive as any. Among others must be noted as particularly successful the pathetic lamentation of Matathias—"Mourn ye afflicted children"—with whom this noble oratorio is inaugurated; "Disdainful of danger," and "We never will bow down," both masterpieces of energetic choral declamation; and, last and best, the magnificent "Fallen is the foe," at the opening of Part II., which even the composer of the *Messiah* and *Israel* has never surpassed. "See the conquering hero comes," (appropriated by Handel himself from the oratorio of *Joshua*), and the march that follows it, so picturesque and full of character, were also among the pieces tried, and were listened to with eager attention by the audience, which at this period had swelled into a veritable multitude—greatly in favor, by the way, of the musical effect. The rehearsal of *Judas* was rendered additionally agreeable by the appearance of two of the principal solo-singers, Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves—the former of whom sang the recitative and air, "Oh Liberty," and the latter the fiery war song of Judas—"Sound an alarm." These highly esteemed artists were received with due honors. The reception accorded to Mr. Sims Reeves, however, both by the orchestra and the audience, was overwhelming; and this, no doubt, urged him to unwonted enthusiasm, since on no previous occasion

have we heard him sing, either "Sound an alarm" or anything else, with such splendid energy and dramatic power, (for the air in question is dramatic to all intents and purposes). It was surprising no less than gratifying to witness so lively an impression produced by our English tenor, after the unwonted display of choral grandeur that had gone before. Not the least interesting feature in the performance of *Judas Maccabæus* will be the extra orchestral accompaniments supplied by the experienced pen of Mr. Costa, of the merits of which—as they were doubtless written with a special view to the dimensions of the Crystal Palace—we shall not pretend to judge until we hear them in a more circumscribed arena.

"ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

After the interval of an hour—during which Mr. Staples and his numerous staff were busily employed, and apparently to the satisfaction of every one who had recourse to their aid—the vast orchestra, (which had been emptied with great expedition), was once more tenanted—the same order and precision being observed as at the commencement of the rehearsal. Several pieces, chiefly choral, from *Israel in Egypt* were now tried, including the opening chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed;" "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies;" "He gave them hailstones;" "He sent a thick darkness;" "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt;" "He led them through the deep;" "But the waters overwhelmed them;" "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become, (as Handel has accented it), glorious in power;" "The people shall hear;" and the "Horse and his rider." For more reasons than one the choruses from *Israel* were the most satisfactory essays of the morning. This astonishing work—the choral masterpiece of Handel, composed the same year as *Saul*, just after his failure as manager of the Italian Opera, when he was honorably bent upon defraying the debts he had incurred, and in the incredibly brief space of 27 days!—or rather so much of it as was given on Saturday, has never before been heard to such advantage. The well-known "Hailstone" chorus literally "electrified" the audience, who, forgetting it was only a rehearsal at which they were presiding, insisted with such unanimous perseverance upon a repetition, that, in order to obtain silence, and be enabled to proceed with his duties, Mr. Costa was compelled to accord his assent, and so the piece was gone through again, to the great delight of all present. The double choruses in which *Israel in Egypt* abounds came out with extraordinary power. But—which was still more gratifying—the two pieces where false or wavering intonation had almost passed into a tradition, or at least been overlooked as inevitable, "He sent a thick darkness" and "The people shall hear," were sung by the multitude of voices perfectly in tune from end to end. Nevertheless, we must again object to the accomplished Neapolitan conductor's reading of a very important point. We allude to the termination of the choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness," which was robbed of its awfully impressive character by slackening the time on the words "which might be felt," and especially by dwelling longer than the composer has indicated on the monosyllable "be." This imparted a theatrical character to one of the most solemn passages in the whole of *Israel*—the least theatrical and most severely uncompromising of all the oratorios of Handel. Solo singers will take such liberties, and no one can prevent them; but we should regret to see the system even tolerated, much more inculcated, in choirs that have to deal with sacred music. Another of the principal singers—Miss Dolby—came forward at this period of the rehearsal, and tried, with eminent success, the peculiar and not over-grateful air, "Their land brought forth frogs." Much disappointment was felt that the famous duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," was not rehearsed by Herr Fornes and Mr. Weiss, who were both present, and whose fine voices every one was anxious to hear.

First Day.—Monday, June 15.

[From the Times of the 16th.]

The success of the first performance, which took place yesterday—beginning at 1 o'clock and terminating at 5—far surpassed expectation. Long previous to the commencement of the oratorio a brilliant company had assembled, and the Crystal Palace, from end to end—the nave and courts and galleries, the terraces outside, and the gardens beneath the terraces—was alive with visitors anxious in anticipation for the musical treat to come. Before the appointed hour the majority of the numbered places in the central transept were occupied, and the adjacent blocks of seats in the north and south naves were tenanted soon after. The galleries, more remote and less easy of access, had been filled earlier, so that when the principal singers entered the orchestra, and Mr. Costa (who was loudly greeted) had taken his place in front of the conductor's desk, there were not many vacant spots to dwell upon. Not that the crowd was inconvenient. On the contrary, the fact that Her Majesty the Queen had intimated her intention of presiding at the performance of *Judas Maccabæus* on Wednesday no doubt kept all those away who would be likely to attend such a celebration in obedience to fashion and an appetite for show, rather than for love of music and reverence for the name and memory of the greatest of sacred composers. There were thousands enough present, however, to realize anything that had been predicted of the splendor of the scene. The weather was superb, the sky unclouded as in the sunniest Italian landscape, and the interior of the Palace looked nothing short of enchanting. A prospect was revealed, indeed, which dazzled the eye of the beholder, and suggested the idea of some gigantic kaleidoscope, peopled with multitudinous objects in every variety of form and color. It is unnecessary to attempt a new description of a scene so closely resembling that we endeavored to portray in the notice of Saturday's rehearsal—and the more so since whatever remains to be said will derive additional weight and interest when embodied in the report of tomorrow's proceedings, which, as we have stated, are to be graced with the presence of Royalty. Moreover, the first day of the Handel Festival belongs of right to Handel, whose immortal *Messiah* was given in such a manner and with such a prodigality of resources as may justly be styled unprecedented. * * *

An immense crowd of people were collected outside the building, and remained there throughout the entire performances. They were certainly not unrewarded, for during the choruses the peal of voices seemed to swell from the building and fill the air as though the Palace itself was a vast organ. The Hallelujah chorus could be distinctly heard nearly half a mile from Norwood, and its effect, as the sound floated on the wind, now high now low, was impressive beyond description, and sounded as if a nation was at prayers.

The change determined on at the rehearsal in the position of the choristers, by means of which the female singers were all brought together in front of the organ and were conspicuous from every point, not only afforded an agreeable relief to the eye, but added materially to the effect of the music. The different choral parts being now well balanced, the thunder of the men's voices no longer overpowered the more mellifluous tones of their fair companions and fellow-laborers. Another desirable improvement was achieved by the establishment of screens at the back and sides of the orchestra, through which contrivance the sound, instead of escaping into the empty galleries and corridors in the immediate neighborhood of that enormous amphitheatre of timber, was thrown directly upon the area devoted to the audience. Among other objects in the orchestra that attracted general interest were a portrait, a bust, and a full-length statue (in marble) of the great musician in whose honor this festival was instituted. The portrait, hung in front of the organ, was the one painted from life by Denner, which Handel bequeathed to his

amanuensis, John Christopher Smith, whose lineal descendant, Lady Rivers, recently made a gift of it to the Sacred Harmonic Society. It is said, on good authority, to be one of the best likenesses extant. The statue on the right, for which Handel sat, (also in possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society), is by Roubillac. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, affirms that this statue laid the foundation of Roubillac's fame in England. It was his first great work; and it is worth noting that his last was Handel's monument in Westminster Abbey. A cast of it has been forwarded by the Sacred Harmonic Society to Berlin, for the statue to be erected at Halle (the birthplace of the composer) at the centenary commemoration in 1859, upon which a Berlinese sculptor, favored by His Prussian Majesty, is busily engaged. The bust, on the left, is cast from one belonging to the musical collection in the Royal Library at Berlin. The name of the artist is unknown.

PERFORMANCE OF "THE MESSIAH."

The performance, as we have suggested, was wonderfully successful. The greatest effects, it may readily be imagined, the extent and peculiarities of the arena being taken into consideration, were produced by the choruses, of which the *Messiah* affords so astonishing a variety. All of these "went" more or less well, while some surpassed in grandeur of tone, precision, and unanimity, anything we can call to mind. The most irreproachable were naturally those in which the occurrence of florid passages is least frequent, and broad and massive harmony is the prominent characteristic. The very first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," at once disclosed the signal advantage gained by the new disposition of the female voices. The trebles more particularly, which at times were scarcely audible during rehearsal, now came out with penetrating clearness. "And He shall purify the sons of Levi" is one of those choral pieces abounding in florid divisions, and here there was a good deal of occasional unsteadiness, especially (strange enough, their depth and solidity of tone considered,) among the basses, which, swinging to and fro, were only prevented from going astray by the marvellous decision of Mr. Costa's beat. "For unto us a child is born" was perfect. Mr. Costa (calculating, no doubt, from the experience of Saturday's rehearsal) discarded the "pianissimo" at the commencement; and thus the advent of the Messiah was declared in accents of becoming exultation. The grand burst—"Wonderful! Counsellor!"—lost nothing by this, but rather gained, since a moment's reflection must convince any one of the absurdity of uttering the preceding words—"His name shall be called"—in a tone scarcely audible, while the close of the annunciation—"Wonderful! Counsellor!"—the name itself—is shouted with the utmost possible loudness. The audience, moved to enthusiasm by so fine a performance, redemanded it obstreperously; and their applause continued until the pastoral symphony had been played half way through; but the conductor was inexorable, and resolutely declined to interrupt the course of the oratorio, for which he is entitled to the thanks of all discreet persons. After "His yoke is easy," the orchestra dispersed, the majority of the audience imitated their example, and eating and drinking were the order of the day.

Nearly all the superb choruses in Part II—the Passion, the contemplation by man of the heavenly power, the persecution of the Gospel teachers, and the triumph—were admirably given, the only evidence of indecision being observed in "All we like sheep," last but one of that magnificent chain of choral movements, inaugurated with such heart-rending pathos in "Surely he hath borne our griefs." Here again we had most frequently to complain of the basses, who were also now and then unsteady during the majestic fugue, "He trusted in God," in other respects faultless. The "Hallelujah" (during which, according to traditional custom, the whole assembly remained standing) was grand beyond description. To be brief, no less can be said of the astounding chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," with which the oratorio

terminates. The "Amen" was equal in all respects to the "Hallelujah," and constituted a fitting climax to one of the most impressive and exciting performances ever heard of the *Messiah*. The instrumental orchestra distinguished itself honorably throughout. The fugue in the overture and the fugal symphonies in the final chorus brought out the strength and quality of the violins with surprising effect; and the accompaniments were played with a delicacy and precision worthy of all praise.

By the side of the chorus the solo singers, in such a place and under such circumstances, could hardly be expected to shine to much advantage. The florid airs were, of course, the least distinctly audible, and consequently the least effective. Thus Madame Clara Novello produced a far better impression in "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than in "Rejoice greatly;" Mr. Sims Reeves obtained his greatest successes in "Comfort ye my people" and "Thou shalt break them;" Miss Dolby pleased most in "He was despised," and Herr Formes in "The people that walked in darkness." Two of the bass songs, however, "Why do the nations?" (Mr. Weiss), and "The trumpet shall sound" (Herr Formes), made, we are at a loss to explain why, exceptions to the rule. In the last the trumpet-playing of Mr. T. Harper called for unqualified eulogy. At the same time, it must be added, all these accomplished artists sang their very best, and used every effort to do honor to the great commemoration in aid of which their services had been called into requisition, often triumphantly vanquishing the obstacles presented by the unaccustomed dimensions of the arena in which they were exhibiting, and extorting the warmest applause from the audience. What, however, after such choruses as "Hallelujah," and some dozen others, delivered from the united throats of 2,000 singers, can reasonably be expected from one solitary voice—soprano, tenor, contralto, or bass?

We should have mentioned that the oratorio was preceded by the National Anthem, the principal solos being sung by Madame Novello.

The audience dispersed with as much order as they had assembled.

Second Day.—Wednesday, 17th.

The second of these great commemorative festivals was given to-day, in the presence of her Majesty, with a grandeur and success which left nothing to be wished for either on the part of its promoters or the public. There was no hitch either by rail or road, no apologies or excuses at the eleventh hour; even the weather was favorable, and the arrangements both within and without the building were perfect and thoroughly carried into effect. From first to last there occurred nothing which could detract from the *clat* of the day, or lessen its claims to be considered as one which must ever form a conspicuous era in our musical annals. * * *

Her Majesty and the Royal party arrived at the private entrance a few minutes before 1 o'clock. After a delay of a few minutes, the Queen, accompanied by the Grand Duke Maximilian, and followed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, his Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and suite, proceeded to the Royal balcony, which had been handsomely fitted up in the north corner of the transept immediately facing the orchestra. As the Queen approached, a buzz of expectation ran through the vast assemblage, which rose by a simultaneous movement, clapping hands, and waving hats and handkerchiefs with such enthusiasm, that even the Queen, though well used to cordial receptions from her subjects, seemed completely moved, and curtsied repeatedly in acknowledgment of the welcome. Ere this burst of loyalty had quite subsided, the grand strains of the National Anthem pealed through the building in massive sounding notes which made the very floors and pillars vibrate as though rustling with a heavy wind. When its solemn cadence had completely died away there was another outbreak of applause, not so much of course for the National Anthem (though magnificently given) as for the august lady in whose honor it was sung.

As the audience settled themselves into their places, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the photographers of the Crystal Palace, took a beautiful photograph of the whole scene, making the Royal box its centre. It was a perfect likeness, and so well and quickly done that copies of it were printed, framed, glazed, and laid before the Royal party before the first portion of the oratorio had concluded. The spot from which it was taken was the gallery over the organ, whence perhaps the finest *coup d'œil* which the festivals of this country have ever shown was presented. Immediately beneath

was the great organ, like a cathedral of music, with every tower and pinnacle of its vocal frame sending forth a volume of sound amid which even 2000 human voices were almost lost. Round this, in a vast amphitheatre came the chorus—Costa lowest of all, with pale and earnest face, singing in conscientious love every note of the music he regulated; while below the orchestra, again, was ranged the brilliant mass of visitors, rank on rank, like the divisions of an army of old, all richness, pomp, and color. These features alone would have made it a prospect on which the memory would dwell, but when to it are added the tiers of close-filled galleries, rising high and spreading wide—the noise of the chorus as “with the hiss like rustling winds” they rose to volume forth, “Sing unto God,” the Royal visitors all beating time, and watching every note, and the solemn anxiety of attention which seemed to reign over all—it was grand and impressive beyond all powers of description.

“JUDAS MACCABEUS.”

The execution of *Judas Maccabæus*, to the surprise of amateurs, was on the whole even better than that of the *Messiah*. The music being less familiar to the generality, perhaps caused the singers and players to be more on their guard, and more anxiously careful in taking up the points; but, whatever the reason, the result was as we have stated. A vast improvement was also noted in the effect produced by the solo voices, and this may be traced to the fact that there was a much larger crowd in the area and south nave—the galleries, affording a less favorable view of the Royal box and its distinguished tenants, having been partially deserted for the seats below. Madame Novello's clear and penetrating voice was heard to much better advantage in the National Anthem; and her high “B flat,” which was the town-talk after the inauguration of the Crystal Palace three years since, again excited admiration.

The oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*, although it must not be compared with the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, is still one of the greatest compositions of Handel. The twelfth of the nineteen works of the same class written by the illustrious musician in this country, it was planned and completed in the short space of one month, (when Handel was in his 61st year,) and performed at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st of April, 1747, with great success. One of its principal charms is the variety which the nature of the book suggested to the composer. This enabled Handel to break repeatedly from the bonds in which he was held by the insipid muse of Dr. Thomas Morrell, and soaring on the wings of genius, to make the world forget the dullness of the poet in the greatness of the musician. The three parts into which the oratorio is divided are happily contrasted—the prevalence of pathetic music in the first, of heroic in the second, and of jubilant in the third, stamping each with a certain characteristic individuality of which the composer successfully availed himself. * * *

In the overture, one of Handel's most spirited orchestral preludes, the fugue was led off and responded to by the violins and other stringed instruments with wonderful precision. The opening chorus (lamentation for the father of Judas), so sublime in its expression of grief, was remarkably well given, and the subdued under-tone of the voices on the words, “is no more,” in beautiful relief. Equally good was its companion in musical pathos, “For Zion lamentation make,” which, besides its very striking progression of harmony, contains a phrase bearing a close resemblance to “Behold the Lamb of God,” in the *Messiah*. The choral supplication, “O, Father, whose Almighty power,” was highly impressive, and the basses seemed determined to expiate their rare shortcomings on the occasion of the first performance. The fugue, to which the words, “And grant a leader bold and brave,” is set, was everywhere pointed and accurate. In this chorus, and in several others, Mr. Costa has introduced brass instruments, often with great felicity and effect, but at times, we think, too lavishly.

The other choruses in the first part were sung in very satisfactory style, “We come, we come” (in the same key as “He gave them hailstones,” from *Israel*, and in some points bearing a strong similarity to that wonderful piece); “Lead on, lead on,” and “Disdainful of danger”—short, bold, and vigorous illustrations of the same sentiment, and appearing in bold relief after the solemn character of what precedes them—were all effective. But still better was the final chorus, “Hear us, O Lord,” which embodies simultaneously, and with infinite grandeur, the sentiment of religious faith and the enthusiasm of martial ardor. Mendelssohn evidently had this very fine composition in his mind when he wrote the noble and ingenious chorus in *St. Paul*, “Oh, great are the depths.” The first part of the oratorio could not have terminated with more splendid effect.

After the usual interval, which her Majesty the Queen and her faithful subjects devoted, we believe, to much the same object—that of refreshment, the second part of *Judas Maccabæus* commenced majestically with one of the most superb and dramatic of all the choruses of Handel—“Fallen is the foe.” In this grand inspiration the author of the *Messiah* has displayed the singular faculty he possessed of seizing hold and developing any marked idea that might be presented to him through the medium of no matter what kind of poetry. Dr. Morell (happily) has refrained from treating the subject at any length.

His allusions to the victory of Judas, and the destruction of the enemy, are comprised in a not very transcendent couplet:—

“Fall'n is the foe; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
“Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.”

That is all. But it was enough for Handel, and helped him to contrive a masterpiece—a musical poem of astonishing and varied power. The only objection we have to make to Mr. Costa's additions here is that he has filled up the intervals in that remarkable passage where the voices reiterate the word “Fall'n,” three times, in an underbreath, the mysterious effects of which cannot but be injured by any interpolation. In this, and in the tuneful and beautifully harmonized choral piece which chimes in with the duet, “Sion now her head shall raise,” the multitude of singers earned nothing but laurels. The high note (A) of the trebles and altos, sustained during two bars, on the word “harp,” was nothing short of thrilling. The pathetic chorus, “Ah, wretched Israel” (where the Jews are in despair at the approach of Antiochus) would have been irreproachable, but for the substitution of loud for soft in the concluding passage, which violated Handel's meaning without improving him.

The finest choral performance of the day, however, and one of the finest probably ever listened to, was that of the glorious and magnificent “We never, never will bow down,” (in which, by the way, Mr. Costa has employed the brass instruments with powerful and legitimate effect.) The sublime progression of harmony in the major key—on the words, “We worship God and God alone”—the bass of which is afterwards treated, with extraordinary ingenuity, as a plain song (“*canto fermo*”) combined with an independent fugue—was delivered with astounding force; and from that point to the climax the choir seemed to accumulate power. The audience, to use a familiar phrase, were completely “carried away” by this wonderful performance, the most perfect and the most impressive that, up to this moment, has distinguished the Handel Festival. The applause was tumultuous.

In the third part the most striking point was the well-known “See the Conquering Hero comes,” which was capitally performed, and re-demanded with even greater vehemence than “For unto us a Child is born,” on Monday. Mr. Costa, however—consistent to the wise principle he would seem to have adopted—proceeded with the march, heedless of the uproar behind him. The audience continuing obstinate, however, and evidently indisposed to submit even to a wholesome despotism, the conductor turned to gallery in which the Queen was seated, as if for counsel how to act. The matter was briefly settled; her Majesty, appearing to entertain the same wish as that which had been unanimously expressed by her subjects, conveyed a signal of assent, and the favorite chorus was repeated. The “Hallelujah,” which brings the oratorio to an end—Handel's least important composition of its class—was given in a style worthy of the rest, and appropriately terminated this remarkably fine performance.

The principal singers, as we have hinted, were far more successful than on Monday, and for the reason already suggested. The chief honors of the day were awarded—and justly awarded—to Mr. Sims Reeves, who delivered the three trying airs, “Call forth thy powers,” “How vain is man,” and “Sound an alarm,” in a manner we have never heard surpassed by any singer. As an example of florid execution, “How vain is man” was absolutely faultless, while the two great war songs were masterpieces of vocal declamation. The impression made upon the crowd was commensurate with the perfection of the singing, and at the conclusion of each piece Mr. Reeves was honored by a burst of applause as unanimous as it was enthusiastic. Miss Dolby was next entitled to commendation. Nothing could be more purely devotional than her “Pious orgies,” nothing more correct and artistic than her “Father of Heaven,” while in whatever concerted music she took part she equally excelled. The sopranos, Mme. Novello and Mme. Rudersdorf, both had their triumphs—the former in the air, “From mighty kings,” from which she discreetly omitted all the antiquated shakes; the latter in “Wise men flattering,” which obtained immense applause. Mr. Montem Smith acquitted himself ably as second tenor; and the bass music was divided between Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss—the recitative and air, “Arm, arm, ye brave,” being the distinguishing effort of the German, while “The Lord worketh wonders” gained much credit for the English singer. This improvement in the vocal solos (or rather, perhaps, in the effect they produced) was not the least gratifying incident of the day.

After “Judas Maccabæus,” (at the Queen's desire, if we are rightly informed,) the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung, her Majesty and the whole assembly standing. The third verse, “Oh, enter then His gates with praise,” was given in unison by the united voices of the 2,000 choristers. A more grand and impressive effect cannot be imagined. Haydn and M. Berlioz, the musical antipodes of each other, would have gone into extasies about this performance, just as they did about the charity children in St. Paul's Cathedral.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

The Musical Festival at Philadelphia.

Five days of rest and recreation, of happiness and peace, taken from the daily routine of hurry

and business; five days of song, of music, and of joyful sensation; not the gathering of a few idlers, which the crowd pass by without notice, or with mingled feelings of contempt and pity, but of thousands of foreign and native citizens, whose performances are sanctioned and complimented by the press, and participated in by the public officers of the city. Such was the German Festival of Music at Philadelphia.

It is evident that these German Festivals are hereafter to occupy a prominent place in American society; and it is this immediate contact with the masses that can alone plant and develop the germ of the beautiful and grand in the minds of high and low, and place the Festival above all other musical events in this country. Nor should we attribute the importance of these festivals, and their influence upon society, alone to the fact that the musical performances are on a larger scale than usual. For what is the use of performing the master-works of musical art with a large body of talented artists, even for several days consecutively, if done only for the few? It is for this reason that, in England, where the prices of admittance to musical festivals is exorbitant, their imagined refining influence upon society has become a dead letter. So long as the national and social character is not preserved in them, they become simply concerts for those who, by their position and intellectual ability, need them least.

But if, on the one hand, this view forms in our opinion a most essential part of these festivals, on the other, we must not lose sight of the musical character. The music should be such as to suit the masses who live in the present, and not in a past age; it ought to be grand and edifying, but, at the same time, in spirit, character, and treatment, popular; the performances ought to be dignified and painstaking: in short, as good as possible. We are sorry to say that, in this respect, the late Festival in Philadelphia did not meet our expectations, while in all others it was a decided success.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

The Festival commenced on the thirteenth of June, the very day when the comet was expected to make his appearance. Although he was especially invited by the singers, in a very amusing poem, published in their *Album*, of all the invited guests he alone failed to appear. The enemies of the Festival said it was because he thought himself sufficiently represented by the singing, while the members said that he was reminded in time of the old saying of the German poet, which was inscribed upon the walls:

“Where they sing, there rest in peace,
For bad people have no songs.”

Nearly the whole day was consumed in preparing for the reception of the singers. These were from Alexandria, Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Easton, Harrisburg, Hartford, Hoboken, Newark, New York, New Haven, Reading, Richmond, Trenton, Washington, Williamsburg, Wilmington, and Philadelphia; in all, 54 societies, numbering 1505 members.

The singers and guests were received with a cannon-salute from the wharf, and escorted with a band of music to Independence Square, where the Philadelphia singers welcomed them with a song composed especially for the occasion, the opening words of which, “Friends, brethren, be welcome to our circle,” made a very deep and hearty impression. After this, a long torch-light procession was formed, with banners and military bands at the head of each society, which proceeded to Jayne's Hall, from the balcony of which rockets and mighty cheers were sent forth, as soon as the singers came in sight. The crowd through which the procession passed was immense; however, no disturbance of its ranks took place.

Jayne's Hall was fitted up very appropriately. Outside, in front, was a splendid transparency, representing Apollo crowning with laurels the Goddesses of Music, Art and Science; but what pleased us more was, the decoration of the interior—not so much on account of the tables extending the whole length of the hall, and bountifully covered with a collation for the entertain-

ment of the visitors, but on account of the inscriptions on the walls, representing, in chronological order, the names of the most eminent musicians since the year A. D. 333, thus giving an epitome of the whole history of music. The idea upon which this ornamental decoration was founded was certainly very good, although the design might have been improved by giving not only the names, but also, in large letters, the spirit and character of the different epochs. Other inscriptions from German and English authors were conspicuous, all having special reference to the nature, necessity, and triumphs of music.

Some of these were very appropriate. For instance, Luther's

"He who loves not woman, play, and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long."

And Schiller's

ART.

"To one, she is the heavenly goddess; to the other, a good cow, which has to provide them with butter."

Or the following, for the ideas of which the German Seume was indebted to Shakspeare:

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted."

As soon as all the singers were seated in the hall, the President of the Festival welcomed them; the banners were arranged around the boxes in the rear, from which all their peculiar beauties could be seen; and the supper commenced with that activity, that good humor, and that especial talent for causing its contents to disappear, which, on such occasions, seems to be given to every nation. A peculiar item in this supper was the entire absence of the usual "bier," which was displaced by the more national Rhenish wine from Fatherland. Thus ended the first day, amidst eating, drinking, and singing, and with the utmost confidence in the stability of the world, and the necessity of musical festivals.

SUNDAY.

To the Quaker city, this Sunday presented, doubtless, a strange and unusual aspect. Early in the morning, Chestnut street was thronged with jolly-looking people, (with every variety of ribbons fluttering from their coats), and filled with the sounds of music, wafted by the breeze from Jayne's Hall, where the rehearsal for the concert in the evening took place. The refreshment-rooms, (opened for the first time on the Sabbath), were besieged by an ever-thirsty army of singers. Even the druggists were compelled to open their soda-fountains, which, once opened, knew no closing. Immediately after the rehearsal, the Philadelphians, as the first item on the programme of the day, escorted their guests to the different places of interest in the surrounding country. Very likely, in these different trips, the national beverage was duly patronized; but no evidence of it existed when, upon their return in the evening, the concert commenced.

The hall, on this occasion, was well filled; and although the majority were Germans, a goodly number of Americans were present.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, Fingalshoehle. (Mendelssohn.)—2. The Iron Viper. Oratorio. (Loewe.)—3. Festival Overture. (V. Laehner.)—4. Credo from the Twelfth Mass. (Mozart.)—5. Solo, Angels ever bright and fair. (Handel.) Miss Caroline Richings.—6. Chorus from the Creation. (Haydn.)—7. Duet from the Creation. (Haydn.) Miss C. Richings, and Mr. Ph. Rohr.—8. Hallelujah, from the Messiah. (Handel.)

These pieces were all performed by the Philadelphia societies alone, to whom were added about eighty ladies, and a strong orchestra, the whole under the direction of Mr. Wolsieffer. This latter gentleman is one of the oldest musicians, and the founder of the German singing-societies in Philadelphia. It was probably on account of this circumstance, and the lamentable fact that the Quaker city possesses no better conductor of its own, which led to his appointment—an illustration of that smallness of mind which seems to rule so many public affairs, whether musical or not, in this and other countries. If they had no good conductor in Philadelphia, they were

bound to engage the best they could find elsewhere; and certainly they needed not to go far to have found a superior one, as Mr. Bergmaun was at that time in Philadelphia, conducting the German Opera. The fact of an accomplished leader not being in Philadelphia should never have interfered with the management of a national festival like this. We doubt not Mr. Wolsieffer is a very good musician, but he was a very poor conductor. He lacked conception, energy, and thorough influence upon his singers as well as his orchestra. But what was worse than this, was the programme itself. To have only two orchestral compositions performed, and one of them worn out, and the other scarcely worthy to be worn at all, and then to bring forward an oratorio like *The Iron Viper*, (which of itself illustrates the fact, that even a clever and intelligent author must become tiresome if his artistic actions are entirely ruled by a very old idea), then to sing fragments by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, which have been heard over and over again—all this is certainly very discouraging, and could never have taken place with an intelligent body of men, if party interests had not interfered. We suppose a principal cause of this arrangement in the programme was the desire to have short pieces, and, at the same time, such as would come under the head of sacred music. If it were necessary to select such music on account of the Sabbath, it would have been much better to go to the old Italian masters, whose compositions are less known, and—in point of the strictly religious view, and musical treatment—certainly more sacred than most of the modern so-called church compositions. But, after all, are not the ninth symphony, Berlioz's *Harold*, Schumann's *Paradise and Peri*, or the *Pilgrimage of the Rose*, Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, and a host of other orchestral and vocal compositions, as strictly sacred as any of Mozart's, Handel's, or Haydn's church compositions?

As to the performance of all the numbers of the above programme, the solo pieces gave evidently the most satisfaction and, in some respects, this was quite right. Miss Richings sung her aria (in English) exceedingly well, but spoiled the impression by a very inappropriate alteration at its conclusion. The young lady has a good voice, and what we should call a showy method—which is often not a very reliable one.

MONDAY.

This was a busy day for the singers. There was first a rehearsal at the Academy of Music, and then the long-expected and (by many of the participants) the much-dreaded procession of the singers, with the military escort of honor, to Independence Square, where the Mayor of Philadelphia, Mr. Vaux, welcomed them with a hearty and well-pointed speech. The streets through which the procession marched were crowded, and Independence Square offered a most brilliant display of the thronging multitudes. The Mayor, in his address, alluded to the importance and social influence of these festivals—which, coming from the chief magistrate of the city, was regarded as a very high compliment to the Germans there assembled, and responded to by three hearty cheers. After his address, the singers retired to their headquarters, marching amidst thousands of spectators. The evening concert at the Academy of Music was well attended. We think very few of the admirers of the Italian opera—which, we hear, are more numerous in Philadelphia than any other city in the Union—could have been present, for we could detect the presence of only one opera-cloak, the best representative of fashionable opera-attendance in this country.

The programme consisted of:

1. Overture, Egmont. (Beethoven.)—2. Choral. A Tower of Strength is our God. (Luther.) Sung by all the singers.—3. Glockentöne. Bell Sounds. (Abt.) Baltimore singers.—4. Hymnus. Sixty-seventh Psalm. (J. Otto.) All the singers.—5. On the Rhine. (Kücken.) New York singers.—6. Chorus from the Prophet. Call to Arms. (Meyerbeer.) 1. Jubel Overture. (C. M. Von Weber.)—2. Double Chorus. Water and Wine Drinkers. (Zoellner.) All the singers.—3. Sacred chorals from Euryanthe. (C. M. Von Weber.) Philadelphia singers.—4. Cho-

rus. The American Champion of Liberty. (Wolsieffer.) All the singers.—5. Serenade. (Marschner.) Orpheus, Boston.—6. Pilgrim's Chorals from Tannhäuser. (R. Wagner.) All the singers.

The greatest feature in the performance of this programme was the appearance of the performers, and the stage. When the curtain rose, and the audience beheld the vast array of singers, surrounded by the words of Fatherland, one burst of agreeable surprise and satisfaction filled the room. These fifteen hundred Germans, singing in honor of social harmony and brotherhood, of peace and civilization, presented a very different sight than when the sons of Germania rose from its woods to defend their soil from the invasion of the Romans. Christianity has brought to the grandchildren of those barbarous forefathers a new mission and a new fatherland. It would be of no avail to record all the ideas which the sight of these modern Germans suggested; enough that it was a grand and a most satisfactory sight, repaying for a great many inconveniences which, in a musical sense, made themselves felt during the evening. The New York and Boston singers won the prize. They both were enthusiastically encored, and deservedly so. They showed more spirit, more expression, and also more mechanical skill than the others. Some of the pieces, however, were very little adapted to cause anything but ennui and confusion. The best performance of the united singers was Luther's Choral, which made a very good impression.

TUESDAY.

This was a general holiday for the German population, and participated in by many Americans. From early morning till late in the afternoon, almost every vehicle which could be used was put into requisition to carry the crowd to Lemon Hill, where the pic-nic took place. It was a grand pilgrimage, not to the Holy Land, or in honor of the Holy Church, but in honor of Nature, and the gifts to appreciate its beauties in a social manner. It was, according to all reports, the greatest turn-out Philadelphia ever witnessed. When the singers reached the spot, they found it already fully covered with all representatives of mankind, from the infant to the old man, military men and civilians, singers and lookers on, enthusiasts and cool philosophers, highly jolly fellows and very sober people—all were there, gathered in groups talking, laughing, observing, taking notes, and enjoying themselves, each in his own way. The different singing-societies were scattered over the hill, each under their different banners, occasionally singing or listening to a speech, but oftener drinking out of that musical instrument, (the only one visible), which goes under the familiar name of a horn. We have heard a great many horn-players (Vivier included) who could manage their instruments with a good deal of virtuosity, but that which we saw on this venerable afternoon exceeded anything we ever before witnessed. We met, however, one club where we saw neither banner nor horn, but where, nevertheless, the same virtuosity prevailed. It is said that this gift is peculiar to the majority of the German people. That club (from New York) also gave us some very fine specimens of quartet singing—a treat which was attempted by the other societies so often, that it lost its charm. But, if we were not always pleased, we were, under all circumstances, surprised to hear people sing in general correctly, who had already so severely tried their lungs by the use of their favorite instrument, the horn.

There was, however, one instance, where we listened for a little time with real pleasure. This was, when we came to the quarters of the old Baltimore Quartet, which gave us some very fine specimens of singing Tyrolean airs with the head-registers of the voice, which is called in German *jodeln*. Besides this, we heard many a good word, saw a deal of real fun, and listened to plenty of nonsense; but not in a single instance did we notice any laxity in speech and actions. There was high jolliness, nothing more. We were quite amused at a place where a man exhibited a weighing-machine—an excellent idea, by the way, to take this occasion, where nearly all

had increased their weight by order of the day. There was, therefore, a general satisfaction expressed in these quarters with the exhibitor, especially by those who had taken not less than forty glasses of their favorite beverage. Not less amusing was the sight of some juvenile persons who, evidently not accustomed to so many hours of standing, staring, looking on, and drinking, looked immensely fatigued and worn out, but who nevertheless tried to persuade each other that they had an exceedingly nice time. Fortunately for these, and perhaps also for all concerned, it happened that, when the pic-nic had reached its climax, a thunder-storm made its appearance, which literally cleared the little shadowed hill of all the representatives of mirth and musical festivals. It is said that this was occasioned by an especial prayer of the ladies, who feared that a prolonged stay on the hill would interfere with the necessary preparations for the grand ball, which was to take place the same evening at Jayne's Hall. The Storm-king, glad to please the ladies for once, acquiesced quickly in the desire of the better half of our sex, and when the hour came for the commencement of the ball, all were on hand, presenting a brilliant sight of harmony and pleasure.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning was consecrated to some administrative affairs of the Festival, and the passage of the resolution to hold the next gathering in Baltimore. The afternoon brought all the singers together for the last time to a brilliant banquet, where the same tone, which characterized the whole affair, still prevailed, where some good and a few miserable speeches were made, and where the Festival was brought to a happy conclusion.

Before we can dismiss the subject, we wish to state that this festival has confirmed our belief in the necessity and social importance of these gatherings. At the same time, we cannot help thinking, that still better results would be obtained, if, first, the societies would introduce choruses to be sung by ladies as well as gentlemen; and, second, if parts of the programmes of these festivals were adapted for the consideration and sympathy of the Americans. If by these festivities the two nationalities shall be brought into a closer and more harmonious intercourse, (and we do not acknowledge any higher purpose for them,) then the strictly German character of the affair must be given up.

Miss Victoire Balfe.

The opinion of this young English prima donna, which we copied from the *London News*, is confirmed by the experienced critic of the *Athenæum*, as follows:

It is a bold stroke to bring out a young lady new to the stage at either of our Italian opera-houses in 'La Sonnambula,' since there exists no musical drama more familiar to the English public, or in which the principal character has been sustained by so many artists of the first class. The opera is, further, in itself, difficult for a debutante, because the great scene for the prima donna closing the drama demands that vocal steadiness and force which it is difficult to retain to the last under the anxieties of a first night.—But, whatever might be the hazard of such a challenge, the result of Thursday week justified the ambition, as proving to the public that a new and attractive artist, thoroughly prepared for her profession, is now ready for opera. So satisfactory a first appearance as Miss Balfe's we do not recollect since that of Mlle. Pauline Garcia. Miss Balfe's appearance is singularly pleasing. Her manner on the stage is easy, refined, and naturally dramatic; since no tutoring could have prepared her for the chamber scene, where her sorrow and dismay were expressed with a spontaneous abandonment, intense without exaggeration. Miss Balfe's voice is agreeable and sufficient—a mezzo-soprano, apparently, of about two octaves in compass (from A to A)—as yet expressive rather than powerful, but neither meagre in quality nor

wooden in timbre. It has been trained as few voices are trained now-a-days, and "came out" sound in intonation (a little inevitable emotion allowed for)—sure in the attack of intervals—solid in sostenuto—and brilliant in execution. The scale, ascending or descending, the arpeggio, the shake, seem entirely under Miss Balfe's command. The aria 'Come per me sereno' had been overcharged with ornaments (and, in truth, the song, with its lack-a-daisical pauses and its appoggiature, is good for little, save as a pattern-card to exhibit executive accomplishment),—in not one of which was incompleteness to be detected.—The recitatives were said with feeling; the concerted music was phrased by Miss Balfe in true musical style; the long and trying Lento, 'Ah, non credea,' in the last scene, was given with purity and pathetic expression. In the finale, we fancy that fatigue had to be surmounted, and that more may have been meant for the singer to exhibit than she executed; but the rondo was, nevertheless, so victoriously sung as to close the opera without any falling off. The welcome of Miss Balfe was warm; the applause, as the evening went on, grew warmer and warmer; her reception at last was rapturous. It is not, however, because of this effect produced—because of bouquets and recalls—that we announce the success to have been complete. Such signs may be fallacious, but musical ears cannot be deceived as to musical proficiency,—and the new Amina proved herself to be not a raw scholar, but a real artist, and, as such, made at her outset that step which those for whom allowances must be claimed—albeit the claimants have still the courage to present themselves while they should be at school—too seldom make during a lifetime. Health and strength permitting, Miss Balfe has a brilliant career before her; in particular, we imagine, as a singer of Rossini's operas, since while, for the most part, they demand from the prima donna executive power, musical skill, and charm of tone, they do not call for the compass of a *soprano acuto*, nor the force of a walking trombone.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 4, 1857.

We send this number of our paper forth amid the ringing of bells, the thunder of big cannons, the petulant plague of petty fire-crackers, the blare of numberless brass bands, and all the confusing patriotic noises that make up a celebration of the nation's birth-day. Surely we are bound to be a musical people in due time, since all our ingenuity in public jublations, in the art of general self-amusement exhausts itself year after year in this one form of a vast "Calathumpian" gunpowder Symphony! We take to noise, to *sounding* demonstrations, as a duck takes to water. Stunned with all this glory, with breast full of patriotism, and ears full of "Yankee Doodle" and of "Hail Columbia," what can we have to say, or what report of music as an Art? And verily it is a barren time with us, in respect of music. There may be much good silent planting going on, but there is little open fruit-bearing or reaping. Concerts and operas are scattering and comparatively insignificant.

In the latter field, however, there are still some signs of after-harvesting and gleanings.—Mme. LAGRANGE, we see, commenced this week a series of six more "farewells," in the shape of operatic performances at the New York Academy, with BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c., giving *I Puritani* on Monday, and *Norma* on Wednesday, to large and fashionable houses. Will not this admirable singer give us a chance to *encore* her

farewells here in Boston, too? In Philadelphia the German opera has closed with tempting prospects for another season; they even talk of *Nozze di Figaro*, of *Oberon*, of *Tannhäuser*, as well as of *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*!

But the note-worthiest event in Philadelphia, and in this country, for the fortnight past, has been the Annual German Festival, or *Saenger-Fest*. We could not be there to see and hear, even by vicarious eyes and ears; but deeming the event too interesting and too significant to be omitted in our chronicle of Art, we borrow an intelligent account of the proceedings from the *New York Musical Review*. We fully agree with the writer in the hope that this fine element of the Teutonic nationality will not keep itself too distinct, but will more and more blend with our Americanism, adapting its musical and social manifestations somewhat to our wants and comprehension, infusing its artistic, genial enthusiasm into our lives, and perhaps receiving equal blessings in return.

But fortunately for our own barrenness, what grand reports there come to us from England! The same week, kept by the Germans here, was there dedicate to HANDEL. Two thousand voices, five hundred instruments, with the presence and sympathy of audiences ranging from 11,000 upwards, (the number was expected to be much greater on the second day, when the Queen was present), were engaged on the 15th, 17th and 19th of June in doing homage to a musician and a man, than whom, as the *London Musical World* well says, "No one that ever breathed the air of England—Shakspeare perhaps excepted—has conferred greater benefits on her people." The same paper adds: "Who will venture to assert that the civilized world would not have been worse without the *Messiah*?" This colossal festival, so unprecedented in magnitude, is only experimental and preliminary to still greater things in prospect for the celebration of the anniversary of Handel's death, in 1859. So grand a demonstration was in keeping with the gigantic majesty of Handel's thoughts, and with the spirit of our age; and therefore all will rejoice to hear that so bold an experiment, in spite of all predictions of impracticability, or even of scientific doubts whether such a mass of sound, spread over so much space, could reach the ear at once, even if it all moved as one, proved in the main eminently successful. All the accounts agree in pronouncing it a great success. Some drawbacks, to be sure, are mentioned, such as imperfect hearing of the softer solo passages, and the more complicated choral movements, owing chiefly to the un-acoustic nature of the glass and iron Palace. As matter of history, we have wished to place as full as possible a record of the three days, and (what was in some respects even more interesting) of the last rehearsal, in our columns. We have read several vivid and intelligent reports, but select that of the *Times* upon the whole, as both the fullest and most careful, while it agrees in all essentials with the others. We give to-day reports of the two first days, leaving the third day to our next, when doubtless we shall also get fuller statistics as to numbers of audience, &c. That accounts should differ as to the effect of certain passages and voices, is natural, considering the different localities of hearers in so vast a building. There is some difference, too, of special criticism. One quotes: "When

you want an angel in singing, send for Clara Novello," and praises all she did, as do the most. Another brings this serious charge against England's pattern oratorio singer:

We should have been better pleased, however, had Madame Novello been content to sing the music as Handel wrote it. On the opening day of a great Handel Festival she should have exhibited better taste than to depart so completely from Handel's score. In the air: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," she never, in one single instance, gave the correct music to the words just quoted, but substituted in the latter half of the passage a barbarous innovation of her own.

The Handel Festival was not the only musical event that week in London. Clinging about it were of course many parasites, among which one huge one—Jullien's ten-days Festival at the Surrey Gardens, of which we spoke last week, with troops of famous singers; three oratorios, ("Creation," "Elijah" and the "Seasons,") a Mendelssohn night, a Verdi night, &c., &c., in his imperial, grand Panjandrum way. Then there were the two opera houses. The tenor of our last reports was still kept up—the usual repetitions of the *Troatore* and the *Traviata*; but with one redeeming effort made in rivalry at both houses, namely, the revival of *Don Giovanni*; at the Royal Italian, with Mario and Grisi, and Mlle. Marai as Elvira, and Mme. Bosio, whose Zerlina charmed as it did here in Boston years ago, and Ronconi as the Don, and Herr Formes, Leporello. At Her Majesty's the thing was made more complete than ever before, with restoration of the usually omitted parts, and closer carrying out of all the scenic and dramatic intentions of the poem. Here our old friend, Beneventano, was the Don, who, (the *Times* says), "gives a very gallant representation of the part, makes love and declares war with a full conviction of ultimate victory, and eats his supper with an air of princely independence." The Piccolomini was a fascinating Zerlina. "Never did village coquette nudge, pout, pinch, elbow, sulk, wheedle, or fondle, with more earnestness, more charmingly, or more irresistibly." Mlle. Spezia, as Donna Anna, and Mlle. Ortolani as Elvira, are much praised, and so is Sig. Belletti, as Leporello; but Giuglini, as Ottavio, "did not shine." A good sign was it, that *Don Giovanni* was to be repeated three times during the Handel week.

Next week we hope to glance at music on the Continent. Meanwhile returning home again, to our own barrenness, we are reminded that something is indeed done, as we have before hinted, in the way of *planting*. Planting good seeds, we can but hope. There are more musical schools in operation, perhaps, in the summer than in the winter; at least large schools of native growth, where music, and the art of teaching music, are taught in large classes. We have already mentioned one good beginning in this city, in the "Boston Music School." To-day a friend, at our request, kindly furnishes us with an account of another, conducted in the pleasant village of North Reading, but a few miles back in the green country. Each has its peculiar advantages; that in the country, of cheaper living, retirement, influence of nature, &c.; that in the city, of closer contact with musicians, access to city oratorios and concerts, &c. The conduct of these two schools enlists a large variety of talent, and we wish them both success, in the sincere hope that a true Conservatory of Music may result from one or both of them.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JULY 1.—I believe it is not often that you receive a letter from this place, which is, on the contrary, rather famed for its *unmusicality*, if I may be allowed to coin the word. During many former visits, I have found that it justly merited this unenviable celebrity; but of late, my experience has led me to hope that a brighter day is dawning for "Heavenly music," beneath the noble

elms of this fair city—so fair, indeed, that it is but meet that the Arts should have a home here, and flourish peacefully under the protection of its grand old guardians, East and West Rock, which, like two sleeping monster lions, keep faithful watch on either side of the gem entrusted to their care.

Here, as in so many other places, the first to awaken a sense of this necessity, have been Germans. Three of these, one a professor of drawing and painting, the other two of music, have settled in New Haven within the past few years, and are making the most praiseworthy efforts to cultivate the public taste, and arouse and develop slumbering talent. As a proof of the success which one, at least, of the musicians has met with, I must give you an account of a Soirée which Mr. WEHNER gave last week at a private house, and to only invited guests. The performers were the professor himself on the violin and piano, three of his pupils, (two gentlemen and a young lady), on the latter instrument, an amateur also on the violoncello, and the Quartet choir of Trinity Church. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture—Maggio Flute.Mozart
2. Quartet—Ave Verum.Rossini
3. Elegy—Violin.Ernst
4. Adagio—Piano, Violin and Cello.Haydn
5. Larghetto—2d Symphony.Beethoven
6. Gloria in Excelsis—18th Mass.Haydn
7. Overture—Fidelio.Beethoven
8. Song without Words—Violin.Mendelssohn
9. Trio—Attila.Verdi
10. Trio—Paritaul. Piano, Violin and Cello.Bellini
11. Overture—Oberon.Weber
12. Quartet—O Gloriosa.Lambillotte
13. Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream.Mendelssohn

You will admit that this presents a very respectable array of names, with only a small sprinkling of the common-place in homage to variety of tastes. From the remarks made in my immediate neighborhood, however, I should hardly have supposed this precaution to be necessary. They betokened such appreciation and enthusiasm as to delight the heart of any true music-lover.

The piano performances were all very creditable, although the last two overtures seemed a trifle too difficult for some of the players. The Larghetto of Beethoven was exceedingly well rendered. In his violin solos, Mr. Wehner proved himself a master of his instrument, and played with a truth of feeling which is not often found. The Cello-player was not so good, so that the Adagio of Haydn, otherwise extremely beautiful, was a little marred, as well as cut short by the omission of the cello variation.

The vocal quartet was composed of very fine voices, and gave ample evidence of careful practice and earnest feeling. Its members acquitted themselves admirably throughout, and gave general pleasure by their performances. Of these, I enjoyed most the *Gloria in Excelsis*, by Haydn; but it was the *O Gloriosa* of Lambillotte which was unanimously encored. It is a spirited, finely harmonized work.

This Soirée was only one of a weekly series which takes place during the winter, and if the others are as well attended and as attentively listened to as this one, I think we may be satisfied with the progress of Art in this place. Of the good which their originators are doing, several of Mr. Wehner's, as well as Mr. STÖCKEL's pupils, whom I have met, give ample proof. One of the former is quite an instance of the triumph of genius. Mr. C. is quite a young man, and has been brought up to the trade of a tanner. As far as I know, he has had no early musical instruction whatever, but has only of late years taken up the study of the Divine Art from pure love of it. By devoting every leisure moment to perfecting himself therein, he has acquired a remarkable degree of proficiency, and a refined taste, and continues assiduously to improve himself, without, however, neglecting in the least his daily avocation.

Another pupil of the same master, a young lady, has the reputation of practising fourteen hours a day, but I fear that this is more a sign of indomitable perseverance than of true love for music, which must be lost entirely in the mechanical drudgery which she imposes on herself. Why will not people understand that one hour's practice with the *mind* is better than three of mere finger gymnastics!

I see by the papers that the Mendelssohn Union have performed the "Creation" in New York, and regret very much being obliged to miss it. I should much prefer it if their fourth concert did not come so late in the season. It was so late last year, too; when they gave "Athalia" and the "Walpurgis Night," at just about this time, when also I was out of town.

A Day at North Reading, Mass.

[From a Correspondent.]

Taking one of the early trains which leave the depot of the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, we found ourselves, after a short and agreeable ride through flourishing towns and pleasant villages, at the station, Reading. Already the negro boy, Douglas, was awaiting our arrival, to convey us to our destination, which lies about four miles north of this point. It was one of those lovely mornings of June, of which the poets sing; the fields and meadows were clothed in their most luxuriant garments, the air was harmonious with the warbling of birds, while the fresh, exhilarating atmosphere imparted, as it were, new life and vigor to all around. After a drive of some half an hour through this delightful open country, we discovered just upon the brow of an approaching hill a well-proportioned building of somewhat ancient pretensions, upon the face of which we espied in large letters, the words: "NORMAL MUSICAL INSTITUTE." A few moments brought us to its threshold. Alighting from our vehicle, we were greeted by the welcome faces of Dr. LOWELL MASON and Mr. GEO. F. ROOT. The ground in front of the building was occupied by groups of students, enjoying themselves with various kinds of manly exercises, previous to repairing to the appointments of the day.

The Institute has already been in existence for some years, and originally held its sessions in New York; but latterly North Reading has been chosen as the scene of its labors, probably from the fact that in a quiet and retired spot like this, there is found less to distract one's attention from study, and as also affording better opportunities for those engaged in a particular pursuit to come oftener in contact, an important desideratum to those striving for the accomplishment of the same end. The object of the directors is to furnish means for the instruction and improvement of those persons of both sexes, who already are, or who intend to be, engaged in the work of teaching music, training choirs or classes, or conducting the music of the sanctuary. Opportunity is afforded to those who desire it, to receive private tuition in singing, piano-forte or violin playing—thus enabling them to become qualified for any position they may be called upon to occupy. So widely has the reputation of the Institute extended, that one finds here representatives from nearly every State in the Union, who wend their way hither for the purpose of availing themselves of the advantages offered. The session for this year has but fairly commenced, and already nearly seventy-five persons are enjoying its benefits. In addition to Dr. Mason and Mr. Root, the following persons are engaged as instructors in the various departments: Mr. GEO. J. WEBB as associate in the conduct of the Institute; Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN as private vocal instructor; Mr. NATHAN B. CLAPP as instructor on the piano-forte; Mr. T. I. COOK, of New York, as instructor on the violin; and Messrs. LOOMIS and PERKINS, of the same city, as assistant teachers in different departments of vocal instruction. The daily routine is much after the following manner:

From 8.30 to 9.15—Elementary class in Vocal Training, with particular attention to all that is essential to a correct vocal performance.

From 9.15 to 11.15—Familiar lecture on elementary music, and methods of teaching, including an examination of the true mission of song; its relations to man's creative nature; and the furnishing of teachers with a knowledge of those principles which, having their foundation in nature, shall serve as a sure guide to their future work.

From 11.15 to 12—Advanced class in Vocal Training, Practice of Solfege, style and facility in execution.

From 2.30 to 3.15—Elementary class in Harmony, Formation of chords with their proper progressions.

From 3.15 to 3.45—Teaching exercise, during which time some member of the class assumes the position of teacher, subject to the criticism of the other members. Time is occasionally taken for musical performances by individuals, also subject to the criticisms of the class and teachers.

From 3.45 to 4.20—Advanced class in Harmony, composition and four-part writing. On particular days certain of the above exercises are laid aside for the practice of glees and chorus singing, under the direction of Mr. Webb, whose long experience and excellent qualifications in this department are too well known to need comment. Altogether, the whole plan of arrangement appears to be admirably adapted for the accomplishment of the purposes desired. We could but help noticing the unusual enthusiasm manifested by the students generally, and the great

desire upon their part for the acquirement of knowledge, for the love of it.

The glee and choral performances were quite remarkable, for so large a number brought promiscuously together, and also when we consider that many had taken them up *a prima vista*.

The shades of evening were already gathering fast, as re-seating ourselves in the conveyance of the morning, we commenced our little journey towards the city. Gradually the majestic tones of one of Handel's sublime choruses grew fainter and fainter, until lost in the distance, and while musing over the pleasures which our excursion had afforded us, we became more than ever convinced that if our country shall ever be able to boast of institutions conducted after the plan, and with the same high standard, as the Conservatories, which are the pride of the musical cities of the old world, they must have their origin in such gatherings as that which we have witnessed to-day. Success to those who lend their time and influence to the undertaking!

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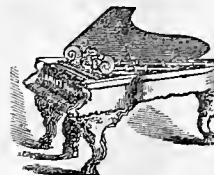
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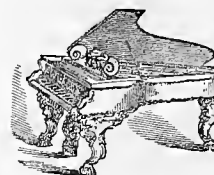
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Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

Let us suppose that Mozart's *Requiem* is performed before a large and not uncultivated audience to-day, and Graun's oratorio, *Tod Jesu*, (the death of Christ,) to-morrow. Both are among the most excellent and famous works that could be cited for our purpose; both have always met with universal favor. Now will this favor appear equally great with all the pieces of these works? Certainly not! Or will all the pieces equally command attention? Not even that! During some of them you will perhaps remark in three fourths of the audience a certain cold looking on; you will read vacancy or distraction in their faces. And in what pieces will this be especially the case? Unquestionably in the *Kyrie* of the *Requiem*, and in: *Christus hat uns ein Vorbild gelassen*: (Christ has left us an example) of the *Passion*. Very natural! By far the largest part of our present audiences for music consists of *dilettanti*: these do not find here what they seek for practice or enjoyment, even if the more modest among them do not from a certain timidity confess that these "learned pieces," as they call it, are too much for them. A part of those present consists of *laymen*: what these seek is not afforded them in such pieces. The fourth quarter are about equally divided between connoisseurs and those of no account: neither of which classes do we now address.

We said the phenomenon was natural: it is also discouraging; discouraging as it concerns the hearers; discouraging in its influence on the artists, and through the artists on the condition of the art itself. He who in his exercises and his recreations

altogether drops and gives up the Fugue, gives up thereby not only one of the most excellent means for the culture of his mind and of his aptitude for music, but a means of culture, which, in what it leads to can scarcely be replaced by any other. He gives up too a kind of music, which, nearly and rightly viewed, could ensure him a worthy and truly noble enjoyment; nay, one which first enables him to recognize (and this should be the main point with the dilettanti) the interior, essential nature, the peculiar course and movement, the true import and substance of significant works even of the free style (as opposed to fugue), so that he may fully appreciate them and enjoy them.

We have called it discouraging also in its influence on artists, and through them on the state of music. The artist and the public always exercise a mutual influence; what the latter persist in not wanting, the former will persist in not giving; else would he have to sacrifice himself heroically to his idea of Art, like Mozart, who, when one of his publishers (the Hoffmeisters) importuned him: "Write more as the public want it, else I cannot print and pay for anything more of yours," replied: "Well, then I must earn no more, and starve and let the devil take me!" How few there are, or can be of this sort, we need not say.—From this has sprung not only the evil, that we get less and less in this style, which, in certain respects, remains the summit and perfection of all Art; but also that the artists, in practising less upon the fugue form, grow more and more superficial and feeble in their other, freer works, and show less real artistic consistency and character; their works in fact become less enduring; after the satisfaction of curiosity and after a certain enjoyment in unessentials, they are soon forgotten, and even loathed.*

No composer can produce a great, really important and permanently satisfying work—whether for the church, or of whatsoever other kind—unless he be able to write at least regular and technically perfect fugues. He can as little do it, as a painter can produce a great and really important, permanently satisfying picture, if he understand nothing of what is called composition in his art. Nay, just as little as the painter can treat intelligently and fitly even single, isolated, subordinate objects, as for instance portraits, flowers, fruits, single groups of trees—unless it be by happy accident—without a knowledge of that part of his art and without some skill in it, just so little can the composer intelligently and fitly treat single, isolated, subordinate objects, as songs, variations, small sonatas, &c., unless by happy acci-

* Compare for instance the earlier Quartets of Pleyel and of Mozart, which were produced at the same time.

dent, without knowledge and dexterity in that part of his art, of which we are now speaking.

Thus the productions lose, the artists lose, the more highly cultivated friends of Art lose, nay, even the dilettanti and the laymen lose, directly and indirectly, if the Fugue be totally neglected: but in the now so decisive influence of the dilettanti it will be neglected, unless we can in some measure win them over to its side. Let us attempt this!

I address one dilettante in the name of all, with whom it is possible to talk intelligently.

Do you admit, friend, that thought is possible with recreation? You must admit it; you have experienced it yourself innumerable times. When you have wished to understand a significant poem far enough to have some actual enjoyment of it, you have had to think; and when you have had enjoyment in it, you *have* thought. So too, when important, characteristic representations of a player have delighted you; or when you have looked with satisfaction at a fine picture. If the picture had come before you merely as a table with all sorts of colors placed beside each other, would you not at least have inquired: What does it represent? and how do these forms, these movements, these features express what is intended? So it is with Music. A piece of music must have presented itself to you as a mere multitude of all sorts of tones, simultaneous or successive, if you had paid no regard to the connection, sequence, purpose of these tones; and the charm which the mere colors, or the mere tones, in and for themselves, without any exercise of thought on your part, would have exerted on your senses, is one which you would by no means call a truly human satisfaction or enjoyment. Such has been a thousand times your own experience: thinking is possible together with enjoyment.

But if you have had this experience, then you must necessarily in the second place have found: that thinking does not lessen or disturb enjoyment; on the contrary, it increases, elevates it—only presupposing that it be not directed to entirely subordinate accessories. Suppose, for instance, you see Schroeder act the part of Lear, and that you are struck at the first moment of his appearance by his form, the carriage of his body, his gait, &c.; already you are stimulated to find out what all this means, and soon discover that it is designed to indicate just this peculiar mixture of energy and weakness, of sternness and love, of the mighty monarch and the bent old man. Certainly you comprehend this thought more firmly now, you find it more and more developed, more and more clearly and distinctly embodied before you in the whole course of the piece.

Thus you follow the poet and the actor, thinking and feeling, through the whole; and it cannot but be that your enjoyment is not only not disturbed and lessened, but is promoted and exalted by this thinking. Only in one case could your thinking be a hindrance to you; as, for instance, if in Schroeder's appearance you should merely notice and begin to ruminate upon, say his down-hanging, bronze-colored boots, and to consider whether such were worn perhaps in Lear's time. It is quite the same with music. Draw the parallel yourself, since it were unnecessary to pursue it here. To make it easier for you at the outset, think of works, in which poetry and the eye lend their aid; and first of all of the Opera; think of one or two truly excellent operas, as Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or Mozart's *Don Juan*, of their character and purpose as a whole, of the character and purpose of their leading persons in particular—both in relation to the music. If you have got some clear conception of all this, so that you can follow it through the piece, undoubtedly you find that your enjoyment is uncommonly increased and elevated.

Now you will not for a moment dispute the assertion, that the better man in all things, even in his pleasures, seeks the higher, where there is such, and prefers it to the lower; that this seeking, this preference in fact is what first makes him a better man; that this alone distinguishes him essentially from others. It cannot be otherwise in Art, and consequently in music; in Art especially, so far as enjoyments are concerned, since it is its very end and mission to secure to us a higher and purer than mere sensual enjoyment, and thereby coöperate to the ennobling of man on the side of his feelings and inclinations. Since now, as you have seen and granted, all higher and more living enjoyment, (in fine musical works as in everything else), is not possible unless thought go with enjoyment, it follows irresistibly. If in regard to music you would join the better class, you must be willing to think while you enjoy. You belong among the vile and common, if you only find and only seek in music the merely sensual gratification of the ear. Nor do you stand much higher, if you regard merely the instruments and skill in handling them, mere that which surprises and produces its effect without any coöperation on your part; or if, (in a more effeminate way), you desire nothing in the hearing and practice of music, but to renounce all voluntary, conscious mental activity, and be transported into a sort of languid, sensual comfort, or a state of mere vague reverie, a certain easy tickling of the fancy. For although here your thinking faculty is not entirely extinguished, yet it plays an extremely subordinate part, and is directed only to what is subordinate in a work of Art, only to the means, and not the end, and indeed only to very subordinate means to the end—to the bronze-colored boots of Lear.

If now you wish to have that higher and more vital enjoyment, you will not renounce the exercise of thought in your enjoyment; you will not be indifferent to works which demand more thought than feeling, as many demand feeling more than thought; you must at least in listening to them, heed them earnestly, and in practice not entirely reject them; in either case you must try at least to win from them their right side, to interest yourself in that; and in the beginning, until you have got more intimately acquainted with

them, and have had your taste more cultivated for them, you must let it turn upon the question whether they do or do not affect your feeling, and if so, how. Such now is the Fugue: and such should be your conduct towards it.

To make this practicable, all that you need—besides a natural susceptibility to music, which you of course possess—is some practical instruction, as to how you should first exercise your thinking faculty upon these works, (fugues and fugued pieces)—in other words, what you should attend to in them first of all, and what order and method you should follow. This instruction I here offer, not as if I had anything new to say, or anything which cannot be learned from thorough musicians or good text-books; but because I hope to be able to say it more in your own manner, in a style more suited to your comprehension. I shall only introduce you to what is first and most essential: when you have acquired practice in this, the rest will either come of itself, or you will have grown so fond of the whole matter, that you will not fail to follow it up and make yourself acquainted with what is more remote and incidental; nay, even should this not be the case, and should you stop with what is first and most essential, you will have gained something truly worth your while.

[To be continued.]

The Great Handel Festival, Crystal Palace, London.

Third Day, Friday, June 19

(From the Times, June 20.)

Yesterday witnessed the last of these great musical commemorations, though in point of attendance, splendor, and success, it might well be called the first. Such of the visitors as only attended on Monday or during the occasion of the Royal visit can form but an inadequate notion of the impressive scene which the interior of the Palace presented. Every seat from which one could hear or see, and many from which it was difficult to do either, had its occupants, and, notwithstanding the immense accommodation provided, some hundreds of visitors were forced to content themselves with promenading the nave and surveying from a distance the massive thousands which rank in rank filled every portion of the central space.

Not since the great day when Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French paid a State visit to Norwood have the roads presented such an appearance. From Dulwich, Sydenham, and Vauxhall the stream of carriages was incessant, and as each separate avenue poured its tide of vehicles into the one general road up to the building the numbers became almost unmanageable. The interminable hill which leads to the Downs on a Derby-day is considered as affording an unique spectacle in this respect, but yesterday it was for a time quite outdone, and it will probably be long ere the public again witness such an assemblage of carriages as during the morning thronged through the Dulwich road.

Nearly 10,000 visitors came down to the Palace by rail. The arrangements at the station were most excellent, and as fast as the visitors arrived they were accommodated in the trains without hurry or confusion. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the interior of the Palace. A vast multitude is at all times a grand and moving spectacle; but when the concourse is assembled and ranged in such a building as the Crystal Palace, motionless and almost breathless, listening with intent anxiety to solemn hymns poured forth by two thousands voices, the effect is too great for description. Such was, in truth, the case yesterday, when, at the commencement of the second part of the oratorio, more than 17,000 visitors were seated before the orchestra, which at a distance seemed to rise like some colossal

bouquet from out of the garden of colors which spread around it. The heat was excessive, and to look down upon the great parterre where, at least, 5,000 forms were in perpetual motion, gave to the whole concourse an aspect of noiseless activity which was singular in the extreme. Everything, in fact, was on a gigantic scale: the rising of the audience between the first and second parts made a noise like the rush of a mighty wind, and the reverberating applause of 30,000 hands was in its way as well worth hearing as the orchestra. Messrs. Negretti and Zambra were again busy in the upper galleries, and made a most successful attempt to photograph the whole orchestra on a large scale, and so perfectly was this difficult feat achieved that even the individual likeness of each performer can be found.

As on the previous occasions, the management of the refreshment department was admirable. The new plan of sending round refreshments between the parts has answered even better than was anticipated, and it would almost startle the visitors of yesterday to be informed of the awful amount of biscuits, sherry, and ices which they consumed. Between 8,000 and 9,000 luncheons and dinners were furnished during the day. But for the much increased counter-space which was allowed to Mr. Staples, this most important portion of the festival proceedings would have been a sad blot upon their general success. It would be ungracious on our part were we to conclude our notice of these great fêtes without bearing testimony to the courtesy, civility, and attention of all connected with their management. Both to those who represented the Sacred Harmonic Society and the immediate members of the Crystal Palace staff the highest praise is due. Never have festivals of such magnitude, and of which all the arrangements were of so novel and almost experimental a character, been conducted with more thorough order, propriety, and actual comfort to the spectators.

Israel in Egypt more than realized the flattering anticipations entertained of its success. Although musicians have ever regarded this oratorio (the fifth produced in England) as Handel's choral masterpiece—although Mendelssohn himself pronounced it "the greatest and most lasting piece" of its immortal composer—owing to various reasons it has hitherto failed to obtain that complete hold of the public affections which its companion, the *Messiah*, has enjoyed for a century, and which has even been accorded to two works that are not Handel's—the *Creation* by Haydn and the *Elijah* by Mendelssohn. During the lifetime of Handel it was the least popular of his works, and was never performed without curtailing the choruses and interpolating airs for the principal singers, in order to accommodate the half-educated taste of the day, which could not tolerate that sustained level of sublimity beneath which *Israel in Egypt* never once descends. These curtailments and interpolations almost passed into tradition, and it remained for the better appreciation of after times to discard them and to restore this most wonderful inspiration to the form in which it originally came from the pen of the composer. Since its restoration it has been gradually but surely working its way, and we believe the time is not very far distant when *Israel in Egypt* will occupy the place to which it is entitled, not only in the estimation of connoisseurs but in popular regard, by the side of its only possible compeer, the *Messiah*, to compare it with which would be unjust, since the two have nothing whatever in common but their unparalleled musical excellence.

Yesterday, at the Crystal Palace, *Israel in Egypt* was given just as Handel wrote and as Handel would have loved to hear it. To describe such a performance is not an easy task, since, as everything calls for eulogy, the danger of exhausting the vocabulary of praise becomes imminent, and a column filled with laudatory epithets would suggest rather an idea of romance than of reality. It is nevertheless true that the execution of *Israel in Egypt* in the Crystal Palace, yesterday, surpassed in sustained excellence that of the *Messiah* on Monday, and of *Judas Maccabeus* on Wednesday, which, as the difficulties it presents are so much greater, argued a diligence on the part

of the singers, and a determination on the part of the conductor which cannot be too highly commended. The principal interest attached to this oratorio, as every one knows, is concentrated in the choruses, which for such a celebration as the Handel Festival rendered it of all works the fittest. The first part contains no less than eleven choruses, with nothing but a contralto air, "Their land brought forth frogs," (which Handel would, there is little doubt, have also set for the choir but for the unsuggestive character of the words,) and two or three recitatives to relieve them. The second part contains as many choruses, but with more work for the principal singers, since, besides some recitatives, there are three airs and as many duets. It is a curious fact that the second part of the oratorio was written first, and that the other was an afterthought. Having made Moses and the children of Israel exult in their escape from Egyptian thralldom, dilate on the miracles through which it was accomplished, and offer up hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty, the propriety of describing the miracles themselves appears to have arisen in the mind of Handel; and to this we owe the composition of *Erodus*, which, prefixed to the *Song of Moses*, now constitutes the oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*.

The first chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage," where Handel has shown himself as grand a master of pathos as of the elaborations of counterpoint, was a foretaste of what was to come. The conviction that there would be a performance of unaccustomed excellence sprang at once from this beginning, and was fully warranted by the result. "They loathed to drink of the river; He turned their waters into blood"—the first of that unexampled chain of choruses by which the plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians, the miracle of the exodus, the destruction of Pharaoh's host, and the religious awe created in the minds of the favored people, are illustrated—was delivered with an accuracy and truth of intonation the more remarkable since the theme is composed of awkward intervals, chromatic in style, and treated throughout in the strictest and severest form of fugue. The impression produced by this most suggestive "tone-picture" was deepened by that of the next, "He spake the word," which embodies the plague of the flies, the lice, and the locusts—one of the double choruses for which *Israel in Egypt* is renowned—a composition of a very different character from its predecessors, but equally distinguished by descriptive eloquence. At the end of this fine piece the audience broke forth in loud applause, which, after the termination of the succeeding chorus, "He gave them hailstones," was renewed in a manner so universal and tumultuous, that, notwithstanding Mr. Costa's disinclination to "encores," he was compelled to yield to the desire of the audience. We cannot remember on any occasion so grand a performance of this marvellous piece, which, as a combination of simplicity and power, is wholly without a parallel. The two next choruses, in which the plague of darkness and the destruction of the first-born are embodied, were, from another point of view, quite as impressive. In the first, remarkable for its daring and singular progressions of harmony, we were once more delighted at the purity of intonation displayed by such a multitude of voices, and were not less pleased to observe that the exaggerated reading of the last phrase—"even darkness, which might be felt"—complained of at rehearsal, though not entirely discarded, was considerably modified. Passing over the intervening pieces, we came to the prodigiously fine chorus, in three parts, commencing with "He rebuked the Red Sea." Here the grandeur of the opening, which illustrates the Divine decree, was most admirably contrasted with the passage by which its accomplishment is so forcibly conveyed—"and it was dried up"—delivered in an undertone than which nothing could be more expressive. The basses gave out the slow and measured theme of "He led them through the deep" with tremendous effect; and no words can suggest a notion of the effect produced by the magnificent climax, "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," where Handel, putting forth all

his might to give significance to the catastrophe that involved the persecutors of Israel in annihilation, has succeeded in presenting a musical picture of unequalled greatness and sublimity. The reiteration of the words "Not one,"—in the sentence "there was not one of them left"—was literally appalling.

The second part was in all respects as satisfactory as the first, but we cannot attempt anything like a detailed account. Chorus after chorus was admirably delivered, and each succeeding piece seemed to efface the triumph of that which had gone before. The justly famous "Horse and his rider," with which the *Song of Moses* begins and ends—an apostrophe to the Omnipotent power that has redeemed the children of Israel from their oppressors, set to music worthy if possible of the theme; "The depths have covered them," where occurs that remarkably impressive passage for the basses on the words—"They sank into the bottom as a stone;" "Thy right hand, O Lord," a manifestation of jubilant triumph unsurpassed in the music of the choir; and, beyond all, those wonderful compositions, "With the blast of thy nostrils" and "The people shall hear," where the genius of Handel soars into the loftiest regions of the sublime, and his musical knowledge is displayed with a masterly ingenuity that can scarcely be paralleled elsewhere, even in his own works, were, one and all, executed by this immense assemblage of singers and players in such a manner as to render the critic's office a sinecure. There was no hesitation, no shirking of difficulties, no false or wavering intonation; all was frank, straightforward, and effective singing. The sympathies of the audience were excited to an extraordinary pitch. The "Horse and his rider" was re-demanded by thousands of voices; but Mr. Costa, aware that this chorus comes again, was this time resolute, and proceeded with the duet, "The Lord is my strength," heedless of the obstreperous demand for a repetition. When, at the end of the oratorio, it was repeated in its proper place, the effect was just as striking, and doubtless all the more so from the judicious decision of the conductor in the first instance. A more triumphant conclusion to a performance of uniform and well-sustained excellence could not have been desired. Never did a body of English chorists (and so vast a body was never before united) attain more honorable distinction.

The principal solo singers were again successful; and once more Mr. Sims Reeves was the hero. He had not nearly so arduous a task in *Israel* as in *Judas Maccabeus*; but of the one air which affords occasion for the exhibition of vocal facility and skill he availed himself with surprising talent. His execution of this very difficult song, which abounds in florid divisions after Handel's peculiar manner, was masterly throughout, the declamation being just as powerful as the vocal enunciation of the notes was irreproachable. The audience, roused into enthusiasm, would not be denied; and so unanimously expressed was their desire to hear the song again that there was no resisting it. Thus another encore was added to the incidents of the day. Miss Dolby sang both the *contralto* airs to perfection, and made a profound sensation in the second—"Thou shalt bring them in." Not less happy was Madame Novello in "Thou didst blow with thy wind," which was very finely given, and but for the misfortune of coming immediately after Mr. Sims Reeves in "The enemy said," would have produced a still greater effect. Where Madame Novello was most applauded by the audience was in the recitatives of Miriam the Prophetess, "Sing ye to the Lord," &c., preceding the final chorus, where, while we admired the clear and penetrating quality of her upper tones, we could not approve her alteration of the text of Handel. The spirited and always telling duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war," sung with remarkable power by Herr Fornes and Mr. Weiss, and, as usual, one of the great features of the performance, was received with the loudest applause.

After the oratorio the National Anthem was given, Madame Novello again being intrusted with the principal solo verses.

The Handel Festival, judged from a musical point of view, has been an unquestionable success. It was a bold experiment; but the result has proved that musical performances on a very grand scale are possible in the Crystal Palace. Of course, experience must be bought, and the experience acquired by this first trial will be of no little value in any future undertaking of the same kind. The committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society have earned laurels of a novel kind, and may fairly regard the projection and accomplishment of so extraordinary an enterprise with pride, as the most striking and memorable incident in the history of their institution, which, in the course of 25 years, from a small and insignificant knot of amateurs, has grown into a body sufficiently important to project, and sufficiently strong to carry out an enterprise of such unprecedented magnitude. How much they owe to their accomplished conductor, Mr. Costa—whose exertions during the progress of the Handel Festival have been as unrelenting as his musical services have been invaluable—we need not insist. The cheers, acclamations, and waving of hats that greeted him from all sides yesterday on retiring from the orchestra were tokens of how entirely his efforts had been appreciated by the public.

The Physiology of the Vocal Organs.

[From the Chicago Musical Review.]

Nothing has more keenly interested our own mind of late than some of the topics discussed in a lecture on the "Physiology of the Vocal Organs," by Dr. E. Andrews, of this city, delivered before the Chicago Musical Institute, the 23d ult. His subject was treated under three heads: 1st, The chest and its organs, which furnish air for the production of musical sound; 2d, The organs of voice, situated in the neck, as the larynx and its appurtenances; 3d, The manner in which tones are modified by the organs of the head, as the teeth, tongue, lips, palate and the nasal and other cavities. While the whole subject was treated in a terse and masterly manner, we wish to present our readers with some of the developments made in reference to the changes that take place in the larynx when the voice passes from one register to another. It is known that the female voice has three registers, viz: the chest register, extending upwards to about F, first space of the G staff; the medium register, extending from about F to B or C; and the head register, starting from about this point, and including all the upper tones of the voice. The tenor voice has the same registers, if we regard the falsetto as corresponding to the head register of the female. The bass voice employs ordinarily only the chest register. When the singer passes from one register to another he is conscious of a change in the position of his vocal organs—he feels it in his neck—but exactly what this change is no singer can tell from the sensation alone. Entering upon the investigation of this subject some time ago, we consulted medical works, but found that medical authors did not combine a sufficient knowledge of music and acoustics with their anatomical skill to enable them to throw any light upon it. Musical works were equally at fault, because their authors did not possess the requisite anatomical knowledge. Whichever way we turned, all was doubt and obscurity upon this point. In our perplexity we applied to Dr. Andrews, a practising physician of this city, who had graced the chair of anatomy in two medical colleges, and possessed the love of profound investigation, coupled with both the anatomical and musical knowledge necessary to enable him to successfully explore, if anybody could, this Arctic region of science, from which all others had turned back without being able to throw one illuminating ray into its frigid darkness. Soon after our application to him, he was fortunately called to attend upon a man who, in a temporary fit of insanity, had attempted to commit suicide, but not being skillful in surgery, had cut his throat nearly from ear to ear, without severing any important blood-vessel. Finding that his patient was not likely to die, and that he had in his bronchial operation laid bare the top of the

larynx, with its vocal chords, etc., so that their action could be distinctly seen, he proceeded to make the most of so rare a chance to get light upon the topic in question, and had the man produce different tones while he watched the changes in larynx, glottis, vocal chords, &c.

Gaining much light from this source, but not satisfied with promulgating his theory till it had been further tested, he proceeded to construct apparatus similar to the larynx, vocal chords, etc., with which he could produce tones under various modifying circumstances. By these and other experiments he made the important discoveries in reference to this difficult subject, first made public before the Chicago Musical Institute, which we now briefly explain as well as we can without diagrams. It must be borne in mind that tone is produced in the larynx, (the triangular box that surmounts the wind-pipe, the forward point of which is prominent in the neck of males), as air supplied by the lungs is forced from it into the mouth through a long narrow aperture, called the glottis, which aperture is bounded by two chords, called the vocal chords. These chords are attached at the back end to elbow-shaped levers of cartilage which play upon ball and socket joints, and admit of a great variety of motion. These levers throw the vocal chords apart in ordinary respiration, but when tones are produced in the chest register, they are placed so close together that they vibrate against each other. The lowest tone in the chest register is produced with the vocal chords as loose as possible. As the voice ascends, the chords are tightened by muscles attached both in front and rear, till the chest register can be carried no farther, when the voice passes into the medium register. At this point the following change takes place: The vocal chords are thrown apart so that they no longer vibrate against each other, and in doing this the levers still farther tighten the vocal chords. As the muscles that in the chest register keep the chords close together operate against the muscles which tighten the vocal chords, the upper chest tones are produced only at the expense of great muscular exertion. When, therefore, the voice passes into the medium register and the chords are partly tightened by the very action of the lever that throws them slightly apart, many of the muscles that in the upper part of the chest register have been strained in tightening the vocal chords are relieved in the lower tones of the medium, and are only called into active operation again in the upper part of this register. The tension on the vocal chords increases till the voice passes into the head register. At this point the ends of the levers are pressed against the vocal chords so firmly as to shorten their vibrating length, as a violin string is stopped. This again relieves the muscles that tighten the vocal chords, and then the same tightening process goes on as before, till the voice reaches its upward limit.

Though we may not be able to clearly explain to our readers all the changes that take place when the voice passes from one register to another, we think we have made it obvious that those we have described are strictly in accordance with the laws of acoustics, harmonize beautifully, so far as we can see, with all the facts before known in reference to this subject, and furnish a philosophical explanation for all their phenomena. The practical bearings of this topic we cannot now follow out, but are glad to put on record the obligations under which Dr. Andrews has laid both the musical and scientific world by his valuable discoveries.

Decline of the German Table-Song.

[From the London Musical World, May 30.]

The arrival of the Männergesangverein from Cologne leads to grave reflections upon the present state of the *Liedertafel*. The prospect is by no means cheering. What was once a vigorous and healthy school has dwindled down to a mere pretext for trifling.

The German table-song, it cannot be denied, is rapidly declining. Mendelssohn, whose ear-

nest delight it was to enrich with his genius every domain of the art he loved, was the last that wrote part-songs worthy of the name. The present race of composers shows a melancholy degeneration. It is hard that the Kückens of the day will not confine themselves to their proper sphere—the drawing-room—where their songs are fit accompaniments to the rattling of cups and saucers, and the busy hum of conversation, instead of carrying on the war against Art in places which should be held sacred. The *Liedertafel* formerly was a stronghold against these petty depredators, who use music for the purposes of lunkstering, as they would use any other art of which they might chance to have a smattering. Of late, however, it has been converted into a conspicuous market for their wares; and now, in place of the honest manly part-song—patriotic or poetical in the abstract—which delighted and invigorated the Teuton of old, we have nothing but lady-like prettiness, at which Weber would have blushed, and Mendelssohn used to rail in his own pensive way, and with the quiet vein of irony that occasionally distinguished him. Mendelssohn did his best to stem the current, by contributing part-songs himself—among the raciest and best the modern *Liedertafel* can boast; and in this way he effected much good. Had that great musician lived, possibly others might have striven to follow in the road he pointed out; but alas! he was cut off in the flower of manhood, when his genius was ripest, and his art most consummate; and thus the table-song was robbed of its last and bravest champion.

What amateur who was present at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday—what sincere thinker, indeed, of any denomination—could fail to be struck with despondency at finding music take so insignificant a part in the proceedings? Among the dozen pieces introduced, how many deserved to be called part-songs? Is that eternal *pianissimo*, contrived by sustaining notes with the lips closed—of which Auber set the first example in his opera of *Haydée*—worthy the name of singing?—or is it to be set down as mere trickery? We are decidedly of the last opinion, and denounce it, with all such miserable devices, as unmusical and absurd. Why, too, are we to have scarcely anything but ballads in verses, like those of Herren Silcher, Becker, Kücken and others?—or solos in which the choir is made to play a part scarcely more dignified than that of bellows-blower to the organist, like the "Wunsch" of Herr Schürlich, and the so-called "Spanish canzonet" of Herr Reichardt?—or imitations of bells, as in the "Kirchlein" of Herr Becker, or of the tramping of horses as in Herr Kücken's "Kleine Rekrut"? Why, in short, any such sheer puerilities, much more a glut of them?

A contemporary advises the Männer-Gesang-Verein to adopt the old madrigals of Italy and England, together with some of the best of the late Sir Henry Bishop's glees, in order at one and the same time to vary and strengthen their repertory. The counsel is good; but we question whether it will be relished. It is seriously to be apprehended that the art of music is on the wane in Germany, and that the two extremes of Kücken twaddle and Wagner rhodomontade represent the two impulses which it receives from the modern German mind. For our own parts, we were extremely pained on Tuesday to hear such superb execution as that of the choir under Herr Weber's direction cast away upon so much empty trumpery, and such poor clap-trap made to stand substitute for genuine singing. We would almost as soon have listened to one of Dr. Liszt's symphonic poems—or to the opera of *Lohengrin*.

From my Diary, No. 7.

JUNE 30.—A few more words of Rellstab on MOZART. He has been recapitulating the music of that master, which on occasion of the centennial anniversary of his birth, was given in Berlin. There were the Symphonies in E and G minor, the Overture to the "Magic flute," the adagio of the Quintet in G minor, played by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra, the piano-forte concerto in D minor, at the

Symphony Soirée; the *Acc Verum Corpus*, and the *Requiem* at the Sunday Concerts, the droll canons at the supper, the opera *Idomeneus* in the opera house, and perhaps other music, all by Mozart. After speaking of these performances, and saying among other things what I gave in my last article, Rellstab concludes thus:

"From the experience of the few days, which have been consecrated to the memory of the great genius, must the inconceivable multitude and variety of his creations, which must ever fill us with new wonder, strike us with renewed and overwhelming power. And yet how small a portion of what he produced was represented! We see with astonishment that he has afforded us such a variety even during these few days, and yet it is not too much to suppose, that for a month together, every evening might offer us a concert of Mozart music, without repeating a piece in any case, and yet every performance be made up of music grand and beautiful to a wonderful degree—music too of every character, from the sublimest to that of the most ludicrously comic! It has been said—though I cannot allow it—that Mozart, in some directions, has been surpassed by other great masters; in science, power, pure beauty, humor, and sublimity, by Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven. If so, still no one has possessed in so high a degree all the powers of the great composer. Like Themistocles at Salamis, Mozart must have the first prize, because all grant him at least the second place in all branches of the art. Still, I cannot grant this. I am fully of the opinion that he, if he did not in all directions gain the first prize, might have done so, had there been occasion for the exertion of his powers. If he, of his own accord, or called thereto by the public, had really entered into the contest with any one of those mighty men, let the weapons have been what they may, he would have been victorious, like the divine Achilles, over all the powers both of Greeks and Trojans."

I cannot read the opinions of such a man as Rellstab, without feelings of the highest respect for them. I have heard enough of Mozart's works—Masses, the Requiem, Operas, Chamber music, Songs, Comedicalities, &c., &c., to be impressed fully with the idea that their author was the greatest composer—the greatest artist—that ever lived. But I cannot feel, with Rellstab, that he could have composed the "Messiah," or have gone so out of himself as to have produced a work on that text, which should have equalled Handel's, in its sublime yet simple grandeur. Just as I cannot conceive of Shakspeare, under any possible circumstances, having written "Paradise Lost." I can but feel that Handel and Beethoven were (not greater musicians) greater men, and had grander feelings, sentiments, emotions to express. Handel, Beethoven, Mozart—Milton, Goethe, Shakspeare—John Marshall, Webster, Clay—Macintosh, Burke, Sheridan—Rubens, Michael Angelo, Raphael—some such parallel seems to convey the idea—though Handel and Beethoven were, I think, greater in comparison with Mozart, than Milton and Goethe with Shakspeare.

It is, after all, mere speculation: and speculation, too, upon a point as to which an American public has never had the means of judging.

JULY 9.—I have been looking over the London "Notes and Queries" for the last few months, and am interested to find that "old 100" has been a constant topic of discussion. Mr. Havergall's idea that this tune is derived from the Gregorian music of the Catholic Church, Dr. Gauntlett decides to be absurd, both from the introduction of the hexachord and from the rhythm—an opinion, (made upon other grounds), expressed in my letter on the subject, in Dwight's Journal of Music last year.

One of the points discussed in "Notes and Queries" is whether the tune be of Lutheran, or, in any manner, of German origin. It is not. This denial is founded upon these facts: 1st. That the tune is utterly wanting in all the characteristics of the German Choral of the age in which it appeared. 2d. That there is hardly a German choral book from the date of Luther's first publication, down to the time when our tune was sung in France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and England, that I have not examined in

the great German libraries, without finding it, and 3d. The tune was first printed in Germany, at Leipzig, in 1573, under the following circumstances: Professor Lobwasser, of Königsberg, obtained a copy of Marot & Beza, not long after the publication of that translation of the Psalms, and was so much pleased with it, that he translated them all into German, retaining the French metre and rhythm, so that they might be sung to the same tunes. And his book in 1573 first gave the Old Hundredth to his countrymen.

Let me make a few "notes" on the main question.

1st.—The original publication of Marot was of thirty psalms only. Afterward, in Geneva, he added twenty more, and these fifty, which were selected from all parts of the book of Psalms, comprised all that publication, to which in 1543 Calvin wrote a preface. At the close of this preface Calvin distinctly states that the music to these religious poems has been "modérée," so as to be suitable to the sacred words. Now this word "modérée" I understand to mean "adapted," and in this translation I am sustained by Winterfeld, and the other great German authorities, who have written on the Choral and Psalmody. This leads me to my second "note."

2d.—The object Calvin had in view in sanctioning the psalms of Marot, was not to furnish spiritual songs for public worship, but as Beza declared a few years later, to give the people something else to sing than praises of their mistresses and things of this world; although he had concluded to allow them also in church. In fact, the psalms were translated in the metre and rhythm of popular songs, and sung to the same tunes. Until these psalms found their way into the public worship of the Protestants, they were sung by both Catholics and the Reformers; but as soon as the tunes of the popular songs were heard in the religious worship of Calvin's followers, it was made the most of by the Romish clergy, and as every student of ecclesiastical history knows, Catholics were forbidden to sing the psalms of Marot. Florimond and other writers of that day, are full of the matter. *Prima facie*, then, the tunes in the Genevan Psalters are popular airs "modérées," so as to suit the nature of the text.

3d.—In the libraries at Berlin, Wolfenbüttel, Leipzig, Dresden, Halle, &c., are many copies of Marot's fifty psalms, which I have examined personally or through the kindness of friends. In no one of these have I found any tune which bears any resemblance to the one in question.

4th.—It first appears in the complete collection of Marot & Beza. The two oldest copies I have seen are at Wolfenbüttel, dated respectively 1559 and 1539. One writer in "Notes and Queries," (Mr. Geo. Offer), says: "The first printed copy of it, in my possession, is in the French-German Psalter, the preface to which says:

'Touchant la melodie, il a semblé le meilleur, qu'elle fust modérée, en la sorte que nous l'avons mise, pour emporter poids et majesté convenable au sujet: Et mesme pour estre propre à chanter en l'Eglise, selon qu'il a esté dit. De Geneve, ce 10. de Juin, 1543.'

This preface was written by Calvin. See Marsh's Works. The Old Hundredth is put to Psalm CXXXIV., and so continued in subsequent editions, of which I have those of Crespin, 1555; Vincent, 1562," &c., &c.

Mr. Gauntlett, (in Notes and Queries for May 30th), understands Mr. Offer as stating that he has a copy of the tune as early as 1543. But Mr. Offer's language does not state that. He says the preface is so dated. Now this preface, with the date, was continually printed for at least two centuries after it was written, and therefore proves nothing. He has a copy, however, of 1555, which is four years earlier than I have seen.

5th.—The tune, both by my own researches and by Mr. Offer's copy, first appears, as said above, in the collection of Marot and Beza. It moreover appears invariably to the 134th Psalm. Now this psalm was one of the 100 which Beza translated, and according to Baum, in his life of Beza, the poet provided for the music set to his translations, although "Calvin hatte schon früher für die Musik bei den ausgezeichneten

Meistern jener Zeit gesorgt." (Though Calvin had already at an earlier date provided for the music from the most distinguished masters of that period.) There can be no doubt that Beza had popular tunes "modérées" for his psalms, as Calvin had had for those of Marot, and that the tune in question was one of them. If so, it made its first appearance, as we have said, when Beza's 100 translations first came out. It is then important that we get this date.

6th.—Oct. 1, 1550, Beza dates his preface to the "Sacrifice of Abraham," in which he speaks of "the translation of the psalms which I now have in hand." In 1552-3 he is in Lausanne and finishes the translation. That it must have been finished before the end of 1553 is clear from a reference which he makes to King Edward VI., such a reference as shows that the young head of Protestantism was still alive. Mr. Offer's copy of the Crespin edition gives us the tune within two years after Beza finishes the translation.

7th.—As the matter now stands, it seems clear that the Old Hundredth psalm tune was not one of the melodies which Calvin caused to be adapted to Marot's psalms, but was one which Beza employed some one to adapt to the 134th psalm, as translated by him. Dr. Gauntlett says, "the Geneva edition of 1564 has the license of Gallatin declaring that Guillaume Franc is the author of all the tunes." Query: Has Dr. G. seen this edition? If not, does he not get his information from Bayle, either directly or indirectly? If from Bayle, he will find upon careful examination that Bayle's authority was a *manuscript* letter from Professor Constant de Rebecque, of Lausanne, and that, unless this Genevan edition of 1564 (should it not be Strasbourg?) can be examined, we know absolutely nothing of the said Franc, except from Constant's letter. I stated in my communication last year, that Ludwig Erk, of Berlin, a most indefatigable laborer in this field, is of opinion, that Bayle mistook another name for Franc, which in the old running hand of the sixteenth century might easily happen. I will not give the name at present, as it is a subject to which I hope to devote some time by-and-by in the proper place. If Dr. Gauntlett can really show the name in print of Guillaume Franc, a musician, earlier than the publication of Bayle's Dictionary, he will do much service to those who are investigating the subject of the early music of the Protestant churches.

8th.—If our tune be a popular melody "modérée" to suit a sacred subject, can it not somewhere be found? Every student of the history of the Reformation knows how constant was the intercourse between the learned men of Geneva, Lausanne and Basle, with those of Holland, Flanders and England. At one time Geneva seems to have supplied the Protestants of England with their Bibles and Psalters. The publications of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Geneva and London were interchanged with almost the same facility, and as immediately as those of London and Boston or New York are now. If then we find a book of "Spiritual Songs" printed at Antwerp or Rotterdam in 1540, with music, we are justified in looking to it for tunes which soon after appear in Genevan or Strasburg publications. Now in Antwerp, in the year 1540, appeared such a work, with the title of "Souter Liedekens"—I write the title, as I do this entire article, from memory, my books and notes being in Germany—which I take to mean "Saubere Liederchen" or "Pure Songs." This book is professedly published to give the common people pure words to sing to their common song tunes, and with no reference whatever to the church. In this book is to be found the tune which I have no doubt was "modérée" by Beza or his musical assistants, and set to the 134th Psalm. Probably Dr. Gauntlett, can find the "Souter Liedekens" in the British Museum, and if so, his opinion is earnestly asked upon the correctness of my conjecture. If it prove correct, Rev. Mr. Havergall's theory falls at once to the ground, for no one can have devoted even so little study as the present writer to the secular music of the first half of the 16th century, without seeing that it never was borrowed from the Gregorian chants of the priests at the altar.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 6.—The only musical event worth recording, is the opening of the summer opera season, by Mme. LA GRANGE, assisted by the old favorites, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and COLETTI. La Grange, previous to announcing this operatic enterprise, went through the usual silly humbug of giving "farewell concerts," previous to her departure for Europe; it was even stated that she had engaged passage in the steamer of the 24th of June. Why is it that respectable artists must descend to these little shallow frauds to attract an audience?

However, whatever fault may be found with the management of the La Grange Concerts, her operatic enterprise is worthy all praise. La Grange appeared last Monday evening in *I Puritani*, with Brignoli as Arturo, Amodio as Riccardo, and Coletti as Georgio. The opera went off extremely well, the house being crowded, and generous in applause. La Grange appeared as youthful as ever, and sang the polacca: *Son vergin vizzoza*, as she alone can do it, receiving an unanimous encore. Elvira is one of her best characters, yet in some respects she falls far behind Grisi in the same rôle. Bellini wrote this opera for Grisi, and certainly no one living could sing it with such effect; the mad scene in this opera was in my opinion, the most wonderful of Grisi's performances in America, while in the scene, where Elvira first sees her lover departing with Queen Henrietta, Grisi sang with a sweet childish pathos, which La Grange has never equalled. Again in the polacca, I have before alluded to, Grisi, though she could not begin to vocalize it as wonderfully as her successor, yet sang it with an *abandon*, a girlish playfulness, that was even more delightful than La Grange's wondrous vocal gymnastics. La Grange sings it to the audience, sings it miraculously, and is perfectly aware of the fact. Grisi, a gay, happy young girl, in childish playfulness, fastens her bridal veil on the head of the Queen, and as she arranges its flowing drapery, her simple heart gushes forth in bird-like warbling. Oh! Grisi in that character was more than wonderful—she was divine.

However, everybody is not Grisi—a very profound observation, with which I will leave *la Diva*, and return to La Grange.

On Wednesday, this latter prima donna made her second appearance this season as Norma—a rôle which, though physically unfitted for her, she renders with surprising effect. *Norma* is so familiar, that to talk of its musical beauties would be absurd. But what a relief it is to turn from the glorious passion-music of Verdi to the simple grandeur of Bellini! From *Trovatore* to *Norma*, what a change! I know that it is the fashion to decry Verdi, but still I am not alone in the thought that he is, with the exception of Meyerbeer, the greatest living composer. [Rossini being as good as dead]. His operas afford me, at the time, more ecstatic pleasure than those of any other composer; yet when I hear the grand music of *Norma*, my conscience reproves me for ever having been bewitched by the serenades of the Troubadour. To hear Bellini after Verdi, is like the sensations of the traveller who, after moving through splendid gothic-cathedrals, till his eyes are wearied with the pointed arches, the ornamented pillars, the stained windows, and the ornate decorations, comes suddenly upon a calm, chaste Grecian temple, standing by the sea-shore in its simple grandeur, free from intricate ornament, yet when unadorned, adorned the most.

Norma is fast becoming a classic in operatic literature. It is one of those things of beauty, which as Keats says, are a "joy forever." I sometimes think what an awful void would be left in the musical world, if the name and works of Bellini alone were blotted out of existence. Imagine an operatic rep-

toire without a *Norma*, a *Sonnambula* or a *Puritani*! Let people and newspaper critics call these operas "hacknied" or old. So are Shakspeare, Byron, and even the Bible itself, old and "hacknied." We are familiar with their contents, and love them not the less because they are familiar. And I hope and expect, that in a few years the miserable cackling against Verdi will cease, and that he will be allowed his proper position just below Bellini—a name only a little lower than an angel.

While writing about Bellini, I am reminded of a conversation with an Italian gentleman, who was once acquainted with the gifted Sicilian. "He was," said he, "a sad-looking, pale young man, with a light-blue eye and flaxen hair. There was nothing of the Italian in his appearance. In disposition he was mild and amiable, and was altogether one of those few beings, who seem to be angels, that visit the earth for a little while, bestow happiness on mankind, and then return to his real home." And it seems to me that no angel could bestow more blessings on us than has Bellini, in that wondrous trinity of operas—*Norma*, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani*.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 11, 1857.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.—Our readers know how often and how bitterly we have been reproached for our strong preference of German to Italian music, (or rather say our preference of men like Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn—and we might add Cherubini and even Rossini, both *Italians*—to men like Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini); how often we have been called unfair to the Italian school and its admirers. They also know how often we, in answer to these complaints from that large class of our friends who think the Italian operas now in vogue almost the acme of all musical inspiration and perfection, have said: We write as we see it and as we feel it, nor can we honestly do otherwise; nor can the truth be reached except by the sincere rendering of every one's experience; if our taste harmonizes not with your taste, if our experiences, our judgments contradict your own, if we test the worth of musical productions by a different criterion from yours, we cannot help it; but in the spirit of all fairness we invite you to place your experience, your reasons side by side with ours in our own columns, provided you can make a courteous, readable and clever statement of your side of the question; and in the two last-named qualifications we have no doubt you will often have the advantage over us, which we will gladly suffer to appear. We on our side know that we are strengthened by the concurrent testimony of most great musicians, of the Mendelssohns, and even of Rossini. You on the other hand can with more confidence than we, put it to popular vote, and appeal to the applause or coldness of miscellaneous audiences, to the admirations of the young and the "unscientifically" musical, as you love to term them. Verdi stirs your blood, Bellini melts you to tenderness and tears; you appeal to your friends and neighbors, and they say Amen! We too, perchance, in younger days, have known the same experience, but we have lived, as we think, to know more; and in this *more*, to find ourselves in nearer and nearer accordance with the world's judgment, in

the long run, with what the world has decided, (in spite of the popularities of time and place,) about the essential, solid, lasting preëminence of the Handels, Bachs, Mozarts, Beethovens, as well as of the Shakspeares, Miltons, Raphaels, who are none the less stars first in magnitude and glory because at any time meteors and rockets catch the popular eye more readily. But we have said: speak for yourselves, and let us hear both sides, all sides of the matter. And more than that, it has been our editorial policy to copy from all able quarters opinions, however various and contradictory, about the musical notabilities of the day, trusting that the mere comparison of views may prove instructive, while reserving to ourselves the right to differ or accept, or criticize with utmost freedom.

But we are pursuing the matter farther than we meant. Our present object simply was to refer to the letter in another column of our young and lively New York correspondent "Trovator," who is brim-full of Verdi and Bellini, of whom he writes sincerely and heartily, and whose opinions, while they never can be confounded with those that give the prevailing editorial tone to this Journal, are welcome to a place in it, where they shall speak for themselves, and doubtless with much more acceptance to one class of our readers than it is possible for us to do. It is our misfortune, perhaps,—one in which we have much good company—that we cannot find Verdi's passion music "glorious," nor *Norma* "classical." We are denied too the luxury of revelling in that fine analogy of Gothic architecture, when we think of Verdi. The "frozen music" (to use Mme. De Stael's phrase) of the Gothic architecture, is palpably of the fugue type, and more in the genius of old Bach than Verdi. Nor do the florid sentimental warblings of *Norma* seem to us at all suggestive of the chaste simplicity of Grecian temples. Nor do we shudder at the possibility of losing those great lyric lights. Should some meteoric Wagner or other musical comet strike both the Verdi and Bellini operas out of existence, we could contemplate without more dismay than when we part with the peculiar beauties of one tract of country on a journey; rich in the thought of nobler treasures left, how could we feel the awful void our correspondent speaks of. Blot out many such stars, and the musical firmament still shines above us, infinitely beautiful, significant and glorious.

THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST AGAIN.—The brief letter of a Philadelphia correspondent, as well as the fuller report of the late Festival, which we copied from the *Musical Review*, were severe upon the conductorship of Mr. WOLLSIEFER, and ascribed to that cause many of the imperfections of the performances, both choral and orchestral. We have since learned that there is by no means wanting another side to the matter, and we are very happy to present it. The strictures were mainly two. First, a tendency to take the *tempi* too slow in the orchestral pieces. With regard to this we understand that there were different opinions among musicians, as there always are upon this question. Temperaments differ; impatient, ardent youth and sober age are almost always at issue on such points. The testimony of even great men is not uniform: Beethoven complained often that his movements were taken too fast, even when nothing had

caught the rapid rate peculiar to our "fast" age; Mendelssohn, on the other hand, was fond of indulging in an extreme rapidity; he had the humor of it, and made all sound clear and perfect in that way, where others would have huddled and scrambled through with much confusion. The Philadelphia conductor we understand to be one of those staid, earnest, quiet musicians, of an older school, and somewhat advanced in years, who thinks *distinctness* the first requisite in every large combined performance. Possibly he may err upon the right side and sacrifice too much to that; but we know it is far more common to err upon the other side and hurry a piece of music through at a mad rate.

The other criticism was: want of care in the rehearsals (of the choral pieces). We understand there was another and more serious drawback; and that was the want of preparation and competency on the part of the great majority of the singers when they came together. There was but *one* general rehearsal, and that was not the fault of the conductor, who prolonged that one to four hours. Of a thousand or more singers, who were then present, not three hundred, we are told, actually sang, or could go through all the pieces with any kind of correctness, to say nothing of expression. Certainly a poor chance for a leader to do much! The great difficulty complained of in the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, (the Philadelphia organ of the German Männerchöre especially), both in this and in most previous gatherings of the kind, has been that of getting the separate clubs and societies to thoroughly practice the Festival pieces before they leave their homes; too many flock to the Festival for a good, jolly time, under the name of music, and do not take the pains to make it truly musical. The Philadelphia *Zeitung*, under the editorship of this same Mr. Wollsiefer, has labored earnestly and ably for a year past, to correct this evil and inspire the right spirit into all the numerous singing clubs of Germans. No doubt the evil now so clearly felt, will be corrected.

A CHANCE TO DO A GOOD THING FOR MUSIC. We cannot help copying, with fullest and heartiest endorsement, the following suggestion of the Boston correspondent of the New York *Musical World*. Surely the need has only to be known in the right quarters, and a life's excellent labor will not be allowed to go unfinished for the want of a few hundreds.

Listening yesterday to the choir just now conducted by my friend, A. W. T., the well-known "Diarrist" of Dwight's Journal of Music, I could not help wishing that some Cæsar who was casting about for a good thing to do with his superfluous money, would so devote a few hundreds out of his abundance as to enable this industrious laborer in the field of musical literature to prosecute and complete the work to which he has given much of the best years of his life to accomplish; all that could be spared from the mere drudgery necessary for the getting a supply of daily bread. You know I refer to his unfinished *Life of Beethoven*. A true life of this great master is yet to be given to the world; and here it is, half finished, the result of years of pain-taking, laborious investigation, animated by a reverence and love of the work and of its subject that should promise the best results. The unwearying perseverance and diligence that mark the various contributions of this writer to our musical literature, ensure the most careful minuteness of investigation, while the pleasing and graceful style in which he gives the results of his researches to the public, are very familiar to the readers of the Journal of Music, published here, and make it certain that the book would be full of pleasant reading. It seems to me a pity that such perseverance and industry should, for the lack of a

little material aid, come to nothing, and that the limited means of the writer, made less by the claims of seriously impaired health, should prevent the completion of a labor that is so far advanced. O Cressus, whoever you may be, the money that you may squander on a mirror, or a carpet, or a horse, would send much happiness into a heart that must some times be wearied by continued disappointment, by making possible the completion of a long cherished undertaking. You would be the means of giving to the world a *Book*, not a sensation novel. (we have scores of such, and another one more would be little gain to the world), but one of the books that *are* books, as Charles Lamb says, that will treat a great subject, I think, as a great subject deserves, and would be eagerly welcomed by thousands of readers, and have a long life. Do this, Cressus, and you shall have the surname, *Marcenas*!

I have seen a list headed by some names of a world-wide reputation, who have pledged generous sums to promote this undertaking, and enable the author to return to Europe and complete his investigations; for, it is there, obviously, that all the materials exist and must be sought for. Has no one else a stray hundred dollars to devote to so good an end? And will not the Editor of the *Journal of Music* here be the banker for his correspondent, for his faithful Diarist? Most certainly he will, and I would call the attention of capitalists to this desirable and permanent investment, that neither bears nor bulls can move a hair's breadth up or down.

We hold the paper mentioned in the last paragraph, and shall be happy to receive the addition of a few good names to it, as well as to do whatever in us lies, in furtherance of an enterprise so worthy the support of all the musical. Its failure for want of means would be a loss which Music cannot well afford to bear.

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—A series of cheap concerts for the people have been instituted under the auspices of the Mechanics' Association, in their splendid new hall. They are called "Ten cent concerts," and packages of twelve tickets are sold for a dollar. The performances are by Fiske's Cornet Band, assisted by some of the best vocal talent of the city. We are glad to hear they are successful; they must certainly do good. The *Palladium* of the 6th says:

The second of the people's concerts was very well attended, the particular attraction seeming to be the performances announced by the choir of Rev. Dr. Hill's church, although people are beginning to find out that the best way of "hearing the band, of an evening, is, to take a seat or a promenade in our pleasant Hall, in preference to standing upon a crowded sidewalk to hear the music resound from opposite brick walls or "cut capers" of echoes around the corners. Our citizens are fast awaking to a sense of the importance of the "cheap concert" movement, and we think it has now a firm hold upon us, and one which we cannot regret. People of educated musical taste can hardly expect to be satisfied with the entire programme for an evening; but the entertainment is not offered to them in particular, and they must therefore content themselves in witnessing the pleasure of others, and in hailing with satisfaction any sign of the advancement of the popular taste towards the high standard, as evinced, for instance, in the occasional announcement of Joslyn's band, at the "Day State" concerts, of selections from Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Decidedly the best performance on the second evening was the cavatina from *Lucia*, which was deservedly *encored*. Arbuckle gave another of his expressively played cornet solos, and the choir above mentioned sang the "Tramp Chorus" and the famed terzetto from *Attila*, both of which were well sung, although there was a complaint of the general effect being marred by the predominance of the tenor over the other parts—which is the only fault that can be found with the singing of this well-trained choir. An "intermission for promenade" was wisely set down in the bills; and it was pleasing to find it generally observed.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—The Fourth of July week does not often offer in a New England village, music of the kind set down in the following programmes. But there is a Female Seminary in Farmington, where music is made a matter of much attention, and we reported last year of a flying visit made there by the MASON and BERGMANN Quartet party from New York. Last week the visit was repeated, only without Mr. Bergmann, who was engaged with the German Opera in Philadelphia, but with his place as

violinist supplied by Mr. BRANNES. They gave two classical concerts, to an audience composed mostly of the young ladies of the Seminary, who listened with delight and "with the closest attention and understanding apparently" to the selections, especially to the stringed quartets of Beethoven, Schumann, &c. Here are the programmes:

Wednesday, July 1.

- 1—Quartet No. 10, in D, First movement. (Allegretto,) Mozart
Messrs Thomas, Mosenthal, Matzka and Brannes
- 2—*a. Sehnsucht am Meere*, Willmiers
b. Zum Wintermärchen, Dreyschloek
Mr. William Mason.
- 3—Fantasia, "Sonnambula," Artot
Mr. Theodore Thomas.
- 4—Sonata in G, op. 13, Piano and Violin, Anton Rubinstein
Messrs. Mason and Thomas.
- 5—Quartet, No. 1, in A minor, op. 41, R. Schumann

Thursday, July 2.

- 1—Quartet, in F minor, op. 95, No. 11, Beethoven
a. Valse de Salon, Wm. Mason
- 2—*b. Si j'oseau j'étais*, Henselt
a toi je volerais, Henselt
Mr. William Mason.
- 3—Quartet, in D minor, Second movement, (Andante and Variations), Franz Schubert
- 4—Andante and Variations, op. 46, for two pianos, Schumann
Messrs. Henry C. Timm and William Mason.
- 5—Morceau de Salon, "Reverie," Vieuxtemps
Mr. Theodore Thomas
- 6—Quartet, in E flat major, op. 47, for Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Robert Schumann
Messrs. Mason, Thomas, Matzka and Brannes.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Corradi-Setti and his large corps operatique, with Vestvali as a special star, commenced an opera season at the Varieties theatre, St. Louis, on the 12th ult., with the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Caranti being the Lucrezia, Maccaferri the Gennaro, Sariti the Duke, and, of course, the Vestvali in her superb rôle of Orsini. There was every prospect of a brilliant season of some weeks.

PHILADELPHIA.—Fitzgerald, for the 4th inst., furnishes the following items.

The Academy of Music.—This splendid establishment re-opens this (Wednesday) evening with the first of a series of Promenade Concerts, on the plan of those given at Drury Lane Theatre by Jullien, and in Paris by the celebrated Musard. The parquette and stage are floored over, and, by the use of innumerable flowering plants, are made to represent a vast garden, with urns, vases, statues, and candelabra, winding paths and charming vistas of rural beauty. The orchestra will be the same that has given unlimited satisfaction during the German Opera season, and will be led by Carl Bergmann, who has achieved such a popularity among our musical critics by his careful conducting, thorough drilling and admirable judgment. Among the vocalists engaged to add additional attraction to this enterprise, appear the names of Madame Johannsen, Miss Caroline Ritchings, Herr Pickaneser, Mr. Frazer and Sig. Anodio. Notwithstanding the great expense of this series, it has been deemed expedient to place the admission at the low price of twenty-five cents, in order that all may be able to visit the Academy and enjoy an economical amusement of the most refined description.

Drew's National Theatre.—On Monday the popular English Opera troupe, consisting of the beautiful Miss Rosalie Durand, the lovely Miss Georgina Hodson, and the handsome Messrs. Frederick Lyster and Frank Trevor, made their appearance in "The Daughter of the Regiment," assisted by the regular company. On Tuesday was performed "Sonnambula," an English Opera with an Italian name. The success of this company at the National is undoubted. The beauty of the ladies and the merit of the singing will attract all connoisseurs in loveliness and music.

"Sonnambula" was sung with a great deal of spirit and vivacity.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We complete to-day the *Times* report of the great Handel Festival in London. It appears that it was eminently successful in a financial point of view.

We have already spoken of the extensive library of works relating to music, which has been collected with great pains by Mr. ALBRECHT, late of the Germania Society. He now wishes to dispose of it. A classified catalogue of the works is in our hands, bearing the names of 76 works upon the History of Music, 56 Biographies, 37 Musical Dictionaries, 13 works upon Acoustics, &c., 55 Elementary and Theoretic, 45 on Theory of Composition, 54 Instruction books for Voice and instruments, 24 Essays on Musical Expression, 95 Musical Tales, Novels, &c., 31 series of Musical Journals, 20 polemical and sa-

tirical writings, and 12 Reports of Musical Societies; in all 518 works in 745 volumes. These works are in English, German, French and Latin, and include a great deal that is very rare and valuable. Mr. Albrecht has also an interesting collection of Autographs of celebrated composers, to the number of 50 or more, containing letters, signatures, musical fragments or entire pieces from Beethoven, Cramer, Hummel, Mozart, Pacer, Liszt, Rossini, Spohr, and others, of which we have a descriptive catalogue. The price of the collection is \$50.

FRY, of the *Tribune*, says of Mme. LAGRANGE and another of her troupe:

The climate of Havana and of New Orleans has improved even her voice. Mme. La Grange in the air from *Sonnambula* blended her almost inexhaustible resources of artistical vocalization with a deep and moving expression of feeling, not for a long time before heard by the music-loving public. In the whole concert she was ably sustained by Miss SIMON, whose voice, full of suavity, freshness and expansion, gives promise of a brilliant artistic future. It is Cincinnati that sends this blossom of its soil.

One of the Philadelphia papers speaks thus warmly of the recent performance of the tenor, PICKANESER, of the German opera, in the part of Lionel in Flotow's *Martha*:

His opening song—well known by its English title of "When I left those scenes of childhood"—caused one of those thundering demonstrations of delight which Philadelphians are noted for lavishing on the first stanzas of favorite airs—(the Lucrezia Brindisi, for instance.) There was a desperate attempt made to eucore this first verse, but the music proceeded—at least, it is to be presumed that it did—for the orchestra could not be heard in consequence of the applause. The second strophe excited a similar furor, and the entire composition had to be repeated. It was an enthusiasm far greater than that produced by the favorite "Libiamo" of La Traviata, and the question is naturally put as to the cause of this remarkable manifestation of delight; fortunately a simple answer will suffice—the beauty of the air, the perfection of the singing, and a B flat given with wonderful force and sweetness in the chest voice of this excellent tenor. Pickaneser did not suffer the impression thus made to be effaced by his subsequent efforts; he exerted himself to do his best, and cheered by the plaudits of an audience more than usually demonstrative, he achieved success after success in every act, reaching a fine climax in the mad duet of Act Fourth, where his acting was almost as good as his singing. We have heard a great many operas, in different cities, by various troupes and in divers language, but we have no recollection of any tenor having caused so much enthusiasm, or of having sung with more vigor, more taste or more expression than this unpretending young German.

The same writer adds, speaking of the Company as a whole:

Now, the musical world has found out the good qualities of this unassuming troupe. The German Company is no longer mentioned with a prejudiced sneer and a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders; on the contrary it is admired and patronized, in spite of heat, storm, wind and counter attractions. So general is the appreciation, that a subscription paper has been circulated among our merchants to secure the return of the Company, for twenty nights, in the autumn, with some additional voices, and we are told that within a very few days several thousand dollars have been pledged. This is a praiseworthy encouragement of Mr. Bergmann's meritorious enterprise, and we are proud of Philadelphia for recognizing the deserts of a troupe that could not be sustained profitably in New York.

"Stella," in one of her pleasant "Suburban Letters" in the Worcester *Palladium*, is severe on the feminine passion for display in dress and concludes with the following remark:

The family that showily parades out of the door on a Sunday's morning to see and be seen, we may safely "guess" has neither *Harper* or *Putnam* on its table, to say nothing of the *Art Journal*, the *Crayon*, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, or any of these almost priceless refiners of the taste of a reading community; which, after all, owe the greater part of their support to people of limited means, who live for themselves and their consciences, and not for the world and its opinions.

An exchange says:—"A few Sundays ago, at one of the Brooklyn churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes in as follows:—"My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart." Another line received the following rendering—"And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights." And still another was sung—"And take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home."

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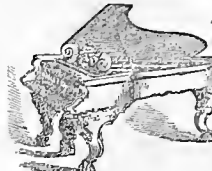
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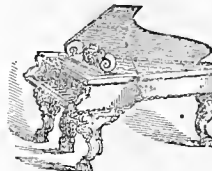
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Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

[Continued from p. 114.]

You know already, that a Fugue is a piece of music in several parts, which differs from all others. You know too, that it is distinguished from other forms of composition by the following characteristics. A single leading thought, or phrase, simply and distinctly uttered at the very outset by a single voice (part), predominates throughout the whole piece. This thought is taken up by the other voices (parts), as they come in one after another, and is borne on by them, perpetually re-appearing: whatever accessory matter is associated with it is held fast by the whole, (with little unessential modifications perhaps), and is only changed by distribution among the different parts. Each of these parts or voices, therefore, is equally the principal part; each is alike prominent and *obligato*. If an intervening phrase be introduced occasionally, it must be taken from one of these leading thoughts, or be at least analogous to them. The piece as a whole has, by strict rule, no farther divisions and points of rest, but flows on in one steady stream, concentrating and narrowing its vital forces more and more as it goes on, until it has said all that the master can say in this form upon the thoughts which he has chosen.

That first leading thought is called the *theme*—also the subject, or the leader (*Dux*); the second thought, which forms the constant accompaniment to the first, is the *Counter-theme*—or counter-subject, or counter-harmony. These occasional accessory phrases, taken from the main thoughts or at least analogous to them, are called the

connecting harmony (*zwischen-Harmonie*, or *between-harmony*); and if you want a new name for the first of the leading thoughts, or theme, where it enters in a new part or on another degree of the scale, you may call it the companion (*Comes*), or the answer.

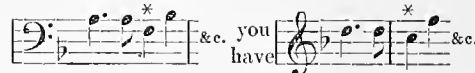
When the Fugue is woven merely out of the theme, the counter-theme and a connecting harmony, which is borrowed from these, it is called a *strict Fugue*. When the connecting harmony is not taken from the themes, but is only analagous to them, perhaps only resembling them in sentiment or in the figure chosen, it is called a *free Fugue*. When a piece is commenced as a strict Fugue and its theme and counter-theme are carried through the four voices, but not much further; or, when they are still further treated, but with more secondary thoughts than the free Fugue, the piece is not called a Fugue, but only a *fugued piece*—a piece worked up in the fugue style.*

That this may all be plain and palpable, allow me to point it out to you in pieces which you surely know and have at hand. The *Kyrie* in Mozart's *Requiem* is a strict Fugue; most of the fugues of Joseph Haydn, those for instance in the "Creation," are free fugues; and both are what they undertake to be, in the greatest perfection. Fugued passages of the kind first named are such excellent ones as: *Seine Tage sind abgekürzet* ("His days are shortened"), and: *Seine Seele ist voll Jammer* ("His soul is full of sorrow"), in the first chorus of Graun's *Passion*. Fugued passages of the second kind you find most frequently in larger instrumental works; the overture to Mozart's *Zauberflöte* is a fugued piece of this second kind. Examine these pieces now more closely, to discover in them what we have stated to be the essential of the whole genus Fugue, and what has been said of the elements of this; you cannot fail to find it; then compare the pieces with each other, and you will easily remark how they all belong under the same genus, while each illustrates a particular variety. We cannot expect you, a mere dilettante, who are only seeking for some worthy enjoyment, to study them further: but that you may find such enjoyment in listening to or playing over fugues and fugued pieces, direct your attention after the following method—provided you have clearly mastered the above.

Think in the first place of nothing but the principal *theme*, in all its entrances, its turns and passages through all the voices, from beginning to end of the piece, so that you always trace it quite

* The *Double Fugue* is here passed over, as of rare occurrence, and too difficult for those to whom this essay is addressed.

distinctly with your thought, and hear it stand out clearly and distinctly everywhere. Do this, and you have not only the grand-plan as it were of the entire structure, but also the architectural outline of the main view. Perhaps you will not find this so easy at first by mere hearing, as you imagine: but it is indispensably necessary, enhances the interest, is not without charm, and after a little practice will become very easy to you; for the difficulty in the beginning lies not in the thing itself, but in your previous habit of letting every piece of music affect you, and affect your feeling, only as a whole, or in the lump, so to speak. You must not be disturbed or led astray by slight modifications, which meet you here and there in the theme when it appears as *Comes*—for instance in the *Kyrie* referred to, where instead of—



These are not arbitrary and contrary to rule, but are necessary and founded on the nature of our scale; it will be all clear to you when you have taken a few steps further.

Having made this first step easy, now fix your attention exclusively upon the *Counter-theme*, or second subject. I need not tell you that you find it, in the same *Kyrie* for instance, already entering in the second measure in the alto part. Proceed with this precisely as you have done with the leading theme, till you acquire the same facility in tracing it that you have done there. For both exercises you will do well to select only strict fugues, such as the one just cited—for the reason that here you will not be disturbed by any accessory work, and will discover everywhere the most uniform consistency.

Keep still to these strict fugues for a third exercise: that namely of following *both* main thoughts—both theme and counter-theme, at *once*, as they run along side by side through the course of the piece; watch them in all their entrances, turns and concatenations. This will be difficult at first, with all your facility in seizing the two themes separately; but I am sure, if you have taken up these first two exercises in earnest, you will not desist here, for this third one has in it something so exciting, animating, and so much too that is pleasant, that you *must* carry through your purpose. But if you have carried it through, and so far that it has no longer any difficulty for you, then you have in your power all the main points that concern *you* in this kind of composition; and the rest comes so easy to you, finds indeed such support upon the other side in your own taste and feeling, that it scarcely requires a few words to be said upon it.

Nor need much be said about your exercises in *free* fugues. You will proceed with them, as with the strict fugues; and will find it here more easy and convenient. Still less will you require directions as to *fugued* pieces of the first kind, since these are nothing more than strict fugues commenced, but not carried through, not completed. And as to *fugued* pieces of the second kind—for instance the overture to the *Zauberflöte*—this little will suffice. Place this famous overture before you. It will be easy enough for you here too, to find and follow the leading theme and counter-theme; and equally easy to trace the connecting harmony, the accessory thoughts which in this piece are so rich, so graceful, so appropriate, and so charmingly distributed, and to note how analagous they are, partly in invention and construction, partly in their employment and expression, to the leading passages. I have only to warn you not to get disturbed, not to lose the internal connection of the whole. In this grouping, alternation, mingling, genius governs more than rule, although the former by no means impairs the latter, (where it is rightly done, as in this overture). Here too there is nothing further to be said about particulars, unless one would go critically through each given piece. If the above little course of study has been made in earnest, all that can need be said, suggests itself, and will be sanctioned and enjoyed by feeling.

[To be continued.]

MUSIC ON TOO LARGE A SCALE.—The London *Morning Herald*, while it agrees with all the other witnesses that the late Handel Festival "must be accounted the most magnificent, complete, and remarkable recorded in the history of the art," yet draws from it the following lesson as to the tendency to overdo things in our times:

One desirable consequence, at all events, is likely to result from the Festival of 1857. It will deter speculation from running into excess, and will teach theorists that there are bounds and limitations to all things, artistic as well as mechanical. At the theatres and in the concert-rooms, for some years past, to meet the exigencies of the public taste, it has been thought necessary to make use of larger masses of executants in the performance of music than had been hitherto employed. This is the age of exaggeration. M. Jullien, always desirous of conciliating his audiences—satisfied it was the best means of gaining their appreciation in the end—through a series of successive seasons added yearly to the numerical force of his band, until latterly—before Covent-garden Theatre was burnt—his orchestra almost vied in numbers with his audience. One of the greatest elements of success in a musical performance is undoubtedly *noise*. In choral singing, more especially, volume of sound and loudness are indispensable to produce a grand impression. What would the "Hallelujah" chorus, or "Unto us a child is born," or any of the magnificent bursts of exultation in *Israel in Egypt* avail in the execution, but for their manifestation of power? Occasionally, no doubt, perfect *ensemble* singing, and the beauty and impressiveness of the music, may create a profound sensation, and not seldom the employment of *pianos* by a large body of singers, awakens a feeling not to be described; but to sway the mob as the winds the waves—to fill their hearts as well as their ears—to make them feel the might and majesty of the composer—to transport them, as it were, out of themselves, is only to be compassed by sounds whose force and volume suggest to the mind the sublime music of Nature—the breath of the tempest, the roar of waters, the peal of thunder. But all sounds are comparative. Five hundred voices in Exeter Hall display more power than 2500 in the Crystal

Palace. The directors of the Commemoration of the Handel Centenary in 1859—which, we have reason to believe, is in contemplation—must not, therefore, think of increasing their choral and instrumental force to obtain the same striking effects which are produced by a comparatively small body elsewhere. It would be a waste of means, from which the desired result would not follow. Not one half the effect was produced by that immense choir and band at the Handel Festival, just concluded, which might have been obtained had the locality in which they performed been properly adapted for the conveyance of sound. Of course different persons have judged differently, according to the position in which they were placed during the performance. A music-room constructed on the best principles of acoustics would necessarily convey the sound equally, or nearly so, to every part of the building. In the transept of the Crystal Palace this is far from being the case. In some places every note reaches the ear, and is heard distinctly. In others the loudest sounds only are audible. If the Crystal Palace is intended to be used for the Festival of 1859 the entire transept will have to be surrounded with a screen, and then it is more than probable that the 2500 executants will be found too many. If, however, a greater power be attained by the rejection of 1500 of the singers, the eye alone will experience any loss. For one sufficient reason it is imperative that the employment of enormous choral and instrumental masses should be restricted. While these increase in number the locality where they perform must be extended, and the solo singers in consequence must be sacrificed. It becomes a question then whether the songs, duets, trios, and quartets of an oratorio are to be accounted secondary matters, and whether soloists are to be accepted as mere conveniences, whose performances are to constitute halting-places in the great work to give the chorus singers rest. That this was not contemplated even by Handel, who, of all writers of sacred music, laid most stress upon his choruses, need hardly be mentioned. What Mozart has accomplished for the solo voices in his immortal *Requiem*, and to cite more recent examples, Mendelssohn, in his two great sacred compositions, *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, not to point to works of other composers, entirely disprove the supposition—if any such be entertained—that solo singing is not an important element of an oratorio. With the great mass of the public, for whom all sacred compositions are more especially written, single songs and favorite singers will always have a charm. At the late festival the principal singers certainly did not signalize themselves as they are wont to do in less spacious localities than the transept of the Crystal Palace, and in some instances their voices were altogether lost in space. These considerations no doubt will lead to a modification of the building for future festivals, and allay the thirst in societies and directors for an enlargement of their executive force.

A Popular Account of the Handel Festival Organ.

(From the London Musical World.)

The employment of an organ as an adjunct to the ordinary resources of a grand orchestra in the performance of oratorio-music, obeys a prescription coeval with oratorio itself. Having scarcely anything in common with the instruments of an orchestra, and—save in its sustaining power—as little similarity to voices, the breadth, richness, and grandeur of its tone, have, nevertheless, long since determined its appointment to that duty of cementing, solidifying, and strengthening the combined mass of both, which nothing else could satisfactorily perform. This peculiar duty of the organ was certainly recognized in this country as far back as the time of Henry Purcell; for, in many of his sacred compositions, we find that wonderful musician employing the organ in conjunction with the orchestra, not alone as a mere filling up of his score, but often in special traits of what can be only fitly termed "instrumentation" in the modern sense; disclosing, even then, a complete knowledge of its capability for

effect. From Handel, the creator of the oratorio, comes, however, the authority which makes the organ essential to that just performance of this, the sublimest class of music. Handel specially wrote for the organ in conjunction with his orchestra, and invariably used it in the performance of his oratorios whenever its presence was attainable. If to this be added, that the greatest sacred composer of modern times, Mendelssohn, has bequeathed to us a similar sanction for its use,—firstly, in the score of his *Elijah*; and secondly, in the organ-part with which he has enriched the Handel Society's edition of *Israel in Egypt*,—nothing further is needed to explain the cost and trouble incurred in erecting the organ for the present festival.

A few years since, it would have been thought wholly unnecessary to direct any save the slightest notice to an organ erected for an oratorio performance. A bare record of the fact, coupled, perhaps, with the advertisement of the Organ-builder's name, would then have served every purpose. At the Westminster Abbey Festival in 1834, for instance, on which occasion a large organ was provided by the makers of the present instrument—Messrs. Gray and Davison—the briefest announcement of its existence and parentage was presumed enough to satisfy every claim the organ might have to attention. Twenty years ago, however, the art of organ-building can scarcely be said to have emerged from its infancy in this country; and although that infancy was often stalwart—even sometimes gigantesque for its date—its growth was too much encumbered with rudeness and want of symmetry and refinement at all points, to occupy much ground in the circles either of mechanical science or musical taste. All this has greatly changed. The large organ of past times has as little relation to the modern first-class instrument, as has a coarse product of handicraft to a finished work of art. And, naturally enough, along with this vast improvement in the instrument itself, and a corresponding advance in the style of its treatment by the performer, has grown up an amount of public interest in the matter,—an extent of hearty and earnest amateurship, both as to the musical effect and construction of the organ, sufficient, it is presumed, to justify the explanations about to be offered with regard to the particular instrument constructed for the present festival.

A brief notice of the difficulties certain to arise in providing a suitable organ for this occasion, naturally precedes a description of the means adopted to overcome them. The inevitable obstacles to be encountered were, vast space, and the antagonism of multitudes of voices and instruments,—both of which operate in absorbing and destroying organ-tone to an extent not at all generally suspected. However much the statement may be at variance with ordinary impressions, it is nevertheless true that the organ is, considering the large number of its *sounding parts*, a very weak instrument; in other words, that the tone of any one of its single pipes is much inferior in power to that of a single voice or orchestral instrument. Without entering into technical details, this fact may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained in the statements that the air with which the pipes of an organ are sounded is supplied at a pressure much below that exercised by the human lungs either in singing or playing a wind-instrument; and that, until very lately, it was supposed that a much increased pressure of air could not be applied to organ-pipes with a corresponding, or, indeed, any, advantage. It may be naturally suggested, indeed, that the required degree of power could be obtained by *enlarging* the organ,—in other words, by doubling or tripling, for instance, the number of its sounding parts. The first objection to this course is its extravagance both in money and space; and the second and more fatal one is that it would not accomplish the proposed object. Here again, in order to avoid a long and probably uninteresting elucidation, the reader must be pleased to accept, as a demonstrable fact, that, beyond a certain and speedily attainable limit, the reduplication of sounds of the same pitch and character affords no commensurate increase of power. For this and

other difficulties connected with the structure of instruments of the largest class, modern ingenuity, continental and English, has succeeded in providing remedies, and these have been largely adopted in the Crystal Palace Organ. It was, of course, no part of the present design to construct a mere musical monster, capable of overwhelming the 2500 voices and instruments with which it is associated; such a result, however practicable, would have been as absurd as unnecessary. The aim of the builders has been to produce an instrument, the varied qualities of which should combine all desirable musical beauty, with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it is specially destined to bear in this great commemoration; and, should the result be pronounced successful, it is presumed that the very unusual difficulties of *locale* and employment to which the instrument is subjected, will be felt to proportionately enhance the credit due to its constructors.

To proceed at once with our description. On an occasion when all the preparations are on so vast a scale as the present, it will be naturally concluded that the Festival Organ must be, even in the obvious and external sense, a very large instrument. In this particular, it is highly probable that the spectator will, at a first glance, be disappointed. The prodigious dimensions of the Transept of the Crystal Palace, dwarfing to all but insignificance every single object it encloses, operate, of course, in greatly diminishing the apparent magnitude of the Organ. The reader has been elsewhere informed that the Orchestra prepared for this occasion "alone covers considerably more space than is found in any Music Hall in the kingdom;" and, similarly, he may be assisted to estimate the space occupied by the Organ, if told that it stands on more ground than that allotted to most ordinary houses,—its width is forty feet, by a depth of thirty. He will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive how, by any possibility, a musical instrument can require all these 1,200 superficial feet of standing-room; and be tempted to set it down as a piece of display,—an attempt to impose on him by the mere appearance of magnitude. A few simple facts will, however, convince him that these arrangements are controlled by a necessity passing all show. When he is told that this Organ contains 4,568 sounding pipes, varying in size, from 32 feet in length and with a diameter sufficient to easily admit the passage of a stout man's body, to less than one inch in length with the bore of an ordinary quill,—that, in order to place these 4,568 pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least 6,800 other separate working parts are required, (many of these being complete machines in themselves, the separate members of which, if reckoned as in the process of manufacture, would at least quintuple the number.)—that all these 11,368 sounding and working parts require such a disposition and arrangement that each one may be more or less easily accessible for those occasions of adjustment which must frequently arise in so complicated an instrument,—and, finally, that the entire mass before him weighs nearly fifty tons,—he will scarcely fail to perceive that the space is economically rather than ostentatiously occupied, and will, moreover, be enabled, perhaps, to understand some of those points often deemed mysterious with regard to large organs in general, such, for example, as their cost, and the time occupied in their manufacture.

Internally, however, the Crystal Palace organ is, beyond doubt, a very large instrument. Although the number of its pipes is, for many reasons, a very fallacious test, when applied to the power and capability of such an instrument, it may be well, in a popular account such as the present, to state, that in this respect, it considerably exceeds the world-famed organ at Haarlem—the total number of the pipes in the latter being 4088; while—were the two placed side by side in the Crystal Palace orchestra—the difference in point of power would be still more remarkable.

The performer has at his disposal four complete rows of keys, each having a compass of fifty-eight notes, and each commanding a distinct department of the instrument. He has, also, a set of "pedals"

—a key-board played by his feet, in fact—by means of which he calls forth the ponderous basses necessary to support the general harmony. The "stops" belonging to each of these key-boards are subjoined in a tabular form:—

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN—(continued).	
1 Double Open Diapason, Metal.....	*16 feet	9 Super Octave.....	2 feet
2 Double Dulciana.....	16 "	10 Piccolo.....	2 "
3 Flute à Pavillon.....	8 "	11 Mixture.....	4 ranks
4 Viol de Gamba.....	8 "	12 Scharf.....	3 "
5 Octave.....	4 "	13 Contra Fagotto.....	16 feet
6 Harmonic Flute.....	8 "	14 Cornopean.....	8 "
7 Clarabel Flute.....	8 "	15 Oboe.....	8 "
8 Flute Octavante.....	4 "	16 Clarion.....	4 "
9 Super Octave.....	2 "	17 Echo Tromba.....	8 "
10 Flageolet Harmonic.....	2 "	Tremulant.	
CHOIR ORGAN.		PEDAL ORGAN.	
1 Bourdon.....	16 feet	1 Contra Bass.....	32 feet
2 Gamba.....	8 "	2 Open Diapason—	
3 Salicional.....	8 "	Wood.....	16 "
4 Voix Celeste.....	8 "	3 Violon.....	16 "
5 Clarionet Flute.....	8 "	4 Open Diapason—	
6 Gems Horn.....	4 "	Metal.....	16 "
7 Wald Flute.....	4 "	5 Octave.....	8 "
8 Spitz Flute.....	2 "	6 Twelfth.....	6 "
9 Piccolo.....	2 "	7 Super Octave.....	4 "
10 Mixture.....	2 ranks	8 Mixture.....	4 ranks
11 Cor Anglaise and Bassoon.....	8 feet	9 Contra Bombarde—	
12 Trumpet (small set).....	8 "	"free Reed".....	32 feet
SOLO ORGAN.		10 Bombarde—Metal.....	16 "
Grand Tromba.....	8 feet	11 Trumpet.....	8 "
Harmonic Flute.....	8 "	12 Clarion.....	4 "
Flute Octavante.....	4 "	COUPLERS.	
Mixture.....	2 ranks	Swell to Great Manual.	
Corno di Bassetto.....	8 feet	Do. Sub Octave.	
SWELL ORGAN.		Do. Super Octave.	
1 Bourdon.....	16 feet	Swell to Pedals.	
2 Open Diapason.....	8 "	Swell to Choir.	
3 Keraulophon.....	8 "	Solo to Great.	
4 Concert Flute.....	8 "	Solo to Choir.	
5 Octave.....	4 "	Super Octave Great.	
6 Flute.....	4 "	Solo to Pedals.	
7 Vox Humana.....	8 "	Choir to Pedals.	
8 Twelfth.....	3 "	Great to Pedals.	
SWELL ORGAN.		Choir to Great.	
1 Bourdon.....	16 feet	Sforzando. Great to Swell.	
2 Open Diapason.....	8 "	COMBINATION PEDALS.	
3 Keraulophon.....	8 "	3 to Great and Pedal Organ.	
4 Concert Flute.....	8 "	2 to Swell Organ.	
5 Octave.....	4 "	1 to Choir Organ.	
6 Flute.....	4 "	The Manual and Pedal Couplers, with the exception of the Solo Organ, are acted upon by Pedals.	
7 Vox Humana.....	8 "		
8 Twelfth.....	3 "		

Having thus furnished a general account of the contents of the Crystal Palace Organ, it remains but to notice some peculiarities of its structure, which may probably interest such readers as have given attention to the subject. Although it can claim no absolute originality of contrivance, some of its features are wholly novel in English practice, and others are but of recent introduction and as yet but sparingly employed in this country. As force and volume of tone were, obviously, the first essentials in an organ so placed, it has been deemed advisable to supply the pipes with air at a pressure considerably higher than that ordinarily employed; while—following the principle first enunciated by the great French builder, Cavallée—this pressure is again considerably increased in the upper half of the compass throughout the instrument. With the same view—as well as for their individual beauty of quality—some of the more powerful stops of recent French origin have been introduced. These are the *Flute à Pavillon*, the *Trompette Harmonique*, and the *Flute Harmonique*—this last appearing in greater variety than has hitherto been tried in the English organ, since, besides two specimens of different kinds in the swell and choir organs, there are three—respectively of 8, 4, and 2 feet pitch—in the great organ, contributing greatly to the sonorous richness of this portion of the instrument; and, lastly, two, of large calibre and speaking at an unusually high air-pressure, in the solo organ.

The 32 feet *Contra Bombarde* of the pedal is a stop of the "free-reed" kind—a mode of construction which, though but little used as yet in England, has many and decided advantages over the percussive variety of reed when employed in these profound registers of the instrument. The present is believed to be the first free-reed stop of 32 feet pitch produced in this country. The

pipes which are observed to project horizontally over the centre portion of the organ are those of the *Tromba*, belonging to the solo key-board. The idea of thus placing reed-stops appears to have originated with the Spanish builders, in many of whose instruments—and notably in the two large organs of the Cathedral at Seville—all the trumpets, clarions, etc., have this horizontal and external position. The advantage of this arrangement is that the tone, travelling towards the auditor in a far more direct course than when the pipes stand erect, derives from it a great apparent increase of volume and intensity. The pipes of the *Echo Tromba* of the swell organ are, also, similarly placed within the swell-box.

One remarkable mechanical arrangement which pervades the whole instrument is quite novel in English practice. It is the distinct grouping together of certain stops of each manual—each group having its own sound-board, placed apart from, and supplied with wind independently of, the remainder. In the list of stops above quoted, the mode in which the stops of each manual are thus grouped is indicated by brackets, and from thence it will be seen that there are, for the great organ, four of these separate sound-boards; for the swell organ, three; for the choir organ, two; for the solo organ, two; and for the pedal organ, four—or rather, as these are again subdivided, eight. Among its minor advantages, this grouping and separately alighting of a small number of stops secure a more equable maintenance of the prescribed pressure in the wind-chests than can at all times be depended on under the ordinary system. As a wide passage-way is provided between the sound-boards of each manual, this arrangement has, also, the advantage of giving unusual facility to the necessary operations of the tuner. The chief object of its employment in this instance, however, was the introduction of another untried novelty in this country—the system of "Combination Pedals," invented and now invariably used by Cavallée, of Paris. These "Combination Pedals" occupy the usual position, and—with a difference and an advantage of their own—discharge the functions of the composition pedals ordinarily employed in the English organ. They operate, however, on a widely different principle. They have no connection with the draw-stops or slides of the sound-boards; their action is simply to admit the supply of air to, or cut it off from, the various sound-boards, and thus, obviously, to command the speech or silence of the groups of stops placed on them. It is necessary to add that each pedal—in the progression from *piano* to *forte*—acts also on that which precedes it; thus at once providing against any unnatural or improper grouping of stops, and simplifying the operations of the performer. Ease, rapidity, and noiselessness of action are unquestionable characteristics of this system; but its peculiar advantage will be found in the number and variety of the combinations it affords. A pre-arrangement of the draw-stops obviously determines what number of any group of pipes shall appear at the command of each pedal; and thus the varieties of tone placed within reach of the performer's feet appear only limited by the number of combinations of which the stops themselves are legitimately capable.

The *Pneumatic Lever*, now generally admitted to be an essential feature in any large organ, is certainly indispensable to an instrument wherein, from the arrangement of the sound-boards, such an unusual number of valves must be operated on simultaneously by the finger of the performer. This beautiful apparatus is, it is believed, now too generally known in this country to require explanation in detail; yet it may not be here out of place to describe it, generally, as a kind of subsidiary machine interposed between the keys and the valves of the sound-boards, whereby the labor of opening the latter is, in fact, transferred from the finger of the performer to the arm of the bellows-blower. Its mode of operation is very similar to that of the steam-engine; steam and a reciprocating piston being represented in the Pneumatic Lever by compressed air, and the alternate inflation and exhaustion of a small bellows which—thrown into action by the slightest

pressure of the player's fingers—acts, in turn, with considerable force on the train of connections by which the sound-board valves are opened. There are two sets of this apparatus in the Crystal Palace instrument, one for the Swell Organ, and the other for the Great Organ and its numerous array of couplers; and by their means, the "touch," even when all the separate members of the instrument are united on one key-board, is rendered as light and invariable as that of a grand pianoforte.

The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed through this large instrument by twenty-two pairs of bellows. Four, only, of these, however, are employed to furnish the supply of air—the remainder act merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chests.

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, proper to state that the Crystal Palace Organ will not—indeed, cannot—be entirely completed as here described until after the termination of the Handel Festival. A few stops in the choir and solo organs, not essential to the present orchestral duties of the instrument, not forming part of the original design, and which time renders it absolutely impossible now to complete, are at present omitted, but will take their destined positions as speedily as opportunity permits.

Music in London.

[Correspondence of New York Tribune, June 22.]

LACK OF VOICES.

If we are to judge from the performances in London, while instrumentalists are progressing in a wonderful manner, good singers become more and more scarce; for, Clara Novello excepted, it did not fall to our lot to hear any singing lady or gentleman who may be reckoned as above the average. Mesdames Bassano, Rudersdorff, Ferretti, Ransford, Sedlatzeck and others have sung themselves out; the new-comers, Mesdemoiselles A. Manning, Jenny Baur, Augusta Stubbe, are very young and pretty, but the less said of their voices will be the better. Herr Von der Osten, Herr Reichardt, M. Frank Bodda, and other male artists, may be musical enough, but they enjoy a mere thread of voice, and prove, at all events, unable to excite genuine enthusiasm among their hearers. The quartets sung by the Cologne amateurs: "Kölnner Männer Gesang Verein," proved alone successful in that direction; and nothing could give a higher idea of the harmonious splendor of the human voice when skillfully managed, than the songs executed by these eighty powerful performers, with the most striking *ensemble*. Why, then, have they made such a bad selection of melodies? Most of the composers whose names appeared on the programmes are totally unknown, and, we are bound to admit, deservedly so. A *Lied*, originally intended for a tenor or baritone solo, does not exactly gain much by being set for four voices, and it is certainly a pity to waste on mere musical trash such efficient power of harmony as the Germans possess.

If we were to believe English newspapers, there would be no reason to complain of a scarcity of grand singers, especially since a most bright luminary has appeared in the cloudy British sky, in the person of Miss Victoria Balfe, the daughter of the Irish maestro. But this shining star somewhat resembles that much-talked-of comet of the 13th of June; everybody spoke of it, yet nobody could perceive it. Miss Balfe's success is another instance of the British spirit of nationality, which has become a greater virtue than patience itself. She made her debut in *La Sonnambula*, and a more charming somnambulist could not be fancied in a Summer night's dream. She has almost exactly the age, the features, the figure of Grisi, when the latter appeared in London some twenty-five years ago. The "Nisetta" of to-day recalled to mind the "Diva Giulia" of former times in every particular, one only excepted—namely, the voice. Let English loyalists cheer and huzza to their heart's delight, and strike the big drum of flattery

with the enthusiastic devotedness of a regimental kettle-drummer, we are of the same opinion as the witty King Louis XVIII. He once astonished his Ministers by the simple truth, taken from a cooking book, that for a hare ragout the first thing required was a hare; and thus, we are inclined to believe that for a singer the first thing required is a voice.

THREE NEW PIANISTS.

Among the new pianists, who, if they have not just arrived in London, came, nevertheless, this year for the first time fairly before the public, we have particularly noticed three—Derfler, Klindworth and Rubinstein, three "foreigners." Herr Derfler, a highly cultivated artist from Vienna, was announced in grand style by the bombastic Ella, but, as usual, the customary mouse came forward after due labor. Herr Derfler executes the classic sonatas of Beethoven with laudable accuracy, and in the required style; there is no fault to be found with him, but he leaves you completely unmoved, and in the long run his performances will be found as dry and stiff as his person. The pianist has the misfortune to be uncommonly ugly. Every one of us, so-called lords of the creation enjoys more or less the privilege of ugliness, but our friend Derfler really abuses it, and it is always unpleasant to be a kind of errata in the creation. We can never look at him without thinking of an immense half-crotchet seated before a piano.

Herr Karl Klindworth, one of the best pupils of Liszt, is different in appearance as well as in execution, and may deservedly be regarded as one of the most promising musicians of our time. His long yellow hair and beard gave to his handsome person something of the expression which great painters have bestowed upon the Apostle John; and, in fact, he has assumed the character of an apostle of the romantic school of music. His mechanical and professional skill is unbounded; and, besides, there is so much heartiness and genuine feeling in his performing, that even a layman, as Tieck calls every non-musical being, is able to understand a sonata of Beethoven or a concerto of Bach, when they are played by him, for he plays with his whole soul. The great Liszt holds him in so great honor that he dedicated a fantasia on Raff's opera to him; and with such a high approbation, Herr Klindworth may well despise the silence or criticism of the British Zoiluses, who worship none but "respectable," time-honored idols; he belongs to the small number of chosen musicians.

"that seize

The heart with firmer grasp."

Antoine Rubinstein, a young Russian, is not only a powerful pianist, but also a delightful composer. He has more fire, more *entrainement* than Klindworth, but perhaps less feeling, less inward ardor. As a performer we really think him second to none but Liszt, and his future career will be marked with unusual brilliancy. He is one of the few wonderful children whose ripe age does not give the lie to the once promising childhood; it was the case with Handel, Mozart and Liszt, and even at the risk of being charged with exaggeration, we hope that the name of Rubinstein will one day be pronounced among the most glorious. To those who heard, at the concert given in his honor by the *Réunion des Arts*, in Harley street, the quartet, the sonata and the *Persische Lieder* composed by him, our appreciation will by no means appear too lofty. There is much originality in these compositions, and we do not know of a greater praise to be bestowed, in our days of unmeaning and endless writing of notes. All the eminent musicians of London were present at this concert, and among the most delighted we remarked Ella, Benedict, Ernst, Goffrie, Kallmark, Paque, Witt and Brückmann. Sebastian Bach's concerto in C minor, executed on two piano-fortes by Rubinstein and Klindworth, was truly wonderful and delightful in the utmost. Such performances are passed over in silence by the honorable Mr. Davidson and his critical followers; but let us tell them, with Wordsworth:

"Ye who pore

On the dead letter, miss the spirit."

Rubinstein and Klindworth are not the only foreign artists in England who may exclaim, with as good a right as Ovid:

"Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor illis."

NEW SCHOOL.

As I am speaking of the new school of music, I must not omit to mention that the 35th Musical Festival of the Rhine has been celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that Franz Liszt was the chosen director. The fact is important for those who have asked themselves for a number of years: Is there a new art? are the ideas of Richard Wagner, propagated by Liszt, destined, beside the remarkable works written by their ardent promoters, to produce a partial or radical reform in music? The programme itself answered the question. Full of admiration for the illustrious names of musical Germany, the maestro of Weimar demands at least toleration and space for the works of those for whom the hour of posterity has not yet struck. After Bach, Handel, Beethoven, he inscribes, *en passant*, Schubert and Schumann, and at last come the new names of Richard Wagner and Hector Berlioz. This prospectus is certainly more eclectic than revolutionary. In spite of the efforts of the classical conservatives, a symphony of Schubert, Robert Schumann's *Sanger's Fluch*, Liszt's *Fest Klänge*, and Wagner's overture of the *Tannhäuser* met with the most genuine success. But Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ* was the great stumbling-block. How could such a profane romantic appear among the sacred crowd? Many enthusiastic Handelists asked proudly: "What is Saul coming to do among the prophets?" and would have deserved the answer which the witty Julius Weber once returned to an assembly of straight-laced clergymen, "I am seeking my father's ass, and think I have found it." Berlioz! a living composer, and a Frenchman, too! *Vade retro!* Poor Berlioz meets with the same misfortune which befalls *pauvre Jacques* in the play, whom people found too old for work and too young for alms. In Paris they find him too German; at Aix-la-Chapelle, too French. However that may be, the performers of the Festival entered into a conspiracy, and executed the oratorio so badly at the rehearsal that Liszt was obliged to leave off the two first parts; but in spite of this obstinate aversion, the third part, *La Fuite en Egypte*, produced such a profound sensation that the whole theatre applauded most vigorously. Hector Berlioz has at present *droit de bourgeoisie* in Germany.

And now, to finish with the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—what shall I say of it? When Voltaire was once asked why he did not write a commentary of Racine's tragedies, as he did for Corneille, he answered, "This commentary is already written, for you have only to put under each page the words *admirable, sublime*." We do not exactly share the opinion of the sarcastic philosopher on Racine, but still we are unable to find any other expression, beside his two superlative epithets, in order to describe our sensations at this grand execution of the *Messiah*, Judas Maccabæus and *Israel in Egypt*. It will be one of the greatest events in the musical history of England and the world, for there was never anything to be compared with such an effect. I do not grudge that I have no space left for detailing my opinion, for I feel inadequate to the task of expressing my admiration in a suitable manner.

Psalm Tunes.

By Dr. EDWARD HODGES, from New York Musical Review.

The mode of conducting the celebration of Divine Worship in the Church, has, in the lapse of ages, changed and varied from time to time, to so great a degree, that, were one of the primitive Christians now to rise from his grave and present himself in any congregation upon earth during an ordinary public service, he would probably be, at least for a little while, at a loss to determine precisely what was going on; so new and strange would the whole proceedings appear to him to be. The edifice, the vestments, the style and

manner of preaching and praying, might all strike him as sufficiently remarkable; but no portion of the service would more strongly impress his mind with a sense of novelty than the department of sacred praise. The music would be to him passing strange. It must be so, no matter what the ecclesiastical climate he had entered. Whether he found himself present during the celebration of a grand Mass, with all possible attractive and gorgeous accessories, in a sumptuous Romish cathedral; or whether he chanced to be present at the less imposing ceremonies of the English Church; or whether he had gone into an assembly of some one of the numerous Christian "denominations" into which Protestant Christendom has so unhappily divided itself; in either case, the music associated with the occasion would necessarily strike his ancient ears as something new. The same would happen, too, even if he had fallen upon a congregation which limited itself to the use of what is called "Plain Song;" he would say that he had never heard the like before.

The music of the early Church has been lost—lost irretrievably. Not a vestige of it is certainly known to remain.

But music, of some sort, is an acknowledged necessity. Without it, the public ceremonials of religion would be on all hands felt to be dismally incomplete; and—which consideration is still more important—scriptural precept upon the subject would be totally disregarded. Music there must be; but of what particular kind, is left to the judgment of the Church itself, from time to time, to determine.

Was there not an exhibition of wisdom in the very avoidance of all specific direction with regard to this point?

Since the introduction of Christianity, the science of music has attained a wonderful development; and yet it would be presumptuous even now, had we the power, to pretend to fix and determine the Music of the Church for all time coming. There may be a much deeper meaning in the phrase, than we usually attach to the well-known words, "O sing unto the Lord a NEW song."

No music whatever will bear everlasting repetition. Imagine a congregation singing a tune, a good tune, the best possible tune, for an hour—one single hour; would it not, however pleasing at first, long before the expiration of that single hour, become irksome? But extend the idea, and suppose the same congregation continuing to sing the same tune for two, three, or four hours; and it would become perfectly intolerable. The thought of inflicting upon the ear of a living man the same tune—no matter how excellent in itself and how exquisitely sung—for a given number of hours every day, for a month, for a year, for a series of years, presents only the idea of a refinement of cruelty, unsurpassed by the most ingenious tormentor that ever wielded the terrors of the Inquisition. Yet such is the notion which some good people seem to entertain concerning the music of heaven!

Plain Congregational Singing, similar in spirit if not in kind to that which was known in the earliest age of the Church, was strenuously encouraged by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. Prior to that, the Albigenes in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Wickliffites in the fourteenth, and the followers of John Huss in the fifteenth, had all adopted it. In the period of religious strife and contention it came to be a badge or mark of distinction; so that a man's religious views could be known from the style of music which he favored. By the way, it would seem as though we were at this time approaching a similar period; but this aside. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," tells us that "some poets, such as the times afforded, translated David's Psalms into verse; and it was a sign by which men's affections to that work [the Reformation] were everywhere measured, whether they used to sing these or not."

It was a mark of Protestantism. All they who did not sing the metrical psalms were set down as Romanists. Should we go through all our congregations and apply a similar test now, the Pro-

testants would appear as but a scanty minority, a mere sprinkling; and some fashionable churches would furnish none at all!

Psalmody, by which we mean the singing of metrical psalms and hymns, by a choir, or by a few leading voices, is universal among all sects and denominations, saving only the Society of Friends: and yet, any approach to a general participation in such singing, by the congregation present, is but a rare occurrence. Whether the old tunes have worn out through frequent repetition, and the new ones brought in have not been made of the right sort of stuff; or whether "men's affections towards that work" have died out, we will not take upon ourselves to determine. Quite certain it is that there is a great and general want of heartiness and earnestness in the matter. The great multiplicity of tunes introduced, and the frequent change of musical administration, (spoken of last week under the head of "Music Committees,") may have contributed towards bringing about this result; but the main cause probably lies still deeper.

"Where there is a will there is a way;" at least in such a matter as this: and if the people were really bent upon having congregational singing, we should soon have it.

The indefatigable men who manufacture psalm tunes have labored hard to provide an abundant supply of the raw material. They have furnished tunes for the million, and almost by the million. Judging from the quality in the market, one would think that this is one of the greatest psalm-singing countries on earth. And yet we may truly say with Dr. Watts,

"In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies."

It is true, to the letter; be the fault where it may.

On another occasion there may be an opportunity of dropping some hints upon the proper mode of conducting this portion of divine worship, constituting as it does the exclusive music of many congregations. It will suffice for the present to have again called attention to the lamentably languishing condition of psalmody in general, all around us. That it should be in such a state of declension, is very remarkable, considering the circumstances of the case, more particularly the infrequency of the employment of any other species of Church Music. Perhaps it arises from the excess of modesty, so that a man is ashamed to suffer his voice to be heard in the service of God! Of course it cannot be from the decay of courage. Be it however from what cause it may, the fact—the stubborn fact—remains; congregational singing is dead; to use a vulgar but expressive simile, "dead as a door nail." The mighty roar of a multitude, singing with heart and voice, is not now to be heard; and the responsive AMEN which was wont to roll like a peal of thunder from the lips of the first Christian congregations, has sunk to what is hardly loud enough to deserve the name of a pious whisper. These two portions of congregational duty, responses and psalmody, have a great sympathy with each other; they rise or fall together. That both have fallen into all but total desuetude, it is more easy to regret than to remedy. But there is hope for the future, there is a gleam of light in the distance. Many earnest minds are directed to the subject, and it cannot be very long ere some good will result from their efforts.

Meanwhile, an acquaintance with Psalm tunes cannot be accounted a very uncommon attainment in some parts of the United States, judging from the following striking remarks of Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, in a lecture which he delivered at Hope Chapel, in this city, a few months since.

"If an American professor of music tells you that he has studied, understands, and can teach Church Music, he means PSALM TUNES.

If he seeks a situation to take the charge of a choir, or play a church organ, he enumerates, among his other qualifications, his knowledge of Church Music, and again he means PSALM TUNES.

If he goes to a Musical Convention, it is to practise, as well as to buy, PSALM TUNES.

If he gets up one of those popular institutions called 'singing schools,' it is for the purpose of teaching and practising PSALM TUNES.

If you were to ask a hundred leaders of choirs the question, What is Church Music? ninety-nine of them would answer PSALM TUNES.

If you go to church, you expect to hear Church Music; but it is still PSALM TUNES.

And should you visit a friend on Sunday evening, and singing is proposed, again you will hear Church Music; but it is invariably PSALM TUNES."

Dr. Tuckerman's remarks, we presume, apply in all their force to the condition of musical affairs in the New England States, of one of which he is himself a native. Surely, after such an exposition of the psalmodic tendencies of the country, one would there expect to find general congregational singing at the very pinnacle of its glory.

But is it so?

H.

Chorley on the Handel Festival.

[London Athenæum, June 20.]

* * * The announcement of an orchestra built to contain 2,500 people, as wide in area as a cathedral—the rumors of an organ which could be heard a mile off—of a drum that was "to rend the sky"—had prepared the majority of spectators to expect something more crushing and astounding in point of forcible sound than ears in England had ever enjoyed or endured before—and disposed them to forget that so huge a gathering, made under conditions so highly unprecedented, must inevitably be largely an experiment. Twenty curiously-varying impressions, all genuine, all truthful, would be given by a score of those who witnessed Saturday's rehearsal:—A. could not catch the solo voices; B. heard too little of the stringed instruments; C. thought the united tone meagre; D. rebelled against the organ; E. cavilled at the balance of sound in the orchestra; F. was fretted because the 2,000 vocalists, (some of whom flocked hither from Limerick in Ireland), had not been benefitted by sixty consecutive rehearsals in company; G. ascribed the want of sonority (or the over-sonority, G. hardly knowing which was which) to the glass roof. Meanwhile, those who carefully moved about, in possession of some experience, more or less, and cherishing some power of making allowance, were less hasty and hazy in "the final blow" of judgment—and the less so because it seemed evident to such persons, from half-hour to half-hour, that the mass of vocalists and instrumentalists were gradually becoming better and better cemented, and that the multitudinous sound which they gave out had peculiarities of its own, as remarkable, if not as seizing, as the violent noise expected—that every position in the vast building had its special advantages and disadvantages—and that for every visitor there was something new to satisfy sensation as well as to excite imagination. Betwixt Sunday and Monday, many changes were made, all for the better—all tending to concentration and grandeur of effect. The vast orchestra was more closely shut in than it had been two days before. The position of the choristers was entirely altered—and other touches were added, here and there, which nothing but trial could have suggested as necessary. The result was Monday's splendid performance of the "Messiah." * *

We have characterized the performance of the "Messiah" as splendid. The mass of choral and orchestral sound (as we heard it) seemed balanced to a nicety—rich, glowing, sonorous, and of a sweetness such as is not to be heard out of England. There was no such despotism of Boanerges organ and Polyphemus big drum as had been undertaken for by hasty and apprehensive persons. The body worked, as a whole, more satisfactorily than could have been expected. The execution was in many parts unimpeachable—as in the choruses 'For unto us a Child is born,' 'Glory to God,' 'All we like sheep,' 'Lift up your heads,' and the 'Hallelujah' (allowing for the slackened tempo at the words "The kingdom of this world" as a conductor's fancy in which we do not sympathize). In other choruses it is true the great mass of vocal sound seemed to sway to and fro, like a balloon when the inflation is consummated before it is allowed to break loose,—but it was no less evident that the mass was under control, and that it became more forcible, because more obedient, as the performance advanced. The energy, mastery, and animation of Signor Costa, and his known power of

obtaining the utmost results under possible conditions, were never more signally manifest than throughout the "Messiah" on Monday. To ourselves, such an execution as we have of late years heard at Birmingham is far more satisfactory;—and yet there was something vast, and noble, and boundless—a delicious amplitude and richness of sound in many passages—the voice as "of summer deep calling to summer deep"—which amounted to a new and a poetical experience, and which went far to satisfy us that—due time, place, alternation, and occupation provided for—even such monstrous performances as these may have a real depth of truth and life and beauty as regards music, besides that superficial gorgeousness which every one can feel, yet by which every one must be in some measure disappointed. The annihilation of the solo singers, which some had confidently announced, did not take place. The soprano (Madame Novello), the alto (Miss Dolhy), the tenor (Mr. Sims Reeves), did "the best of their best,"—sang with more than usual care, and with something of the inspiration belonging to so august a celebration.

From my Diary, No. 8.

JULY 10.—"The fast-sailing and elegant steamer Nantasket, Capt. A. L. Rowell, continues to make her daily excursions among the islands of our harbor, and to those beautiful places of sea-side resort, Hingham and Hull—cheering her passengers on the way with the merry strains of her steam Calliope."

So says one of the morning papers.

A few years since a man established a varnish factory in Cambridge. The smell was very offensive to the neighbors, and a court of justice decided the factory to be a nuisance, and the man was forced to remove.

However delightful the effluvia of decaying masses of filth may be to the dwellers in certain streets of Boston, there is a large class of Bostonians whose delicate noses are offended thereat, and consequently he who throws garbage into the street is fined.

If a man exposes at his window a disgusting picture—I do not mean one offensive to good morals—the good sense of the community, possibly the police, will cause its removal.

Let any person cast into the reservoir on Beacon hill any substance which, though perfectly harmless, shall give the aqueduct water a taste disagreeable to a portion of the community, how quickly the police would be after him, to inflict condign punishment.

How happens it, while the other senses are protected by the law and our courts of justice, that the ear may be outraged with impunity? Smells, tastes, and sights, in which many people really take pleasure, subject their authors to public punishment; but the most hideous and unearthly noises may proceed from the throats of rambling street beggars with wheezy hand-organ accompaniments, and no one interferes with them, although it is well known that the money they get is in most cases but a tax paid to induce them to move off.

In the matter of calathumpian bands, which in the days of their popularity afforded a world of fun to those engaged in them, we have seen city and town authorities move, and so move that any attempt to serenade a new married couple now with fish-horns, tin-pans and the other calathumpian instruments, would instantly subject the musicians to fine and perhaps imprisonment. And yet the number of persons annoyed by calathumpian music was seldom half as great as the number of those who enjoyed the fun to the utmost.

But now is brought forward an invention which it would seem could only have come from the brain of one, like a certain Mary, possessed of seven devils, and the city authorities allow it to shriek and scream and yell, and utter its diabolical sounds, phizzy and wheezy, shrieky and squeaky, some flat, some sharp—being in tune is out of the question—by the hour together, without notice. I may have a calathumpian in my own house if I wish, provided they play you gently, so as not to disturb my neighbor; but I cannot have it on my steamboat, lying at the wharf; and this is right. But this thing from the regions below may send its horrid noises through all the region round about with impunity, and we hear of the "merry strains of the steam Calliope!"

On the 4th, I went to Hingham by the steamboat.

As I turned into Congress street on my way to the wharf, I heard away down street the sharp, shrill tones of a very bad hand-organ, in which the maker had forgotten to insert any appropriate harmonies to the silly air which was then in progress. I went on and on, and the abominable organ—which made me wish for the Berlin law, that every organ-grinder shall be fined who does not keep his grinding apparatus in tune—grew ever louder and louder. Arrived at the wharf, and there the instrument of torture was! on the very boat upon which our party was to go. What could we do? We discussed the question of giving up our party in the woods, casting aside all the arrangements which had been made, and flying for relief to any other quarter.

Will the confounded thing be kept going all the time of the passage? Cannot the cast iron-eared man at the keys be pitched overboard? What can we do?

Well, at last we concluded to try it—and we did try it! Besides the horrors of the tones produced, just think what it is to a sensitive musical person, to hear "old 100," "Greenville," negro melodies, old Scotch airs and Irish songs, all mixed up together, pell mell, played upon steam locomotive whistles, all in the same key, all in the same kind of "rum, tum, tum—r-r-r-um, tum, tum" harmony, (?) in no case in tune, and with occasional sforzandos, which invariably, as they swelled, raised the pitch from an eighth to half a tone!

"But, Mr. Diarist, you are not obliged to go to Hingham."

No, Sir, thank my good stars!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 19, 1857.

Commencement Week—Our Class—C. T. B.'s Ode—Festival of the Alumni—Music at Cambridge.

This week our dear and honored Alma Mater claimed our loyalty, and thankful for the musical vacation of the hot months (which even a poor drudge of a musical editor might be allowed to seize upon), we have sought the pleasant shades of Harvard and lived over the old thoughts and feelings that date back a quarter of a century among a goodly representation of our dear old classmates. The ceremonies of Wednesday, Commencement proper, went on in the time-honored way, and are found chronicled in all the newspapers. That day for us belonged to our old Class of 1832. We were *sixty-eight* then, when we came out into the busy, stormy world. We are but *fifty* now, and *twenty-five* (nearly all who were within call) met to keep the twenty-fifth, or "silver" anniversary of our graduation. We were a noble and united class. Harmony was our motto, and among the influences which kept us united, and which still keep the old class sentiment alive, was eminently that of Music. We had our famous singers, whose songs rang through the Commons hall on Fourth of July mornings, and through the evening stillness under the venerable elms, with memorable charm. Those old songs (our tastes were not then very classical), renewed at all our anniversaries, have never failed to waken the true thrill; for they still tell of a free, inner, common life, that kept and keeps us one in spite of the world's ambitions and distinctions. Some of us have been more faithful, perhaps, to that life, and that bond of union, than to the formal lessons which our Mother gave us. Some of us have been more strongly drawn away by Music, than by aught that beckoned us in paths of literature or the professions,—or one of us would not be writing here. The class of '32 has furnished its fair share of shining lights in church and state, in literature and science; and these have not shut out from their sympathies and recognition one, who, turning aside from all these paths, has come unconsciously and irresistibly

to be preoccupied with so secular a life-task as that of striving to make Music recognized as one of the essential "humanities" and "classics" of true education, as an important element in social life (especially in free republics,) and in the culture of the true Christian gentleman.

This is not the place, nor have we room, to give a record (than which few things could be richer or more interesting, were all known) of that gathering of the twenty-five around a board laden with the memories of twenty-five years as well as with the good things of the present. So many tender, serious, humorous recollections; so much wisdom brought by dear experience, so much renewal of high aspirations; half sad, half sweet renunciation of once proud ideals; so much poetry and wit and anecdote and song, and serious lesson, all in the rich and mellow key of Friendship! These could only be embodied in a Symphony, of the richest, tenderest and deepest, yet opening and ending with bright glorious strains that thrill and quicken and renew all high hopes and resolves.

We cannot give the fine things said by brother B., our President; nor the beautiful memorial address by brother O., our class orator; nor the poor excuses of our dumb class poet, who shall be nameless; nor the sententious results of calm, solid brothers S. and M.; nor the Charles Lamb-like college reminiscences of quaint, modest brother H.; nor the many apt responses, grave and gay, each exquisitely flavored with the old individuality, which under the inspiration of the hour, shone also through the altered, time-hardened faces with the old look and glow of youth; but we have it fortunately in our power to present the beautiful Ode, contributed by our beloved brother, Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS of Newport, whose graceful translations from the German poets have so many times adorned our columns.

How beautiful the feet
That, from manhood's dusty track,
To the green and shaded seat
Of the Muses hasten back—
To Learning's, Friendship's, Memory's honor'd shrine!
From the race-ground's heat and toil
How gratefully they turn—
From the battle-ground's turmoil
To thy stillness how they yearn,
Auld Lang Syne!

Their Delphi's classic fount
In thy tranquil realm they find—
Their Zion's hallowed mount—
Their "Mecca of the mind"—
The Sepulchre, the Altar and the Urn:
Calm and holy is the air—
Fresh and holy is the ground—
Deathless garlands breathe around,
And vigil-torches there
Ever burn.

Thus, Brothers, come we now
Our ancient home to greet,
And, with pensive, reverent brow,
To lay at Wisdom's feet
Our votive gift in Thought's memorial hall:
We heard the ghostly breeze,
With a low-voiced music moan,
Through old Harvard's quivering trees,
And there breathed a mother's tone
In the call.

We come the scenes to trace
Of happy, youthful days—
Each well-remembered place
Of studies, walks and plays—
But ah, the change! "Ah, fields beloved in vain!"
How near and yet how far
That picture fair doth seem!
So shines an evening star
With softened summer-gleam
O'er the plain.

Alas, the fleeting years!
Remembrance! blissful pain!

What though thy bitter tears,
Like drops of latter rain,
O'er graves of days and joys departed fall?
On life's autumnal mould—
The dust of Memory's dead—
The burning tear grows cold;
No shower the spring that fled
Can recall.

Yet *this* the spirit cheers—
This pearl, from dark depths won :—
Though built of memory's tears,
In life's declining sun,
Fair sign of Hope an evening-rainbow yields.
Though Time may ne'er restore
Full many a form and face—
The loved and lost of yore—
Transfigured, they shall grace
Holier fields!

Not gloomy, then, though sad,
We turn our pilgrim-feet,
With lofty faith made glad,
To this reverend retreat,
Peopled with holy dead, that die no more.
Meet is it, we to-day,
In the world's distracting strife,
Should pause upon our way,
And the voice of death and life
Pender o'er.

Five times five years have fled
Since the warm midsummer night,
Now numbered with the dead,
Yet warm in memory's light,
When, with youth's and music's wild, commingling
Till the ceiling's echoes rang, [swell,
And the agitated air
Made the very tapers flare,
Our last vows and hopes we sang—
And farewell!

And we felt a nameless thrill,
As the parting-hour drew nigh,
Our eyes and bosoms fill,
When the night-wind's plaintive sigh
Bore away the dying accents of our chorus :
"We are breaking the last ties,—
Brothers, classmates, with the dawn
Of the morrow we are gone,
And Life's broad ocean lies
All before us!"

Five times five years have fled—
Summer sun and winter snow
Five and twenty times have shed
On the cheek the dark brown glow,
And streaked the hair with lines of silver-grey—
And, a thinned and wasted band,
From the fields and floods of life,
Seathed by storm and scarred by strife,
At the trumpet-call we stand
Here to-day.

In classic days of yore,
As each fifth year came round,
Her children counting o'er,
Through the cleansed city's bound
Kept holy time our ancient mother Rome.
With us the faithful sun,
Commander of the sphere,
Through lustrums five hath run,
And this most solemn year
Calls us home!

We seek our boundary-stones,
A band of comrades true,
Old Harvard's loyal sons,
To keep, with honors due,
Our year of numbering and of purifying;
To call the blotted roll,
Our missing ones to tell,
And mourn for them that fell,
Whose memory in the soul
Bides undying.

And while the storied wall
Memorial tablets grace,
In thought's heaven-lighted hall
A high and sacred place

Shall many a *votive* tablet also find :
Faith's pious incense there
And gratitude's clear fire
Shall purify the air
And from every base desire
Cleanse the mind.

What mingling smiles and tears—
What lights and glooms flit fast
O'er the picture, as the years
Of the slumbering, dreamy past
From the magic circle start again to life;—
And again, a boyish band,
With elastic step, we tread
A classic, mythic land,
Trained by sage and hero dead
For the strife!

Alas! no more on earth
That Friendship shall be found!
The music and the mirth
That charmed for us this ground,
And drew down heaven so near us,—all is o'er!
No more, as then, we'll meet
In chamber, hall or grove,—
No more take counsel sweet,
Nor in free, fond converse rove,—
Nevermore!

Another lot was ours,
For *this was not our rest*;
Not in these fading bowers
The soul can find her nest;
Man's Eden lies beyond the bounds of earth.
In this harbor's green retreat
Piped the wind one summer-morn,
And, like leaves by whirlwinds torn,
On life's ocean was our fleet
Scattered forth.

And some whose hopes were high
In that morning's freshening breeze,
And who saw, with kindling eye,
Proud havens o'er the seas,
Ere noon have sunk beneath the "envious surge."
The wind that, favoring, blew,
And the trumpet-signal gave,
As their pennon sea-ward flew,
Already o'er their grave
Sings the dirge.

And, fellow-pilgrims, ye
Who, spared the untimely fate,
Still ride or stem the sea,
Or, in some port, await
The signal-call of Him who sits on high,—
Say, does the solemn past
Sound on in memory's ear
Like Duty's trumpet-blast,
With warning and with cheer,
From the sky?

The past, it is not dead—
It lives, in memory, still;
Though the outer form hath fled,
Yet the inner senses thrill
To the vision and the voice of days gone by.
Gone by? ah no—not gone,
But, like the world of night,
Unseen in day's bold light,
Forever following on,
Ever nigh.

Our loved and lost ones rise
In glory from the dust,—
The gentle and the wise,
The saintly and the just,
Teacher revered, true friend and trusted guide;
And heavenly is their talk,
And on the tranquil brow
Beams heavenly radiance now,
While, as of old, they walk
At our side.

Yes, from its place of old,
Though youth's fair world is gone,
Like morning's web of gold
From the dew-bespangled lawn,
The past is ours—no more to pass away—
Its pleasures and its pains,

Each glory and defeat,
Its losses and its gains,
The bitter and the sweet,
Ours for aye!

Each generous dream of youth
That bade us wage, through life,
For virtue, right and truth
Heroic, holy strife;
Each earnest struggle of the better will;
Each heavenly desire,
Each wise and lofty thought,
Each spark of manly fire
From saint, sage, warrior, caught,
Nerves us still.

Nor yet with us abide
These angels bright, alone :—
Close follow at our side,
With sad, yet tender tone,
And with reproachful, not resentful brow,
Scorned Wisdom, slighted Age,
And Time neglected, too,—
These, from a higher page,
Kind monitors and true,
Teach us now.

This moral ends my rhyme :—
Classmates, who still must learn,
In this great school of time,
Full many a lesson stern,—
One Friend—one Teacher—bides when all is past.
On Him and for Him wait—
Till, at the signal-call,
Through that mysterious gate,
To higher forms we all
Rise at last!

The testimony borne that evening as always by
"Our Class," to the worth of Music, we gladly set
down here among the sweet encouragements to our
own sometimes dry and thankless task as editor of a
Journal of Music. In the extremely rich and in-
spiring triennial Festival of the Alumni, upon Thurs-
day, too, (which is reported in all the newspapers),
we found signs of good cheer for music. The ora-
tor of the day, Mr. Everett, in his masterly defence
of the "glorious inutilities" of pure, ideal studies,
devoted one of his most brilliantly elaborated periods
to Music. At the dinner, the sentiments and speeches
were echoed not alone as hitherto by strains from
a brass band, (it was an excellent one that played
this time, the "Brigade," we believe), but by a wor-
thy academic choir of young men, Alumni, sixteen
in number, led by Mr. J. C. Heywood, of the Class
of '55, who sang "Fair Harvard," and various good
college songs well harmonized, with excellent effect.
It was a comfort, too, in the marches and counter-
marches of the procession, on both days, and in the
meeting house, not to hear hacknied "anvil chorus-
es" and miserably inappropriate operatic common-
places, echoing through those classic shades. The
selections of the band, (such as we heard), were in
good taste. These straws point in the right direction,
and we do not despair of ere long realizing the great
reform, or rather entire new creation, so much
needed in the matter of our academic music. For,
if Music be that divine element of human culture
that we think it, it is surely fit our Universities
should set the best examples.

At the dinner of the Alumni at Cambridge we had
the unexpected pleasure of having at our side Mr. J.
ALFRED NOVELLO, the leading publisher of classical
musical works in London, who is the son of that dis-
tinguished musician, VINCENT NOVELLO, and the
brother of the great English singer, CLARA NOVELLO.
Mr. Novello is on his first visit to this country, hav-
ing come over mainly for the purpose of strengthen-
ing the New York branch of his extensive business.
He is a solid, hearty, genial specimen of an intelli-
gent Englishman, full of musical enthusiasm, and full
especially just now of the great Handel Festival,
which he regards as altogether a great triumph....
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culture of the voice, 11 the piano-forte, 3 the violin,
and 3 the advanced lessons in Harmony, Counterpoint,
&c., while all take part in general exercises.... Our
townsman, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, is busily engaged,
we understand, in the composition of a second, an
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Fresh Air from the Falls.

CATARACT HOUSE, NIAGARA, JULY 6, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:

A room over the rapids, or one on the street:—that is the question. Coming in out of the night, when memory and imagination hold completed sway, we made, Elve and I, the more romantic election, and slumbered and woke amid the dash and roar of the waters.

The old "Cataract," with Morrison at his old post of head waiter, and his swift and lofty courtesy, still holds its own, in point of numbers, among its fashionable rivals. It holds its own in a finer sense. Its guests are those drawn by the immediate charm of the waterfall. It is now many days since our arrival, and we find the home feeling growing under its roof.

The sound and glory of the scene possessing sense and mind all day, we were glad to escape, after the second night, from its tremendous lullaby, and take the room over the street. Here I wake from habit soon after midnight, all sounds hushed but the low thunder of the fall:

"It names the name Eternity."

I tuck my head into the soft envelope of its muffled roar, and fall asleep.

The much vaunted view from the Clifton House, is to me especially unsatisfactory, and for the very reason adduced in its favor,—that one gets the whole fall in one bird's-eye view. But we do not want this living water framed into a picture, limited and realized by the devouring and defining eye. Let it rather be a ministry to the spirit, in its passionate and its reposing life. See it from Iris island; from the shanty on Goat island that is farthest up the English rapids, whence its majestic volume may be seen to fold

in and fall into unmeasured abysses; from the rocks beyond the tower; under the midnight moon, or in full sunned magnificence from the edge of Table Rock.

You know Niagara,—its color, figure, motion, beauty, power, repose. O, the fresh green of the great Horseshoe bend, where rolls, and falls, yet stays forever the vernal spirit of a million springs! I would not attempt to describe it, but allow me to say a word respecting its religion.

The surmises of many years take the outline and fibre of organic form during this week of golden leisure, and, sitting close to him with reverent attention, I seem to have won his peculiar secret. Listen. Amid the crowd of idlers, artists, poets, and men of business, Conscience arrives fresh from New England. He has enjoyed a safe education; is in some measure a poet, for he subordinates the shows of things to the religious desires of his mind. He is awe-struck, and bears the anthem of Nature to the Almighty. What sees he in the swallow that skims the summit of the fall? O, partial Conscience, leave thy meditations. Come, sit with me on the edge of Table Rock, and learn the real lesson of this singer of anthems.

You look upon his dazzling beauty. He is of eternity, and minds you not. You cannot disturb the infinitude of his content. His indifference interests you. His power is so penetrated with beauty that it casteth out fear. Gradually he charms the will asleep. He fuses your personality with his. He leaps within the magic ring of your consciousness:

"Be thou *me*, impetuous one."

Soon he proves himself the mightier being. His forehead shines with joy; nay, he is joy all over; in the white cap he flings from the horizon to the sky, far up the English rapids; throughout their dancing, lapsing and careering motions; in the grand pause, momentary, before the mighty surge sweeps over, until his enormous and uncontrollable delight bursts in a thunder song. No anthem! Close by your side, with light bubbling laughter, aglow with jewels, with tremendous ease, he slips over the precipice; a louder laugh comes up from below. He is by your side again, wooing, wooing, slipping over with tremendous ease. He is above, he is below, he is flinging his white cap from the horizon, he lives and woos you with a godlike and irresistible beauty in the magnificent bend; he fills the horizon of your mind. "I am," he roars from the gulf, and co-instantaneously, "Be thou *me*." He is an omnipresent and enveloping fascination, and—"Fust rate view of the falls, top o' the buildin', no charge,"—and the sharp nasal voice of the Canadian mayhap has saved your life.

But not the impertinent guide, nor the neighborhood of swindling hucksters, and indifferent coachmen, can remove the spell. The gods of Greece are born again. Out of that foam, intensely pure, and intolerably bright, with no taint of brine, fit drink for gods, springs Venus, fairer than her Mediterranean sister. The great bend is at once the inaccessible emerald throne, and the awful, severe front of Jupiter. Love and truth are not. Beauty is all in all. Pantheism is the religion of the waterfall.

I may write you again next week, before taking you by the hand, on the seashore.

Faithfully,

MOR.

Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts upon the Fugue.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROCHLITZ.

[Concluded from p. 122.]

If you have once accustomed yourself in this way to *think* about the Fugue, while you are hearing it or playing it, you will soon find the *spirit* of each good piece of this kind, or rather the spirit of its composer, as impressed upon the piece, no stranger any longer to *your* spirit. Moreover, the *expression* of the piece, if it really has expression, and is not a mere work of the understanding, will speak to your soul and your feeling. And finally you will acquire at least an inkling of an apprehension of the fine points in its artistic construction and of the peculiarities in its special combinations, and even in this inkling you will find true enjoyment. On the first two points, (the spirit and expression of the work), not much may here be said in general; the best things to be said would, in the nature of the case, suggest themselves in the consideration of special pieces of true excellence. On the last point, (that of art in the strict sense of the word), I will mention nothing, lest I overload you, and so lose more than I should gain.

Let me only adduce one thing, which belongs among the most artistic combinations in the progress of a Fugue, since this will not be difficult to you, and will, if well applied, be a particularly pleasant thing for you to mark; and that is the passages where the composer gives the principal theme *to itself*, and again the counter-theme to itself, for an accompaniment; each, to be sure, in a peculiar form, but yet essentially unchanged. Or, to express the matter technically: where the connecting harmony is properly the theme and counter-theme itself, differently employed, but still the same. You will find this most frequently, and probably the most agreeably, where the leading thought, shortened, accompanies itself in its full form; or where the leading

thought, lengthened, appears with the same in its first form. This shortening of the theme may be either *intensive*, by diminution of the quantity and value of its notes; or *extensive*, where only one piece of it accompanies another piece in its whole course. So too it may be lengthened intensively, by doubling the quantity and value of the notes; or extensively, by broader carrying out of the figure. The first will occupy your understanding more; for it leads to the most artistic and wonderful juxtapositions: but the second will at the same time powerfully address your feeling; for it moves on pathetically and solemnly. On the first compare the often-cited *Kyrie* of Mozart; on the second the well-known fugue of Graun: *Christus hat uns ein Vorbild gelassen*, in the "Passion." * *

But our brave *layman*—do we not desert him utterly? Surely not: but he will have deserted us, and long ago; for in fact what is all this talk to him, who never reflects upon the work of Art set before him, but simply surrenders himself respectfully and with good will to its total expression? We cannot expect him to follow us in detail here or elsewhere; and if we did, it would be in vain: much rather ought we to presume that most fugues, take them as they are, would leave him pretty empty. All that we have to say to him, then, is: Do not strive against the whole fugue style; do not turn your mind away when such a piece begins; do not give it up beforehand, as a thing not fit for you. Not every fugue, by any means, is a mere work of the understanding and of art, in the more restricted sense of the term. Not seldom will fugues or fugued pieces be presented to you, which demand not only to be viewed as fugues, but also to be felt in general as works of Art; nay which, as you always like to have it, make a certain definite impression on you, and afford you sure delight, like beautiful works of Nature. This will be eminently the case with those fugues or fugued pieces, which we mean to designate more closely in another connection, and for whose sake you will perhaps be able to peruse the following brief sentences, to get from them so much as belongs to you.

We turn now to the composers, whose interest it is that this whole class of music shall not be neglected, but shall rather be restored to that consideration and sympathy with the public, which it enjoyed in old times—that is, we turn to all who are in earnest with their art and with themselves.

If you write works in which you would only exercise your mind and your art,—works which are only designed for artists, for virtuosos, for cultivated friends of Art; then no one else should have a voice in it but these; do, in respect to fugues as well as other compositions, as you will and as you can; but take it not to heart, if the public, if the dilettanti and the laymen take no notice of it, but leave the thing to take care of itself. But if you write works destined for the public,—works for the artist and the *knower* and the virtuoso. (if he belong to the latter class,)—but which shall also be something, and something significant, to the attentive dilettante and the well-wishing layman: then consider the following suggestions, and receive them, if you can bring no well-founded objections to the contrary, with good will.

In works for the great public do not give

fugues which, in their leading thoughts as well as in their working up, have importance only as works of the understanding; but give such as, in the very theme they start with, and also in its treatment, possess a definite character, really express something, and, when sung, express precisely what the words say. That this is possible and attainable, is understood of itself: but if you wish experimental proof of it, and at the same time fine models for it, consider the following well-known pieces. Handel's fugue: *He trusted in God, that He would deliver him*, &c., in the "Messiah." Besides the fact, that here the words rhetorically are as distinct and truly declaimed, as if it were a recitative, how unmistakably there resides in this theme the expression of bitter mockery and reckless scorn! and with what thoughtful care the great master here, in following out the passage, never wanders from this theme and this expression, into aught indefinite or foreign! With what energy and majesty Emanuel Bach expresses in the theme, and then in the whole execution, what is contained in the words: *Every land is of his glory full!* (in the *Sanctus*.) How faithfully and truly Graun expresses firm faith and consoling courage, not bold and glaring, but, as was perfectly right here, within the limits of a Christian resignation, and in allusion to the sufferings of the guiltless one, in the short but beautiful fugue of the chorus: *Freuet euch, alle ihr Frommen*: and *Und was er zugesagt, das hält er gewiss* (in the "Passion")! How simply grand, firm and dignified the same master's expression of homage to the glorified Redeemer, in that most masterly fugue: *Tu, rex gloria, Jesu Christe!* (in the *Te Deum*)!

To cite also a few merely fugued passages: what definite expression, what decided character in the themes of Graun above referred to: *And his days are shortened; His soul is full of sorrow!* or Handel's: *And He shall rule forever and ever!* in the Hallelujah of the "Messiah";—or Mozart's: *Quam vitam olim Abraham promissisti*, in the Offertorium of the *Requiem*!

Further: Write your fugues and fugued pieces, so far as this style admits, intelligibly and plainly, at all events clearly, purely, logically, and not overlaid with difficulties of execution through noisy instrumentation, through striking modulation, &c., so that the sense and progress of the piece may not be obscure to the listener. Here, if anywhere in your art, true riches shows itself; not in lavish scattering of gleaming spangles on all sides, but in the large application of sterling gold to a sure end; not in the spendthrift extravagance of the frivolous man of the world, but in the liberality of the wise and earnest king.

Finally: give to your fugues,—especially the free and merely fugued pieces, and most of all to those which are only written for instruments, where the listener lacks the impression of the words to rendering the entrance of the themes intelligible,—give to them as many accessory charms and excitements to the fancy and the feeling, as is possible without injury to the style itself and to your own special purpose. What is meant by this, and how it may be done, requires no words, beyond a reference, in instrumental music, to Mozart's finale to the Symphony in C major (the "Jupiter"), and to his overture to the *Zauberflöte*: and, if the question be of vocal pieces, to several of the fugues and fugued pieces in Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons." For the

realization of this wish, and for the popularization of the Fugue in general in all its forms, you will hardly find a more excellent model, than this admirable master.

While *such* fugues fully satisfy the artist and the knower, the dilettante, too, if he will only do what we have been advising, will readily and gladly follow them, and the layman in music will with equal pleasure yield his mind to them. More than this could not be asked of these two classes, and more need not here be said.

Musical Criticism.

A Translation from the German.

"In Germany, those who can do nothing else—write; and those who cannot even write—criticize." *Börne.*

"All our talents are presented on a salver to public opinion. The critical papers which appear daily in fifty different places, and form the public into a *clique*, prevent anything worthy from appearing. In the present day, he who cannot withdraw from such influence, and isolate himself entirely, is utterly lost. It is true that a kind of half-culture of the masses is effected by the bad and usually negatively-æsthetic power of journal criticism; but it acts on a prominent talent like as a chilling mist, a numbing poison, and destroys the plant of productive power, from its green adorning leaves, even to the sap and deepest roots."

Thus says Goethe, as you may read in "Eckermann's Conversations;" and yet, the age in which Goethe lived was, in this respect, a real age of innocence, compared with our own epoch. For as, in the olden time of *right of might*, highwaymen waylaid in ambush behind every forest corner and in every hollow lane, to surprise honest travellers—so, in our day, a critical bushranger hides beneath each newspaper article, and attacks the unwary artist who ventures forth into the world of publicity. Each coterie or criticizing Inquisition (*Vehmgericht*) has its masked officials, who summon or drag a poor artist to their council, that he may be condemned, if he have acted contrary to their arbitrary and self-elected government. Of criticizing shoemakers, we have, alack! more than sufficient, but the Apelles are few. Excess of criticism does not, as some imagine, result from the absence of creative talents; but, on the contrary, talents are often retarded in their development, or even ruined and destroyed, by the overgrowth of weed-like criticism. Until the fatal power of journals is crushed, and until the ancient implicit and unshackled time of Art-creation and Art-enjoyment return, productive genius will never rise to the freshness, youthful strength, and virginity of former times. Would the public leave unnoticed the critics of the day, it might assert its independence by applauding that which it likes, and neglecting that which it likes not—instead of repeating, as now often happens, the cry of critical *prejudices* (full of prejudice), and dealing applause or disapproval according to the word of command given by some party leader.

As the public never dares express its own natural judgment, and criticism cannot be relied on, an artist can never know with certainty, what really pleases, and what does not. If the public falter and play false, and critics err through ignorance or mislead through spite, what shall the creating artist believe? Whither shall he direct his search? Take up any musical newspaper, and you will read not only most ridiculous and absurd assertions, but flatly contradictory phrases, which are alternately used for praise or blame. And this is natural. Hegel says: "It is difficult to give a correct criticism, because the impressibility of the critic is disturbed by a thousand antagonistic principles which exist within him." This is true, and this dullness is caused by prejudice, want of knowledge, and partiality, for the principal critics of the present day are amateurs and dabbles; it would be impossible, even with the aid of a hundred lighted lanterns, to find now-a-days such critics as Lessing, the two Schlegels, Goethe, Schiller—and on music, Rochlitz, Hoffmann, and so forth. Musical criticism is mostly furnished by *Art-enthusiasts*, who

go into fits about Art, become ecstatic, and even delirious; they are not answerable for their words, but their disease is as contagious as St. Vitus' dance:—by *Art-talkers*, honest souls, who cannot work themselves into fits, but, having no knowledge or judgment of their own, repeat fashionable phrases, rosary like, and without thought, deceiving themselves and others by such propagation:—by *Art-hypocrites*, who feel otherwise than they profess, but who, fearing to be thought ignorant, ape Art-enthusiasts, whose fevered phantasies pass for oracles:—and lastly, by *Art-liars*, the most dangerous and mischievous, who form themselves into *coteries*, and deserve a separate letter.* Judgments of real *Art-knowers* are extremely rare, and, like single voices lost in a howling desert, are overpowered by the louder noise of the many. Would you have a *small* sample of newspaper comments and assertions? One says of a symphony—"it has too little melody;" and a fortnight after, of another—"it has too much melody." A so-called critic in one of the new musical journals, awarded Schumann "the palm of life!" for the first movement of his symphony; but as to the others, he refused to "write them in the book of History!" "Spohr (in the *Berggeist*) has impressively rendered the fundamental principle, that love belongs to the human, and not the spiritual world!" (How can he have managed this?) Brendel says—"Mozart is the poet of sexual love." Griepenkerl, who would willingly amputate the wings of Pegasus, and employ him as a cavalry horse in a democratic volunteer regiment, asserts that—"Haydn's symphonies contain the opinions of the seven years' war!" and therefore advises *music for the moment!* Brendel divides music into *aristocratic and democratic*. Standard phrases are—"Genius must be free"—"He uses worn-out means"—"He struck out no new path." Such and other so-called artistically philosophic phrases are like hard nuts, which require much gnawing before we can crack the thick shell; and when it is accomplished, we often only find a little tasteless, shrivelled up kernel, or a maggot, or—nothing at all. The public, which ever and ever sins against the eleventh commandment, "Be not taken in," fancies wonders of wisdom exist; but a young artist is distressed by these maxims, which stand between him and his art like threatening spectres. Mme. de Staël says—"There appear to intervene between ourselves and the object we seek to depict, a crowd of treatises upon Art—upon the Ideal and the Real—and the artist is no longer alone with Nature."† And Eckermann, in his *Conversations*, says—"It is a pity," said I, "that so many false teachers exist, for a young artist knows not to what saint he ought to recommend himself." "Of this we have examples," said Goethe; "we have seen whole generations deteriorated and destroyed by false maxims."

One of the evils of newspaper criticism is, that it awakens in young artists a contemptuous spirit for established models, without giving or increasing in them a creative power, so that they are led away into the many by-paths, through which we see so many modern composers straying. The works of great masters are described as "worn out," and therefore neophytes endeavor at all events to "form a new era," or "strike out a new path." When Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven created their masterpieces, no newspaper critics existed, or at any rate, critical voices did not scream simultaneously from fifty different quarters. What these composers became, they became by their own talent, and by the study of great works. These do not contradict themselves; in these nothing leads astray; from these alone we can learn sure rules for producing what is true and beautiful, classical and effective. Only by following great masters, can a disciple raise himself to mastership. "But," you will say, "surely a young, inexperienced artist, if led by the sincere criticisms of experienced, well-learned men, will sooner penetrate into the beauties of

masterpieces; he will feel more assured in his studies, and will sooner attain his aim." Certainly, I answer, if we possessed musical works, such as Winkelmann's on poetical art, or Lessing on the drama, I should advise you to read and study them—but even these, not too soon, for they shew at once the gigantic difficulties of real Art, and might intimidate the scholar in his still feeble efforts; but we have not such works in musical literature. Some excellent articles may be found dispersed among former musical journals, which are difficult to obtain. In modern times, one work has appeared which excels in profound and shrewd judgment, and for knowledge and impartiality surpasses every thing which has been written on music; I mean the *Biography of Mozart and the analysis of his works*, written by the Russian Oulibicheff. The perusal of this book is advisable for young artists, and for the music-loving public, as in it, Mozart's genius and art are discussed from every point of view, and we perceive, not only what his talent is, but also, *how* it became such. Beethoven's *Biography*, by Schindler, and memoirs of good masters, Haydn, &c., &c., should be read, for all of these contain much that is exciting, encouraging, and improving. All these composers, however great, and however enthusiastically extolled, are, after all, shewn to be mere men, who had to learn, and learned, and commenced with inferior attempts. We behold in them the natural course of cultivation, which many others may possibly follow. Such reading is profitable; but I say—"Away with all newspaper criticism."

The Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle.

[Translated for the London Musical World.]

You have expressed a wish, my dear Du Mont, to have a notice from my pen, of the Musical Festival, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, as Professor Bischoff is obliged to absent himself, for the purpose of spending a few weeks in London, with the Cologne *Männergesang-Verein*. I can hardly say that I place myself at your service so readily in this instance as I usually do. Richard Wagner may be right, when, in a letter on Liszt's compositions, he gives it as his opinion that a kind of heroic courage is necessary to *praise a friend*—but it is more disagreeable, in my opinion, to find fault with one, and I fear that I shall be obliged to do this more than once on the present occasion. I do not pay the slightest attention to the fact that the position which many are inclined to impute to me with regard to the Musical Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, exposes me, in any notice of it, to suspicions of various kinds; for, frankly speaking, this is a circumstance about which I do not in the least trouble my head. I keep sight of two things only—to oblige you, and to express clearly and frankly my conviction—whatever motives this or that individual may impute to me are perfectly immaterial.

But I am speaking at far too great a length of myself, for who is not fond of busying himself with so dear an object as that blessed "I"? I tear myself, however, violently from myself, and transport you, with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, to the fine Theater-Platz, at Aix-la-Chapelle, where even at an early hour of the morning there reigns a lively commotion, and where a Rhenish musician or musical amateur runs against so many well-known faces that he scarcely knows in what department or province he really is. Every one is streaming to the first general rehearsal—the first skirmish of a military action is about to commence; it will last longer than the greatest national battles—five days. Let us, first of all, take a general view of the commander, the troops, the ground, the position of affairs, etc., etc.

The staff of musical Field-Marshal was confided to Liszt. It would hardly have been possible to find an artistic individual of greater reputation, an individual more calculated to interest the public, or to impart, at once, a certain brilliancy to the festival. Apart from the colossal reputation Liszt has gained as a virtuoso, his sparkling, en-

ergetic nature, his bizarre ways, and his amiability—in a word, his whole organization have always possessed a very great charm for every one, especially for the female world. Departing youth and whitening hair seem destined not to diminish his magic power. In addition to this, we have Liszt's position, a position, in its way, really influential; *à la cour comme à la ville*, among musicians and critics, in the literary, artistic, and theatrical world;—everywhere, in fact, is Liszt at home, everywhere has he patrons, and friends ready to do him a service.

All this is very well; but while, on the other hand it is more than necessary, it is, on the other, not sufficient. "Pour faire un civet de lièvre," says the French cookery-book, "prenez un lièvre"—for the conductor of a musical festival we require a conductor—now is Liszt a conductor?

It so happened that I had never seen Liszt conduct, and I had heard such contradictory statements on the subject that my curiosity, to be frank, was excited to the highest pitch. At present, that I have heard him, in five grand rehearsals, and three grand concerts, superintend and produce musical compositions of the most different kinds, I have arrived at the conclusion that Liszt is *not* a conductor—at least, not a conductor when compared to the task he has imposed on himself, or compared to what we are justified in expecting from a man like him. In a sort of a prefatory notice which he has prefixed to the scores of his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, he protests, with justice, against the "mechanical, fact-true, disjointed, up and down mode of playing, still usual in certain places." There is, certainly, nothing more fatal than the spiritless hurdy gurdy of a piece of music—and without intellectual conception the most precise execution is not worth a dump. But it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the *greatest possible exactness in playing together* is the basis on which a spirited performance must, so to speak, be built, and we are justified in demanding that this exactitude shall be effected by the manner in which the conductor performs his duty. Moreover, the conductor, even when he does not wish to confine himself strictly to one tempo, ought from the very first note plainly to give each different measure. Lastly, a fine performance does not consist exclusively in a certain degree of spirit, easily communicated from the soul of the conductor to the executants, but requires, also, a graceful, careful, and really musical attention to all the details. On this last point especially, Liszt has expressed himself admirably in the prefatory notice above mentioned (although strange to say, only in the French version of it), when he calls upon conductors, at one time, to maintain the balance between the instruments, and, at another, to bring forward separate organs or groups; in one place to give prominence to a note, in another to a short phrase, etc., etc. We have long known all this, but it could do no harm to print it once again. Would that Liszt acted as he speaks!

But we have other claims, in many respects of a higher nature, on a conductor. Although he may, to a certain extent, be shackled by circumstances, he ought, in the arrangement of the programme of a concert, to go to work with prudence and good taste; he should make allowance for the existing state of things, and endeavor to turn them to the best account. He should, lastly, as far as possible, allow his own personal musical sympathies and antipathies to remain in the background; and although we cannot blame him for allowing, in some cases, his partiality for certain works to appear, he ought not, under any circumstances, to manifest an indifference for others, unless he would prejudice himself and the task he has to accomplish. We may here apply the old saying: *Was du nicht willst dass dir geschieht, das thu' auch keinem Andern nicht.**

I cannot help now saying, that, at least in Aix-la-Chapelle, Liszt has not displayed any of the above qualities; but I reserve a detailed proof until I come to the details themselves.

The musical army placed under Liszt's com-

* Never do to another anything which you would not have happen to yourself.

* The original work is written in letters.

† "On croit sentir, entre soi et l'objet que l'on veut peindre, une foule de traités sur l'art, sur l'idéal et le réel, et l'artiste n'est plus seul avec la Nature."

mand, still to keep up my former comparison, was an admirable one. We know that in reckoning troops, as well as in calculating budgets, some slight liberties are taken with figures, and we will, therefore, not investigate closely whether there were really 566 performers, or whether the sopranos were 91 and the altos 88 voices strong—this is, after all, unimportant. The chorus and the orchestra were excellent, and as well adapted to each other and to the place as was possible under such difficult circumstances. The chorus was most sonorous; and if the basses and sopranos were rather more prominent than they should have been, the tenors were fresh and pleasing, and the altos full, although not always powerful enough. Aix-la-Chapelle appears to be rich in beautiful voices, a fact manifested, also, on some other occasions. Herr von Turanyi, who, as you know, is musical director in Aix-la-Chapelle, had, by a conscientious course of instruction, admirably prepared the chorus for the conductor of the festival, and seeing that, as a general rule, great vocal works are less frequently performed in Aix-la-Chapelle than in other towns of the Rhine-Province, his exertions in this particular are more praiseworthy. The orchestra, in which there were about a dozen Belgian musicians, consisted mostly of Rhinelanders. Liszt had, however, brought with him some of his best men from Weimar, and some excellent musicians were, likewise, collected from a few other ducal chapels. The stringed quartet was splendid, the violins were brilliant, the violoncellos rich and full, and the basses powerful and energetic; the viols, however, might have been stronger. The wind-instruments, too, were very good, and their tone, generally, pure; some of the wood soloists may fairly be termed splendid, but the brass was not always quite steady. Nowhere, however, was there any material deficiency perceptible.

The ground, the charming theatre at Aix-la-Chapelle, is, doubtless, known to most of the readers of your paper. It possesses the advantage of being extraordinarily sonorous; and, although you hear equally well in almost every place, you still hear better in some places than in others. The only thing is, that it is too small for the increased proportions our musical festivals are assuming, and the growing interest the public take in them. The number of spectators it can contain is not much more than double the number of the executants. This would be a perfectly unnatural proportion, did not the significance of the festival consist at least as much in the assemblage of the great mass of musicians and dilettanti concerned, as in the number of those who come for mere passive enjoyment. The almost perpendicular arrangement of the places on the stage, which is anything but too wide, affords a very fresh and lively spectacle, and, generally, proves very favorable for effect.

For the vocal solos the services of Mlle. Meier, of Vienna, Herr Schneider, of Leipzig, Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt, young Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and a fair and highly accomplished amateur of Amsterdam, had been secured. The place of Mlle. Meier, who was prevented, by indisposition, from appearing, was supplied by Mlle. Milde, of the Ducal theatre, Weimar—a brilliant acquisition. Although among all these artists there was not one with a European reputation—no "star," as the English say—we were justified, from what was said of some and about others, in hoping the best. In addition to this, we had fine weather—cooled down a little by some showers—together with all the love of life and adventure, the freshness and good humor which the "*liebliches Fest*" always brings with it in the Rhine Provinces. Your Cologne friends in Aix-la-Chapelle frequently thought of you, as did most frequently of all, yours truly,

FERDINAND HILLER.

Hector Berlioz and his Drolleries—Pianoforte playing—Prudent—Fumagalli.

(From Paris Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune, June 18.)

M. Hector Berlioz demolished in his last *feuilleton* some two or three widely spread musical

absurdities in his wonted droll way: as I dare say this harmonical nonsense is current with you, at least during the opera and piano season, I make it a point of duty to send you the ludicrous philippic: Prudent (an eminent teacher and composer for the pianoforte here) is a skillful *virtuoso* composer, who writes music for the piano without asking more from the piano than it can give, and without in the least pretending to place it in competition with an orchestra. While using largely, and with a great deal of address, the varied resources of the mechanism of the new school, he knows very well that we have only two hands provided at most with five fingers, and that none of these fingers are half a yard long. Consequently he has not yet written any impossible music; his music is rich, brilliant, scientific, and even difficult, but practicable for all pianists worthy of the name; and this quality is valuable in the estimation of everybody who believes that music is made to be heard. Will it be believed that the contrary opinion has some followers? Chopin, in the last years of his life, took a great deal of pains to sustain it in a half-serious tone: "The day will come," he used to say, "when musicians shall be so skillful in reading music, that it will be no longer necessary to execute it, and they will experience as much pleasure in reading a fine score as in hearing it well executed." This pleasant paradox was broached two years ago at a dinner given to some artists and literary men by the late Archbishop of Paris. It was His Grandeur himself who established on this subject a formal discussion. Notwithstanding the laughter of all the musicians, the possibility, the excellence of *dumb music* was soon wittily demonstrated by a literary man, and the cause of sonorous music seemed to be high compromised, when the Archbishop, who directed the discussion, turned towards one of the guests, whose silence astonished him: "Give us your opinion, too, M. B (erlioz?), we are anxious to have it?" "Excuse me, Monseigneur, I cannot enter upon such questions with proper coolness." "Why, you are perfectly at liberty to discuss this with warmth. Come, tell us, what do you think of the idea that one may fully enjoy a musical work by a mere perusal of the notes?" "I think that as absurd an idea—(you see, Monseigneur, I am not parliamentary)—I think that idea as absurd as we would all have deemed yours, Monseigneur, had you desired to make us appreciate the excellence of your dinner by representing it to us—*painted on canvas*."

Loud peals of laughter greeted this reply; the lovers of paradox devoured their vexation and drank their shame, and sonorous music was saved. Prudent is one of those voluptuous fellows who don't like painted dinners, and who would always prefer the smallest ripe grape from Fontainebleau to the famous bunches of Corinth grapes painted by Apelles. Although he constantly uses the accords disposed *en quinte et dixième*, which give so rich a sonorousness to the piano, instead of the old fashioned and much easier disposition which superposed the *tierces*, these accords of notes so widely apart are nevertheless written in such a way that they may be heard without arpeggio when all the notes should be struck plumb and simultaneously, without retarding the movement or adding to the measure. A mode of execution which exterminates rhythm, expression, form—which is contrary to all musical good sense and without any use on earth except to exhibit the patience and resignation of the poor people condemned to listen to it. This recalls to my mind poor young Fumagalli we lost last year. He had subdued nearly all the monsters of difficulty which the revolutions of the keyboard have produced; he played five or six parts with his single left hand; he laughed at the *écarts de dixième, de douzième*, at the accords of five notes, of different and irreconcilable rhythms employed simultaneously for both hands;—he was master of the keyboard. He took it into his head one day to arrange for the piano one of my overtures. It was published, he brought me a copy of it, and I asked him to be good enough to let me hear him play that wonderful piece. "Willingly," said he, "but it is rather difficult; I could not accomplish it to-day.

I must exercise myself at least a week *pour me mettre en doigts* (to get my fingers right)." This overture reduced in this way for the piano belonged to the category of painted dinners, and gave ground of reason to those who argued in favor of silent music.

GARCIA'S NEW TREATISE ON SINGING.—Sig. Garcia, of London, the teacher of Jenny Lind and so many famous singers, has issued a new treatise on the voice, of which the London *Musical World* speaks as follows:

Sig. Garcia's new work is the result of deep study, great judgment, and much experience. It does not consist merely of a few explanatory paragraphs on the registers of the voice, the usual conventional embellishments, and a few exercises to develop the taste of the student; it goes thoroughly into the construction of the vocal organs, describes their origins and use, and proceeds to the best means of ensuring a full development of the natural powers. It abounds in excellent advice, hitherto considered as appertaining exclusively to the anatomy of the voice, and consequently excluded from all methods as unnecessary to the vocal tyro, and as infringing on the anatomical art. We do not think so. If the professor excel in bringing forth all the capabilities of the vocal organ, we cannot see why he should not at the same time explain the cause and origin of the sounds thus produced, and do his best to preserve them from decay. Signor Garcia describes the object of study to be "to develop the natural gifts of an organ, not to transform or extend them beyond their power or capability." We have seen numerous examples of the fatal consequences of a deviation from this system. Signor Garcia's observations on respiration and articulation are excellent; his remarks on the different species of vocalization are well worth consideration. The exercises which he has chosen for practice are selected from the best composers—they are principally from Mozart, Pucitta, Cimarosa, Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Auber. His observations on the different styles of singing are judicious, and are well exemplified by a select choice of each from the works of the best masters. On the whole, we may say that this work is the production of a good musician, and a conscientious master. Signor Garcia is not one of those men who pretend to teach music in twelve lessons; he writes to elevate the art, points out the difficulties to be encountered, and the manner of vanquishing them, and encourages, without flattering, the pupil in his arduous undertaking.

From my Diary, No. 9.

JULY 11.—What a beautiful specimen of Vandalism is this! "Notes and Queries" replies to a correspondent asking information in relation to the organ given by Handel to the London Foundling Hospital—to which the composer also gave his "Messiah" and Hogarth his "March to Finchley," thus:

"The organ removed from the chapel to make room for the new instrument created therein during the autumn of last year, was not Handel's organ. The latter is still in existence, and in the possession of an officer of the institution, to whom it was given by the Governors. These gentlemen some time ago ordered the manuscript correspondence and other papers belonging to the charity, to be burnt, and it so happened that all Handel's letters formed part of the holocaust."

Speaking of Handel and organs, can any reader of Dwight's Journal give the origin, or decide upon the correctness of the stories, that the Stone Chapel organ, and that in the Harvard College chapel, were selected by Handel. I have not the time to look the subject up. If the little organ now in the College chapel really may be looked up to as a sort of *quasi* relic of Handel, why may it not find a permanent place in some room of the Music Hall, when the new organ in the new chapel at Cambridge shall relieve the old one of its duty?

JULY 21.—Something which I meant to "diarize" some time ago, has been recalled to mind this morning, when only the substance of the ideas interchanged remains, and this I can no longer divide between the "Diarist" and his friend S. It matters little which spoke, save in a few instances, or whether my report be of a single conversation or of several.

D. Without renewing the discussion of the old question whether spoken dialogue is admissible in opera—which you know I like, looking upon it, after my four winters of experience in Berlin, as I do upon prose passages in Shakspeare's noblest plays—one thing must be admitted on the simplest principles of language: that is, that recitative written by a master for one language, cannot be employed to a translation of the text, without being ridiculously at variance with all rhetorical effect.

S. I admit that fully. Recitative is nothing but the reduction of the inflexions of the voice, as used by a cultivated orator, to the musical scale, so that they may have the guide of pitch and be sustained by the accompaniment. Now as the intonations of voice are peculiar in every language, the application of the intonations of one to a certain text, can necessarily only be used to that text. Change it from Italian to English, or to German, and the intonations are absurdities.

D. It is equally absurd, I think, to hope for the popular success of any English opera in which the dialogue is made into recitatives upon the Italian pattern. Italian recitative to English words sounds to my ears like Shakspeare read by a Scotchman or Irishman, or backwoods Yankee, with good rich brogues of their own. Think of an Irish Richard III., or a Scotch Romeo! Handel understood this. Setting aside his accompanied recitatives, which seem to me to be borrowed rather from the intoned service of the English cathedral, than from the tones of the speaker, I find his quick ear to have caught the intonations of our speech, and to have copied them marvelously. A few masters like him might write recitatives to English texts, which would remain as standards of the language.

S. Meyerbeer understands this also. I have both the French and Italian score of "Robert the Devil," and find on comparing them, that he re-wrote all his recitative when that opera was transferred from the French to the Italian stage.

D. One of the most striking things to a person with a cultivated ear, when he comes into a foreign land and hears a new language, is the peculiarity of its intonations. I remember my experience in Germany. It was long before I could feel certain of the expression which the tones of the speech conveyed to each other, when two or three were in conversation. Of course, among the illiterate class, this was the case in the highest degree. But no stronger case of the misuse of emphasis and intonation need be mentioned, than that already referred to—that of an Irish, English or Scotch peasant.

S. This is no new topic to me. I have studied this matter long. When I write an Italian recitative it is of course upon the Italian model; but if my text be English, the intonations of our masters of eloquence, Everett, Choate, Webster, and the like, are the sounds I endeavor to reduce to their musical elements. I hope even you will be satisfied with them.

D. Though the intonations of the German struck my ear, and continually attracted my attention, it was not until I had ceased thinking out what I had to say in my own tongue, and then translating it into German, that I began to catch them. My emphasis and cadences in reading to my teachers would be sure to follow the English translation, which was running in my mind. You will notice the same fact in the case of foreigners, often after they have been for years in our country, and in the daily use of our language. The words they speak and the intonations they give to them, are often ludicrously diverse in meaning, especially if the speaker have not a quick ear for tones. I often had reason to think, even after some years of residence in Germany, that every German was in this respect, even if in no other, rather of the queer order.

S. As most of the recitative which one hears is

either Italian or German, it is no easy matter to avoid falling into their style, in writing English. Melody is a universal speech, and so too is harmony to the initiated—recitative can in the nature of things be only national.

D. How then can a composer, who has only the student's knowledge of a foreign language, feel sure of coming up to the work? I should be afraid, however well I understood my text, that my notation would after all be but a lifeless body. And yet how many Germans have ruled the Italian stage—from Stradella, Handel, Hasse, down to Meyerbeer!

S. A difficulty does indeed meet one in this regard; but when you think how musical the Italian is, and how long we have been accustomed to hear its recitative, you must admit the possibility of even an American composer giving, if not like Rossini, still a very respectable degree of life and national character to his recitatives. For my part, there is no cause in which I would more gladly labor, than English opera. But what chance is there for a work of the kind? We have singers enough—voices enough I should say—which, with proper cultivation, and if free from the foolish ideas respecting the stage, which are so common, could perform opera very well. But then comes in the question, would the public support them?

D. It seems to me that *Der Freyschütz*, if translated by any one who possessed a spark of poetic power, and if put upon the stage with really a fine orchestra and chorus, and with adequate scenery and machinery, might with fair singers run half a season. But then our pretensions music lovers have an idea that an opera is to be heard but once! The fact is that no great work in any art can exhibit its beauties by once hearing or seeing. It must be studied, and only after the spectator or auditor has made himself familiar with the edifice, the painting or the opera, can he draw the highest enjoyment from it. Once hearing *Der Freyschütz* is nothing, and so of other operas. I believe that by a judicious course of training, even our public might learn to love music to English words well enough to support a good company. The spasmodic efforts to sustain Italian opera prove nothing either way—as the class which spends its money in this cause is small. I believe in our "Yankee Nation" as possessing a real love for music, and that this love might be made to uphold an establishment, which should afford it the nourishment it needs—and this nourishment I contend to be opera in the vernacular, and founded upon texts which should appeal to their sympathies.

I cannot think that Rossini's "Tell" would have failed of support had it been given by equally good singers in English. Last winter I saw a country audience spell bound by the reading of Knowles' "Tell"—not remarkably well read, either. So long, however, as our public press teaches the people that there is no other subject of criticism than how Squallini, and Shriekoni, and Bombastoso sang last night, so long we may expect that nothing but the great names—such heroines and heroes—will draw a house.

We must learn to go to the opera—not merely to a concert in the theatre to hear this or that singer or songstress.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 25, 1857.

The Normal Music School at North Reading.

We cannot but watch with interest all promising experiments in the direction of a sound and generous musical education, upon a popular basis, in our just beginning-to-be musical country. Out of them all may possibly grow up, almost before we are aware of it, that Conservatoire of Music of the want of which so much is said. With pleasure, therefore, we give place here to a letter from our friend the "Diarist," whose acquaintance with the musical schools of Germany made

him an intelligent observer of what he saw and heard at Reading, in our State.

NORTH READING, MASS., JULY 23.—Yesterday I had the pleasure of visiting the Normal Music School, in this place, conducted by Messrs. MASON and ROOT. The prime object of the school, as the name implies, is to improve the taste and raise the standard of qualifications of teachers of singing classes. But this is not all; provision is also made for special instruction in singing, harmony and the piano-forte, in private lessons. It was the class exercises which I "went out for to see," taking it for granted that I might rely upon the reputation of Mr. WEBB and the other "privat Docenten" for the good character of the special instruction.

I found some seventy young men and women, assembled from all parts of the country, the South and West being represented as well as the East and North, exhibiting all the zeal and earnestness in their studies, which springs from real love of music and the determination to get the utmost benefit in return for their necessarily pretty large expenses, and for the three months of time, taken from their professional labors.

The time is short—twelve weeks—but long enough for persons, themselves teachers and already possessing a foundation upon which to build, to accomplish no small amount of profitable labor.

There are those who say that class teaching is useless in music. Let such persons spend a day at North Reading, before they express themselves too strongly on this point.

The impression that some have of this school, that it is only a "psalm-singing" institution, is an utterly mistaken one. The class is far advanced beyond this point, and the music upon which they were exercised yesterday, in choir singing, was from Handel and Marburg, or motets by other composers. Ten minutes of explanation of the peculiarities of the old modes in music enabled the class to sing at sight with correct expression, several ancient chorals, in style and melody as distinct from tunes in our major and minor modes, as these are from each other.

The best class teaching of vocalization I had ever seen was by Goetze, in Leipzig, and Stern, in Berlin; but in neither case did the method strike me as better than Mr. Root's, and certainly their classes were not superior to his, in the proficiency manifested. People talk of this, that, and the other method of vocalization, as though there were fundamental differences between German, Italian and English methods. If the organs of the human voice differed in different countries, there might be some foundation for such a notion. But economy of breath, the utterance of pure tones, the infusion of feeling into musical phrases—these points must necessarily be the same in all schools, and a good teacher among the Hottentots or Tartars, would be led by merest common sense to adopt the same course of instruction with Garcia or the first instructor in Rome. But there is something beyond this to be done: the pupil is to learn to economize his breath, utter his tones purely, and sing with feeling, not only when uttering single vowel sounds, as in his first exercises, but in words where the vowels are hedged in by *chevaux de frises* of the hardest consonants. All languages possess the same pure vowel sounds; in the consonants lies the difficulty. Hence more than one young lady, who will charm you with *Casta Diva* and *Robert, Robert*, will sing an English ballad so as hardly to be understood, and make sheer nonsense of the hymn sung to a psalm tune.

It was with real delight, therefore, that I listened yesterday to Mr. Root's class in vocalization, and heard them make all the outlandish sounds which arose from the practice of consonants with no attendant vowels, and from the singing of phrases chosen for the harshness of their constituent syllables.

The value of this training was exhibited in the evening, when the choruses of the *Messiah* were taken up. A class of good readers, after long training, could not have given each word with more distinctness, or with more elegance of pronunciation.

The exercise in harmony was equally successful. The advanced class presents tunes, which being sung by a quartet, become the subject of discussion and criticism, and this not only in the matters of consecutive fifths and hidden octaves, but in relation to elegance of form and fit expression of the text.

One exercise during this hour struck me very forcibly. Mr. Root, seating himself at the piano-forte, played successions of chords; modulating into keys both closely and remotely related to the original, and the class was called upon to decide by ear the character of each successive chord; in what key; whether direct or inverted; what particular inversion, &c. Another year, and this class will be ready to pass to a higher region of the art, and attack canon and fugue.

Of the chorus singing I can hardly speak in too high terms—such were the firmness of pitch, the excellent pronunciation and delivery of the text, the promptness in taking up points, the perfect time, and the full volume of tone.

The progress made in this school since I first visited it in New York, where it was held a few seasons, gives me the highest hopes of its becoming a permanent musical institution, of the best class. It is now a musical *Normal School*.

I see no reason why the great reputation of Dr. Lowell Mason throughout the country, the personal relations which exist between him and men of the highest social influence, and his great practical abilities, may not enable him to elevate this *School* into a musical *College*, where, with an adequate library and board of instruction, music may be taught in all its branches, in a manner worthy of the art. Perhaps there may be some such intention, and that he and Mr. Root are acting upon the motto: *festina lente*—hasten slowly. If so, I heartily rejoice.

Let us have at least two good music schools, each striving to outdo the other in good works—each laboring to the great end of making the divinest of the arts at home among us. There is room for both, and certainly no country in the world can offer pupils more fitted by nature, with voice, and musical taste and talent, to do honor to their instructors and to the art.

A. W. T.

New Publications.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

The Memorare: a Collection of Catholic Music, &c. &c., with accompaniment for Organ or Piano-Forte, by ANTHONY WERNER, Organist and Director of the Choir of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston. pp. 271.

Mr. Werner has clearly done his church and the lovers of Catholic music generally, a great service by the compilation of this volume. He has brought together a truly rich and serviceable variety of pieces, including six full Masses, a short Requiem Mass, Vespers, Ave Marias, Offertoriums, and a large variety of Latin hymns and shorter pieces of the Catholic service.

In his selection of Masses, he has not taken the well-known master-pieces of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, &c., for the very good reason that these are sufficiently accessible in other forms. He has avoided, also, Masses of great difficulty, and has produced instead, out of the rich and for the most part unpublished repertoires of his Church, a half dozen easy Masses, by composers little known among us, and yet full of dignity and beauty, and great variety of expression. The Mass in G by Witzka, in E flat by F. X. Schmidt, in D by Zwing, are somewhat peculiar and interesting specimens of the kind. Mr. Werner also contributes not a bad one of his own;

and in the case of a "short Mass," here and there, he has composed, with good conformity of style, the sentences wanting to its completeness; sometimes supplying an entire movement, sometimes solos, duets, &c., for single voices. These instances are modestly and conscientiously enumerated in the preface. Then too, we have to thank him especially for the introduction of a short Mass by PALESTRINA. May this prove but the breaking of the ice with our students of church music for further and deeper acquaintance with that grand old master!

The set of Vespers, by Est, must become favorites with choirs. Of the shorter pieces we may mention as of peculiar beauty the *Ave verum* by Mozart; the well-known *Ave Maria* (soprano solo) of Cherubini; the *O salutaris* (two sopranos and alto) by Tadolini; the *Panem de Cero* (duet for soprano and tenor) by Terziani; the *Magnificat*, by Est, &c. &c. Some of these run into the ornate and festal style, while most of them are chaste, religious and solemn. The editor was plainly governed by a religious sense of fitness in his work, and has not ministered to a superficial, fashionable taste, by drawing from the more dazzling and shallow sources of modern Italian and French schools.

The value of the *Memorare* for its special end of music in the Catholic churches, is fully endorsed by Bishop Fitzpatrick, himself a true amateur of music. But others, whether Catholic or Protestant, who love good sacred music, will find good material for practice, outside of the narrow and monotonous limits of the Psalm tune, and yet without the difficulties of the larger Masses, in this excellent compilation of Mr. Werner.

Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas:—Il Trovatore, by VERDI. pp. 184.

Here we have the popular opera of the day, complete and cheap, in the same elegant form with *Ditson's Lucia, Norma*, &c., with all the music: recitatives, airs, duos, trios, ensembles; with piano accompaniment; all the Italian words, with a good English version by Mr. T. T. BARKER, and a brief biographical sketch of Verdi. Surely it will delight all our more adventurous habitués of Italian Opera—all those, we mean, (and they are many), who like to sing or play over something of the music for themselves. Of the intrinsic quality of the *Trovatore* music there is no need to speak here. Suffice it to say, that its popularity is and has been for two years remarkable, and that here the work is entire in handsome and convenient shape.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Summer "music for the million" is now the musical problem. Brass-bands and hand-organs, like artistically magnified mosquitoes, haunt us with enough, and more than enough of it, through the dog-days. But shall there not be some regular provision of music for the people, whereby music shall become an object of attention and enjoyment as music, and not merely as a part of the general hot hum and noise? We used to have the bands play twice a week upon the Common, adding charm to the cool evening walk. To be sure they were but brass-bands, and the selections often weak and hack-nied; but it was better than nothing, and an earnest of better things that might come. But this summer, when the only question should be how to have larger, truer bands, and better music, and more of it, our all-wise Aldermen cut off what small supplies we had. They have invented a new economy: to ignore the public thirst, in lieu of gratifying it; the cheaper way, they think, is not to love music, not to want it; "conquer your prejudices" and go without; music is surely not essential to the great ends of life, which are eating, drinking, sleeping, making money, enjoying Aldermanic honors and other re-

spectabilities! Two thousand dollars for music on the Common were a sad waste; yet were several thousands puffed away in smoke and fire-works in a single half hour, whereby the crowd got little satisfaction, and four lives were lost. And now our Aldermen would fain evade the odium of their unmusical obstinacy by appropriating the money voted by the other branch for music, to the widows and orphans of the victims of the fire-works! The Council adhere bravely to their first vote, and there the matter rests; we get no music on the Common.

Meanwhile we are glad to learn there is a prospect of cheap music, for a series of evenings, in our noble Music Hall. Some enterprising gentlemen propose to follow the example recently set in Worcester, and employ the various bands (the Germania, Hall's Boston Brass, Gilmore's Salem Brass, and Bond's and Flagg's Cornet Bands), for a series of *ten cent* concerts. The seats upon the floor of the hall are to be taken up, so as to make them promenade concerts. We cannot doubt the success of the undertaking, if well managed. . . . We see that several of the theatres in New York are to be put to the same use during the hot months. Mr. Manager Stuart announces, in conjunction with Mr. Dion Bourcicault, a continuous "Grand Musical Festival" at the Academy of Music. Burton, too, at his new theatre, has commenced "Grand Promenade Concerts," at 25 cts.; his attractions being Miss Behrend, the chorus of the Italian Opera, the brothers Mollenhauer, Herr Schreiber and other solo-players, and "an unrivalled monster orchestra," conducted by Noll. . . . The Philadelphia Academy, too, has its promenade concerts, in which Mme. Johanssen, Miss Richings, Mr. Frazer and the Germania Orchestra take part.

Our sprightly New York correspondent, "Trovator," sailed this week for Europe, where he intends to make a two years' tour of England, Germany, Spain, Italy, &c., principally on foot, spending part of the time, however, in musical studies in Germany. Our readers will still enjoy his pleasant correspondence from fields of far more artistic interest than he has heretofore been gleaning from.

Mme. LAGRANGE has really taken her "farewell" benefit in New York, in *Norma*, and has been crowned, with what was called a lyric crown, with leaves and blossoms of pure gold, amid the prolonged plaudits of a crowded audience. Col. Fuller, the editor of the *Mirror*, made a handsome presentation speech. . . . THALBERG and Mme. D'ANGRI announce concerts at Saratoga, Cape May, Newport, Niagara, Nahant, and wherever the fashionable crowds do congregate.

Romberg's Cantata of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" was performed in a creditable manner by the United Musical Societies of Antioch College (Horace Mann's) during its late Commencement week. . . . A most capital portrait of Handel has been engraved by Sartain for the current number of the *Electric Monthly Magazine*, published by W. H. Bidwell, No. 5 Beekman Street, and for sale by all periodical dealers. . . . We have had a call from Mr. HENRY AHNER, one of the old Germanians, who has been doing much for music in Chicago during the year past. He has given there twenty afternoon concerts, which have resulted very successfully, although fifteen of the afternoons were rainy. We were glad to learn from Mr. A. that Mr. HEHL, who had been reported extremely ill, if not dead, was well, and played at one his concerts a few weeks since.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

The Opera season has come to a close. At Her Majesty's, Mlle. Piccolomini took her benefit on the 6th inst., in single acts from *La Fille du Regiment*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and Donizetti's *I Martiri*;

and *Don Giovanni* was announced again, for the last night but four of the season, on the 9th, with Milles. Piccolomini, Spezzia and Ortolani; Signors Beneventano, Belletti, Corsi, &c.... At the Royal Italian Theatre, the pieces during the last half of June were *La Sonnambula*, for the third and fourth times, with Mlle. Victoria Balfe; *La Traviata* (twice more); *Don Giovanni*, *Trovatore*, &c., &c. *Fra Diavolo* was announced for July 7th, but without Mario.... Of the setting splendors of these two operatic suns, accounts may reach us just too late for this week's paper.

Handel Festivals and Italian Opera fire-works being over, concerts of classical instrumental music resume their usual prominence in London.

In the programme of the sixth and last Philharmonic Concert we notice the name already of the sweet singer, who has been so popular on our side of the ocean, Miss LOUISA PYNE. In the same concert Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN was pianist. Here is the programme:

PART I.	
Sinfonia (Jupiter).....	Mozart
Aria, Miss Louisa Pyne, with two flutes obbligati, Mr. B. S. Pratten and Mr. E. Card.....	Meyerbeer
Concerto, Violin, Mr. Cooper.....	Beethoven
Romance, Miss Dolby, "Par mi les pleurs" (Les Huguenots).....	Meyerbeer
Overture (Leonora).....	Beethoven
PART II.	
Sinfonia in E flat.....	Spohr
Recit. and Aria, "D'Aior sull'ali rose," Miss Louisa Pyne (Il Trovatore).....	Verdi
Solo, piano-forte, Madame Clara Schumann (17 Variations Sérieuses).....	Mendelssohn
Duet, "E ben, per mia memoria," Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Dolby.....	Rossini
Overture (Oberon).....	Weber
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.	

After much praise of the performance of the symphonies and overtures, the *Times* says:

Mr. H. C. Cooper performed Beethoven's concerto—one of the most difficult works ever composed for the violin—with wonderful skill, and was rewarded with the heartiest manifestations of approval. It is much to be lamented that so thoroughly accomplished a player should find it necessary to emigrate to the United States, which, we understand, is Mr. Cooper's intention within a very short period. We cannot boast of so many violinists of the first class as to be able to part with such an artist without regret. He could not, however, have bid adieu to his native land under more flattering auspices. While Mr. Cooper is bent upon his American trip we have to chronicle the return from the western hemisphere of one who, in her way, has acquired and merited no less distinction. Miss Louisa Pyne has amassed, we believe, a considerable quantity of dollars in the "States," but that she has not been idle in the cultivation of her art was fully shown by her execution of the difficult scene from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, which Jenny Lind was the first to make famous in this country, and Madame Bosio, in the Royal Italian Opera version of the *Etoile du Nord*, rendered still more familiar. The quality of Miss Pyne's voice has rather improved than deteriorated, and her vocalization is remarkable for the same ease and brilliancy which had gained her so high a reputation before she quitted England.

Madame Clara Schumann played the variations of Mendelssohn—which she introduced last year, at the same concert, on the occasion of her first appearance in England—superbly, and was applauded with enthusiasm.

Mme. CLARA SCHUMANN gave a single Matinée on her own account about the first of the month, in which she played the following pieces:

Sonata, C minor (op. 30), Piano-forte and Violin—	
Violin, Herr Ernst.....	Beethoven
Preludium and Fuga, A minor.....	Bach
Nocturne, B major.....	Chopin
Preludium, E minor; Caprice, E major.....	Mendelssohn
Andante, A minor, (op. 71).....	Mozart
Seventh Suite—Overture, Sarabande, Passacaille.....	Handel
Andante and Finale, à la Hongroise, Piano-forte and	
Violin—Violin, Herr Ernst.....	Haydn

Ernst was in his best play, and the sonata went admirably. The slow movement was exquisitely given by both artists, but the great German violinist especially shone in expression and poetic sentiment.—Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor was Madame Schumann's finest performance. It was, perhaps, taken too fast; but the execution, considering the mechanical difficulties it presents, was extraordinary. Chopin's *Nocturne* displayed the style of the Leipzig pianist to less advantage. Such vapid music is not suited to her manner. Mendelssohn's Prelude was again too quick, and occasionally wanted clearness for that reason. The *Caprice*, delightfully played, left nothing to be desired. In Mozart's *Andante* (a rondo of infinite beauty), Madame Schumann again somewhat injured the effect of her performance, by unduly accelerating the "tempo."

Handel's *Suite* produced little effect, except in the instance of the *Sarabande*, which was played with

admirable propriety. Haydn's two movements were both faultlessly given, the animated *finale* terminating the concert with unusual *célérité*.

Two vocal pieces were sung by Madame Clara Novello—Mozart's beautiful "Das Veilchen," and a new aria, written on the Italian model, by Sig. Vera, called "Se fido à me;" and Miss Stabbach sang Beethoven's "Ah! perfido," with pianoforte accompaniment.—*Mus. World*.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANO-FORTE RECITALS.—The first of these interesting performances (the series will consist of three), took place in the Dudley Gallery, before a select audience of fashionables and connoisseurs. The programme included Beethoven's sonatas in G and E, (Op. 29 and 109); Dussek's sonata in A flat—*Retour à Paris* or *Plus Ultra*, as it has been variously entitled, (Op. 71); Bach's *Suite Anglaise*, in G minor, (the prelude, *sarabande*, *gavotte*, *musette*, and *gigue*), which commences with a movement foreshadowing completely the symphonic plan of Haydn and Mozart, and some smaller pieces by Chopin and Stephen Heller. M. Hallé was in admirable play, and although we did not entirely agree with some of the readings (for example, the *scherzo quasi allegro* of Dussek, and the *Prestissimo* in Beethoven's Op. 109—both of which, in our opinion, should be quicker), never proved his title more satisfactorily to be considered one of the most accomplished classical pianists of the day. We are glad to find that Miss Arabella Goddard's example is being followed. This year, as last, M. Hallé will no doubt introduce one of the later sonatas, which the *Athenæum* does not admire (we are sorry for the *Athenæum*), at each of his "recitals."

MR. BENEDICT'S second concert was note-worthy on account of the introduction, amidst the usual mass of miscellaneous matter, of selections from Gluck's "Orpheus." The *Times* says:

A chain of pieces from Gluck's unjustly neglected *Orfeo*, for example, in which the part of *Orfeo* was sustained by Albani, excited the utmost interest and afforded unequalled gratification. This great singer, in the scene (with chorus) "Chi mai dell'Erebo," and the more familiar recitative and air, "Che farò senza Euridice?" displayed her powers to signal advantage, shining as much in the first by her forcible declamation as in the last by the unrivalled quality of her voice and her admirable vocal expression. The melodious chorus, "Vienni a regni del riposo," was also given. The music of Gluck is now too rarely heard; managers will not venture to revive it at our lyrical theatres, and the only chance of hearing it is in the concert-room. Such genial and beautiful inspirations, however, are not destined for oblivion; and every lover of music must be grateful to Mr. Benedict for the opportunity of listening to some fragments thus well performed, which only created an ardent desire for more.

Germany.

In the want of very recent news our musical gleanings extend back over two or three months. There are the usual summer Festivals, which come and go as a matter of course among the Germans, without much trumpeting abroad. That at Aix la Chapelle is noticed in another column; another has been the following:

MANNHEIM.—The grand musical *fête* of the German harmonic societies of the Central Rhine took place recently in the Grand Ducal Palace, and lasted two days. Ferdinand Hiller was the conductor. About 160 instrumental performers and 700 vocalists were present. In the latter number were 200 ladies all dressed in white with green wreaths round their heads. On the first day the oratorio of "Elijah" by Mendelssohn, was executed; and on the second day, Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, the *Hallehüa* of Handel, and *morceaux* by Spohr, Beethoven, &c., were performed. The auditory on each day consisted of about 1,800 persons. There were also concerts in the public gardens. The *fête* was closed on the second day by a ball at the theatre, at which, upwards of 3,000 persons were present.

COLOGNE.—The last concert of the Männergesangs-Verein, under the direction of Herr F. Weber, was equally distinguished by the programme and the execution. Among the pieces performed were: Mendelssohn's music to the *Antigone*; the "Dithyramb," by Julius Rietz (both with full orchestra); and a new composition by Ferd. Hiller, for male chorus unaccompanied, to Goethe's *Meine Göttin* ("My Goddess"). The chorus consisted of 100 powerful voices (the Verein now numbers 136 active members).

WEIMAR.—The Grand Duke has appointed a new intendant to the Court Theatre, Dr. Dingelstedt, who will enter upon his duties in October. There is some curiosity as to what relations will exist between him and the royal Capellmeister, Liszt.... A new German opera: *Landgraf Ludwigs Brautfahrt*, by E. Lassen,

has been successfully produced here under Liszt's direction.

Litolff, in Brunswick, has issued the last numbers of the great collection of "Popular Melodies and Dances of all nations of the earth," arranged for piano-forte lessons of progressive difficulty, by L. Köhler. The collection contains 13 parts or numbers for two hands, and 9 for four hands.... The Deutsche Tonhalle in Mannheim, have offered a prize of 20 ducats for a four-hand Organ Sonata (in three movements, a fugue in the last), for an organ with two manuals and complete pedal; to be sent in by September at the latest.... Richard Wagner, who lives in Zurich, is said to have retired to the estate of a rich German from North America, one of his especial patrons, where he can devote himself to undisturbed labors.... The sculptor, Heidel, in Berlin, has modelled a full-length statue of Handel, to be cast in bronze for Halle, the native city of the great composer.... Dr. Chrysander's *Life of Handel*, which probably will be a most complete and thorough work, will soon make its appearance.

Advertisements.

To secure insertion, Advertisements should be sent in as early as Thursday Evening.

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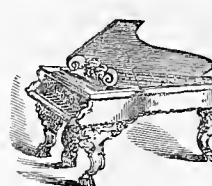
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More from the Falls.

CATARACT HOUSE, NIAGARA, JULY 13, 1857.

DEAR DWIGHT:

Still a charmed guest at this Court, where, crowned with everlasting green, more radiant than the freshest, wet, sunlit June leaf—the sublimest and most versatile of water spirits holds his seductive, magnificent eternal revel, I write again, partly to assure you that I have not "gone over" to my beautiful enemy.

The understanding plumbs the scales; and we maintain that mental equilibrium, which chastens the imagination, measures the distance of its flight, and reports its discoveries; enables us to plant a safe chamois foot on the edge of overhanging cliffs, and there affront with steady gaze the bewildering eye of the enchanter.

Man is an overmatch for any waterfall; and a rising and widening mind not only holds him, but finds, besides, a snug corner and hospitable room for scenes and events of human interest.

We found, in the language of the pencil, an unexpected high light of patriotism here upon the Fourth, "focused up" against the political shadow of Canada. Cannon, crackers, bells, pyrotechny in the fields, and bonfires in the streets; rival fire-engines sending upward jets in slender mockery of the waterfall; an Indian foot race, in gala costume; and the natives of the neighboring Indian village disseminated over their ancestral and original domain.

On Sunday we made a pilgrim's progress towards Tuscarora, past the suspension bridge, past the whirlpool, happily past the Devil's Hole, on to the little Indian chapel of the Lord, set on a hill.

We pale faces numbered a quarter of the

congregation. The instrumental music, one big fiddle, was monopolized by a native, in whose eye glittered the fiery spirit of his race, while his nose seemed newly coppered by a spirit equally ardent, and I fear more invincible. The choir was composed entirely of *base* voices, led by Kantshine, whose right eye was in a patch, which he vainly endeavored to conceal by a long lock of hair sweeping down from the forehead.

What shall be said to these dusky children of the Great Spirit? What a beautiful problem it would be to harmonize the grand voices of nature, the roar of the forest and of the waterfall, vibrating as these must be upon the innermost chords of their being—with a verse from the Sermon on the Mount, or some other passage from those

"Sinless years

That breathed beneath the Syrian blue,"

and so strike a light of hope into their hearts that would shine and warm forever!

Instead of this, the white preacher offered them the husks of the Genevan creed, and his words were translated and uttered after him in the hard and guttural Indian tongue, by a native who stood by his side in the pulpit. I turned towards a lively pappoose that stood near on its mother's knees, in its Indian cradle—a flat board bound with gay stuffs—and winked and chuckled at a string of beads slung on a hoop around its head. Catching the kind and merry eyes of Elve, the beads were neglected for a time. Kantshine re-adjusted his hirsute disguise. I fear there is a comedy going on in church. God willed it otherwise. He who in a thousand homes is filling the eyes of childhood with that ineffable tenderness and truth, which, more than all the ministrations of nature leads the heart directly up to Him; and who, with an equally impartial love removes that light from other homes, took care of that day.

A child's coffin was brought in, and laid silently on a table beneath the pulpit. The preacher spoke unheard. Pappoose was forgotten. Kantshine went into total eclipse. Fun vanished from the face of Elve. A summer cloud came over the heaven of her eyes, then wept itself away, and left them

"Homes of silent prayer,"

as they met those of the bereft young Indian mother.

In Indian eyes is often seen the expression of an unlimited and remediless sorrow, as if out of their shadowy depths looked the soul of the eternal past. In hers was added the perplexed and eager look of one seeking to define an object in the distant darkness.

The spirit of Christ entered the little chapel,

and wrought a miracle in the preacher, who bolted directly from his Calvinistic logic, and began to argue with superfluous elaboration the necessary salvation of every dying child, since the foundation of the world.

The meeting broke up. I recalled Kantshine glimmering in the corner, and was sharpening his characteristics for pictorial memory, when I missed Elve among a crowd of native women. She appeared directly, however; and, as we rode away, and I put *my* handkerchief into her ungloved and gentle hand, I came to know that both the mother and the live pappoose, and the mother of the child in heaven, would surely hold their white blue-eyed sister in singular and affectionate remembrance.

Hold thou me thus, dear friend, for I am, as ever,
MOT.

Thomas Carlyle on the Opera.

[From the Dumfries Album.]

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for a moment across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations—all nations that can still listen to the mandates of nature—have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in old Hebrew times; and if you look how it is now, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London opera in the Haymarket—what a road have men travelled? The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her. Fact nevertheless it is; forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing "Barbers of Seville," but the need of beating back one's country's enemies—a most true song, to which the hearts of men did burst into responsive fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact—the best he could interpret it—the judgment of Eternal Deity upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets, were priests as well; and sang the truest, (which was also the divinest), they had been privileged to discover here below.

To "sing the praise of God;" that you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what

new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him? David, King of Judea, a soul inspired by divine music, and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he with seer's eye and heart discerned the godlike amid the human, struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand able still to read a Psalm of David and catch some echo out of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it was once sung.

Then go to the opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing! Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, great sympathies, originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport. Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catharine II. had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here to do its feat and be paid for it—regardless of expense, indeed. The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of musical sound and rhythmic motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, and enterprisers; fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the history of England, or reduced Ireland into industrial regiments, had they so set their minds to it. Alas! and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances, and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm, vouchsafed by heaven to

them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought and glimpse of self-vision: high-dizened, most expensive persons, aristocracy so called, or best of the world, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness. And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply. "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture maker; good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's creation, I am. And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage—the carriage, swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited these persons. Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service, which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned, the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical, and made your fair one an Armida, if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked like some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face, this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustaches, and Macassar oil graciousity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito, and the Bhythine arts, were a mere accompaniment here. Wonderful to see, and sad, if you had eyes. Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste, which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the modern aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its arts, heavenly music itself, and piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons.

Never in nature had I seen such waste before. Oh! Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to "the melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that, chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a Macassar Singedelomme, and his improper females, past the prime of life. Wretched, spiritual nigger, oh! if you had some genius, and were not a mere born nigger, with appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini, O Heavens! when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn himself to this end, on such a funeral pile, your celestial operation grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death through it too. I look not "up into the Divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket"—not upwards towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but, too truly down; towards Falsity, Vanity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now, I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms; and, by seduction, or compulsion,

unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes, to its halls of sweating tailors, distressed needle-women, and the like, this opera of yours is the appropriate heaven. Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph, and then come hither and read the Rossini and Coletti psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs, and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish—far other, and wider, is now my notion of the universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable, withal, of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasions—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms, abhorring unverity in all things, and in your amusements, which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

[From Bayard Taylor's Letters to the Tribune.]

The Handel Festival—The Opera, &c.—Church's Niagara.

LONDON, July 1.

I reached London in season to hear the last of Handel's oratorios—*Israel in Egypt*—in the Palace at Sydenham. I doubt whether any composer, dead or alive, has ever had such an ovation. Two thousand singers and nearly five hundred instrumental performers, interpreted his choruses to an audience of more than 17,000 persons. The *coup d'ail*, alone, was sublimer than any picture. The vast amphitheatre of singers, filling up the whole breadth of the western transept, stretched off into space, and the simultaneous turning of the leaves of their music books was like the appearance of "an army with banners," or the rustling of the wind in a mountain forest. We were so late that we could only cling to the outskirts of the multitude below, and I was fearful that we should not be able to hear distinctly—but I might as well have feared not hearing the thunder in a cloud over my head. Not only was the quarter of a mile of palace completely filled with the waves of the chorus, in every part, but they spread beyond it, and flowed audibly over the hills for a mile around. I kept my eye on the leader, Da Costa, whose single arm controlled the whirlwind. He lifted it, like Moses, and the plagues fell upon Egypt; he waved it, and the hailstones smote, crashing upon the highways and the temple-roofs; he stretched it forth, and the Red Sea waves parted, and closed again on the chariots of Pharaoh. He was lord of the tuneful hosts that day, and Handel himself, as he wrote the scores of the immortal work, could not have more perfectly incarnated its harmonies. Following him, I trod in the thunder marches of the two-fold chorus, and stood in the central calm of the stormy whirls of sound.

There is no doubt that, with the masses of the English people, Handel is the most popular composer. The opera is still an exotic, not yet naturalized to their taste; but Handel, with his seriousness, his cheerfulness, his earnestness, his serene self-reliance and undaunted daring, speaks directly to the English heart. His very graces have the simple quietness of the songs of Shakespeare, or those touches of tender fancy which glimmer like spots of sunshine through the cathedral gloom of Milton. The effect of the grand performance, however, was frequently marred by the sharp, dry sound of senseless clappings, demanding an encore, which Da Costa sensibly refused whenever it was possible. We who stood in the edges of the crowd were also greatly annoyed by the creaking boots of snobs who went idly walking up and down the aisles, and the chatter of the feminine fools, who came only to be heard and seen. In New York one might have the same annoyance, but by no possibility could it happen in Germany.

Don Giovanni is having a great run in both Italian Operas, Grisi and Piccolomini being rivals in the part of *Donna Anna*. I heard the

former, and wondered at the consummate skill with which she managed a failing voice. Bosio was the *Zerlina*, but, though sweet and graceful as ever, she seemed to have lost something since she was in New York, five or six years ago. Herr Formes, as *Leporello*, was admirable, and Cerito appeared in the ballet scene with all her former grace and beauty; but the Italian Opera in London is not now what it was in Lumley's palmy days. Entertainments by individuals—single-string performers, playing on "a harp of a thousand strings"—are now very popular. The success of Albert Smith and Gordon Cumming has led the way to a number of solo performances, nearly all of which are very well attended. Mr. Drayton, (an American, I believe), gives what he calls "Illustrated Proverbs;" Miss P. Horton exhibits something of the same kind; Mr. Woodin pours forth an "Olio of Oddities;" Mr. and Mrs. Wilton announce their "Evenings with the American Poets," etc. All the world crowds on a Sunday to hear the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who splurges in the Surrey Musical Hall. He is, I am told, of the Beecher school, but with less ability, and impresses principally by his earnestness and the direct, practical nature of his sermons. People seem to be urged that he is a sincere man, though his face, as it appears in the shop-windows, is anything but an agreeable one to look upon—being round and full, with round eyes, flat, flabby cheeks, a pug nose, and short lips, gaping apart to exhibit some very prominent front teeth. * * * * *

Church's picture of Niagara has just arrived, and has been seen by a few connoisseurs, though there has yet been no public exhibition of it. I have heard but one opinion in regard to it. The exhibitor told me that Ruskin had just been to see it, and that he had found effects in it which he had been waiting for years to find. I am sorry that it is shown by gas-light, in a darkened room. Church's pictures will all bear the day-light; he needs no artificial trickeries of this kind. Some English artists had been, a few days previous, questioning me about landscape art in America, and I am delighted at being able to point to such a noble example in justification of my assertions. Cropsey, who is now living here, has a very fine autumnal picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I believe he is doing very well. Hart, the sculptor, has been settled here for more than a year past, and his admirable busts are beginning to excite attention. I wish I had time to speak of Millais's "Sir Isumbras," about which one hears the most conflicting opinions, and Rosa Bonheur's wonderful picture of "The Horse Fair." But as the latter is owned by an American, you will see it some day or other. I have seen nothing of Landseer's which at all approaches it.

Music in Universities.

[From the New York Musical World.]

The commencement season of our New England Colleges having arrived, we are led to speculate upon the question, What have our Colleges done for Music? Even in these institutions that profess to be *Universities*, has Music found any place? "A University," the dictionary tells us, "is a place where *all* the arts and sciences are studied;" but it would puzzle any one exceedingly to find out how *this* art is studied in such places in this country. Oxford and Cambridge, in Old England, have foundations for musical professorships; they give degrees to those who, on examination, show the proper proficiency, and "*honoris causa*," to those whose eminence deserves to be thus honored. It was in ancient times esteemed to be a proper and necessary element in the education of a Prince; and even now the Prince Consort of England devotes no little attention to it, and gives good proof of his study. Among the composers of England, we find Lord Wellesley, a Governor-General of India; and the name of his illustrious brother, the Duke of Wellington, will be seen in some of our books of Church Music, as the composer of chants of no mean merit. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Could

General Scott have been sent to Mexico, if he had been so unhappy as to have composed a psalm tune? Could "*Johnny Mason*," (as the French Court Journal has christened him) have represented Uncle Sam near the Court of Louis Napoleon if he had written a mass?

Hard-fisted and hard-headed Brother Jonathan, while he professes to admire and love the divine art, terribly despises the artist. He likes to hear singing and playing, but despises the performer. He is a terrible critic, (especially when he gets on a church singing committee), and there is nothing that he so loves or thinks he knows so much about as music. But woe betide the unfortunate man to whom chance or inclination have given some skill, in whom Nature has placed a real love of music, and education given some powers of execution! We know a venerable clergyman, not a thousand miles from the shadow of the University walls, who is an excellent performer upon the violin, who was passionately (though reasonably) fond of it; but the brethren and sisters of the church found it to be indecent and intolerable that their minister should be a fiddler, and he, for his brethren and companions' sake, unwilling to cause them to offend, though not without regret, "hung up the fiddle and the bow." That lawyer has a monstrous mill-stone about his neck who can sing or play, or even ventures to write down his thoughts about music. The doctor had better stick to his stethoscope, and not blow away at once his breath and his prospects of success through a flute. The venerable and respectable Mr. Two per cent. will never more be patient of his. The venerable Two per cent. picked up *his* education in the street, and laid the early foundation of his fortune in trading horses. Now, he is a pillar of the church, and criticizes terribly the selections of the refined amateur who leads the singers in the gallery. He is a practical man "with no nonsense about him."

Seriously, any proficiency in music, however small, is a bar to success in a professional man in any department. He is looked on as a flippant dreamer and idler, who sings as he goes through life, instead of calculating interest. If he sings, he cannot pray well, or plead well, or heal well.

But is not this art worthy to be to some extent taught in our colleges? And would not the sanction of Alma Mater give respectability to its practice in the eyes of the world, and of the worldly-minded? The scholar could reply, "I learned this at the feet of my dear Alma Mater, and prize it not the least among the instructions that she gave." What a refining, humanizing influence would go forth every year from college walls into every nook and corner of our land, if every one who left them carried with him some knowledge of this most refining and humanizing of the arts! We have in mind at present a case in point, in the example of an alumnus of old Harvard, who is at the head of one of our great manufacturing establishments. He thought that among a thousand men and women and children whom he employs, there should be some singers. He had but to ask the question and some seventy or eighty came forward, and he provided for them the proper teaching and the happiest results followed, to the great pleasure, not alone of those who took a part in the undertaking, but of the whole population of the town. Here is a case of the influence exerted in cultivating the taste of a town by a single man of refinement and enthusiasm, and in this case of not a little musical accomplishment and knowledge. But he is not for that any less efficient as the agent of one of our largest corporations.

All college-bred men are in positions more or less to aid in some such way in this pleasant work—especially the *clergy*, in whose education it is not only almost absolutely essential but also almost absolutely neglected. But as yet the college does nothing to educate this part of our nature. We learn a few psalm tunes, perhaps, in the college choirs, a few bacchanalian choruses or sentimental songs in the club-room, and that is all. Let us have something better. Let music be recognized in all our colleges as a proper

branch of the education of the Christian gentleman, that should receive some pruning and training and cherishing at the hands of Alma Mater, and not be suffered to grow as it has, all straggling and wild and full of thorns.

We have from the colleges our sweet and dearly-loved poets—Bryant, Longfellow, Willis, Lowell, Holmes! Shall we not have from their walls also sweet singers and the masters of the lyre? Shall we not give to the scholar this crowning grace, most graceful of all; and shall we not give to the artist the rounded fulness of the thorough education of the scholar?

At Cambridge last week we had music somewhat better than the clang of brass that is the normal music of the public days of our colleges. A chorus of students sang with well-trained voices the songs of Auld Lang Syne. Such entertainment adds not a little to the attractions that make the sons of fair Harvard throng to her jubilee; and they leave again her hallowed grounds touched with no little emotion, when they join as they did last week in the solemn chorus of the Parting Song. w.

Peals of Bells.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

A writer in a late number of Dwight's Journal of Music (273) has a pleasant paper on the subject of bells, founded on the item travelling about, that Lowell is to have a chime of bells. He is right in saying that it should be a *peal* of bells; and I agree with him, that there is scarcely any sound under heaven more monotonous than chimes, the mere striking of any set of bells once.—No indeed; to have the music of the bells they must be rung; the bell must be struck several times by its own clapper as it makes nearly a revolution, and the whole set must be served the same way in succession and in a continuation of changes. Then you get the music of the peal; and for anything more noble, elevating, exhilarating, or joyous in the way of sound, there is no music to match it; it is the grandest music on earth; thunder alone surpasses it in sublimity. A band of music—let it be ever so good—can be heard only at a short distance; but a good peal of bells can be heard for miles. Our forefathers believed that the music of the bells frightened away evil spirits; and it is true—but not in the sense in which they believed it—the music of the bells will remove that languor which depresses the spirit when the mind and body are fatigued with the day's work. There is no truer lightener of the spirit than a peal of bells; it is to a whole city what the band is to the company when they play one of their liveliest tunes; and, although a moderate distance lends an additional enchantment to their music, it is by no means disagreeable at the foot of the belfry.

Blessed be he, who first mooted this subject in this country, for now that the ball is set in motion we hope it will not stop until every city in the land has its peal of bells. Gentlemen of the press, see that it is kept up; it is one of the elements of civilization. It is as necessary as light, pure air and fresh water. A good peal of bells would be as good as Boston Common in summer—and a good deal better than the Common in winter—for it would gladden the hearts of thousands when the snow is deep, and the cold severe, and the Common unavailable; then by your own firesides, at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and at New Year, you would have a new element of enjoyment in a lusty peal of bells; then, instead of the eternal fiz, crack, bang, bang, of the fire-crackers, you would have something wherewith merrily and appropriately to announce the *Fourth of July*. Then, when good news came, of whatever import—whether of the completion of the Trans-atlantic telegraph, or the abolition of slavery in these United States, you would have something whereby you could worthily announce the news to dwellers five miles round! Cannon and crackers sink into insignificance beside a peal of bells; besides, bells are made to imitate artillery itself—on the proper occasions. Bells can give the three-times-three and one cheer more—in their appropriate music, i. e., *firing*—making the

whole peal strike at the same instant and repeated as often as desired. Nothing can express universal gladness like a peal of bells—nay, in countries where bells are in plenty, it is not unusual to set the bells ringing on many private occasions, such as births, marriages, and the arrival of welcome guests. Our Boston belles—let them be ever so rich, or the occasion be made ever so magnificent, come not near the honor they might otherwise have, with a fine peal of bells to announce their wedding—and therefore let us have the bells.

It will be no small feather in the cap of Lowell, if she should be the first city in the Union that shall have a peal of bells—and it is devoutly to be hoped that a peal they intend, and not a mere chime. Good music can be got from six bells, but better from eight. I am inclined to think, too, that eight bells is the happy medium in bell music—giving all the sounds necessary, and minimizing the outlay required and the expense of ringing—not that this latter item need ever be so great as to prevent the smallest city from having its peal; as wherever bells are, ringers enough will be found who will love the exercise. Only have the flowers, the bees are sure to find them, and only get the bells and the ringers will be sure to grow round them. Wherever there are bells the ringers spring up, each one devoted to his bell, with a half dozen growing around him, like suckers to young trees, ready to step in his shoes whenever absence, or sickness or death prevent him being at his post. Whenever a good peal of bells shall have been once established, and the people get a taste of the music, we believe a new element of civilization will be introduced, and one the people will not willingly let die.

Some may fancy that half I say about the bells is no better than nonsense, but every one has read E. A. Poe's poem about the Bells, and if the mere jingle of the sleigh bells (a sound, by the by, that might be rendered more harmonious by having them of different tones on each team) could elicit so much praise from him, what would a glorious peal of eight large bells have done! And, as a finish to this paragraph, I will just cite a few of the poets in justification:

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies—
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on.

[Cowper.]

Charles Lamb says in prose:

"Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music
highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and
touching is the peal which rings out the old year."

And in verse:

Chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse, or high, have chanced to
Jure

Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Years after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

How fond the rustic's ear at leisure dwells
On the soft soundings of his village bells.

[Clare.]

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite
When the merry bells ring round.

[Milton.
D. J.]

Letter from Signor Corelli.

[Correspondence of the Gazette.]

SIR:—While I was thinking that if I were to write a letter to all those persons to whom I might wish, either through friendship or regard, to give such token of my good souvenir, I should have to sit down from morning to night scribbling away, the idea recurred to me to address this letter to you,

which you would kindly insert in your valuable paper, as being intended to remember me particularly to all those of my friends and pupils under whose eyes it might happen to fall.

After a fair passage of twelve days, we arrived in Liverpool on Sunday, June 30th, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon.

On landing, the officers at the custom house put my patience, a virtue wherewith I am not particularly gifted, to a very severe test. I hope, for my pupils' sake, that I have not lost it altogether.

I intended to start for London without delay, but the exhibition of the Art Treasury in Manchester held out a sufficient inducement to make a trip to that city, and most delighted have I been by doing so, as I had an opportunity of admiring the finest collection of works of Art that has ever been brought together. I had also the pleasure to see her most gracious Majesty the Queen.

As soon as I reached London, my first occupation was, of course, of going about paying visits to my acquaintances who happened to be in London. Mr. Lumley and Mr. Costa were foremost among the number, and the former gentleman favored me on the morrow with the following letter:

"Mr. L. presents his compliments to Mr. C., and has much pleasure in placing his name on the list of Entrées during his stay in London."

I availed myself the same day of the permission, and assisted in the evening at the performance of the *Trovatore*, where I heard Mlle. Spezia and Signor Giuglini, who is destined to a glorious career. Alboni was Azucena, with the same freshness of voice and justness of tone. I exchanged a few words with this lady about her last visit to America, and she seemed much pleased at the remembrance thereof.

Benevenuto, an old acquaintance, sings better, and still better would he sing, if he could do away with a sort of affectation peculiar to his idiosyncrasy.

From Her Majesty's Theatre I ran to the Lyceum, where I arrived just in time to admire our favorite star, Bosio, in the last act of the *Trovatore*. After the performance, I went on the stage to shake hands with that lady, Mme. Nantier Didiée, and my old comrade, Ronconi, who came bowing towards me in his operatic costume, with all the assumption of seriousness, and thereby puzzling me very much, as I did not at first recognize him. I was at the moment speaking with Signor Costa, the celebrated Director, under whose conduct I sang in former times at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was extremely kind to his old friend Corelli. He introduced me to the Manager of the Lyceum, Mr. Gye, who very kindly sent me an invitation for next day to witness Mlle. Ristori's wonderful performance of *Medea*. It is impossible for me to express in words my feelings of enthusiasm and overwhelming emotion whilst following this high-gifted artist through those scenes of heart-rending woe and despair.

I shall now speak of the young lady whom they call here little dear Piccolomini; and in truth I must say that her performance of *La Traviata* is all that can be desired.

But what shall I say of Giuglini? All the praise that has been bestowed upon him is scarcely equal to convey an idea of his real merits. His voice is of so sweet a texture that it goes straight to one's heart, and long after he has ceased singing, his last melody still sounds in your ear.

On my arrival here, I was unable to satisfy my great desire to hear Mario, as he was rather unwell. So I went to pay him a visit. I talked with him about the "big gun," and he very much approved of my idea, and very kindly offered me letters of introduction for several of the most distinguished persons of Vienna. As he subsequently recovered, I had the good luck to hear him yesterday in *La Traviata*, and I found him to be always the same sweet, soul-stirring singer.

On the day of my visit to Mario, after a most substantial luncheon, I went forth with him and Mme. Grisi to the Crystal Palace. The adage goes that—

"Qui no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto marravilla."

but I think that the proverb in question would be more fitly applied to this wondrous building, and to the wonders contained in it. Why, you are led from amazement to amazement, and so many are the beauties to be seen, that you don't know which to admire most. The waters in the adjoining lawn were in full play, but the sky was rather gloomy, which detracted so much from the general effect.

As you will perceive by the date, this letter is written on a Sunday, which day is pretty much the same here as in Boston, that is, very dull—and it is the more so to-day, as it is raining very heavily indeed, and so it has been for the last few days. This makes me regret the clean streets of Boston,

those of London being on such occasions in a most filthy state. But I shall forget all these little vexations in the good company of my excellent friend, Mme. Bosio, to whose house in St. John's Wood I am now hastening to go to dinner.

To-morrow I shall visit again the Crystal Palace, as a single inspection is hardly enough to walk it through, and in the evening I shall go to the Lyceum, to see Shakspeare's chef d'œuvre, *Macbeth*, interpreted by the Italian troupe, and the grand tragédienne, Mme. Ristori. After the performance I shall start for Paris, where I expect to arrive in the course of Tuesday morning. My stay in the French capital will be very short, as I shall leave in a couple of days for Italy, where my friend the Gun is waiting me, for a regular introduction to the Sardinian authorities.

L. C.

MARIO'S SHADOW.—Side by side with the picture of Rachel dying—a wreck of her former self, we have the news of the dreadful death of Miss Coutts, the lady who is so well-known to the opera-going public as the "patron-saint" of Mario, and the individual who had more influence upon his stage efforts than all the critics and the public combined. A French journal gives an account of the death of the lady, as well as some facts relating to her life. It seems that, from the first moment her eyes rested upon Mario, she became the strange woman who has so completely mystified the public if not the celebrated tenor himself. She commenced a solitary life, following him wherever he went, and invariably presenting herself on the night of his first appearance in any place. St. Petersburg, Madrid, London, Paris, and even America, were all the same to her; nothing would prevent her taking her place in the box or dress circle at his first performance. She never met him; never exchanged a word, written or spoken with the object of her strange adoration; but there was a witchery in her pale face and riveted eyes that acted like magic upon the singer, who has oftentimes to be compared to one of those "birds who can sing, but won't sing, and must be made to sing," but who, in her presence, threw himself into the music and sang as only Mario could sing—when he would. A few weeks ago it seems that he was to have a benefit at the Theatre-Italien, and of course Miss Coutts prepared to attend in the most elaborate toilette possible. Dressing herself in her own room, unattended by any maid, she placed the lighted candle in a chair before the tall mirror, the better to judge of the effect of her toilette. Turning around, and looking "first on this side and then on that," a flounce of the thin gauze approached too near the light, and instantly the lady was enveloped in flames. With much presence of mind she threw herself on the bed, intending to smother the blaze in the counterpane; but unluckily the maid had thrown a couple of thin dresses just from the mantua-maker's, upon it, and they added to the blaze most fearfully. Miss Coutts screamed for help, but it came too late. She lingered several days, suffering intensely, yet refusing to the last any medical assistance; and died, pressing to her lips a rose-colored letter, the only one ever written her by Mario, in which he expressed his sympathy for her sufferings, and thanked her with deepest gratitude for the applause and approbation she had always publicly shown him. And thus ended a life, the story of which "is stranger than fiction." When time has thrown over it the veil of distance, some future Hawthorne will weave from it the pages of a veritably "thrilling" romance.—*Worcester Palladium*.

From my Diary, No. 10.

JULY 25.—"This important project, long delayed," says the *Traveller* this morning, "but now so pressingly demanded for building purposes, is likely to be soon commenced." "This important project" is the filling up of the Back Bay.

And how is the work to be done? With any regard to the future beauty, convenience and health of the city, or only with the one object in view of making the greatest number of lots possible? Is the plan of the grand avenue into the city given up? Is the last hope of Boston's possessing one street, which shall for all time be its pride and greatest ornament, extinguished? I ask for information.

When I think of the streets of European cities, which receive from travellers epithets of superlative intensity for their splendor and beauty, and compare them with what we might have at hardly more than a nominal cost, if our people's government had a tenth part the taste of royal governments abroad, and reflect how little hope there is of having it, I fear that the religion most prevalent is that which teaches the worship of the almighty dollar. But perhaps provision is made for all we would ask.

I have taken strangers lately to my favorite point of view, for the panorama of Boston and its environs.

One gentleman from the South, as our carriage came upon the apex of Corey's hill, leaped from the vehicle. He was so struck with the richness and beauty of the scene, that for some moments he wished not to speak or be spoken to.

Then and there we discussed the matter, and tried to form some estimate of the debt of gratitude which succeeding generations would owe the Brookline millionaires, could they be induced to purchase those grounds and lay them out for a public park forever.

I looked forward in fancy to the time when all the surrounding country, far as the beautiful ranges of hills which limit the view, shall be filled with human habitations, and reflected upon the feelings which then would swell the breast of the stranger, who from this point should look down upon the wide spread city, and should be told that this spot, when all other heights around Boston had become private property, was bought by the wise and liberal millionaires of 185-, and given to the use, recreation and delight of the poor man.

I fancied my stranger to be one who had seen much of the world, whose eye was open to beauty, whose heart could appreciate a noble deed. But let me interest you in the description, as Sterne says, or something like it.

It is about A. D., 1950. The Back Bay is filled up, and noble, stately residences occupy its now loathsome surface. From some point near the public garden, as we stand upon the observatory on Corey's hill, we can trace a broad avenue, lined with rows of trees, wider than "Unter den Linden," in Berlin, bordered with magnificent buildings, elevated enough to enable the trains upon the railroads to pass beneath, and stretching directly out to that most beautiful of suburban towns, Brookline. From the outer end of this noble avenue winds a broad and beautiful street to the hill on which we stand. The hill is now planted with all the beautiful varieties of American forest trees, and sweet-scented and flowering shrubs. The oak in its several species, intermixed with beautiful clumps of pines, firs and hemlocks—that noble tree!—hickories and chestnuts, maples and ashes, all in their places—all beautiful in themselves, all still more beautiful by contrast with each other—all are here; in this spot the fragrant sassafras, in that the sweet fern, there the laurus benzoin, and here again the sweet briar; a patch of the kalmia latifolia refreshes the eye on the one hand, rhododendron or azalea on the other.

It is now "toward the going down of the sun," and the fashionable world of Boston are driving out in long procession over the milldam, winding up the side of Corey's, and after long looking at the glories below and around, pass down upon the other side, and beneath the shade of the glorious old elms which line the streets, they drive on to the grand avenue—the "Boulevard" of the city. This drive has become to Boston more than Hyde Park is to London. Down among the groves and shrubbery of the hill sides, a thousand poor mothers with their children are sitting, and drinking in the scene with emotions which they do not understand, but which on the Great Book are passed to the credit of him of whom it is written, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy."

"I have during my stay in Boston," says the stranger, "visited your institutions of learning, your noble charities, and the magnificent 'cities of the dead,' which the wisdom and generosity of the last century established. But beyond and above them all, I must place that enlightened taste, that nobleness of disposition, which led to the purchase of this hill, and its improvement for a public resort. A hundred years ago I can easily conceive of the Common yonder, and the broad acres below us, then open fields, as having been sufficient for the recreation of the people. But now, with this dense population, and with no suitable provision in the way of parks and public pleasure grounds, what could the people do without this spot? True, the enclosure is not very extensive—a mere patch compared with the public grounds of foreign cities—but then the views it affords are so superb as to more than make up for the smallness of its extent. Indeed, I consider such a spot as this as one of the noblest of educational institutions. The people are

taught refinement who come here; their souls are touched by the sentiment of beauty; they acquire new ideas of the grandeur of civil society, as they look down upon the vast human hive, and they learn to feel the importance of order, the necessity of obedience to the laws, and the value of social harmony. They see the rich pass by them in showy vehicles, but reflect that they share the pleasures of the rich, and that from them their privilege of coming hither was obtained.

And now the sun is sinking behind the hills of Waltham, and lighting up Boston, and Cambridge, and Charlestown, with a fiery glow. A thousand eyes are sparkling with delight at the magical changes of color in earth, air and sea. A hush comes over the multitude; no noisy conversation is heard; the sense of beauty is aroused in all; the hum of busy life comes up to our ears with singular distinctness; the broad-faced moon is rising above dome and spire and house-top; and new crowds are wending their way hitherward to take the places of those who now retire to their dwellings, perhaps in lanes and alleys, but who carry with them the sweet influence of beauty and grandeur. I honor the names of Perkins, and Lawrence, and Appleton, and Peabody; but, Mr. Diarist, I reverence his memory still more, who in an age of money-making and school endowments, looked with kindly eye upon the laborer and mechanic, and gave of his abundance, that the laborer's wife and child should forever have this magnificent spot for their recreation, and for the development in their souls of the sentiment of beauty."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG., 1, 1857.

Promenade Concerts.

Artists or cultivated amateurs cannot of course look for much to interest them, in a strictly musical and artistic sense, in concerts of "light and favorite pieces," as performed by common military bands, small theatre or museum orchestras, &c. But this is no reason for regarding all such cheap and popular music as of no consequence. The most refined musical taste derives chance moments of gratification from the passing music of the streets, brassy and hacknied as for the most part it is; and every one, through a mere fellow feeling, through natural human sympathies with any general joy around him, must rejoice in all provisions whereby the popular ear and heart and sense of rhythm and of harmony are wooed to any sort of pleasant intimacy with so pure and beautiful an enlivener as music. Better the most hacknied ditties, better negro melodies, "anvil choruses," and clap-trap polkas, quick-steps, patriotic airs, or any music, we would say, than none at all. As long as the simple sense of rhythm and melody and harmony is quickened, there must be more field than there would be otherwise, for the reception of a better seed. What is humdrum to our ears may be the preparation of thousands for the appreciation, some day, of something a little nearer to the character and dignity of Art.

We rejoice therefore in everything that is done to furnish the people, the masses, freely or at small cost, with frequent feasts of music such as they have most delight in, provided it have some true pretensions to excellence both in the composition and in the performance—enough at least to educate the general sense or appetite a little way above the present level, and create a general demand for music of a somewhat better

order. We rejoice to believe, too, that our popular street music, especially the music of our bands, which always feels its way by consultation of the public pulse, is better than it was, and on the whole improving. There is another side to the matter, to be sure, when we come to look into it critically; but we leave that for the present.

Our object for the present is to congratulate the believers in music as one of the great and essential agencies of true national and social culture, (especially in a republic), first, on the success of the experiment for some years past, of summer evening concerts on the Common, at the public cost—a success shown by the eager general demand for it this summer, and the odium incurred by the unlucky Aldermen through whose impracticable "consciences" it is withheld from us. And, secondly, on the success, if we may trust the newspapers, of the experiment of which we hinted in our last, and in which the realization almost outran the rumor; for, behold, that very day the corners of the streets were placarded with invitations to a whole week of "People's Promenade Concerts," at the Boston Music Hall, at the mere nominal price of *fifteen cents* admission, *twenty-five cents* for a lady and gentleman, or *one dollar* for two admissions through the week. The Hall, we understand, has been well frequented, considering the weather, every night of this week, by audiences varying from 1,000 to 1,500; a crowd to all appearances respectable and orderly and happy; no vulgarity or rudeness; nothing to offend and drive away the pure and the refined; but all in keeping with the beautiful and noble place. Crowds stand in groups or promenade upon the spacious lower floor, while others sit and watch them from the balconies; and the music which our various bands have discoursed in turn seems to have given general satisfaction. So far well. We have not witnessed for ourselves, but we can easily imagine it, knowing so well the place, the bands, the kinds of music now in fashion, and the people who seek pleasure in it.

We shall soon know if the experiment has *paid*, and whether the gentlemen, whoever they may be, who were inspired to make the trial, have found it safe or profitable to keep on. If not already profitable, we see no reason why such concerts may not easily be made so, yielding a fair remuneration to the owners of the Hall, to the musicians, to the conductors of the enterprise, as well as nightly opportunities of refining recreation to thousands of all classes. So far so well. Let cheap concerts for the people first become an institution upon this or any decent footing, and then there will be room for all improvement. We wish first to join hands with a wholesome public movement, and show our interest and faith in it, before we commence to criticize. And now having done this, we propose, in another article, to throw out some suggestions touching the best composition of a band or orchestra, the best selections of music, &c., whereby such popular concerts may be made not less popular and far more improving.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our correspondent, who gave us last week the interesting account of the Normal Musical Institute at North Reading, estimated the number of pupils at about *seventy*. We understand that this falls short of the mark, and that the class this season really

numbers almost ninety. . . . Some one writes from Paris to the *Courier des Etats Unis*, that Mr. Ullman has engaged to come to America besides Mme. FREZZOLINI, the famous French tenor, ROGER, and VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist; also that the same indefatigable little manager has been making serious but vain attempts to engage LAMARTINE for a course of lectures in this country; and that he has persuaded VIVIER, the hornist, to postpone his visit to another season, lest his brightness should prove too excessive for the full shining of the stars above-named. . . . Our Philadelphia neighbors have a pleasant notion of their own musical pre-eminence; thus, speaking of a recent notice in our columns of Dr. SCHILLING's arrival in this country, *Fitzgerald* says:

We would like Dr. Schilling to visit Philadelphia. We believe this to be the city in which his success would be the greatest, and our sister cities will pardon our civic pride, when we assign the reason, that in this city is the most musical appreciation. We believe this city will become very prominent as the musical metropolis of America. We have a finer Opera House, and more hand organs than any other city in the Union.

We have the programme of a Musical Soirée given a fortnight since by the young ladies of Maplewood Seminary, (J. Holmes Agnew, D. D., principal), at Pittsfield, Mass., which shows decided progress in a right direction. The first part consisted of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, played on four pianos, followed by the entire *Forty-second Psalm* of Mendelssohn: "As the hart pants," &c. One such work well studied is worth all the fashionable medley of fantasias, variations, polkas, sentimental ditties, and operatic cavatinas, that usually figure in the exhibitions of such schools. The credit of this good example, we presume, belongs chiefly to the head of the musical department of Maplewood, Mr. J. L. ENSIGN, formerly an earnest member of the New York Philharmonic Society. The second part of the Soirée was miscellaneous, embracing overtures to "Tell" and *La Gazza Ladra*; Thalberg's *Moise*, played by a teacher; Cavatinas from *Ernani* and *Robert*; choruses from "Tell," &c., &c.

The London concert in memory of DOUGLAS JERROLD, was a great success. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Sims Reeves, Ernst, Bottesini, and others, were engaged in it. . . . LEVASSEUR, who has been recognized for forty-four years as one of the best bass singers of Paris, has retired from the profession in full vigor of voice. . . . MARETZEK is in Paris, in search, (says *Fitzgerald*), of a soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, to be added to his present force. . . . JULLIEN has produced at the Surrey Gardens his new composition, "The Great Comet," which is announced as being "electric and empiric, terrific and comic." The *Leader* says it is a disguised overture to the celebrated oratorio he has in his portfolio—*Le fin du Monde!* . . . Mlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN, who sang so finely in concerts, oratorios and German operas in this country, is now the prima donna of the opera at Hamburg. . . . At a recent production of Rossini's *Barbiere*, at the Opera House in Berlin, the Spanish prima donna, FORTUNI, sang the part of Rosina in Italian; two introduced *morceaux* (in the singing lesson scene) in Spanish; the dialogue she spoke in French, and all the other parts in the opera were sung and spoken in German.

We find the following account of the music performed recently in New Orleans at the anniversary of the canonization of St. Vincent de Paul, on which occasion high mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church:

The Concert Mass of Mercadante, a brilliant and florid composition, was performed, on the occasion, by the choir of St. Patrick's, under the direction of Mr. Lahache, Mr. Trust presiding at the organ. Mr. Cripps, the accomplished organist, also assisted. Members of other choirs lent their aid in giving

effect to the performance, which was admirable and impressive, throughout. Besides the music of the mass, a "Veni Creator," by Hummel, an "Ecce panis," by Gluck, and a *moreau* of Lambillotte, were introduced, and all were sung, with great effect, by the soloists and the choir.

The New York *Mirror*, in delighted strain, reports progress of Mlle. VESTALI, the popular contralto and opera managress, who has had such triumphs in Mexico, Havana, New Orleans, Mobile, St. Louis, Cincinnati, &c., and states that "the lady has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Tehuantepec, in Mexico, with a view of establishing a colony; and has also forwarded to London \$75,000, so that she has no reason to complain of the result of her three years' labor on this side of the Atlantic." Also: "She has received splendid offers from Paris and St. Petersburg, but will not yet take her final farewell of the United States. She will go immediately to Europe, to engage an entirely new grand troupe, and will, on her return, proceed to South America. She received an offer, we hear, from Mr. Burton, who is at the West, to appear at his theatre up town, on the very liberal terms of \$2500 per month, but was compelled to decline it."

The London *Chronicle* furnishes the following statement of the receipts and expenditures of the Handel Festival:

About 40,000 persons attended during the Festival, including 9,000 admission of parties engaged in the performances. A very large proportion of the audience paid half a guinea, so that nearly £23,000 were taken, or \$111,000 in our currency. The expenses were originally limited to £10,000, but they swelled to £13,000, and therefore only £10,000 were realized as profits. Of this sum, the Crystal Palace takes seven-ninths, or £8,000, and the balance is to be invested for another grand festival in 1859. If that do not take place, the Crystal Palace and Sacred Harmonic Society divide it.

THALBERG, perhaps not all of his admirers are aware, is something of a wag. No sooner has he turned his back upon the audience, after playing one of those wonderful fantasias, than the sedate and quiet face beams with all manner of fun, wherewith he salutes the "few friends" in the green room. He is given to practical jokes. With the gravest air imaginable he has been taking lessons on the banjo (!), of which M. De Trobriand, the entertaining critic of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, makes a pleasant story; we borrow the *Musical Review's* translation:

Thalberg, returned to New York from his triumphant tour in the interior, is reposing gracefully and quietly on his laurels. At the present, he dreams only of a *fur niente* season at the sea-side, and if, from the force of habit, he must indulge in some musical recreation, it is not with the piano-forte.

"Not with the piano-forte?" do you ask? "And what, then, may it be?"

We give you ten, yes, a hundred guesses, but we counsel you, as you value your comfort, to "give up" at once. Know that Thalberg, the great Thalberg, reposes from his royal sovereignty in cultivating—the banjo! We have written it—the banjo!

Here are the facts. Entering his apartments the other day at the St. Nicholas, in place of the magnificent Erard we were accustomed to find there, there appeared a suspicious box of somewhat musical form, and bearing the significant address: S. Thalberg, New York.

"In the name of St. Cecilia, is it not a banjo case?"

"It is nothing else," replied Thalberg, in his usual quiet and modest tones.

"And," we continued, "You play on this odd instrument?"

"I have taken ten lessons," responded, most humbly, the celebrated man; and encouraged, doubtless, by the admiration plainly depicted in our countenance, he added:

"And I will acknowledge that I have made considerable progress already."

"Pray let us have the special favor of judging for ourselves! All the world has heard Thalberg upon the piano-forte; but us have the privilege of hearing him on the banjo!"

With his uniform kindness, he at once opened the case. It was empty. Thalberg, with the enthusi-

asm of all young students, had attacked with too much warmth the melody:

"O Susannah, don't you cry for me,
I come from Alabama, with my banjo on my knee."
and alas! the instrument was now gone to the shop for repair.

Thus we have not yet heard Thalberg on the banjo! When we have that honor the world shall surely know it. Oh! that we could be in Paris when, on the artist's return, this new accomplishment is made known to the public of that city! Nothing of the like has been dreamed of there, and all the little eccentricities of Vivier will be entirely eclipsed. Every man will be button-holed in the streets, not for the salutation, "How do you do?" but with the query: "Have you heard Thalberg's banjo?"

"The banjo! What in the name of Saxe is that?"

"A primary affair; the national instrument of America, (the black part of it at least); a guitar finger-board, attached to a gourd drum."

For a week, Paris will think of nothing else. Government may, if it pleases, make a new *coup d'état*; no one will pay the slightest attention to it, for the great affair of the hour will be to hear Thalberg's banjo!

OLE BULL and his son sailed from this port on Wednesday in the steamer America, for Europe. Ole has been successfully and industriously concertizing in Maine and Canada. While in Lowell he gave a concert in aid of the peal of bells to be erected in that city, and one of the largest bells will bear his name as donor. . . . The Musical Institute at Newport, R. I., inaugurated with due ceremony, about the last of June, a new Hall in "Narragansett Building." Choruses from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and other selections were sung, and a service of silver was presented in the name of the ladies of the Institute to their devoted teacher and conductor, Mr. EBEN TOURJEE. This presentation was followed by good speeches from leading persons in the town, full of enthusiasm for the divine Art, and of thanks to the teacher who had done so much to awaken a true interest in music, all of which are set forth at length in the Newport News, of June 29. . . . The "Keystone Musical Magazine, and Physiological (!) Musical Advocate" is the long and singular title of the last new specimen of musical journalism which has been sent us. It is published monthly in Lancaster, Pa., and edited by A. N. JONSON and Wm. F. DUNCAN. The leading article of the number before us (No. 9) objects, very fairly, to what it calls "the old system of learning to sing," that it makes so much account of learning to read music, to the neglect of due efforts to cultivate the voice, improve the expression, &c. Against this "old system," (old here, we suppose it means, for we doubt if it has begun to be in Europe) it upholds its own peculiar notion of a "physiological" training of the voice, which of course is not new. The article referred to speaks very disrespectfully, we are pained to see, of the newspaper musical critics, thus:

The senseless twattle of the critics of city newspapers (who are always asses) does much towards producing this state of things. According to them, the chaste and perfect performance of a psalm tune, an easy glee, or a simple ballad, is abominable, but the blundering, coarse, uncouth attempt at an oratorio chorus or song, charming! admirable!! sublime!!!

VERDI has been offered 80,000 francs to write a new opera for the next season in St. Petersburg. "Some Germans think this a very good omen, as from Petersburg to Siberia is not very far"! Pretty well, Herr Hagen! Elsewhere we read: Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*, after making a terrible *fiasco* at Venice, has, to the surprise of every body, created an immense furor at the new theatre of Regio, near Brescia. Verdi and the chief artists called before the curtain 32 times (thirty-two times)!

Dr. CRYLANDER, the German gentleman entrusted by the Halle Committee with the task of writing the biography of Handel, to be ready for the centenary performances of 1859, and to accompany the new

German edition of Handel's works,—is now in England in quest of materials.....MARSCHNER, the German composer, is in London.

Musical Intelligence.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. (From the *Musical World*, July 11.)—The coming week will bring the subscription to a close. Monday evening is devoted to the benefit of Signor Giuglini, on which occasion he will appear in no less than five different parts. Of these one will be a first appearance, and the remaining series will be selected from the operas of *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *I Martiri*, and *La Favorita*. *L'Elisir d'Amore* is the work selected for Tuesday, the principal performers being Piccolomini, Rossi, Belletti and Belart, and the first appearance of Marie Taglioni is fixed for the same day. On Thursday *Don Giovanni* will be repeated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The long promised *Fra Diavolo*, adapted to the Italian stage, with additions and modifications by MM. Scribe and Auber, the author and composer, was brought out on Thursday night, July 9, in presence of a crowded audience, and with complete success.

As *La Muette de Portici* made the reputation of Auber at the Grand Opera, so *Fra Diavolo* confirmed it at the Opera Comique. These remarkable works, had he written no other, would have sufficed to place him at the head of the French school of composers; but he has since maintained that high position through a series of brilliant productions, only surpassed in beauty and variety by the operas of his great contemporary, Rossini, to whom, although wholly unlike in style, he has been justly compared in fertility;—the proviso being allowed for, that while the Italian finished his career before he reached the age of 40, the Frenchman is still active and producing at past 70. Of all the amusing books with which M. Scribe has supplied his eminent compatriot, and enriched the repertory of the Opera Comique, not one is more happily constructed, fuller of incident, or better fitted for musical treatment than *Fra Diavolo*; and the wonder is that long before now it had not found its way in some convenient shape to the Italian stage. Besides its other characteristics, the music has the merit of being essentially vocal; every character is a singing character; and now that the dialogue is turned into accompanied recitative (as in the instance of Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*), the opera may be said to be naturalized Italian, and we are much mistaken if it is not destined to hold permanent possession of the boards. It had previously delighted thousands, and run a prosperous career in a German and an English dress, and nothing but this was wanted to consummate its European triumph.

In addition to the accompanied recitatives into which the spoken dialogue of the French opera has been converted, to suit the exigencies of the Italian stage, some new *morceaux* have been written expressly by the composer, some modifications made in the concerted pieces, and one air interpolated from an old opera. In the first act a new comic descriptive song has been introduced for Lord Allcash (we use the English name—the Italian is Lord Roeburg), founded on the Rossini model; and a new trio for tenor and two basses, for *Fra Diavolo* and the *Robbers*. In the second act the grand bravura air from *Le Serment* is given to Zerlina, constituting the great vocal display of the performance for Madame Bosio. This, however, it would seem, necessitates the omission of the slow movement, "Oh, hour of joy," in the bed-room scene, and which the admirers of the opera will be sorry to lose—more sorry, indeed, than glad to gain the brilliant air from the *Serment*. In the last act the novelties are a short and pleasing duet for Zerlina and Lorenzo, and a *tarentella* dance introduced in the wedding *fête* scene. There are also some alterations in the finales to the second and third acts; but these are not very important. The recitatives are most masterly, and so well dove-tailed, as it were, with the music, that even those to whom the score is familiar could not always point out when the old dialogue is departed from. Of the novelties written expressly for the Italian revival, we may say briefly, that the comic air for Ronconi is composed with a view to the humor of that incomparable artist, and that he sings and acts it to perfection; that the trio for male voices is worthy of Auber in his best moments; that the duet for soprano and tenor is very charming, but somewhat *de trop* in the scene; and that the air from *Le Serment* was well selected for Mme. Bosio, whose vocal capabilities required more brilliant and telling music than Auber thought proper to give his original Zerlina.

Mme. Bosio's singing was exquisite. The music occasionally is too low for her; but she has frequent opportunities in the opera for brilliant display—witness the quintet in the first act, and the song in the second act, "Tis to-morrow," with its sparkling florid passages; and the air from *Le Serment* could hardly be surpassed in facile execution and vivacity of expression.

Mlle. Marni, as Lady Allcash, did not apparently feel the importance of her part, and was somewhat ineffective in the first song and the duet with Lord

Allcash. Nevertheless, she displayed her usual talent and carefulness in the quintet in the first scene, and the trio in the bed-room, given to perfection with Mme. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi.

Fra Diavolo was impersonated by Sig. Gardoni with a great deal of spirit and animation. He looked, however, too juvenile; showed nothing of the brigand in his manner or deportment; and was dressed like a young Englishman prepared to go to a picnic party. His singing was characterized by great taste and expression, and he gave the serenade "Young Agnes," most sweetly, and in a highly finished—almost polished, manner.

As everybody expected, Ronconi "created" the part of Lord Allcash. His entrance was the signal for a universal shout of laughter. He was sprucely attired in a full suit of nankeen, and wore a straw hat. He had evidently made up his mind to have a good "go in" for fun, and such was the effect, that the audience might be said to have laughed more than they listened all the evening. The well-known duet, "I don't object," was irresistibly comic. He made points on every word and every note. Every look was followed by laughter; every movement and gesture received its acclamation. While he was on the stage he was the cynosure of all eyes. No one else was dreamt of. It was Ronconi—always Ronconi—nothing but Ronconi.

The two robbers never before found such absolute masters of the characters as in Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger.

The *Athenæum*, (July 4), which seems to be among the admirers of the pianist, RUBINSTEIN, who is such a stone of stumbling to most of the London critics, speaks thus of a new composition by him on Milton's "Paradise Lost:—

Two English composers, Dr. Wylde and Mr. Lodge Ellerton, have attempted the subject—and last and most aspiring of all comes M. Rubinstein, the full score of whose "mystery," in three acts, we have perused—the work being ready now for translation and rehearsal. It seems to us full of matter to advance the young composer's reputation—the first part being devoted principally to the battle of the angels and the fall of the rebels, with *Lucifer*, "son of the morning," at their head—the second to "the Creation" of the world and of our first parents—the third to the temptation—"Man's first disobedience," and the expulsion of the pair from the garden of Eden. It would not be becoming to say more in commendation, qualification, or detailed description of a work which can hardly fail at no distant period to come to public judgment.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The *Athenæum* does not join the general strain of praise; read:

On Monday evening we had the last of those "stale, flat and unprofitable" meetings, the Philharmonic Concerts. It is long since we have heard the "Jupiter Symphony" so coarsely given. Mr. Cooper's performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto was good, in spite of the accompaniments. The seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, which Madame Schumann is fond of playing, are not well selected for a grand concert—and will be found dry by many, even when they are heard in the most serious chamber. If Miss L. Pyne had determined to show that an American tour is not to be gone through without "wear and tear," she could not have accomplished her object more completely than by selecting the *Trio* of voice with three flutes, from "L'Etoile du Nord," as her song of return. This, too, she sang in its shortened version, (the one arranged by M. Meyerbeer for the stage), and not as a concert-piece. But the attempt proved that her voice stands in need of rest—and the style, formerly so neat and pointed, of being polished anew. The other singer was Miss Dolby. There has been small pleasure in attending or in chronicling the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society this year: which lives, (if life there be), on its old reputation. Of enterprise, or wisdom in selection, there has been little: M. Rubinstein's appearance being the solitary novelty which has marked the season;—and Prof. Bennett is as far from being satisfactory in conducting the band as he was the first day, when he attempted to bring it back to order after it had been "demoralized" (as the French use the verb) by Herr Wagner's strange proceedings.

The prospectus of a subscription Comic Italian Opera, to be given at the St. James's Theatre, has been issued.

This is to commence on the 16th of November:—to give six performances a week, with a double company of artists (*quære*, orchestra and chorus?), during three months. The list of operas from among which "the Direction will select and reproduce in London the most famous and popular, besides the ancient repertory," runs as follows:—"Il Columella," "Crispino e la Comare," "Il Barraio di Preston," "Don Checco," "Pipelet," "Don Baccalò," "Don Procopio," "I Montetari Falsi," "Tutti in Maschera," "Amori e Trappole," "Le Convenienze Teatrali," "Don Desiderio Disperato," "Chi dura vince," "Le Prigioni d'Edinburgo," "Chiara di Roseberg," "Il Campanello," "La Betly," "Olijo e Pasquale," "L'Aio in Imbarazzo," "Il Domino Nero," "La Morta a Napoli," "La Dama e il Zoccolaio,"

"Precauzione," "Scaramuccia," "Eran due ed or son tre," "Il Ventaglio," by Donizetti, Ricci, Fioravanti, Cagnoni, De Giosa, Nini, Defferrari, Rossi, Raimondi. The company announced as already engaged consists of Mesdames Fumagalli, Vaschetti, Luigia Tamburini, —MM. Daniele, Serazzi, Bartolucci, Fumagalli, Ciampi, Casacello, Castelli. In addition to these, we are promised in print "a comprimario, a second tenor comprimario, a second bass, a seconda donna, of distinguished merit." All this bears a charming and cheerful promise of novelty, and a winter opera would be welcome; but why should this be second-rate Italian—wherefore not French?—wherefore (most of all) not English?

PARIS.—The Opera Comique has presented a new opera for the amusement of the Parisian grocers and tradesmen, entitled the "Clef des Champs," and the Theatre Lyrique, laying aside "Oberon," announces the "Nuits d'Espagne." The first opera seems to have been particularly successful. Mme. Dubarry has taken the "key of the fields" for a little promenade by herself, and her royal lover, Louis XV., goes in search of her. He discovers her under a tree, near Noisy-le-Roi, in the costume of a shepherdess, talking with a court gallant who was a former friend. The king discovers her, and supplicates her to return to Versailles. She consents, upon condition that the Duke of Choiseul is disgraced, and a minister of her own appointed. The piece introduces an *auberiste*, who is also an admirer of Madame's, and the three form the principal parts. The piece is described as well constructed and amusing. The music is by M. Deffes. The "Nuits d'Espagne" are nights where lovers court young black-eyed *majas*, and carry them off, in spite of unreasonable parents. The opera is full of choruses of *matadors*, *piadors*, *banderilleros*, *toreros*, and similar gentry, common to the peninsula, and contains a young midshipman, by way of relief. M. Lesage and Mlle. Moreau debuted in this first representation.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces a one-act comic opera, founded on "Le Mariage Extravagant," of Désaugiers, and set by M. E. Gautier, which has just been produced at the Opera Comique of Paris—describes "the stand" made at the Grand Opera by M. Renard, a new tenor, and the first appearance of M. Coeille, another tenor, at the Theatre Lyrique, as having been a brilliant success. The same journal announces that two veritable "cockneys" have been engaged here by M. Offenbach to "break French," for the diversion of the public of "Les Bouffes Parisiens,"—that Mesdames Albovi and Nantier-Didiée are to form part of the company at the Italian Opera this winter,—and (as usual) that Madame Stoltz is so distracted by the magnificent engagements offered to her, that she has not decided whether she goes to America or to Montpellier. Among events which have just happened, or are "coming off," meetings are mentioned of the "Orphéons" at Bordeaux,—of the Swabian *Liedertafel* societies at Tübingen,—one at Revel, at which thousands of singers were, orientally, expected to congregate,—and (to pass to a distant quarter of the globe) an execution of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Buenos Ayres. M. Vieuxtemps has been invited to take the lead in forming a "conservatory" or music school, at Constantinople.

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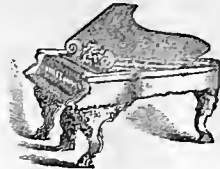
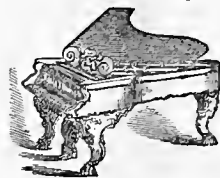
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Translated for this Journal.

The Credo of the Dead.

BY C. WEISFLOG.

"Yon, Gentlemen, dwellers in the small cities of Protestant states, you have no idea what the Romish ritual is," said I to my friend, who had come an hundred and fifty miles to pay me a visit: "Here, here you must hear the Catholic service, in our lordly Dominican church; and luckily to-morrow is one of our religious festivals." "Capital! splendid!" cried my friend, and on the morrow, as the noble bells called to the services of the day, we walked with the festively clad multitude to the church, which received us beneath its broad and lofty vaultings, into its still, majestic sanctuary, with its flower-wreathed altars and clouds of incense, which streamed forth from the deep chapel of the high altar, and hovered softly over the devout multitudes. The high altar was splendidly illuminated by wax lights, and the choir of priests, both our own and those from other churches, magnificently dressed, sat on each side in the richly carved stalls, upon which stood, in long rows, statues of holy martyrs and apostles, of the size of life. In his mantle, rich with gold, stood the priest who was to read the mass, already at the altar, his assistants behind him. High mass began just as we entered, and we heard the rustling of the singers in the organ-loft.

But, oh horrors! what a Mass was presented to us! It was the senseless and tasteless abortion of some ass of a popular music manufacturer, who rushed into the *Kyrie* with his drums as at a fair, in three-four time, and made of the solemn: "Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have mercy upon us!" a mere dance fit for a village festival.

Struck with amazement and shame, I looked at my friend, whose eyes in confusion turned to the pavement. Now came the *Gloria* in the same style, though very much worse, so that filled with rage I should have left the church, had the music alone, and not the entire service drawn us there. I therefore remained, and turned away from the sarcastic look of my friend, which met my eye at the *Graduale*, when a miserable Italian love-song from some opera or other was given, to which, most shamelessly, Latin words had been adapted, suiting the music like a fist in a man's eyes. "O heavens!" I uttered through my teeth, "and this must happen exactly to-day!" and as I thought of all the stuff which would follow during this wretched mass, my whole soul was excited most unpleasantly. I was on the point of turning completely away from the choir and the musicians, from whom this sacrilege had come, as unworthy of another look, but I could not help looking up once more, at the moment when I knew the *Credo* was to begin.

To my astonishment the violinists laid their instruments down, as did all the rest of the orchestra, save four trombonists. And now when the priest had intoned the *Credo*, the full choir began, utterly unaccompanied save by the four trombones, the recitation of the confession of faith, in D major, in the long-drawn notes of a Palestrina choral. With the first notes of this music I was filled with awe, and cold chills crept through my nerves, when in the long cadence at the words: *In unum Deum*, the drums fell in like the rolling of distant thunder. I seemed suddenly to find myself in the infinite dawn of the eternal heavens, throughout which gleamed the far-off splendor of the Almighty. A bright light seemed to illumine the gloom of limitless space at the words: *Factorem celi et terre*, (Maker of heaven and earth)—and in the mighty harmonies which in vast masses rushed through the cathedral upon the awe-inspiring thunder of the drums, the very columns trembled. But when the words came: *Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*, (and in one Lord, Jesus Christ)—and the holy name was but breathed in the softest *pianissimo*—then bowed the heads of the vast multitude of believers involuntarily, like the field of grain before a gentle wind; and so it flowed, and streamed and moved onward to the words: *Descendit de calis* (he descended from heaven).

Truly that was the music of heaven! and the tearful, excited look of my friend confirmed my own conviction, that this *Credo* had no connection with the preceding numbers of the Mass, and was the composition of a totally different master.

Now the musicians seized their instruments.

An Andante in G minor spoke peace to the excited soul, with the sweet flow of the softly touched violoncellos, and a soprano voice sang as from the clouds—

Et incarnatus est,	And he became flesh,
De spirita sancto,	Conceived through the Holy Ghost,
Ex Maria Virgine,	By the Virgin Mary,
Et homo factus est.	And was made man.

Like the fragrance from an orange grove descended to us the *Homo factus est*, with the blessed thought of peace, 'Yes, for us he became man!' and the confidence of faith softly slumbered in dreams of paradise.

Then suddenly the trombones called us back to life, with their solid choral, and with awe-inspiring tune to bitter pain.

Crucifixus etiam pro uobis,	He was also crucified for us;
Sub Pontio Pilato	Under Pontius Pilate
Passus et sepultus est.	He suffered and was buried.

In the softest breath of deepest sorrow died away the last tones. The final, deepest bass note of the organ also ceased. All was still, and our blood seemed to stop in our veins—then arose like a whirlwind, the chorus, which announced the victory over death and the resurrection, with not an instrument accompanying, in mightiest unison to an old church melody: *Et resurrexit tertiâ die!* (And on the third day he rose again.) A piercing tone from a trumpet sounded through the church and jubilant rolled the hymn onward, closing with a mighty fugue in three-four time: *Et vitam venturi sæculi, Amen*, (And the life of eternity to come, Amen.)

But a strange feeling almost of horror seized the soul at the close. For the comforting tones, which had promised a blessed eternity after this life, gradually disappeared in a constantly diminishing *piano*. It seemed as if with the swift motions of disembodied spirits, everything had withdrawn into the most distant and gloomy regions of space. All the wind instruments died away, and at the final *Amen! Amen!* just breathed out in choral style, no accompaniment was heard but the ghostlike *pizzicato* of the basses and single distant pulse-like notes of the drums.

We stood as if enchanted; we no longer belonged to this life; we roamed with the spirits of the just made perfect in *vita venturi sæculi*, and trembled and shuddered in awe of the limitless sacred art and truth which had been poured out over us; and the distant depths of the high altar with its candles, and angels, its priests and its clouds of incense, seemed to us the secret places of the heaven opened to us in its blessedness. "Yes, that is the Romish ritual!" whispered my friend, "that is religion in its most magnificent phase!"

The *Sanctus* of the original mass passed by us, dressed as it were in the harlequin jacket of a fun-loving tailor—we saw it not—the *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei*, patched together out of all sorts of reminiscences of silly operatic themes, were sung and fiddled—we heard them not. Even the ridiculous tweedledum of *Dona nobis pacem*, (Lord, give us peace!) was not able to tear us from the blissful state into which that holy master-work had thrown us.

As soon as mass was over, I hastened into the choir and asked of the director the name of the composer of that *Credo*. "It is," answered the poor old wig-block of a conductor, "our Father Medardus. If you would like to be so edified, just take the score home and read what he himself wrote about this music upon the first page."

I received the sheets, with such feelings as one takes a valuable ancient manuscript, and read what Father Medardus had written in Latin, but could hardly trust my own eyes. For what I read was strange, incredible and dismal. Judge for yourself, kind reader, for here I translate literally what the hand of Father Medardus wrote:—

"Anno Domini, in which I had been fifteen years dead, on the 11th of April, that is upon the holy night of Easter, it happened that I escaped from the Devil, and sat in the confessional all alone in our church. The moon shone through the windows upon the columns, the stone angels and saints, who all already slept, and in the distance at the high altar twinkled the ever burning lamp, like the feeble light of a glow-worm. But in my bodily house of death it was night and all was gloom within me, for I was not saved, but one of the damned! In fact I was dead and not yet raised up. But every hundred years, once I turned myself in my grave, and sighed, 'Ah, when cometh the resurrection of the dead?' And a voice cried, 'Sleep, Medardus, the dead never rise!' Then stretched I my withered hand out through the sunken earth, and cursed the Everliving, and felt the condemnation of eternal death, which should seize upon me when my sleep should be at an end. Now as I was composing myself again to my hundred years' sleep, I heard without, in deep, hollow, terrible tones, the striking of midnight high up in the church towers, and all about me was, suddenly, life. Skeletons arose from the pavement of the church, skeletons, wondrously, came crowding from without into the church.

"The passage-ways were filled. All the seats were also filled. The marble saints also awoke and rubbed sleep from their eyes. But no sound reached the ear; not a breath was heard—I heard nothing save the beating of my own heart. Now the organ gave out one long, deep tone. Among the dead were PALESTRINA and ALLEGRI.

"'What will ye?' I cried. 'Why do you disturb me with your counterfeit appearance? The dead rise not, and there is no life in the gloomy waste of eternity. Or know you better? What will you to-night? Believe ye the tale of old, and therefore seek the empty grave of the master? What is your condition below in the narrow house, what hopes have ye, what do ye await?'

"*Credo in unum Deum*, answered the dead in solemn chorus, to which invisible trombones

sounded, and the drums muttered their thunder, *patrem omnipotentem, factorem celi et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium*.

"I was as if changed to stone, but soon my eyes filled with unwonted tears, for I heard that delicious tune, which plunged me into blessed dreams, as I still lived, a man, when faith sounded within me like music from another world, but which I never was able to reduce to notes. Ah! and now of a sudden it lay clearly before me there, upon the five lines and in my heart, and I softly joined in with the dead in the song, and my tears flowed, as it gently breathed, *Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*, and the statues of the saints bowed themselves to earth. I felt the dew of eternal life, which refreshed my grave, and was filled with trust and confidence even as these dead.

"Then came forward Maria, Mater Dei, and, softly as the peaceful waves of the lake break upon the shady bank and murmur to the song of the nightingale, so flowed the words down from the altar, in which she sang of her holy mission, until in the bitter *Crucifixus* the universal sorrow awoke, and then gently died away in the funereal song of the *Sepultus est*. All was as dead.

"Immovably fixed were the eyes of the skeletons upon the earth. Nothing stirred, save far up the vaulting the pendulum of the clock, which measured by seconds existence and non-existence. Christus lay in the tomb, and I felt how I had turned in my own, and that soon a voice would cry: 'Sleep, Medardus, the dead rise not!'

"Without, the cock crowed. From the tower came the sound of the clock striking, one. The stone images of the saints moved, arose and sang in unison: *Et resurrexit tertiâ die*. The trumpets sounded, and all lived and sang in infinite jubilee, and I also sprang from my grave, and shouted with joy: 'The dead do arise, and thou art saved, Medardus!'

"But when they reached the words: *Et iterum venturus est*, the skeletons raised their heads and the empty eye-sockets looked toward heaven, whence came in tones of thunder, *Cum gloria*; and at the words: *Expecto resurrectionem mortuorum*, all, with their skeleton right hands upon the breast, looked with longing eyes above, and suddenly, filled with the hope of that eternal life, the countless multitude burst into the joyous fugue: *Et vitam venturi sæculi*, and with the last comforting *Amen*, vanished from my sight.

"But I fled from my grave, and rushing diagonally through the cloisters, ascended the stone stairway up and up even into the heavens. And now there sits the pious, the blessed Medardus, and places upon the five lines what he saw and heard, that wherein he liveth now and forever. He trembles with both terror and joy, that the end is so near, and earthly food disgusts him, for the end is near; and when the end comes he will lay him down to rest; no more will he turn himself in his grave each hundred years, but peacefully sleep until he hears the call: 'Medardus, awake to the life of eternity to come!'

When I returned the score to the music director, and asked after Father Medardus, the short answer was: "He died immediately after finishing the *Credo*. He was a good musician, but had been crazy for fifteen years."

(From the London Musical World.)

Second Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The First Day—Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124—The "Consecration of the House"—The "Messiah."

The first day presented us with Beethoven's fugued overture, and the *Messiah*. I am not one of those who assert that there ought never to be a musical festival without a work by Beethoven; but if one is to be given, then we ought to have the right work in the right place. On this occasion, however (and, also, in the case of many other of the pieces at this year's festival), it appeared as if there was a wish to have only the names of certain composers in the programme, no matter whether the authors or the public were benefitted by the compositions themselves. We know that Beethoven wrote the above overture in the "Handelian style," as far as he could and would write in any other style than his own—at any rate, there is no other orchestral work by him in which the inspired and inspiring creative power of that great man stands more in the background than in this one—there is no other calculated to produce less impression upon a large and mixed audience. Perhaps there would not be much to urge against it if it were placed before one of Handel's oratorios, of which it was considered no longer possible to give the *sinfonia*; but as the overture to the *Messiah* was (with justice) given, it was too much of a good thing to play, one after the other, two overtures of similar form, and if it was not thought fit to give some other work by Beethoven, the better course would have been to give none at all. The execution of the overture was, at the beginning, tolerably good; but Liszt took the fugued *allegro* in such an enormously quick tempo, that nothing intelligible could be made of it. It is possible that with a small orchestra, and with a close arrangement of the performers, the execution of the work may be clear with such a tempo—although its character must always suffer—but with such a mass of violins, and with an arrangement of the places where the executants at the back were so far from those in front, the effect could not be good. The performance was one long jumble, in which the principal theme, like a sunbeam from behind autumnal clouds, glanced forth here and there, and in which everything else was overpowered by the playing of four sturdy trumpeters, who sent forth their quavers as though they wanted to take the Malakoff by storm. The work, consequently, passed over almost without producing the slightest impression—but then Beethoven had been duly represented. What more could you desire?

The selection of the *Messiah* needs, assuredly, no apology: it is of all Handel's works that which contains the greatest number of magnificent choruses, and of beautiful *solis* as well. But it is rather an easy selection, and one of Handel's other works, such, for instance, as *Deborah*, *Joshua*, *Solomon*, or *Jephtha*, not so frequently performed and less known to the public, would, perhaps, have been preferable. I do not, however, mean, by this, to express any dissatisfaction. I have not yet got so far as to think that the airs "require the accompaniment of the triangle and cymbals in order not to send the audience to sleep, and that they belong properly to the style of low comedy," or "that the whole work resembles the continuous tramp of an elephant." But still I am not so blind as to fall down on my knees before each separate piece, and to consider every antiquated passage admirable. Side by side with many of the most magnificent, most profoundly felt and most popular efforts, the *Messiah* contains a number of pieces belonging only too much to the time when they were written, without making up for this by aught that is everlastingly beautiful; these pieces ought to be omitted, so far as they can be omitted, without marring the effect of the whole work. This is done everywhere, even in England, where the *Messiah* constitutes, properly speaking, a part of the established religion. For the first time in my life, I heard the *Messiah* at the grand rehearsal at Aix-la-

Chapelle, almost without a single omission. It is true that, at the public performance, this was altered—but for the worse.

With the exception of a few movements, indeed, almost of a few passages, Liszt conducted the *Messiah* with the calm of a Stoic, boldly looking death, or what is much worse, *ennui* in the face. "Cool to his very heart," as one of my most lovely fair young friends is in the habit of saying. I believe that the only pleasure he experienced was a little sentiment of spiteful delight at those passages in which the periwig style stands forth more or less undisguisedly. Convinced, as he well might be, considering how universally the work is known, that it would "go" almost by itself, he let it go—only not sufficiently, for his influence had a disturbing effect, and the most unknown musical-director would have been preferable to him at the conductor's stand. We know what a deadening influence the manifest indifference of a conductor has, especially on the orchestra and chorus; the solo singers, whose personal pride is concerned, are, naturally, less affected by it. I do not remember a single important remark made by Liszt to the orchestra, which, consequently, accompanied with tolerable correctness, but without the slightest delicacy or perception. The choruses, as I have already mentioned, were admirably drilled, and the unsteadiness, which was here and there apparent, was occasioned by the fact that Liszt sometimes attempted the modern system of drawing out and hurrying the time in one and the same piece, little as this is suited to Handel, and little as his magnificently planned music needs such petty helps in order to produce its proper effect. On account of the generally undecided and arbitrary manner in which Liszt gives the time, the commencement of the choruses was frequently not sure, while grave faults were committed by the orchestra. In several of the pieces, indeed, the conductor himself appeared not to have made up his mind as to the *tempo*, and one bar or more was necessary for the purpose of bringing matters into regular working order. Liszt often resembles a rider who, after having for a long period given his horse the rein, suddenly, and without any previous notice, applies the spur, or, in the midst of the most rapid gallop, endeavors all at once to bring the animal to a standstill. These are dangerous experiments, and it is always a lucky chance when they do not end badly.

In spite of all this, however, the execution was not positively bad—but it wanted spirit, energy, and exactitude. The choruses, "Behold the Lamb of God" and "All we like sheep," went admirably; on the other hand, those magnificent pieces, "Lift up your heads" and the "Hallelujah," were partially spoiled by caprice, while not one of the other pieces went with that freshness, liveliness, and clearness it ought to have done. The fact is, Liszt does not like this music—that is an affair he must settle with himself—but if he does not choose to devote himself to it, or if, perhaps, he is not properly acquainted with it, he should not undertake to conduct it.

But now, to come to the solo singers. I will begin with Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt. He was to have sung the bass music, and acquitted himself well at rehearsals. His voice is especially strong and agreeable in the middle notes, and, though in many passages he appeared deficient in anything like a full comprehension of the music, the sensible, powerful manner in which he sang other portions produced an excellent impression. I must here, by anticipation, mention that Herr Dalle Aste sang the part of the Harper in Schumann's composition admirably, and especially in the ballad "Die drei Lieder," displayed true dramatic conception. This renders it the more to be regretted that he took no part on the evenings of the festival itself. After his first recitative, "a sudden hoarseness" prevented him from continuing; he omitted all the airs, and joined only in the pieces for four voices. The sudden hoarseness of spoilt singers, the sudden fainting fits of sensitive ladies, and the sudden pecuniary embarrassments of *chevaliers d'industrie* are things which defy analysis. But the *Messiah* suffered as severely from these unintentional

omissions as it did from non-omissions which were intentional.

An amiable *dilettante* from Amsterdam, whose name was not communicated to us (but I know it for all that) sang the alto part. I am prejudiced in her favor, for she sang last year in her native town the mezzo soprano *soli* in my *Zerstörung Jerusalems* really very beautifully, and with the truest feeling. The airs of the *Messiah* are not favorable for her voice, and, in addition to this, she appeared somewhat embarrassed in the new world around her. Her excellent musical education was, however, constantly apparent, and her task was not always quite so easy as it looked.

Herr Schneider has long gained the sympathies of the Rhinelanders, having sung (with Jenny Lind) two years ago, at Düsseldorf, in the *Creation*, and, last year, at the same place, in *Elijah*. He is a real lyrical tenor. His beautiful, soft, and yet powerful voice, especially qualify him for songs which are "frisch, fromm, fröhlich, frei,"* besides possessing many other qualities not mentioned in the proverb. The tenor part in the *Messiah* is less suited for him than that in the other works just mentioned. He sang very beautifully the recitative: "Comfort ye my people," and was, likewise, most successful in many parts of the air: "Every valley." The air, "Thou didst break them," requires, however, rather the peculiar voice of the so-called baryton-tenor, and although Herr Schneider's *bravura* is thoroughly good and correct, yet he cannot treat Handel's passages, some of which are difficult, with sufficient freedom, in order to impart character to them, as the great vocal artists of the 18th century undoubtedly knew how to do. In such instances I should by no means look upon it as a crime, if the singer endeavored to simplify many of these figures and adapt them to his powers, for it is very certain that these passages do not constitute the essence of Handel's music.

It is with particular pleasure that I have now to speak of Madame von Milde of Weimar, and, in order not to diminish that pleasure, the pleasure of unqualified praise, I will, in accordance with truth, hasten to observe, that the so-called quartet went, on the whole, rather badly, and, at times, with a total absence of co-operation. But Herr Dalle Aste was hoarse, and the general rehearsals occupied nearly the whole of the day. These quartets are properly choruses. Enough about them.

Madame von Milde, Grand-Ducal chamber singer, from Weimar, belongs to those artists whose talent is not at all proportioned to their reputation—only in her case we find the rare fact of a person's possessing immeasurably more talent than reputation. I do not begrudge Liszt the possession of her in his theatre at Weimar, and that is a strong proof how well disposed I am towards him, in spite of all my fault-finding, present and future. Madame von Milde is a true German singer in the sense in which the best musical patriots understand the expression. She possesses a most admirable method; the development of her voice, her intonation and her pronunciation are blameless, and, in addition, she has that gift of Heaven, which no education can bestow, a beautiful and peculiarly touching voice, warm feeling, and profound conception. The resplendent recitative: "And there were shepherds," at once won every heart for her. She sang the air: "He shall feed his flock" in a doubly admirable manner, as Liszt took the *tempo* most incredibly slow, while he took the *arioso*, "Behold and see," too fast to allow the singer the necessary development of tone. "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were efforts which must have satisfied the requirements of the most severe critic just as much as they filled the layman with true delight. That Liszt afterwards allowed Mme. von Milde to sing the air, "If God be for us," in which the bassoon-solo—derived from Mozart, we may observe by the way—appeared to amuse him so highly, was one of the innumerable musical sins, for which he has rendered himself responsible at this Festival, and which must now, doubtlessly, be designated by his adherents as so many heroic

* Fresh, holy, joyous, free.

deeds. But to Madame von Milde do I send my thanks and those of my friends who were present, for the sweet and never-to-be-forgotten moments she procured us. Her tones still re-echo in my soul, and I would sing her praise in the most beautiful verses, if I could manage to write any. She may, however, be content with the success she achieved in Aix-la-Chapelle, for she took away with her more hearts than bouquets—and that is really saying not a little. I will, however, come to a conclusion, otherwise I should never end. Meanwhile, forgive my enthusiasm—it is a fault into which, on this occasion, I shall not have many other opportunities of falling. But I will not promise too much—if Mme. von Milde only sang again on the third day! FERDINAND HILLER.

An Opera Company in Court—Perugini against Vestvali.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette, July 13.)

The whimsies and periodical unamiableness of Italian operatic artists have become proverbial. The peculiar power which enables humanity to execute bravuras and cadenzas, interpret Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, or shine in any way upon the lyric stage, seems to affect the hepatic duct to such an extent as to cause it to overflow in ill-humor, and generate the most unaccountable of caprices. The peculiar relation between high art and music and the liver, between quavers and querulousness, semi-breves and suavity, has never been explained, and only can be upon the ground that the artists of the opera regard life upon the principle of Swedenborg's doctrine of Correspondences, as a vast diatonic scale, which it is their duty to ascend and descend as suddenly and rapidly as possible, dazzling by contrast and brilliant combinations of conduct, as of distinct notes in their profession. A prima donna who never lost her temper would be believed a spurious article, and a primo tenore who had never disappointed an audience would soon find none to hear him. Operatic artists will have their vagaries in spite of reason and regulation.

Some misunderstanding has, for some time, existed between the members of the Italian troupe performing in our city, and Signora Vestvali; and last Saturday suit was brought before Esquire Chidsey, by Signor Perugini, the director of the orchestra, against the fair contralto, for the recovery of fifty dollars, claimed for services rendered in the arrangement of music for her prima donnaship.

The magistrate's office was nearly filled with the members of the troupe, nearly all of whom, including the chorus, were summoned as witnesses, and what little space was left vacant was immediately occupied by curious observers. The opera troupe drew so well that we do not think the office has been so crowded since its opening, and certainly not by such parties and claimants at law.

There was the night-haired Leonora, who had forgotten her Manrico and his rival, the hateful Conde di Luna, in the effort to prevent suffocation in the close atmosphere of the Magistrate's Court. Here Gennaro thought not of the beautiful Lucrezia, whose fate seemed so interwoven with his; but rather of a place where he could sit at ease. The delicate and sweet-voiced Amina walked no longer in her sleep, but stared wildly at the crowd, and looked as if her heart were singing "*Ah non giunge*" in silent earnestness. Enrique stood near the magistrate, trying much more diligently to gain an idea of what was being said than to catch the glance of his Maria di Rohan, all oblivious likewise of the slain Riccardo. Orsini had found an antidote to the poisoned Canary, and lived again in the voluptuous person of Vestvali, who, though smiling and amiable, frowned ever and anon upon the irate-looking and mustachioed Perugini.

The trial was amusing enough, with its interpreters and broken English, its pure Tuscan, its gestures and recitative mode of expression, its dark-eyed cantatrices and perplexed looking men, its arrangement of artists in maristic situations, its complete, in a word, Opera-in-a-Magistrate's-office appearance.

The trial occupied more than two hours, and appeared very interesting to the spectators, but finally terminated in favor of Vestvali, who, highly delighted with the result, kissed her white-gloved hand to the magistrate, in token of her appreciation of American justice, and murmuring, "*Giorno felice, giorno felice!*" swept proudly and haughtily away.

Perugini twisted his moustache, and endeavored to be resigned, though a "*diavola!*" hissed out of his lips. Setti looked calmly and stoically at the retiring crowd. Maccaferri, who is said to be a devotee at Vestvali's shrine, gazed after her retreating form, and clasping his hands together, uttered, "*Ah, mia Giulietta!*" in imitation of the commanding contralto in the tomb scene of the opera. Caroli drew a long breath, and pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her moistened brow. Caranti, lost in wonderment at all that had passed before her, essayed to speak, but in her bewilderment burst into a clear, silvery soprano, ascended the gamut, and closed with a run and roulade, before she was aware of what she had been doing.

The magistrate and the remaining spectators clapped their hands. Caranti blushed, and with the rest of the troupe hurried from the office.

The dust, the prose of the magistrate's court again was visible—the soft speech of the Italians was heard no more—the robes of Leonora and Amina no longer rustled in the pauses of legal procedure—the presiding dignitary arose, and though the sweet notes of Caranti's voice still echoed in the sanctuary, the sunbeams had glided from the floor, and the opera was over.

FIRST AND SECOND FIDDLES.—Who has not noticed the difference between the first and second fiddler of an orchestra? One is all life, spirit, energy. Now waving his bow in the air, he silently guides the harmony, now rapidly tapping on the rest-board he hurries its movement, or, again, bringing the violin to his shoulder he takes the leading melody; and high above the crash of sound, the wild concord of a hundred instruments, you hear shrieking along the shrill notes of the first fiddle. He is an enthusiast—he stamps his foot, wags his head, beats time with mad energy, enters heart and soul into the music—and all because he is the leader, and plays the first fiddle.

Seated by his side, but upon a lower chair with a lower music-rest before him, is a patient man, who sows meekly on the cat-gut. He never glances wildly heavenward like the leader, never allows his facile hand to run off in roulades of melody, never wags his head or stamps his foot, but steadily and honestly he pours an undercurrent of harmony into the music, which no one hears or cares for, no one credits to him, but without which the orchestra would be lame indeed. With his eye fixed on the notes, he draws the bow with diligence and not with enthusiasm, he sees before him not the inspiration of a master, but with each quaver, he earns so much bread-and-butter for his family. Perhaps he sometimes ciphers up what fraction of a mill a single note may bring him.

And yet it is possible that this same man, now so tame and spiritless, so very like an automaton in his place, may have all the genius and fire of the leader—but alas, he plays second fiddle.

All this bit of moralizing passed through our mind, and partly through our lips, the other night, while listening to an orchestra engaged in the performance of a Strauss quadrille. But human nature acts on principles which do not vary with each particular occupation, and no man can fully develop his power—if he has any—while playing second fiddle. More or less, we all live for applause, for notoriety, for reputation of talent, skill, genius, wealth. The soul whose light is hid beneath a bushel, its powers cramped by inferior position, living in a constant consciousness of second-rate importance, is but half itself. It loses the fire of sympathy with lookers-on, feels that it is irresponsible for the grand result; and settling to the axiom "act well your part," loses all hope of acting in the future a better and nobler part. But with this feeling of inferiority comes the consolation of a sense of justice; all cannot be

first fiddles, there is no equality in this varying world—it would be a world of stupid sameness if it were so—and so the first fiddle is left to beat the air in all his greatness. But Heaven pities the second fiddlers.

Vocalization.

MR. EDITOR:—I was struck in reading the account of the Music School at Reading in your number of July 25th, with the terms in which your correspondent defines the art of singing, and as I believe it to be quite erroneous and calculated to mislead, I am induced to say as much in your columns. The passage reads thus:

People talk of this, that, and the other method of vocalization, as though there were fundamental differences between German, Italian and English methods. If the organs of the human voice differed in different countries, there might be some foundation for such a notion. But economy of breath, the utterance of pure tones, the infusion of feeling into musical phrases—these points must necessarily be the same in all schools, and a good teacher among the Hottentots or Tartars, would be led by merest common sense to adopt the same course of instruction with Garcia or the first instructor in Rome.

That is, because the organs of the voice are much the same in all countries, common sense will lead good teachers everywhere to use the same method with Garcia or the best masters in Rome. With all due deference to your correspondent we must declare this conclusion a *non sequitur*. Different departments of Art are found to flourish for reasons which it is quite impossible to define, in different parts of the world. The same remark may be made of trades, and indeed of every form of human ingenuity. With the Italians the art of singing is a tradition. One might as well try to define the charm of the piano music of Chopin when executed by one who has the tradition of its exceeding beauty, as to put in set terms the Italian method of singing so that a German or American teacher in Leipzig or Reading could practice it with entire success. We have no doubt the class singing at Reading was in some respects better than that which your correspondent had heard at Leipzig or Berlin, for the reason that American voices are better than German. But a better standard of comparison would have been a class of Italians, such as may be found at the theatre of almost every town in Italy. The art of singing with the best method is not easily acquired. Even with the greatest aptitude and intelligence on the part of the pupil, who must have a faculty of selecting what is good from many teachers and examples, it is a work of years and of great difficulties which students should not be taught to underrate. There is no royal road to excellence in at least this department of Art.

x.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JULY 1.—Between April and July occur the "star" engagements (*Gastspiele*) at the Royal Opera. Herr DUSCHNITZ, from Vienna, exhibited a barytone of good compass, but its sound in almost all its registers was hoarse and muffled, and disfigured by too frequent application of the tremolo. Intonation and enunciation too were faulty. In all the finer shadings the organ showed itself refractory, so that he only surprised his audience by ill-proportioned outlay of material power. The execution of the ensembles in *Lucia*, in which he took the part of Ashton, especially of the beautiful sextet in the second act, lacked symmetry, fluidity and clearness; nor was the orchestra satisfactory, with the exception of the charmingly played harp solo by Herr GRIMM.

In *Oberon* Fräulein STORK, from Brunswick, was the star. In impassioned passages her voice, only effective in its middle tones, lacks the requisite volubility; in the elegiac style you are disturbed by the unpleasant thickness of her tone; only in the ensemble, where there is a mingling of tone-colors, was she through her good intonation more effective, and she shared in the success of the fresh quartet with Fräulein TRIETSCH and Herren KRAUSE and PFISTER; the latter gentleman may count Sir Huon among his best rôles. Herr MANTUS sang the ever youthful part of Oberon. The Royal *Kapelle* supported the whole most admirably; the fiery rendering of the overture was loudly applauded.

Rossini's "*Tell*" is the most brilliant manifestation which the composer could have given of himself, at a time when it was so common to complain about the frivolous lightness of his melodies, about the poverty of his dramatic expression and the untruthfulness of his musical situations; nay, when he was accused of too quickly and easily won triumphs. None but a genius only second to Mozart could, in the short space of a scarcely five years' residence in Paris, develop such traits, giving the most shining proofs of earnest study of the classic opera. All that appeared already in the germ in the "*Siege of Corinth*," is here developed in the most harmonious and beautiful manner. The Southern glow and fullness of the melodies does not stand out by itself, but presents at the same time declamatory pathos and dramatic description, supported by an extremely careful instrumentation borrowed from the finest soil of the French school. Rossini touched especially upon the modern French-Italian style, with which Donizetti afterwards connected himself by his *Favorita*. We find the chief value of "*Tell*" in the melodious and often wonderfully contrapuntal choruses, which occupy the largest part of the opera. The performance was in many parts very happy. Arnold is one of the best parts of Herr FORMES. The fine quality of his voice is especially noticeable in the Trio of the second and the Duet of the first act. As usual, unfortunately, the aria at the beginning of the third act was omitted. Herr RADWANER in the part of Tell has acquired a commendable certainty, even to some waverings in the beginning of the first act. Fräulein TRIETSCH sings the little part of Matilda very satisfactorily; and the same may be said of Mme. BOETTICHER (GEMUNG). Herr BOST, as Melchthal, should avoid a too strong and almost buffo-like delivery. The choruses went grandly throughout, especially in the thrilling finale of the second act; and still higher praise belongs to the *Kapelle*, who were warmly applauded after their spirited performance of the overture.

An old opera by Herold, *Der Zueikampf* (The Duel), was revived. It has fresh, easy melodies, and variety of motives. In technical treatment and instrumentation the composer leans to the Italians, particularly to Rossini, whose *crescendi* he is very fond of using. He had not the gift to produce something new, but he has produced something interesting; and his graceful treatment of the voice parts, with always discreet accompaniment, may well be a model in our day of seeking for effect. A "star" from Vienna, Herr WOLFF, sang the part of Cantarelli. His agreeable tenor, reaching with the head voice, which he too frequently uses, to the high *d*, has more

tenderness than fullness, flexibility and facility; occasionally his delivery is a little wild and *outré*. He has animation and fineness as an actor. He is understood to be engaged. Herr HOFFMANN on the contrary knew not how, either in bearing or in voice, to represent the nobility, which even musically distinguishes the part of Mergy. Herr SALOMON made the part of Bramarbas de Comminge effective; Frl. TRIETSCH distinguished herself in her part of Queen, mostly written with reference to the ensemble; Frl. BAUR, a very agreeable representative of Isabella, sang better than formerly, although her voice is not entirely adequate to a part so effective in the low notes, since it sharpens as it descends. Frl. MANDEL as the hostess was excellent in the first part of the opera, but grew hoarse towards the end. The ensembles went for the most part very satisfactorily, especially the choruses in the first and second finale, although there was no lack of wavering in some other places. The *Kapelle* distinguished themselves. The violin solo of Concert-master RIES might have been more animated.

The performance of Mozart's immortal *Don Juan* gained new interest through a for the most part entirely new cast of characters. Mme. KOESTER's sublime and thrilling conception of Donna Anna has already been sufficiently appreciated. This time, to be sure, the representation in the second act was inferior to that in the first, although this contained moments than which none more sublime can be imagined. Mme. BOETTICHER (Elvira) showed a remarkable indifference. Frl. MANDEL's sonorous voice produced great effect as Zerlina. Herr PRISTER gave Ottavio with measure and repose, but there was a lack of *portamento* and of easy attack of the note. He was very praiseworthy in the ensembles. Herr KRAUSE's Leporello is one of his best achievements, only the humor thereof is somewhat too coarse. Herr SALOMON is a chivalrous Don Juan, although a little demoniacal. Herr FRICKE was new in the part of the Commendatore; his full, powerful voice gave this part its due significance. The ensembles blended admirably; but unfortunately the three trombones in the church-yard scene were quite uncertain and discordant.

Signora ANGLES DE FORTUNI made her debut with the greatest acceptance as Adina in Donizetti's "Elixir of Love." She possesses a high soprano of singular clearness and flexibility, and to the most ornate technical execution unites a manner of delivery that is full of life and grace. —Mme. PALM-SPATZER has appeared as Norma, and as Fides in *Le Prophète*. Her performance is rather the result of a certain theatre routine than of any intellectual inspiration. Her mezzo soprano voice is really beautiful, of full character in the lower portion, and gives itself out well in the high notes.—In Halevy's "Jewess," Herr FAURENHOLZ appeared. He still lacks the art of delivery and of declamation; he sings the melody too drily, since he strains his voice too much to make it heard; the declamation is wanting in fine polish, and the accents, although correctly aimed, do not always hit the mark. On the other hand the singer developed the euphony and energetic chest-height of his voice to much advantage.—Besides these we have had quite a number of mediocre "stars," about whom the less said the better.

Stern's *Gesang-verein* has dedicated a performance of the oratorio "Samson" to the memory of the great Handel. This oratorio shows a depth, variety and elevation in its combinations of ideas, together with a wise consistency and symmetry alike in the whole and in the single pieces, which are truly wonderful. Handel's genius has made the very favorable poem serve him for a series of most splendid musical pieces, which breathe a true imaginative fervor, and single parts of which reveal such deep, sincere creative love, that the hearer is transported with ecstatic feeling. The power of the choruses, with the exception of the rather too weak alto, came out admirably, with nice command of all the shadings. Herr SABBATH (Manoah), by his fine full organ, and Mme. LEO (Micah) by her dramatic expression, hiding the ungracious and hard qualities of her colossal organ, take the first place.

Beethoven's first Mass has been performed by Krigar's *Gesang-verein* in the somewhat unfavorable St. Peter's Church. This work bears an eminently cheerful, popular, melodious character, and always wins a sympathetic audience by its flowing, graceful treatment. Yet, whereas the master in the great Mass in D seems to have surrendered his whole soul to his subject, and in the words of the confession of faith to find the symbolical expression of his own deepest convictions won by long inward struggles and probations, his first Mass, and still more his only Oratorio: "Christ at the Mount of Olives," belong among his least perfect works, in which he found no other expression for the sacred text than a pleasing and euphonious, but, considering the subject, a superficial and profane music.* The performance evinced care and earnest zeal.—Some of Bach's compositions, executed by our famous organist, Herr HAUPT, with surest accuracy, afforded an interesting alternation.

In the concert of Miss MARINACK, the most interesting artistic talents co-operated. The giver of the concert, a teacher highly esteemed here, played with her sister Thalberg's *Norma* fantasia for two pianos, and gave in technical execution full proof of her capacity to teach. The vocal parts were by the ladies HERRENBURG, BAUR and WATSON. Miss Watson has a voice at once full-toned and softly beautiful, which shows already a good school; in an English song by Balfe, which she had already made a favorite here, and which she sang with a great deal of soul, she made a deep impression on her audience. Her SCHUNKE, a member of the Royal *Kapelle*, played a charming horn solo in his usual masterly manner, and the opera-singers, FORMES and KRAUSE, shone in the delivery of songs.

The charity concert by the Royal Dom-choir gave us a chance to hear some superb pieces of church music, especially a Motet by Palestrina, in a solemn and sublime style, that excludes all worldly thoughts; while the *Crucifixus* by Lotti illustrated the *a capella* style in its period of highest bloom. ff

GORHAM, ME., AUG. 4.—I enclose the programme of a concert given by the Gorham Musical Association last evening. I think you will be surprised to find that they ventured on

* We think many really earnest and religious lovers of music will question the justice of this criticism, at least in the case of the Mass in C.—Ed.

Haydn's "Creation" entire. Of course they had to do without an orchestra; but Mr. H. S. EDWARDS played his piano with such spirit and judgment, that, in the little church in which the concert was given, the want of it was less felt. The Association has been in existence some two or three years, and although they have many accurate solo singers, they have, as a society, turned their attention to the choruses; these were given with no small degree of courage and precision. They had the good sense and good fortune to secure three excellent assistants in the persons of Miss CAMMETT, and Messrs. THURSTON and SHAW of Portland; precisely as the Portland Society has, in time past, availed itself of the skill and talent of Miss ANNA STONE and Mr. ARTHURSON. Mrs. HENRY EDWARDS sustained the part of Eve, and managed her voice with taste and feeling. I happen to know that there were members of the Association who can read and render very creditably all their several parts of the beautiful solos of the "Creation." The concert went off with *éclat*. We all felt impressed with the feeling that pervades the whole music, and I have no doubt that even the patient and gentlemanly conductor, Mr. EDWARDS, felt it was successful, for a first attempt.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 8, 1857.

Music for the Million—Promenade Concerts. II.

The experiment of cheap Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall last week was so far successful, that they have been continued, not every night, but three alternate nights, this week, and with increase of interest and attendance. This indicates that they have "paid." Socially, if not in a very high sense artistically, the thing commands itself. The concerts have made many people cheerful, for at least an evening, and have done good. They have offered in the dull city summer evenings a pleasant, social, rational and innocent amusement. It may be that with many the music has been but the secondary attraction, the pretext and nucleus for pleasant promenading, sitting, talking, dreaming, seeing and being seen in a pleasant place—a very quiet and genteel sort of Carnival, with music as the indispensable enlivener. Most of the music doubtless has been quite good of its kind. The half dozen military bands have acquitted themselves acceptably, and each no doubt has had its special coterie of sympathetic admirers.

All this is well, but not well enough. This has succeeded, and so might something better. First, there might be better programmes, selections of a higher and truer order of music, which should have quite as much variety and find quite as general appreciation, while they would tend much more to cultivate true taste for music and refine the mind. And secondly, as a condition to the practicability of such selections, there might be at least one larger and more fitly constituted band or orchestra, *not merely military* in its character, but *civic*; for Music upon such occasions should appear in her own proper office and inspire the sentiments of harmony and peace; and warlike music serves that end almost as awkwardly as

warlike weapons made to do the work, unchanged, of ploughs and pruning hooks.

1. As to the selections. Any musical person who has listened for a half hour to bands in the Music Hall, on the Common, or in the squares, must have been forced to make in his own mind one criticism:—These instruments are continually attempting what it is not in their nature properly to do. Think for instance of an overture, by Rossini or by Auber, played by a mere military brass band! all the tones brass, all of one kith and kin, cousins, uncles, aunts and what not of the Sax-horn family, and all sophistications by means of keys, valves and pistons, of old-fashioned genuine trumpets, trombones, &c., born for plain-er, sterner work, to enable them to imitate and put on the flexible graces of violins, reeds, human voices! An overture is essentially an orchestral composition; without an orchestra it would not be; and the very essence of the kind orchestral, is that there be contrast and variety of color and of quality of tone, pastoral reeds and flutes in pleasant contrast answering to harsh and thrilling brass, and both in still more striking opposition (as also in ingenious commingling, reconciliation, mutual support) with the violins and other strings, which constitute the intellectual, refined and soul-like nucleus or "quartet" of the whole. Now what a coarse, monotonous and awkwardly ambitious effect is produced, when instruments all brass attempt to do all this! No doubt they do it often very skilfully; there is surprising virtuosity and smoothness in the execution of some of these cornet-players; you would not suppose they could do so much: but what do you care for it when done? We had occasion the other night to admire the ease, precision, fluency and generally good tune with which one of these brass bands went through a lively overture by Rossini. To be sure there was one clarinet among them—and that, as if to justify its place there, made of metal! Yet was it necessarily but a dull caricature of the overture, as any one would feel who heard it, just before or after, executed by a proper orchestra.

The overtures, however, are comparatively rare and exceptional in these band concerts. It is still worse in the far more frequent case of "operatic arrangements," where throats of brass are made to do the work at once of orchestra, chorus, and dramatic solo voices. In this way are served up the Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and endless pot-pourris from fashionable operas, movements from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, songs by Schubert, two-part songs by Mendelssohn, &c. &c. Here cornets, sax-horns, valve trumpets, trombones, monster ophicleides, assume the personality of courtly and refined gentlemen and ladies, the heroes and heroines of history, beings of poetry and pride and pathos:—and is not the effect somewhat ludicrous? Does it not recall the fable of the ass who climbed into his master's lap because he saw the dog do it? In these tragic solo impersonations one cannot but remark a peculiarly vulgar and clownish quality of tone in these brass instruments. There is something in their singing which we can describe only by comparing it to the broad Yankee country-fied sound of the vowel in syllables like *how* and *now*. Our sense of hearing is affected by it somewhat as our sense of touch and smell are by the handling of copper cents. Tubas and cornets may go through all

the figures, scales and cadences of voices and of violins or flutes, but they cannot deny or change their nature. That nature is a useful and an honorable one, and why do they not stick to it manfully and be content to do their proper work and not affect to fill the sphere of others? These instruments are excellent, as lions, in their place, but they were never meant to "roar you as it were a nightingale."—We might allude, too, to another staple article in these "light" programmes: to those inexpressibly tedious Variation pieces, in which your cornet man, red in the face, tortures a poor melody to death, warbling and twiddling through an endless superfluity of runs and roulades, destitute of sense or beauty, and degrading music to a mere mountebank display of difficult achievements.

But we hasten to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is: That every combination of musical instruments sounds best and gives most satisfaction when it performs that kind of music which was originally written and designed for it. Leave overtures to the orchestra. Leave operatic trios and ensembles to the opera singers; leave Fides to Lagrange, and Lucrezia to Grisi, and Edgardo to Mario, and let him not die perpetually in brass bands and hand organs until we all grow sick of him. The brass band was the creation of military wants; let it discourse martial music. Those swelling and heroic marches, with rich, crackling, startling harmony, and proud, buoyant rhythm;—they are genuine, and your brass band never sounds so nobly as when it plays them; yet even these, many of them, would make finer and less cloying music, were the band composed of reeds as well as brass, and were some of the brass instruments suffered to retain their old legitimate forms, instead of being emasculated into clumsy imitation of soft reeds and flutes, to sound like a man who sings *false*. We like *truth* of tone; would have a trumpet be true trumpet, piercing, shrill, defiant, jubilant, and not subdued to sing a sentimental maiden's part, or warble variations like a flute.—Besides marches, doubtless there may be other forms of composition suited to the peculiar genius of brass bands. Rich and solemn strains of harmony, dirges, hunting pieces, &c. Religious chorals, well arranged and harmonized, have admirable effect sometimes so rendered. Then again the brass portion of an orchestra, alone or with the rest, contributes wonderful effects in special passages where the composer needs them; but all their spell is broken, if they occur too often. Remember the trombones where the statue speaks in *Don Giovanni*, and how Mozart has made them terrible by keeping them to that point in the background.

The bands themselves know very well the need of alternating and relieving the monotonous impression of brass music, through the evening, by something of a finer and subtler sort; and accordingly most of them have the faculty of transforming themselves into a small orchestra, with a few violins, clarinets, &c., suitable for dances, or accompaniment to solos. And we must say that now and then a set of Strauss or Labitzky waltzes, which we have heard them play in this way, have seemed to us decidedly the best selections of the Promenade Concerts; they are light, graceful, enlivening and refined, and withal true, and without false pretence or affectation, compared with operas re-coined into brass, showy variations, and the like. We do believe the general audience

enjoy them more. There is much beautiful music in the waltz form; it is at least genuine; and, if rendered by a decent orchestra, not by a brass band, it is most appropriate for such pleasant, free and easy gatherings.

So far our suggestions and criticisms have had in view only the actual state of bands and little orchestras which minister to the public demand for amusement. Of course, so long as we have only brass bands, programmes must be very limited, or must continue to be made up in great part of such questionable and unedifying selections as we have been describing. For ourselves we would rather listen only to the marches and the waltzes; but these give hardly sphere enough to the musicians, and would keep the public out of the fashions of the day in music, which might cause some murmuring: they know the *Trovatore* is now fashionable, and they must have a taste of it, even from a cornet band. But now suppose we had a band of more complete and more composite character, with contrast of reeds and brass; and still better an orchestra, of forty, instead of a dozen or sixteen instruments: then how much richer we might make our programmes! Let us think of that, and make it the subject of another article.

Musical Chat-Chat.

MR. ULLMAN is on hand to answer the inquiries, frequent of late: What for next winter? what opera? what new stars? &c. The active little agent came back in the Persia, and announces the engagement for four months of Mme. FREZZOLINI, who is to appear at the New York Academy early in September. It is said that he has also engaged M. GASSIEN, the celebrated baritone; LAROCCELLA, a tenor; VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist; KLETZER, a celebrated German violoncellist, and AUSCHUTZ, a chef d'orchestre of reputation; also that the great French tenor, ROGER, FORMES, the German basso, and Miss MAY, the American prima donna, will be added to the company. STRAKOSCH, with his troupe, too, it is supposed will join Ullman, making a strong force for Italian opera. M. THALBERG is understood to be at the head of the enterprise. Mr. Ullman is reported to have said that his arrangements with Mr. LUMLEY are complete, and that his entire opera troupe are to come over to this country next year.... MAX MARCETZKE is said to be in London, endeavoring to effect engagements for Havana and Philadelphia with TAMBERLIK, RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO.

MR. HENRY SQUIRES, the American tenor, whose operatic successes in Italy for two or three years past have been often chronicled, has made his debut at the Surrey Theatre in London, in the *Trovatore*, (sung in English, we presume.) The *Morning Advertiser* of July 16th speaks thus of him:

The great novelty and perhaps attraction of the evening was, however, the *début* of an English singer, who has obtained a Continental celebrity, he having been performing these last four years with considerable success in the Italian theatres. Mr. Henry Squires, the artist in question, is a tenor of the first class, with considerable gifts from nature, which have been made the most of by an excellent artistic education and practice in the best schools. The natural quality of voice is pure and powerful; perhaps rather of the head and throat than of the chest, and it is not so sweet as it is sure, swelling and perfectly under the control of excellent taste. Mr. Squires is undoubtedly an artist of mark, desirous to pre-serve and increase a genuine musical reputation; and if his general capacity can be deduced from his first performance in this country, and of such a heavy and trying part as Manrico, he will undoubtedly take excellent rank amongst our acknowledged singers. The tone of voice is that of Sims Reeves, and, like that great artist, he owes much to the most diligent

cultivation of singing as an art. His manner, of course, participates in the method set by the great tenor of the time, Mario. His mere acting is not commensurate with his musical expression, but his dramatic execution of the musical emphasis in the tender passions is very good; and his style may be characterized as broad, pure, and expressive.

In the first act he seemed disturbed or restrained by the anxieties of a first appearance, and the expectations of his friends seemed likely to be disappointed. He, however, gradually developed himself in the third act: in the celebrated "Thou'rt mine," he proved by his delicate yet powerful expression, his complete and certain phrasing and his dramatic utterance, that he aimed at and had achieved the highest class of singing. In the bravura which follows he was also effective, and this act closed with a strong demonstration in his favor, and he was called out at the close with a universal and genuine feeling. He was now safe, and those who feared in the first act, he would prove throaty and unequal to all the great demands upon his voice, now expressed themselves assured of his success; and this was triumphantly settled by his fine, strong, pure, and delicious utterance of the song from the turret. It was vociferously encored, and the verdict unanimously given in his favor. This, perhaps, was the culminating point of his success, though he was perfectly effective in the concluding scenes; and at the close, the curtain was raised in order that the audience might testify their high satisfaction at the performance. Mr. Squires is, undoubtedly, a great acquisition to the musical stage, and if he sustains the success he has obtained as *Il Trovatore*, he will become a fixed star in the musical horizon.

"Seven-Octave," of the *Albany Times*, a townsman and friend and boundless believer in Squires, in quoting the above, adds:

Mrs. EASTCOTT was the Leonora of the opera, and for the first time in many years the former soprano and tenore of our St. Paul's Church once again joined their beautiful voices on the same occasion. It must have been a great triumph for both, but especially for Squires, as Mrs. Eastcott has been before a London audience for at least three seasons, and is already an established favorite, but it was a very important event to Squires, as can be seen by the above *critique*, which is no ordinary puff, but shows that he had to earn his applause by such excellencies as unmistakable talent, natural genius and artistic cultivation.

Mr. F. F. MUELLER, the accomplished organist of our "Handel and Haydn Society," and at the Old South Church, has "received a call" from the music committee of Dr. Sprague's Church, in Albany, to fill the vacancy which will be caused by Mr. G. W. WARREN'S return to St. Paul's Church. Will the Albanians be allowed to have him? . . . Miss ISABELLA HINKLEY, the Albany soprano, has safely arrived at Florence and is studying under the best masters in the city. She has six lessons in the language and three in singing each week; besides piano, musical theory, &c. . . . Sig. GUIDI, the well-known tenor singer of the Italian operas, and teacher of singing, formerly a resident of this city, and more recently of Springfield, New Haven, Chicago and New York, died last week in Albany, of consumption, and in poverty. He leaves a wife (a Boston lady) and several children. Sig. Guidi it was who "discovered" the HENSLEY, being attracted to the streets of Springfield by the rare voice of the young girl.

A correspondent from the country writes us: "I intend to visit Boston this Fall for the purpose of studying music. I wish to study the piano, violin and harmony. Would you recommend the 'Boston Music School' in preference to the one in North Reading?" In reply we can only suggest that the School at Reading is held only in the summer months, and is now nearly through its term, while that in Boston has three terms a year, and will commence a new one in October; for further particulars see advertisement in our columns; we are sorry we have nothing of the kind to point to for information about the other school. We may assure our friend, however, that he will find excellent teachers of the piano and the violin in Mr. PARKER and Mr. SCHULTZE, and of harmony in Mr. HOMER, all three

of whom have had the advantage of a thorough German course of study. Each institution has, of course, advantages peculiar to itself. For instance, that in the country village secures greater concentration and attention to the one main business of learning music. Pupils from the country spending a few months in a great city, are tempted to make the most of their opportunities there in more ways than one; while on the other hand the pupils of the city school may have, especially during the winter, easy access to the public oratorios and concerts, and learn much by listening to great works. . . . We hear of a new native candidate for fame in operatic composition. Mr. G. W. STRATTON, of Manchester, N. H., of whose success as leader and trainer of an orchestra, conductor of concerts, and composer of overtures, &c., our readers have been from time to time informed, is engaged in the composition of an American Tragic Opera, in three acts. The libretto was written by Mr. J. F. FITZ, also a native of New Hampshire. The plot is laid in Manhattan, 1699, and it is to be called "The Buccaneer." The first act is already written, and the author hopes to complete it, we are told, in two more months. The number of American operas existing now in MS. must be considerable: when will their latent beauties be unsealed, and spread before the public by the living voice? . . . A Committee appointed by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to compile a Book of Congregational Music, offer a premium of *One Hundred Dollars* for the manuscript of original music, set to the *Te Deum*, which, in their judgment, with competent professional assistance, shall be deemed suitable for insertion in the proposed book. It must be an Anthem in four vocal parts, with the score condensed for Organ in simple counterpoint; the treble to lie between middle C and E in the octave above; no repetition of words, and no solo passages; remote or elaborate harmony to be avoided, and the whole not to exceed ten minutes. Manuscripts will be received until the 15th of October, addressed to either of the committee, viz: W. A. Muhlenberg, G. T. Bedell, and G. J. Geer, New York.

The Promenade Concerts in the Philadelphia Academy of Music continue "pleasant, popular and profitable." They have lost the singers, Pickanesser, Frazer and Rudolphsen, who have gone on summer tours, but have gained an equal weight in brave AMODIO, while they retain Mme. JOHANSEN and Miss RICHINGS. CARL BERGMANN is conductor of the orchestra. . . . Of the New York theatre promenade concerts, Burton's experiment, it is said, has not paid; but Messrs. Stuart and Boureicault announce theirs in a form of startling novelty and splendor, truly Jullienesque, as follows:

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First Act:—Overture—The Royal Hunt of Henry IV.—The Miserere, Mlle. Simon.—The Bridal—The Traviata, Mlle. Spinola. M. Arnoldi.—The Raptula Chorus.

Second Act:—Hernani—National Ballad, Miss Agnes Robertson.—La Sonnambula, Mlle. Spinola.—Der Kanter, National German Quartet—Comic Ballad, Mrs. John Wood.—Anvil Chorus—Goodwill Galop.

Fitzgerald gives the following account of a somewhat venerable institution, the Philadelphia "Musical Fund Society":

This Society was instituted in the month of February, 1820, and was incorporated by an act of the Legislature, in the spring of 1823. Its objects are the relief of distressed musicians and their families, and the cultivation of taste and proficiency in the musical art. The first is attained by granting from the corporate funds adequate pecuniary provision to all musicians members of the society, who from age or infirmity are unable to support themselves and their families. The second, giving a series of concerts during the winter, which are accessible to the public. The members are arranged in two classes—professors and amateurs—the first of whom only are compelled to perform at the concerts, though the latter often assist them. The Hall of the Society, in Locust street, above Eighth, was built in 1824, Mr. Strickland being the architect. The principal concert room is 110 feet in length, and 60 feet in width, and estimated to seat 1,800 persons. It has, on numerous occasions, contained over 2,000. At the time of its erection, and for a considerable period after, it was the only concert room in America worthy the name.

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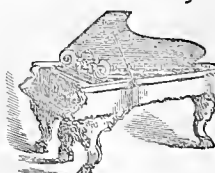
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY is our pendant to WEBER,* as a representative of the Romantic school. Like him, of tender sensibilities and delicate feelings, he inclined to the feminine and graceful.

I must remark at the outset that it is very difficult in elucidating a mind that has just departed from us, to distinguish in the details of our judgment what is true from what is false, or exaggerated; yet I hope, should any injustice creep in here in spite of my best intention, it will be too unessential to affect the accuracy of the main impression.

Mendelssohn, on account of his uncommonly precocious development, has been regarded as a musical wonder-child. This, with his bringing up, and his most careful although spoiling education in a house in many ways regarded as the first in Berlin, both in point of wealth, of taste for Art and of fine tone, could not be without a lasting influence on a nature as susceptible as Weber's, and indeed far more pliable. This manifested itself all too prominently; whether for the advantage of the Art, whose representative he was called to be, will soon be seen.

Truly astonishing and wonderful it must have been to see with what deep interest, with what technical certainty Mendelssohn, a boy of fifteen years, directed the performance, and by heart, of the great Passion of Sebastian Bach in the Berlin Sing-Academie! Never could that institution

* See article: "Characteristics of Weber," in Nos. 2 and 3 of this volume.

boast, before or since, an epoch of such brilliant bloom as then, when minds like Zelter, Mendelssohn, Devrient and Marx combined to bring Bach's plastic art, in the most sound and genuine manner, to the knowledge and the recognition of the public; and above all it was the sublime Passion music, by whose performance Mendelssohn, by the side of Zelter, won for the Berlin Academy its noblest triumph; while Devrient and Marx, by word and writing, by study and communication, and the hints therefrom derived for the right representation of music until then scarcely understood at all, exerted equal influence upon hearers and performers. All whom I have heard allude to it, speak with the greatest enthusiasm of that time, and revel mostly in the memory of it even during excellent performances of Bach to-day.

Mendelssohn did equal service in his direction of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, and in the performance of the piano Concertos and Trios of that master. He studied the classical composers with especial and unwearied perseverance, above all Bach, Handel and Beethoven; and a most rare memory supported his impressible nature in a remarkable degree; so at home was he in those authors, that he scarcely needed scores or parts for the execution of the most elaborate pieces. Mendelssohn was, as we have said, very industrious in his studies, but he had constant stimulus and encouragement on the one hand in such quick and happy apprehension, on the other as the adored son of one of the first, at that time perhaps in point of social respectability, the very first house of the Residenz. Under such circumstances, accustomed as he was to shine as a wonder-child, and at the same time characterized by a naïveté and an amiability particularly attractive to superficial people, could he escape the danger of becoming the *enfant gâté* of Berlin fashionable female society? If this occurred perhaps in a less degree socially, at least compared with the intolerable arrogance of a Heine—for even his enemies admit his singular modesty, his steadfast amiability—yet his genius, in its direction and activity, was by no means free from that influence.

Of not only a noble, but a truly kind heart, he was animated by the wish to conciliate all, to please all, even at times when he had long had more than a suspicion, that such inclinations and their causes are too diverse, nay, often by divided interests too utterly opposed, to make it possible to bring the fulfilment of such different wishes, so to say, under one hat. To offend or crowd no one in the world, is a thing utterly impossible to a pronounced character. Whoever seeks that, renounces his own character. To many men, of

the highest endowment, this has happened; and Mendelssohn, in spite of the noblest striving, had to share the same experience. Besides, no character, and of course no artistic character, can develop itself thoroughly and firmly as such without conflict, not only with circumstances, but also (what is still more indispensable) with itself, with its own nature. The tendency to such a conflict lies in human nature—at least in all souls strong enough to be self-conscious; so strong is it, that a man, who finds himself by talent, wealth or station in a rare position, cannot remain long contented with it, but seeks or seems to seek for friction and collision, and at all events is inclined to deny what is peaceful and untroubled in his destiny. The latter case we find in Mendelssohn. It is very strikingly expressed by one of our most intelligent critics, speaking of a certain concert, thus: "Joachim, (one of our most famous violin virtuosos), played Mendelssohn's violin Concerto. Most of Mendelssohn's instrumental compositions run into a soft and yielding sentimentality, which banishes itself at last to the element of moonlight and of elfin dances. So also this Concerto. Like many men, on whom fortune smiles in all their undertakings, Mendelssohn too felt the need of sorrows, and pleased himself, in the want of real sorrows, with telling of imaginary ones. One may apply to him, reversed, the lines of Heine:

Aus seinen kleinen Schmerzen
Macht er die grossen Lieder.

(Out of his little sorrows
Makes he his great songs.)*

"The sorrows are for the most part hardly worth the mention; the theme too is always the same old story; but he knows how to vary it so pleasantly, he understands how to languish so sweetly, to smile so sadly, here and there too how to assume a roguish air—in short he is so 'interesting,' that one cannot resist him! In all this the Mendelssohn passion never offends the good tone of fine society; it is always *comme il faut*, in dress coat, *tirée à quatre épingles*. How different Beethoven and Schumann! When the Demon seized them, they went through thick and thin with him, without stopping to pull on their gloves. It was remarked of Joachim, that he played the Concerto with disinclination—something like displeasure settled on his features. His powerful genius felt constraint within the narrow, precise forms of the *conversazione* style," &c.

As the social circle, in which Mendelssohn

* The lovers of the songs of Robert Franz will at once recall, in connection with his exquisite music, the little poem:

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleine Lieder.—Ed.

moved, was great and brilliant, so from the above reasons did his artistic circle of vision remain narrow—narrowed as much as possible by that coterie of Berlin ladies, who were in raptures with his every motion, with his every naive or roguish trick or word; who each of them was eager to possess another original little song, with or without words, written by himself and dedicated to herself, or the pen with which he wrote or whatever else he used. And how happy was he to oblige them all! how modestly he let the thing be snatched from him! how unconstrainedly he abandoned himself to a naive humor, pleased to be overwhelmed with laughter at his innocent wit, when he had succeeded in right prettily teasing one of them! How "neat," how "interesting," how "charming" they found him!

That was the insidious poison that was more and more to strangle the high aspiration for which Nature had endowed him, as a warning to the legion of artists who worship him and try to follow in his footsteps. Hence he never came to the full feeling and consciousness of the creative power that really dwelt within him; he thought that he must lean upon and imitate great models. Unfeigned modesty, proceeding from the deepest, noblest veneration and admiration of masters who to him seemed out of reach, and the resignation naturally consequent, were what lamed him and hindered him from working freely on, without concern about the degree of his own specific power; and would not let him give us himself, him, Mendelssohn, entire, complete, self-conscious, and therefore sound and classical.

Instead of this he strove to imitate Beethoven, his whole soul permeated by the Ninth Symphony with choruses, and wrote by way of offset to that, but without sufficient motive in itself, a Symphony-Cantata. Still more powerfully taken with the great Passion music of Bach, he endeavored to imitate that, and wrote his *Paulus* after that model. Indeed, so closely wedded was he to that model, that (just as in imitating the Ninth Symphony) he insisted upon weaving Chorals into the *Paulus*; although the poet whom he had first selected for the text of this oratorio, (one of the few artists, by the way, who have their eyes open in matters of plastic art and grouping), amazed at this desire, earnestly called his attention to the utter unfitness of Chorals for this sort of matter, showed him how they would disturb and limit him, and finally withdrew entirely from the task, leaving it to a more willing arranger; while Mendelssohn could say only in reply: "But the Chorals in the Passion, especially those a *capella*, have such a peculiarly fine effect!"

[To be continued.]

Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Bach.—Schubert.—Schumann.—Berlioz.—Liszt.

The programme for the second day must have appeared unsuccessful in many respects to every one who had made himself acquainted with the compositions to be performed, although the selection of this or that work, such as, for instance, the Symphony by Schubert, was good. There seemed to have existed an intention rather of presenting a succession of important names than of effective works, of thinking more of what might be written of the proceedings than of what would be sung. Considered as a mere musical mass (the execution of all the pieces without any pauses would have lasted more than four hours) it was a hazardous

experiment, and if, in addition to this, we recollect that we were invited to a *Musical Festival*, not one of the vocal compositions chosen can escape the reproach of being unsuited, at least for the object in view.

Our great old grandpapa Bach had appeared only seldom—I think not more than twice—at the former *Niederrheinische Musical Festivals*. When we remember how many of these festivals Mendelssohn directed, how great his influence was, and that no artist ever did more than he did for the propagation and comprehension of the most profound of all composers, there must have been some especial reasons for the apparent neglect. And, in truth there is a satisfactory number of such reasons; instead, however, of mentioning them in this place, I prefer stating at once that I welcomed with great delight the name of Bach in the programme for this year. My delight, however, did not last long—not after I had inspected more closely the work to be performed, and become convinced that the selection was a most unsuitable one, taking into account the means and the end.

"Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam" (Christ, our Lord, came to the Jordan) were the words at the commencement of Bach's cantata in question, composed for the festival of St. John the Baptist. It contains a so-called varied choral, a few recitatives, three airs, and the usual concluding choral. The text is something horrible—a jumble of mystical and trivial doggerel verse, in German, which causes your hair to stand on end, supposing, by-the-way, you have got any. Of course, it has not the least to do with Whitsuntide. A friend of mine asserts that the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle had been attracted by the words:

"Da wolt' er stiften uns ein Bad,
Zu waschen uns von Sünden,"**

but this I cannot believe. The cantata contains no grand chorus; the airs, from which the musician may, at any rate, learn a great deal, are difficult and unthankful for the singers, and, for a large audience, a bore; while the instrumentation, partly not carried out, and requiring the organ, is where, as in the first piece, it is complete, anything but adapted to be performed by large masses. There seems to have been some previous suspicion that the effect of the work would be unsatisfactory, for, with a degree of arbitrariness, which I will not further notice, the concluding chorus of another cantata, No. 21 of the *Kirchen-Cantaten*: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss" was tacked on to it. This latter was magnificent and vigorous, being, as it were, written expressly for fine choral resources. But even this composition was not destined to achieve at the public performance the same effect it had produced at the rehearsal, since it was deprived of, I will not say its proper, but, at any rate, its more suitable place, and stuck at the end of the concert. Of this, however, I shall say more anon.

"Des Sängers Fluch," a ballad, adapted by Richard Pohl, from Uhland's poems, music by Schumann, was the second of the vocal compositions selected for execution. The above excellent musician composed this work during the latter years of his creative activity in Düsseldorf, and, although it contains much that is beautiful, I cannot agree with the decision of many capable critics, nearly connected with him, and look upon it as one of his finest efforts. Some few lyrical pieces in it are attractive and expressive, while some few passages, given to the chorus, are calculated to produce a powerful and almost popular impression; but the poem arranged by Richard Pohl is distinguished in the middle by a great degree of unclearness, which has communicated itself to the musical treatment. The commencement is somewhat monotonous; the end, expressive, but melting away rather too much, and, indeed, almost dying out, while the dramatic points, properly speaking, are, as is frequently the case with Schumann, who is thoroughly lyrical, most unintelligibly obliterated. The part of the solo soprano, which took no share in Bach's cantata, is very small and ineffective,

* "He wished to establish a bath there, to wash us clean of sin."

while the co-operation of the chorus is also too rare to satisfy the magnificent resources employed at our Rhenish Musical Festivals. The selection of this vocal composition was, however, the best of the three chosen.

L'Enfance du Christ, Trilogie Mystique, text and music by Hector Berlioz, was the last of the works set down for performance, and was that which was looked on by some with the greatest distrust, and by others with the greatest curiosity. A small portion—the middle portion—of this work had been previously performed separately, under the name of *The Flight into Egypt*, in several places, including Cologne, with more or less success. Berlioz produced it successfully in a concert at Paris, under the fictitious name of Peter Dueré (1679). It may interest you to know something more about its origin, and I therefore subjoin a literal translation of a letter published by the author, and addressed in the year 1852 to a friend in London. I have preserved it. It runs as follows:—

"Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

"My dear —,

"You ask me why the *Mystery, The Flight into Egypt*, which is to be found in a list, published by yourself, of my works, has on the title, 'Dedicated to Peter Dueré, a fictitious chapelmaster?' This happened in consequence of a fault of which I was guilty—a fault for which I have been severely punished, and for which I shall ever reproach myself. The facts of the case are as follow:—

"One evening, I happened to be at the house of Baron de M—, a judicious and sincere friend of art, with one of my old fellow-pupils of the Academy in Rome, the learned architect Duc. Every one was playing cards; some whist, some *écarté*, etc., with the exception of myself alone. I abhor cards. Endless patience and thirty years of perseverance have enabled me to understand none of the games, and, under no circumstances, to be able to be of use to players who may need a partner.

"It was pretty evident that I found the time hanging heavily on my hands, when Duc came up and said to me: 'As you are doing nothing you might as well write a piece of music for my album.' 'With pleasure,' I replied. I took a piece of paper and drew a tolerable quantity of lines, on which there soon appeared an *andantino* for four voices for the organ. I thought I discovered in it a sort of mystically rustic naïveté, and I conceived the sudden idea of writing to it words of a similar nature. The piece for the organ disappeared, and became a chorus of the Shepherds of Bethlehem, singing their farewell to the infant Christ, at the moment of the departure of the Holy Family for Egypt. The company left off their whist and *écarté* to hear my legend, and were as much amused by the mediæval coloring of my verses as by that of my music. 'Now,' said I to Duc, 'I will compromise you, and put your name at the bottom of the work.' 'What an idea! my friends know very well that I have no notion of composition.' 'That is a fine reason for not composing! Since, however, you are too vain to lend my work your name, I will invent one in which yours shall be contained. Wait a moment! The work shall be written by Peter Dueré, whom I hereby solemnly appoint chapelmaster to the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, in the 17th century. That will impart to my manuscript all the value of an archaeological curiosity.' No sooner said than done; and thus I entered on the same path as Chatterton. A few days later I wrote the following piece, but this time I commenced with the words, and a small fugged overture for a small orchestra, in a small, innocent style, in F sharp major without the leading note—a manner which is no longer in fashion, which resembles the Gregorian plain-song, and of which the learned will say that it is derived from some Doric, Phrygian, or Mixolydic mode or other of ancient Greece, which has nothing at all to do with the question, but evidently brings out the melancholy and somewhat stupid character of old national songs. A month afterwards, I thought no more

of my retrospective score, when I wanted a chorus for a concert I had to conduct. It struck me that it would be a good joke to fill up the gap with the Shepherds' Chorus of my *Mystery*, and I announced it in the programme under the name of Dueré, etc. (1679). Even at the rehearsals, the antiquated music excited the liveliest marks of partiality from the members of the chorus. 'Where did you dig that up?' they asked. 'Dig up is pretty nearly the right expression,' I replied, without hesitating; 'it was found in a cupboard which had been built up in the Sainte Chapelle, when the latter was lately restored. It was written, however, with the old notation upon parchment, and I had great trouble in deciphering it.'

'The concert took place, Dueré's piece was well executed and still better received. The critics praised it, and complimented me on my discovery. One single individual openly expressed some doubt as to its age and authenticity. This proves that, whatever you, who would eat up the French, may say, there are sensible people everywhere. Another critic was touched by the misfortune of the old chapelmaster, whose musical aspirations had not been made known to the Parisians until after one hundred and thirty-six years of darkness. 'For,' he added, 'not one of us had ever heard of him, and even Fétis's Dictionary, which contains so many extraordinary things, does not name him.'

'On the following Sunday, Duc paid a visit to a lovely young married lady, who is very fond of old music, and manifests great contempt for all new compositions. 'Well,' she asked the architect, 'what did you think of our last concert?' 'Very mixed, as usual.' 'And the piece by Pierre Dueré? Splendid, perfect! that is genuine music! Time has not deprived it of any of its freshness! That is true melody, such as we so seldom meet with in composers now-a-days. Your Berlioz will never write anything like that!' At these words, Duc was unable to repress a loud laugh, and was imprudent enough to answer, 'But, my dear madam, the piece is by Berlioz himself!—he wrote it, in my presence, on the corner of an *écarté* table.' The beautiful lady bit her lips; the roses of anger colored her white complexion, and, turning her back on Duc, she hurled at him the terrible words, 'Berlioz is an impertinent fellow!'

'You may imagine, my dear friend, how ashamed I was, when Duc reported to me her observation. I hastened to atone for what had happened, by publishing the poor little work under my own name, but, on the title-page, I placed the words: 'Dedicated to Pierre Dueré, a fictitious chapelmaster,' in order that I might always be reminded of my own culpable roguery.'

'At present, people may say what they choose; my own conscience no longer reproaches me. I no longer expose the sensitiveness of good and soft-hearted individuals to weep over fictitious misfortune; pale ladies to turn red; or critics, who are accustomed never to doubt, to entertain doubts. I will sin no more. Adieu, my dear —! May my sad example be a lesson for you. Never attempt to lead astray the musical faith of your subscribers. Dread the designation which fell to my lot. You do not yet know what it is to be called impertinent, especially by a beautiful and pale lady.'

'Yours truly, HECTOR BERLIOZ.'

'London, 10th May, 1852.'

Now the critics who valued this composition as dating from the year 1679, may be very clever people, but, at any rate, they are bad historians of Art. Berlioz, however, on his part, is also in error, when, as his English motto proves, he ascribes the success of his little chorus, containing the *Flight into Egypt*, to the circumstance of his having sent it forth into the world under the name of some one else.

It was not because he adopted another's name, but because he adopted a style which is more simple and more melodious than that we are accustomed to find in his works, that it proved an easier task for him to achieve success with this composition. But, however, this may be, its

success induced him to prefix one part and add another to the little work, both which collectively are, at least, six times the length of the original nucleus.

BERLIOZ is, undoubtedly, one of the cleverest of all known composers. His reputation as a critic is as great as his reputation as a composer. I would give something if the *libretto*,* of which I have endeavored to sketch the outlines, were not by him, and if he had to write a notice of it. What a shower of splendid witticisms there would be! What a sea of irony would flow from his pen! Unfortunately, he has not criticized, but written it himself—did not he laugh a little in his sleeve while so doing?

In all probability, any half-and-half opinions on Berlioz's music will never be general. It is deficient in many qualities without which, for many persons, music ceases to be music, but, on the other hand, it possesses others peculiar to itself, which not only satisfy many persons, but render them perfectly enthusiastic. Schumann described in a most pregnant manner a considerable portion of Berlioz's talent, when he said of him, that he was a virtuoso on the orchestra. Not only has Berlioz, in his instrumentation, produced, side by side with much that is corrupt, masterly things, but he is, in his orchestral coloring, in the working-up of original and characteristic musical elements, very frequently thoroughly creative. But he is altogether deficient in spontaneity of invention—he translates into music pictures, situations, and persons, but as for the thought that should flow undisturbed from the soul—of that he knows nothing. People would think that for such an organization words would be the best guide to the invention of musical ideas, but such is not the case. Lightness, flexibility, and naturalness, in a melodic point of view, are, above all things, necessary for vocal composers, but Berlioz is deficient in these qualities—no matter whether naturally, or from the violent tendency he has imposed on his style. With a bold, and often bizarre rhythm, with abrupt and frequently far-fetched harmony, almost nothing is gained for vocal music, however brilliant the instrument may be. Thus all those compositions of Berlioz which obtained for him the most friends and admirers, are invariably instrumental pieces, and in those of his so-called symphonies, in which there were also vocal pieces, it was only the first which stood prominently forward and became known. Now, no one could have made any objection, had Liszt, who was always an enthusiastic admirer of Berlioz, inserted in his programme some considerable orchestral compositions of his, which, however, would not have taken up too much time; such, for instance, as the overture to *King Lear*; but, in selecting this *Enfance du Christ*, he was guilty of a most incomprehensible blunder, and inflicted on Berlioz direct and serious injury. While the treatment of the story is with its stilted simplicity particularly disagreeable to us Germans, the music of the first and third part is so bombastic, so unsingable, so spun-out, and, moreover, so little calculated adequately to employ, or even to inspire a large chorus, that, when I became acquainted with it at the preparatory rehearsals here, I at once foresaw the worst. How it ultimately went off, I will with all simplicity relate to you.

The first rehearsal, which was a very long one, came off on Friday afternoon. Liszt took a great deal of pains, and I will willingly set down in some degree, to the account of such a wretched rehearsal, where no progress was made, and at which not even all the soloists were present, the impression which the work that day produced on the listeners, as well as the feeling of weariness it excited in the executants. It was a bad sign, even then, that, after remaining silent several hours, or refraining, at any rate, from the slightest sign of approbation, the chorus and orchestra, after the fatal harp and flute trio, broke out into a storm of undisguisedly ironical

applause. Every one returned home in a bad humor.

The second rehearsal did not take place until Monday afternoon. Meanwhile Dalle Aste had been attacked with hoarseness, but Herr Rheinthal had most willingly undertaken his part, for, had he not done so, the concert could not have come off at all. The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and the beginning of the work was listened to with silent eagerness; soon, however, a very evident feeling of dissatisfaction obtained the upper hand, and when even the second part, which is by far the most pleasing and most intelligible, passed by without applause, and the boxes continued to grow more and more empty, Liszt himself seemed to lose courage. He left his place, talked the matter over with the members of the committee—who, long before, would have preferred that the work should not be executed—and, on his return, announced that in the evening only the *Flight into Egypt* would be given, while the first and third parts would be given up—a piece of intelligence which was received with undisguised delight by the orchestra. Schumann's work was now gone through in all haste, and—from Liszt's point of view—the most important composition was taken out of the programme, and a great deal of time and trouble uselessly thrown away.

[Conclusion next week.]

Mr. Satter on his own Compositions.

[From the New York Musical World.]

Some known and unknown friends having recently called public attention to my compositions, and ranged them among the works of the so-called "Music of the Future," I feel bound to express my opinion, as far as the classification to which I have alluded, may be true or not. People generally have a very vague idea of the "Music of the Future;" and even those, whose Teutonic knowledge goes so far as to be enabled to read Richard Wagner's writings, have slight doubts as to the probability of their ever becoming popular or useful. Now, popularity and usefulness are two champions who seldom agree, and whose individual influence is so different, that a composer may be extremely popular without being useful, and very useful without being popular. The managing pick-pockets, whose "chums" Verdi, Ricci, & Co., have been, for years and years, deserve the soundest cowhiding for the miserable taste which pervades the public, that ever graced man's back. Such men, however, whose intrinsic worth is proof against fire and water, against slander and ridicule—such as Schumann, Wagner, Loewe & Co., ought to receive a civic crown each for the useful purposes which their elevated genius had ever in foremost view. Chopin, whose originality and natural sense for beauty had been styled odd and eccentric by the bees, who preferred to dote upon the honeyed contents of Italian exotics, is perhaps the first who opened the path to the new doctrine, and even he was but a splendid follower, in some degree, of that queer old gent., J. S. Bach, Esq., whose left hand despatched to proceed from C to G, and from G to C, as harmony hath an equal right to both sides of the question. Chopin confined himself to the piano; and if there may be one regret, it is the fact, that the cypress-branches, which overshadowed his cradle, did not give way to rose-bushes in the course of his life. Loewe, whose ballads and oratorios are like a mighty obelisk built up in the midst of rotten grass and sickening toads, enlarged the path which the pioneer of Modern Harmony had partly discovered and partly reentered. Then came Schumann. His was no sense of unlimited beauty; the earnest longing of his mind led him sometimes to extremes, and a great many of his works deserve to be styled "quaint;" for, boldly as they are conceived, the heart has yet to yield to the spirit, and gentle love follows a captive the triumphant car of harmony.

Nevertheless, like Moses, he drew water from the rocks, and the ocean of sounds, which parted to give room to the passage of Chopin, Loewe and Schumann, drowned with irresistible power

* See Dwight's Journal of Music, vol. vi., p. 114, for a sketch of this libretto.

the Myrmidons of the luxurious Pharaoh—Rossini, who grew too powerful and too exacting. A man was needed who could impart to the opera the same spirit of independence, of originality, which has been successfully inoculated to piano-music, songs and orchestral compositions. Richard Wagner stood up, a free man among Saxon satellites—a true man among German renegades—a firm believer among worshippers of the golden calf. Symphony had found in Berlioz its point of culmination: the *ne plus ultra* was evident: any higher pitch of instrumentation would inevitably have turned into ridicule, and even enthusiastic admirers of the modern Hector shouted to him: "Take care, O lord, lest thou shouldst find a grave before the walls of Ilium." And Berlioz took care.

With R. Wagner, the faint ray of sun which appeared at the dawning morn of Genius, gave way to a bright and dazzling light, whose sudden existence was so overpowering, that a great many hid their eyes for fear of being blinded; others tried to catch a glimpse of the new meteor, prompted by curiosity and fear, and only a very few with eagle's sight met the apparition, and came to the conclusion, that even this amazing flame might safely be encountered, provided the eye could get accustomed to its splendor. Liszt was the first to make the requisite astronomical calculations, and having faithfully and impartially found out that there was a star rising in Israel, he gave—a second Arago—a name to the constellation, and put it among the Stars No. 1. Germany began to buy telescopes.

Wagner has given us "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Cola Rienzi," "Fliegende Holländer" and the "Faust overture." If I understood him right, the whole principle of the Music of the Future consists in this: "Music is a language of the soul. Without meaning, music is a zero." And so it is. Those who have souls, will soon perceive what a Demosthenes speaks to them. Those who have none, will perhaps prefer the gambols of apes in some travelling menagerie. Those who try hard to create a new Babylon, who defy the consequences for the sake of momentary lust, may look at Wagner and Chopin as if Minos and Rhadamanthos were awaiting their arrival in the Orëus with a judge's severity and verdict: those, however, whose heart has not been polluted yet by the voluptuous sounds of Syrens, do not need to put cotton in their ears, when Wagner reigns in the orchestra. Give Wagner's works the necessary location and execution, and you will not complain of the giant's bodily strength and mental destitution. I have said so much about Wagner, not because he is exempt from faults—not because I adhere to the silly habit of apotheosis—not because I forget our immortal ancestors in the presence of an immortal contemporary, but because his is the doctrine of the "Music of the Future," and because I have been deemed worthy to rank among his supporters.

My piano-compositions have but one object. As a player, and especially as a concert player, I have observed that there is a sorrowful dearth in the class of concert-pieces. Or they are such, that the composer alone plays them with effect, owing to his making *ritardandos*, *accelerandos*, *marcatos* &c., of which the paper don't mention anything; or they are all the same fearful running up and down, introducing nice runs, nice shakes, nice octaves, in which the composer happens to excel, and there is so little music in them, that it reminds one involuntarily of a great cake weighing a hundred pounds, in which a gold dollar has been hidden. When Herz wrote his variations with success, they all wrote variations; when Thalberg introduced opera-fantasias, they all introduced opera-fantasias; but when Liszt wrote his works, they gave up in despair, and the "Quaint Club" disappeared. Why? Because there was nothing to imitate. I have tried to "mean" something in my compositions. Now, whether some people say "they don't mean, but are mean," or not, I as usually do not profess to care, as I generally go my own way. I have tried to write effective concert-pieces, which would contain little music, and the success which

has mostly attended them, when I played them, is certainly not so much due to mere mechanical execution, but to the spirit which I try to impart to them. I have tried even to write Sonatas, not such as stick so closely to old forms, as a rat would to his hole, but such again as mean something, and which would not prove a failure, if well performed in even a large concert-room. [The first wreath which was thrown to me on American stages, happened to honor me after the performance of my Sonata in F sharp, at the Musical Convention, held in '55 in Boston, at the Music Hall.] And so I shall endeavor to write even overtures and symphonies for piano solo, as I do not see why this noble instrument should be treated as a mechanic's-tool, whereas we do not know actually but one-fifth of what it might be capable of in the hands of able men. As far as my compositions for stringed instruments with or without piano are concerned, I adhere to the same principle. When Beethoven wrote his Sonatas, Trios and Quartets, he certainly meant well and did well, although he did not publish his intentions. I think that the host of quartet-music, meaningless and old-foggyish, that has gone forth from the engraver's hands, is a loss to mankind rather than a benefit. Spohr, with all his great talent, has never opened a new gate in the temple of time, and the title "Altmeister," which Germans delight to bestow upon him, is a compliment and a reproof. Spohr, Onslow and Hummel, are masters of the form and of the style: genius has never touched them with his wings, and if he hovered round one of the three, Spohr, albeit, was the lucky one. We in our time want something more than form and style, and would rather prefer one Shakspeare than a thousand Coleridges, Tennysons, Southey's, Miltons, Klopstocks, Racines and Coopers. If a man have the gift of uniting beauty with genius, then hail to us and to him; but if beauty alone stands before us, who would not think of those Circassian slaves, so unique in their bodily accomplishments, who are bought like so many walking pictures for the money of half-brutes and totally effeminated masters? Give me liberty of thought; the style will come in its train; and give me time before you judge whether I was wrong or you.

GUSTAVE SATTER.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC.—Schælicher, in his Life of Handel, speaking of the famous Chandos Anthems, says:

"All the sacred music of Handel, without ceasing to be religious, has a fire and an active exaltation which make it wholly distinct from the compositions of his predecessors. It has been said in Belgium that religious music, when impressed with this character, no longer answers its purpose; that it becomes a contradiction whenever it departs from the simplicity of the old masters. Assuredly, nothing could be more absurd, and more deplorable, than to introduce into the temple, as some do, the dramatic style, and, above all, the frivolities of *fioriture*, which are as out of place in the church as they are tiresome at the opera. But to give to the songs of worship a greater warmth and a richer orchestration than Gregory, Gombert, or Palestrina would admit, appears to be a very different thing from composing cavatins or scenic pieces. One may differ from the Carthusians without becoming altogether worldly. In order to be sure that this is so, I must refer to my own impressions. The masses of Beethoven, Mozart, and Cherubini, like the anthems of Handel, have never excited in me (even hearing them elsewhere than in a church) any feeling inconsistent with the kind of meditation which is expressed by the word *religious*. Therefore, it seems to me that they accomplish their object. It seems to me to be as natural as it is logical to apply to this kind of music (as to every other) the resources of modern science and instrumentation; at the same time preserving always its proper character. To honor the Divinity as we ought, we should employ all the means in our power. The simplicity of the early masters is admirable; but it is probable that they would

have been less simple had they been richer. Moreover, where are we to stop? If the Belgian school be in the right, Palestrina himself is not entirely free from reproach: for the sweet and pleasant tone of his musical phrase is far removed from the austerity of the Plain-song. With sectarian intolerance, the pure Gregorians might accuse him of being effeminate.

Those who attempt to circumscribe sacred composition by what they call *the true style*—that is to say, a grave and naked melody—would make of music, if they were listened to, what the Greek Church made of painting: they would retain the art of sacred music at the twelfth century as the Greek Church did the art of painting. But such exaggerations never lead to the desired end. The Plain-song will always be beautiful to the ear, as the pictures of Cimabue, Giotto, Gaddi, and Fiesole are to the eye; but to restrict religious art to these is nothing less than to falsify it, and render it ridiculous. Witness the modern religious paintings in Greece! Could any thing be colder or more affected than those *pasticcios* of Byzantine simplicity upon a ground of gold? And this is the invariable result when the artist is condemned to archaeological researches, rather than left to his own inspiration, to make use of all the means with which progress has furnished him. That, indeed, is the real contradiction; for it would be not more absurd to say that a man ought not to pray beneath the vaulted roof of an old Gothic cathedral unless clothed in an ancient doublet, with a bonnet on his head, and peaked shoes upon his feet."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Opera at the Antipodes.

MR. EDITOR:—I beg leave to offer you an extract from a letter dated at Calcutta, India, May 17th, 1857, thinking you may find it worthy of insertion in your valuable Journal, which often finds its way thither.

A CONSTANT READER.

"We had an amusing scene at the opera a few nights ago. The building is what is called in this country a *Cuteha*, one, that is, of wooden puts and bamboos, covered with coarse mats and thatched with straw. At a very short distance it looks like a gigantic hay-stack, but the whole inside is lined with cloth and prettily and tastefully painted and ornamented.

On this occasion the house was very full and fashionable, to hear *Lucrezia Borgia* for the first time in Calcutta. The early part of the evening the weather had been dark and lowering, and just at the end of the fourth act the thunder and lightning became terrific; the claps were awful, and so near that they seemed inside the very building itself. Thus far the opera had gone off remarkably well, and far better than the performance of *La Figlia, Favorita*, or any other we had had; but now the audience, particularly the ladies, began to be frightened. The curtain had hardly fallen on the fourth act when the storm burst upon us, and the rain came down like a falling ocean. The light thatch could not stand it, and the water dripped through in little streams which soon grew larger, regardless of the toilettes which had been made with so much care! and the audience drew together, standing wherever a dry spot could be found.

The curtain rose on the fifth act, but the orchestra where fast getting drenched; we could plainly see the rain falling upon the stage and among the banquettes, whose carouse became dismal to an unwonted degree. The musicians persevered, however, though we could scarcely hear them for the thunder; but when the bac-

chanalians attempted to sing, their situation became too absurd, and the whole house broke into a laugh and a cheer. The curtain fell, the orchestra fled, and the audience made tracks for the grand entrance, the water at last pouring through the roof in streams as large as my arm. Outside the scene was intense. Through the thick gloom we could only get glimpses in the flashes of lightning, and then could see but a short distance from the door. All were now huddled in the vestibule at the top of the flight of steps of the grand entrance, up to which an occasional carriage would find its way and its fortunate owners get shelter.

B—— and I stood here, gradually soaking, for a quarter of an hour, and then, as I had told our gharrie just where to await us, I determined to make a bolt for it. B—— followed me, and the instant we left the steps of the theatre we were standing in full three inches of water, and as wet as if hogsheds of the same had been poured upon us. We were in full dress, of course, and must have been pretty objects. By the lightning we found our way to where we had left the gharrie, but it was not there; and by a bright flash we saw buggies overturned and loose horses cutting about, and the whole Maidaun was one sheet of water in which we were standing, and the theatre looming like a great island from the middle of it. We could find nothing of the gharrie, and had to get back to the shelter of the entrance, where we waited for nearly an hour in our wet clothes, cold and shivering, till the storm abated, when we succeeded in getting hold of our team and drove rapidly home. We took a horn and a rub down, as preventatives against a cold, (and I am glad to say with entire success), and turned in.

Fancy such a scene at the Boston, or at Her Majesty's! We have had *Lucrezia* since without the rain, and it went off very well, though at home I have heard S—— and M—— sing the principal airs better than our artists. We are promised a fine company next year, if this one should continue to be supported, but you can have no idea of the heat of this place! Before you have been seated a quarter of an hour your sensations are like sitting in a warm bath! Yet people patronize it well, and his success has astonished the manager.

A year or two since we were glad enough to welcome a chance company of Ethiopian Serenaders, whose enterprise led them on a tour from Yankee land round the world, and they drew full houses, at high prices of course; but Opera is an unprecedented luxury, which I fully appreciate, and I never miss a performance."

Music Abroad.

London.

Dr. MARSCHNER, the German operatic composer (of *Der Vampyr*, *Templar* and *Judin*, *Hans Heiling*, &c.) has been making a short visit in London. The only public notice of his presence was a modest concert at the Dudley Gallery, given by Herr REICHARDT, the singer. We copy from the *Musical World* for July 25:

The concert on Friday (yesterday week) was interesting not only from several pieces of Dr. Marschner's being introduced, but from the appearance of Dr. Marschner himself, who performed twice on the piano; in the overture to *Hans Heiling*, arranged for two piano-fortes and eight hands, with MM. Osborne, Tedesco, and Benedict; and in a trio, composed by himself, for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, with

Herr Molique and Signor Piatti. Though now a sexagenarian, Dr. Marschner has not lost his command of the key-board. His touch is fine and elastic, and his execution masterly. The overture to the popular opera of *Hans Heiling*, we need hardly say, suffered considerably by its translation to the piano-forte. Its characteristic feature, however, and consummate musical treatment, could not escape observation, and the audience were unanimous in their approval. The trio was still more liked, as may be imagined, and the last three movements were loudly applauded. The andante, with a charming passage for the violoncello, exquisitely played by Sig. Piatti, would have created a furor in a larger assembly of the sterner sex.

The vocal contributions to the programme, by Dr. Marschner, consisted of a duo, "Die tanzenden Mädchen," for soprano and contralto; *lied* "Der Kuss" for tenor; two ballads for contralto, "Die Bäume grünen überall" and "Der Schmetterling;" and an aria for tenor, "Du stolzes England," from the opera *Templar* and *Judin*. The tenor airs were both admirably sung by Herr Reichardt, and both encored. The first, however, only was accepted; the latter being the final piece in the concert. The song from the *Templar*, by the way, is a tribute to the glory and liberty of England, which, had it been given in the native tongue, would have created an enthusiasm of another kind.

Another interesting feature of the selection was a new song by Meyerbeer, composed expressly for Herr Reichardt, entitled "Des Schäfers Lied," with clarinet accompaniment. This, a charming shepherd-strain, pastoral in character, plaintive and melodious, was sung to perfection by Herr Reichardt, whose vocal powers and style the illustrious composer has consulted with his usual felicity.

Madame Marschner, the wife of the composer, has a powerful contralto voice, and an energetic style. She sang the duo of her husband's above named, with Mdlle. Westerstrand, and the two ballads by Marschner also alluded to, and proved herself a clever and experienced mistress of the vocal art. Mdlle. Westerstrand introduced her two Swedish songs with her usual effect.

The other vocalists were Mad. Ugalde and M. Jules Lefort. Sig. Piatti executed a solo on the violoncello, and Sig. Belletti a solo on the clarinet.

Mr. Francesca Berger and Mr. W. G. Cusins conducted.

OPERA.—At Her Majesty's Theatre, a short supplementary season commenced on the 20th ult., at reduced prices, for the general public. The repertoire was to include *Lucia*, *La Figlia*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*; *Cenerentola* and *Sonnambula*, (for Mme. ALBONI); *Don Pasquale*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and the last scenes of *I Martiri* and *Il Pirata* (for Mlle. PICCOLOMINI). Early in August the whole company were to commence the tour of Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, &c. M. BELART, the tenor who excited so much interest in *La Sonnambula*, was still more successful as Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

At the Royal Italian, *Fra Diavolo* has continued to run, alternating with *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, &c., the latter with Mlle. BALFE.

Mr. ROBERT BARNETT, the distinguished professor and talented pianist, played a selection of music before his pupils at his residence, in Albany street, on the 23d instant. The programme is worthy of being recorded:

Sonata in D.....Mozart.
Momento, "Capriccioso".....Weber.
"Genevieve," and "Study in E".....Bennett.
Songs without Words.....Mendelssohn.
Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le
Retour".....Beethoven.
"Days of Yore".....Cramer.
Caprice in E.....Mendelssohn.
Harmonious Blacksmith.....Handel.

Mr. G. W. CUSIN's second and last *matinée musicale* came off at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, the 29th ult. The programme was very attractive. The pieces played by Mr. Cusins included Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, Op. 45, for piano and violoncello, with Sig. Piatti; Hummel's Septuor, in which Mr. Cusins was assisted by Messrs. R. Blagrove (violin), Piatti (violin), Howell (contra-basso), Pratten (bute), Nicholson (hautboy), and C. Harper (horn); Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith;" Heller's *La Truite*; and, with M. Remenyi, Thalberg and De Beriot's duo for piano-forte and violin on airs from *Les Huguenots*. Mr. Cusins displayed his usual command of the instrument.

Herr VON DER OSTEN gave a musical evening (*soirée musicale*), at Willis's Rooms, on Friday, June 26th. The singers were—Madlle. Augusta Stubbe and Herr Von der Osten; instrumentalists—Herr E. Pauer (piano), Herr Molique and Herr L. Ries (violin), Herr Goffrie (viola), and Herr Feri Kletzer (violin-cello). The music was well selected, and embraced F. Ries's quartet in C minor, op. 126, for two violins,

viola and violoncello, and Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. Herr Von der Osten sang, among other things, Beethoven's suite of six songs, "An die Ferne Geliebte." Herr Pirscher conducted.

WORCESTER.—The Festival of the Three Choirs will commence August 26th. The selections for the four morning performances include Handel's Dettin-gen *Te Deum*, "Messiah," and parts of "Israel in Egypt;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise," and anthem: "Hear my Prayer;" selections from Costa's "Eli," and a new festival anthem by Dr. G. Elvey. The evening concerts will include a "Mozart evening;" a *Freyschutz* evening, with sprinkling of English songs; Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment, Hatton's "Robin Hood" Cantata, Macfarren's new "May Day" Cantata, &c. Among the leading singers engaged are Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Weiss, Herr Formes, &c.

PARIS.—Weber's *Oberon* has been so popular, that now his *Euryanthe* is to be given at the opening of the Théâtre Lyrique after its midsummer holidays.... There is a rumor, too, that von Flotow's *Martha* is to form part of the repertoire of the Italian Opera next winter.... The *Gazette Musicale* announces the successful appearances at the Opéra Comique of Mlle. DUPUY, and of M. NICHOLAS, a tenor, (both pupils of the Conservatoire) in *Les Mousquetaires* of M. Halévy.There is great glorification in the Parisian press over a new tenor, M. RENARD, the first genuine "ut de poitrine" since DUPREZ, who has been able to sing *Suivez moi* in "William Tell".... Rossini's *Comte Ory* will shortly be brought out at the Grand-Opéra; Mlle. MENDEZ is to sing the part of Izolier.... Meanwhile to show what a fever heat the operatic thermometer still indicates in Paris, we copy the following significant little *jeu d'esprit* from the *Sicéle*:

TOUJOURS "TROVATORE."

The *Trovatore*, after having been played at the Italiens, was translated for the Grand-Opéra, and given there. It is not impossible that, in the ensuing winter, the Opéra-Comique will endeavor in its turn to produce it, with modifications, be it understood. The Théâtre-Lyrique, drawn into the vortex, will also bring out an adaptation, and the Folies-Nouvelles, not to remain in the background, follow its example. We may thus be exposed, one of these fine days, to read on the *affiches* which "ornament" the boulevards, as follows:—

Italiens.—*Il Trovatore*, de M. Verdi.

Opéra.—*Le Trouvère*, de M. Verdi.

Opéra-Comique.—*Le Troubadour*, de M. Verdi.

Théâtre-Lyrique.—*Le Ménestrel*, de M. Verdi.

Bouffes-Parisiens.—*Le Ménestrier*, de M. Verdi.

Folies-Nouvelles.—*Le Saltimbanque*, de M. Verdi.

Ce serait monotone.

COLOGNE.—Dr. L. Spohr passed the 2d and 3d of this month here. He devoted several hours to examining the arrangements and plan of study at the Rhinish School of Music, under the direction of F. Hiller, and repeatedly expressed his full appreciation of the performances of the pupils, in various stages of proficiency. At a party of artists and amateurs at the house of F. Hiller, the latter, and Herr Edw. Frank, Musical Director, played several new original compositions, which evidently gave satisfaction to the Nestor of German composers, who also manifested great interest in the talent of the young composer, Max Bruch. In the evening of the 3d inst. the Kölner Männergesang-Verein serenaded the worthy master.

ITALY.—At the moment when the political dreamers and schemers, the hoppers and wranglers, have had their mouths full of all that has (or has not) happened at Genoa, at Leghorn, or in the hideous prisons of Naples, arrives a placid letter from a musical friend bound for La Romagna, to be present at the inauguration of a new Opera House at Rimini—which is, on his report, described as magnificent. For this ceremony, continues our informant, Signor Verdi has promised a new opera—that is to say, a reconstruction of his "Stiffelio," which, on its re-appearance, will be called "Aroldo." Expenditure without fruit—movement without consequence—do not these combinations too largely shadow forth the story of Italy in more ways than one?—*London Athenæum*.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The maestro ARDITI has composed a Turkish hymn, a remarkable work, and dedicated it to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, who has condescended to accept the dedication. Last Wednesday, M. Ardit had the honor of being summoned to the Imperial palace to preside at the performance of the hymn before his Majesty. Several artists of the Italian theatre, also, had the honor of being admitted

to play before the Sultan. The concert, which began at half-past seven in the evening, lasted to about ten, frequently affording the august listener the opportunity of expressing his high satisfaction. The artists and band of the theatre first executed, under the direction of M. Arditi, the Imperial hymn. The prologue of *Lucrezia Borgia* was sung, followed by the air "La Calunnia," by Madame Niekrovich. This beautiful *morceau* was succeeded by the "Campanelli d'Aurore," the theme, which is so original, and the variations, which are so difficult, being executed by M. Arditi with infinite charm and ease, and procuring for him the most flattering compliments, which his Majesty transmitted by one of his officers. The orchestra then performed M. Arditi's charming composition, *Les Chants Américains*, which seemed particularly to please his Majesty. A few days afterwards his Majesty sent 50,000 piastres; 10,000 for the management of the Italian Theatre; 30,000 for the vocalists; and 10,000 for the composer, M. Arditi, who, in addition, received the decoration of the Sultan.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 15, 1857.

CRITICISM BY COMPOSERS.—We would call the attention of the intelligent reader to the admirable letters of FERDINAND HILLER about the late musical festival at Aix la Chapelle, which well deserve the space we give them. Hiller is one of the most sound and intelligent musicians in Europe, a thoroughly artistic composer in all forms, if not a great creative genius, and his impressions of Art and artists are singularly just and appreciative, while they are remarkably free from any German mysticism. He writes as clearly as any Englishman or Frenchman. His estimate of Berlioz is well worth reading.

Also to the quite original criticism upon MENDELSSOHN, written for this Journal by one of the ablest teachers and composers in Berlin. Its views will be found somewhat novel, but worthy of reflection. We only regret our inability to render the Doctor's German sentences into more clear and flowing English.

Finally, by way of refreshing variety, read Mr. SATER's lucid definition of his own position among the magnates of the "Music of the Future!"

DEATH OF CARL CZERNY.—This announcement, which comes in the European news last received, must come home to all the thousands who have known the pleasures, and especially the pains of the piano. No man has written such innumerable varieties of lessons, finger exercises, treatises for young students of the piano-forte. These and his arrangements, with fingering, of the piano fugues of Bach, the symphonies of Beethoven (for four hands) and of very many oratorios, symphonies, operas, overtures, &c., have been his chief public services. It is stated that his published pieces number eight hundred and forty. Of these but a small part, of course, are compositions in any original or creative sense; the most of them are exercises, studies, relating to the mechanical part of piano-playing. Yet he has also been the composer of various masses, motets, concertos, symphonies, songs with and without orchestra, which are still in manuscript. Indeed he had a prodigious facility of production, and was a man of immense industry. His labors in teaching and writing necessarily withdrew him very much from the pleasures of the world; yet he was an amiable and sociable man, and probably very few men have been so well acquainted with all the great artists and classical composers of Germany, during the past half century. The following particulars of his history were gleaned

chiefly from Fétis' *Biographie Universelle* for Moore's "Encyclopædia of Music:"

He was born at Vienna, on the 21st of February, 1791. His parents came from Bohemia, and his father, who had formerly been in the imperial military service of Austria, settled in Vienna, in 1785, as a teacher of the piano-forte. Like many others who have highly distinguished themselves, Czerny displayed in his earliest infancy a great natural disposition for music; and as his father at that time very diligently practised the works of Bach, Mozart, Clementi, &c., and was frequently visited by the piano-players then resident in Vienna, as Kozeluch, Gelinek, Wanhall, and others, the youth had constantly the advantage of hearing good music, and hence his sensibility for the art was speedily manifested. This circumstance, doubtless, induced his father, who possessed no independent fortune, to devote his earnest attention to educate him for the profession; so that, even in his eighth year, young Carl performed the compositions of Mozart, Clementi, Kozeluch, Gelinek, &c., with much facility. About this period the early works of Beethoven appeared, and Czerny became so enamored with them as to prefer them to all others. He therefore studied them with peculiar assiduity, and when about ten years old (in 1801) had the pleasure of being introduced to their renowned author, who was then in the prime of life and had created the greatest sensation as a piano-forte player by the production of effects and difficulties which were previously unknown. He played to Beethoven some of the great master's newest compositions, and made such a favorable impression on him that Beethoven at once voluntarily offered to take him as a pupil. The intimacy thus formed gradually ripened into the most perfect friendship, which was maintained unbroken throughout the too short life of this the greatest musical genius of this century. Among the many proofs of high regard which Beethoven entertained of Czerny, it may be mentioned, as a fact not generally known, that he selected him as the musical instructor for his adopted nephew, (Carl Beethoven,) who, afterwards, alas! most deeply embittered his uncle's days. Under Beethoven's guidance Czerny studied, first the Clavier School, and the works of Emanuel Bach, and then all the compositions which Beethoven himself had written and published in the course of the year. He had also to arrange many of Beethoven's works, as well as to correct the proofs of such of them as were being prepared for publication, all of which afforded him much practice, and imparted an accurate knowledge of the spirit of these fine compositions. As the elder Czerny could with difficulty support himself by teaching, Carl, though only in his fourteenth year, (in 1805,) also commenced giving lessons; and soon obtaining some talented pupils, he became so celebrated as a teacher, that, in a short time, every hour in the day was occupied. In the year 1810, Clementi resided in Vienna, and Czerny became acquainted with him at a noble house where he gave instruction, at which Czerny was nearly always present. This was particularly advantageous to him, as he thereby acquired a knowledge of Clementi's classical method, and formed his own upon it. He soon became one of the most favorite and highly-esteemed teachers in Vienna, and gave daily from ten to twelve hours' instruction, chiefly in the noblest and best families. To this occupation he devoted himself for thirty years—from 1805 to 1835; and among his numerous pupils who have become known to the public are Mademoiselle Belleville, Liszt, Döhler, and others. Among amateurs, too, of high rank, he has had many pupils who might well have passed for professors.

He died at Vienna last month. It is said that his fortune, which, unlike that of most composers, proved to be considerable, is left to charitable institutions and to the Conservatory of Music at Vienna, as he died childless.

Lablache Dead!

The death of CZERNY is immediately followed by that of the world's greatest bass singer. The news came by the steamer that left Liverpool on the 1st inst. His death must have occurred within a day or two before; it has been understood for some time that he was ill. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* furnishes the following sketch of him.

LUIGI LABLACHE was the son of Nicola Lablache, a Marseilles merchant, who went to Na-

ples in 1791, and married a Polish lady named Franziska Bietak. Luigi was born in Naples, December 6th, 1794, so that he had reached the age of sixty-three years. His father fell a victim of the revolution in 1799. Through the kindness of Joseph Bonaparte, the young Lablache, who in childhood showed great musical talent, got a situation in the Conservatorio at Naples, and here, when twelve years old, he studied vocal and instrumental music. The latter was, however, not to his taste, and he fled several times from the school in search of operatic engagements, his passion being for dramatic singing. He was taken back and finished his course of musical education. He was then eighteen years old, and was immediately engaged as *Buffo Napolitano* at the San Carlo Theatre. Five months afterwards he married the daughter of an actor named Pinotti. From Naples the young basso went to Palermo and then to Milan, where he had a long engagement at La Scala, Mercadante writing for him his opera of *Elisa e Claudio*. From that time he was the favorite of all the great Italian theatres. In 1824 he went to Vienna, where he received extraordinary honors, and since then all the great Italian Opera houses of Europe, from St. Petersburg to Paris and London, have contended for the honor and advantage of engagements with him.

For twenty or thirty years Lablache has been the first basso of the Italian operas of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, seldom condescending to appear on any less distinguished stage. He was one of the memorable quartet, so famous twenty years ago, and which travellers in Europe of that period are so fond of recalling. Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, as they were twenty years ago, have probably never since been equalled. Two of the four—Rubini and Lablache—are now dead; Grisi is vocally only the wreck of what she was, and Tamburini, when, after a long retirement, he re-appeared for a short time, a year or two ago, though vigorous and fresh in look and action, had only the shadow of the great barytone voice of past times. Lablache had the best preserved voice of all, and though some of its volume may have been lost with advancing years and increasing obesity, it was still regarded as the finest bass voice in Europe.

In his younger days Lablache was a remarkably handsome man, and the beauty of his face was scarcely lost as he grew older. His figure was tall and commanding; his features of the Roman type; his eyes black and expressive, and he had remarkable mobility of countenance. His greatest achievements have been in comic opera; but he was scarcely less admirable in serious parts. Of late years his favorite characters have been such as Don Pasquale, (which was written for him), Dr. Dulcamara, Leporello and Dr. Bartolo, in all of which he was unequalled. And when occasion required, he could take the leading bass parts in such operas as *Semiramide*, *I Puritani*, *Il Pirata*, *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*, and the artist who excelled so much in the drolleries of light comedy, was found to be equally great in the dignified parts of the serious opera. His voice was of great compass, volume and flexibility, his method of singing unexceptionable, and his acting was full of intelligence and spirit. His long familiarity with English audiences, who always went into convulsions when his huge figure first came on the stage in a comic opera, had brought him into a habit lately of committing certain little buffooneries, and introducing grotesque English phrases into the Italian dialogue; but before a more critical audience, who judged a performer by stricter rules, and permitted no liberties with a work, Lablache was always the great and conscientious artist. He has left no one equal to him in voice, method or artistic intelligence.

The private reputation of Lablache has always been good. None of the scandals so commonly reported of men of his profession, have ever attached to him. In his own house he was beloved, and his generosity and benevolence to all have been frequently remarked. One of his children is the wife of Mr. Thalberg, the pianist, who is now in this country.

Musical Chit-Chat.

How can we continue the discussion of Brass Bands in such intensity of dog-days! it is aggravating to think of them. But the Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall go on, with more and more success, and prove what fine things *might* be done, out doors and within doors, to meet the cravings and improve the taste of such a "musical people," as the *Transcript* calls us. Last Wednesday evening the Music Hall was crowded; while the Brigade Serenade Band discoursed pleasant music in front of the Parker House, and another band in Howard St., attracting crowds of listeners.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., it will be seen, have just moved into their new building, almost side by side with Russell & Richardson, on Washington Street, near the corner of Winter St. It is undoubtedly the most complete, well-arranged and elegant music store in the United States, and speaks for the immense business which Mr. Ditson has by years of patient industry and enterprise built up. We hope to give a full description next week. . . . We have seen a private letter from Mr. GEORGE HAUSMANN, one of the two or three finest violoncellists of London, announcing his intention of visiting this country early in October, commencing with Boston. We have already noticed also the intended removal to this country of Mr. COOPER, one of the first class London Philharmonic violinists. VIEUXTEMPS, too, is coming; so that there will be quite an accession to the strings. Could they only be brought together in a Quartet!

The New York Academy of Music is leased for the coming season by MESSRS. THALBERG, STRAKOSCH and ULLMAN. Efforts are making, it is said, to secure the accession of Mme. LAGRANGE to the already powerful operatic company. ROGER's engagement, it appears, was prematurely announced; negotiations are pending; meanwhile the great French tenor is engaged we see at Hamburg, where he sang the first night as George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*. New York is full of Mr. Ullman's placardings of FREZZOLINI and of VIEUXTEMPS. We read, too, among New York advertisements: "The friends of Miss JULIANA MAY, Prima Donna, are respectfully informed that she will make her first appearance in her native country, after an absence of six years in Europe, early in September next;" whether as part of the great opera galaxy, or to shine in single glory, does not yet appear. . . . Signor GUIDI, the tenor singer, (so writes one of his neighbors to the *Transcript*), is not dead, but living in his usual good health, "next door to myself," in Cincinnati. . . . Burton, in New York, announces the engagement of VESTVALI, "acknowledged as the Queen of the Lyric Stage," (!) for a short season of Grand Opera, to commence on Monday.

Miss ELISE HENSLEY, our fair towns-woman, is engaged as prima donna at the opera in Genoa, for the coming season. . . . Read above, how our old friend ARDITI, conductor of so many Italian operas here, has been figuring in Constantinople. . . . BALFE, the English opera composer, has published "A New Singing Method," without the use of *Solfeggi*, but presenting the necessary elementary studies in the form of original Ballads and Songs—a system already employed with success in the well-known work by Vaccai. Mr. Balfe believes in "the substitution of an agreeable amusement for a disagreeable labor." The list of contents is certainly curious; for instance:

1. Preliminary.
2. First Exercise of the Voice.
4. Thirds—"Oh, weep not lady" Ballad
5. Fourths—"Come follow me" Song
9. Octaves—"Then lady wake, in beauty rise" . . . Song
11. Semitones—"Tis ever thus" Song
12. Syncopation—"Woodman, spare that tree" . . . Ballad

The New Orleans *Picayune* gives its readers the "refreshing information" that the captain of a Mississippi river steamboat has purchased the steam whistle Calliope, made at Worcester, Mass., with the right to its exclusive use on the lower Mississippi for six months. Could it be exclusively confined to the lower Mississippi and forever, many here would feel refreshed. . . . GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, was by last accounts in Caracas, South America, giving concerts; the report that he is dying of consumption is declared to have no truth in it.

KARL MOZART, son of the great composer, declares that Tischbein's portrait of his father, which has been so much praised, has no resemblance whatever. He considers the best likeness of his father the one which was published more than fifty years ago by Artaria, in Vienna, and which can also be found in the biography by Schlichtegroll. . . . Some one suggests a serenade to the Comet, thus: *Comet gentil!* . . . We alluded a few weeks since to the valuable collection of musical books and autographs in the possession of Mr. ALBRECHT, of Philadelphia, formerly of the Germania Society. Besides these, he would also be glad to dispose of a fine collection of engravings, relating to musical subjects. These include pictures of musical festivals and operas, portraits of great composers and singers, caricatures, &c., mostly on steel and copperplate, and many of them by celebrated masters, new and old. Mr. Albrecht may be addressed: care of Dr. Feller, 240 South 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . The new Life of HANDEL, by VICTOR SCHULCHER, recently published in London, is in press by Mason Brothers, New York.

Pittsfield, up among the hills of Berkshire, seems to be doing a good deal for the promotion of a true taste in music. We have already mentioned the concert given by Mr. ENSIGN at the Maplewood Seminary, at which an entire Psalm of Mendelssohn was performed. We have now the programme of a Soirée which closed the summer term of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute" in the same town, (Aug. 4) which is worth recording:

- PART I.
1. Sonata—Diabelli, four hands.
 2. Song—"Angels of peace and gladness" Bellini
 3. Sonata in D Mozart
 4. Vocal Duet—"Mountain Echo," Guitar acc. A. Schmitt
 5. Valse Romantique E. B. Oliver
 6. Song—"Free Minstrels" C. M. von Weber

- PART II.
7. Selections from Don Juan, four hands Mozart
 8. Lied ohne Worte Mendelssohn
 9. Freundschaft's Hymne—trio vocal Beethoven
 10. Sonata Pathétique Beethoven
 11. Song—"Come unto me" Topliff
 12. Overture—La Muette de Portici, 8 hands Auber

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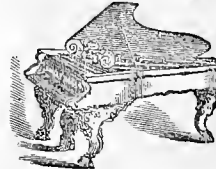
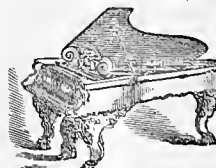
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

[Continued from last week.]

Human nature, especially where no sufficiently energetic direction is given it, is continually active in two opposite ways. On the one hand it seeks attachment to what is stronger than itself; on the other, it seeks all possible emancipation. And so it was with Mendelssohn. His distrust in his own powers, proceeding from his want of conflict with himself, awoke in him almost unconsciously perhaps, a craving for originality.* Favorably to this end there spread before him a peculiarly striking, and to the public an unknown field: that namely of the Oriental melody, those series of tones which are found in the popular airs of India, Persia, Palestine, and also in those of the Jews, who have faithfully handed them down in their religious service in all countries. These melodic turns, employed in the most ductile and graceful manner, are characteristic of Mendelssohn; the public recognize his writings by them, without asking wherein the peculiarity consists; they are found in all his compositions, whether they belong by text or title to German or to Persian ground. They are flesh and blood to him, in short they have become his manner. Partly his sincere aspiration to the high and noble, partly the involuntary impulse to acquire the reputation and respect of a composer of the first rank, a classic author, led him to create a "style" as the foundation of that reputation; but in doing this he committed the great artistic error of seek-

* It played him many queer tricks; for instance, led him to write the part of the Evangelist in "St. Paul" for Soprano!

ing this style in externals, instead of in the faithful reproduction of the chosen objects, undisturbed by mere abstract musical fascinations and charms residing in certain turns peculiar to himself; and this error led him into the false and weakening practice of a "manner" which he allowed to satisfy his idea of "style." Many of his own expressions indicate this limitation of his views shaped by inward nature and by outward influences, acting on each other. Often enough he guarded himself against what he thought all wrong and violent removal of his art out of the absolute sphere of feeling into that of thought and actual life, full of wrestling and striving, full of dreaming and endeavor. Necessarily and peculiarly therefore, as I shall show, he was just the person—he, who maintained that music exists only for its own sake and must always and under all conditions only show itself in the garb of the *aesthetic* and *agreeable*—although he outwardly observed this with the utmost strictness and resignation—he was just the person, more than many narrower minds, to let some foreign influence lead him astray upon ground where music, in any true artistic sense, is cut off from all nourishment.

By such firm adherence to the external and specifically musical, somewhat at the expense of the inward substance, of the object to be represented, he became one of the most distinguished masters of "form." Careful, laborious, almost painfully conscientious in the presentment of his thoughts; always anxious, as we have said, by keeping in the background every too strong, or abrupt, or extreme emotion, however distinctly required by the subject, to give all in a pleasing dress, he is on this side a model highly to be commended to every one who has to study the technical part of music in and for itself, before he can be warranted to think of penetrating into the inmost essence and sanctuary of this art. Here every one may learn much, very much from Mendelssohn, in relation to musical *form* and economy of means. On this side he is clear and reliable; it all *sounds*, it is all intelligible and nobly presentable; and especially in what concerns the deeper essence of form, it is all spun out, carried through and developed in easily comprehensible, ingeniously entertaining polyphony. The young composer can learn of him how to do justice to his own thoughts, and at least satisfy his hearers with the execution and treatment of the most ordinary matter. From this preparatory schooling one may then go with correcter insight to the mighty minds, like Bach and Beethoven, who, though still surer and more fortified with motives in respect to form, yet do not let the same be seen so easily by the less practised eye on account of the

grandeur of their intentions. For with these masters one must be able to see through at once both the intention and the execution and treatment which it has determined, in order not to be misled on one side or the other.

There has been much discussion, whether Mendelssohn was or was not a highly gifted composer. If we make a distinction between power of invention of musical thoughts and power in the treatment and development of thoughts, I should say he was much the most talented in the latter respect; yet it would still remain a question, whether in leading his melodies into so peculiar and stereotyped a channel, he did not expose himself to one-sidedness and to increasing poverty of ideas. Many for this reason pronounce his sister Fanny, (Mme. Hensel), much the more gifted of the two.*

As I have already hinted a distinction between Mendelssohn and the classics, it will not be uninteresting to compare him with Beethoven, and see how, both in general and in particular, in their whole development, they differ in the fact, that Beethoven strives upward, and beginning humble, small, far down, keeps rising mightier and surer, whereas Mendelssohn soon finds himself at full height, and tends ever longer and more broadly downward. If we consider, for instance, the melodies of the two authors, we find this throughout: Mendelssohn likes repeatedly to enter with high intervals, and thence leads his melody continually and fondly downward. Beethoven begins small, invisible; but either he rolls his thoughts slowly and toilfully upward, or hurls them with bold eagle flight up to a giddy height, now like a Sisyphus and now like a giant, and again and again renews the onslaught, pressing continually higher and higher. I might say, Beethoven loves and cultivates the ascending, Mendelssohn the descending scale. Taking a larger and more general survey, we find, figuratively speaking, the same distinction again in the carrying through and development of whole compositions; especially if in their Symphonies and other complicated works we observe the increasing or decreasing strength (both in invention and in execution) of the single movements. Finally the same distinction runs through the whole life, through the entire development of the two composers. While Beethoven in the might of his ideas, in the completion of form, in the portrayal of great passions or great epochs of life, whether of an individual or of whole nations, presses ever

* It is not generally known that the compositions of his sister appeared under the name of "F. Mendelssohn," on which account they were attributed to him. For the most part little songs, they are distinguished by their unaffected melody, their freshness, and their wholesome spirit.

higher and higher and solves the given problem to its complete result, to an absolute and imperious *ne plus ultra*, Mendelssohn begins simple, fresh, full of charm and full of promise, and gradually his circle of vision narrows, his power and his invention dwindle more and more. Hence it is unfortunately the works of his first and youthful period—especially those which, undertaken on untrodden ground, compelled him to create in his own independent way, and kept him from all anxious and respectful clinging to great models—and with the exception of smaller creations, it is most especially his music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" which has a future, and will maintain itself therein as a fresh work of genial inspiration. In that sphere Mendelssohn was necessarily happiest; none was more congenial to his nature, so naive, so tricky, so inclined to the ethereal and misty, to the sentimental and romantic; the fairies, playing their tricks upon the awkward clowns, were kindred beings; the love of Oberon and Titania was his own. In this he has industriously and wisely studied C. M. von Weber, who wrought so genially and happily before him in the same field; whether he has really surpassed him, I will not analyze; at all events he has reduced the fairy life to a formal system and given imperishable stimulus and nourishment to the passion of the human soul for masquerading in these fairy-like illusions. Here as nowhere else he felt himself at home. What wonder, that an artist of such yielding character willingly went further in the matter; that in his instrumental compositions the now inevitable fairies seemed to haunt continually, while moonlight, and Titania's longing, and the ass's head were naturally not wanting—yet fainter from this time forward, at least no longer with such inward justification as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where *truth* raised him to the height of his achievements.

[Conclusion next week.]

Third Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Concluded from page 155.)

But to come to the evening, which commenced with Bach's cantata. The first varied chorale, where the intermediate pieces take up a great deal too much room, went loosely and incorrectly in the orchestra. The air for the bass was omitted. The following airs passed off without effect, but the magnificently harmonized chorale produced a powerful impression. If now, as it had been determined, Bach's "Hallelujah," which had fallen among the audience like a bomb at the Friday's rehearsal, had been brought in here, it would probably not have produced a weaker impression than on the occasion referred to. But something was wanting for the end, and old Bach was removed thither, where such a short piece, after all possible kinds of modern music, no longer was, or could be of any effect.

After this came Schubert's genial Symphony. Liszt took the *allegros* in a very rapid tempo, and they were thus galloped through with a certain fire, and received with great applause. In spite of this, however, that, with the exception of a few passages, there was not the slightest approach to anything like delicate execution; anything like bringing prominently forward the melodies, or keeping down the quartet; of a beautiful piano or even pianissimo, in a word, anything that constitutes for a cultivated ear the charm of an instrumental performance, there was no sign. After the manner, however, in which the work had been hurried through at rehearsal, it would have been a miracle had matters turned out otherwise. The *andante* suffered most; its finest

passages were completely spoilt by a coarse *mezzo-forte*. It was not until during the Symphony that it was decided Dalle Aste would not appear in "Des Sängers Fluch," by Schumann (although there had been some hopes he would do so). Rheinthalier undertook the part of the Harper, and, like an excellent musician, got through it very well, although the music is too high for him. Gühbels, especially, sang the Provençal song charmingly, and the male choruses were admirable. Herr Acken, an accomplished dilettante of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave evidence, in the part of the King, of a fine voice and an intelligent conception, though his pronunciation was not all that could be desired. The part of the Queen is so little conspicuous, that even a Mme. Milde could not make much of it. The performance, generally, was obscure, and anything but properly studied—it was got through without accident and that was all!

At the commencement of the second part, after Liszt had announced to the public the important changes in the programme, we had one of his so-called *Symphonische Dichtungen*, entitled "Festklänge." As we know, Liszt began his career as a composer for the orchestra by publishing six such compositions, which have lately often been discussed. To most of them is prefixed a kind of explanation in prose or verse, a statement of what the composer wanted to express or paint; in one word, a programme. The propriety of such programmes has been much disputed; I own that I do not think the question one of any very great importance, and that I look upon it in pretty much the same light that the Austrian looked upon religion. On being asked what religion he preferred above all others, he replied: "It is all the same to me whether a man is a Christian, a Jew, or a Turk, if he be but healthy." So, provided music be but healthy—if it be only genuine music, standing on its own merits, it is no matter by what means the composer arrived at it. Of Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, the "Festklänge" is the only one, by the way, which has no preface, motto, or anything of that description; and yet it produces on me the impression of following the course of a poem, or something of the kind, with ballet-music fidelity. Such a series of tunes ranged one after the other can scarcely originate in purely musical inspiration; it is very certain that Liszt had something more in view than what we can gather from the simple title of "Festklänge" (Festive Sounds).

The festive sounds of the kettle-drum, with which the composition opens, are followed by pious and sentimental, warlike and ecstatic, bacchanally wild and hopingly soft sounds—nay, even a part of a "polonaise brillante" is several times introduced, in a bravura style, which reminds one of the most extreme specimens of Henri Herz's music for the pianoforte. Some of the motives are graceful and pleasing, but others verge very closely on the trivial; and the far-fetched harmony by which they are accompanied makes the impression produced still worse by the glaring opposition in which they stand to the melody and the rhythm. Liszt has, however, endeavored to blend into a whole the motives, thus ranged one after the other, by working them out and varying them in every possible way, as well as, moreover, by repetitions, which by their regularity have for me something snobbish.* That all the resources of the most modern instrumentation are brought into requisition, and that here and there we are treated with a suitable "bang" is a matter of course; several of the softer passages are, however, scored very nicely, and sound charmingly, while others bear their pianistic origin too clearly branded on their forehead to produce a good effect in the orchestra.

To my taste, the whole is marked, for an orchestral composition, by something too capricious and disjointed. Executed by Liszt upon the pianoforte, and thus brought into immediate connection with his individuality, it would, I think, please more. After the performance, however, immense applause, with flourish of trumpets, flowers, etc., were showered upon him—and

* This is, we think, the equivalent of the original word, *Philistines*.—TRANSLATOR.

although this is to be accounted for by the fact that the "Festive leader" was as much concerned in this result as the "Festive sounds," I do not doubt that the composition pleased many persons very much. Liszt has had a notice printed, that his orchestral pieces by no means "lay any claim to every-day popularity." With reference to the present work, he was too modest, and I am inclined to believe that it will achieve a kind of notoriety which, perhaps, will not be agreeable to the composer from his particular point of view.

The *Flight into Egypt*, the second part of Berlioz's work, which has been so much discussed, is too insignificant for a musical festival. A half-fugued instrumental movement (during which the composer supposes the assembling of the shepherds around the infant Jesus) is followed by the farewell song of the latter, a song in three strophes for four voices, which, to some extent, resembles the well-known piece, "Entflich' mit mir," by Mendelssohn—it is, however, longer, and contains vocal passages and modulations which never could have entered the head of a composer of the year 1679, and never should have entered that of a composer of the year 1852. In spite of all this the general effect is very pleasing. A kind of pastoral, that is first introduced as an instrumental movement, and afterwards re-appears, sung by the narrating tenor, contains some naively melodious passages, with charmingly thoughtful instrumentation. The two or three bars of "Hallelujahs," sung by the chorus of angels, and concluding the whole, Liszt, in obedience to the directions of Berlioz, caused to be executed by a small number of voices from the highest part of the orchestra. This succeeded only tolerably; and I think he would have done better to have had them sung by the entire (female) chorus. The simple chords of the tonic and dominant, which constitute the principal portion of this conclusion, need, when correctly sung by a large number of clear voices, no especial art of arrangement. They will for ever prove beautiful and effective.

I have already given you my opinion concerning Bach's chorus, which terminated the concert, and I believe I have nothing to add to my notice, which is, perhaps, already too diffusive. I will send you, to-morrow, an account of the third and so-called Artists' Concert, and hope that, for my own sake and for yours, I shall be able to be more brief. Meanwhile—

FERDINAND HILLER.

Carl Czerny.

I.

[From the Evening Post, New York.]

Carl Czerny, perhaps the most prolific composer of Vienna, died on the 15th of July, in the 67th year of his age. While the celebrated Beethoven finished only one hundred and thirty works, and the imaginative Hummel only one hundred and twelve, Czerny has produced almost one thousand compositions, among them several musical anthologies, each containing several volumes, but counted only as one. His transcriptions and arrangements from operas, a work for which Czerny was admirably fitted, are not reckoned in this enumeration. The facility with which Czerny composed is almost fabulous, and reminds one of the poet Kotzebue, or of the painter Luca Giordano, surnamed *Fa-presto*. His works did not possess originality, yet his life is intimately connected with the musical life of Vienna, and in more than one respect his labors will be missed.

Carl Czerny was born on the 21st (18th) of February, 1791, in Vienna, in the faubourg Jägerzeil. His father, a Bohemian by birth, who came to Vienna in 1785, as a music teacher, instructed his son early in his art, and with excellent success. At fourteen years of age the boy began to teach. Liszt, Döhler, Carolina Belleville, Egghard, were among his pupils.

In 1818 he appears as a composer. His principal compositions for learners are the "Schools of the Piano," "*Etudes*," under the well-known titles, "School of Executions," "One Hundred Exercises," etc., which are among the best that

musical literature can boast in this direction. His arrangements of popular melodies for beginners have great practical value. The art of piano-playing owes more to Czerny than to any one else. It was he who indicated the way to its perfection.

He was less fortunate in his original compositions. He was an eclectic both in the good and evil sense of the term. The immense demands which were made on his productiveness he easily met. But his works usually contained certain frivolous passages, which at last became so well-known as to miss their effect.

Most of the German publishers have published works of Czerny, and found them gold mines. English publishers, among them the celebrated firm of Cocks & Son, of London, sought his compositions and honored them with heavy guineas.

In 1836 and '37 Czerny made a journey to London in company with the celebrated court piano-manufacturer, Conrad Graf, and was exceedingly well received. He had the pleasure of finding his compositions on the piano of the Princess Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain, who graciously invited him to play a duet with her, an honor which he often mentioned with pride.

Carl Czerny corresponded with all the musical celebrities of our century. Beethoven, whom he highly venerated, Schubert, Hummel, Liszt, Thalberg and many others were his personal friends. To the last he preserved a most lively interest in his art. The little good natured man, with a little black cap on his head, was to be seen at every musical reunion sitting on one of the last benches, always attentively listening, never offensive in his remarks, acknowledging the good parts, and, even in very inferior productions, taking the will for the deed.

Czerny was never married, and led the most simple bachelor's life. His cats, which he had taught to take their meals from his hands at the ringing of a bell, were the companions of his old age, which was made dreary by protracted illness and voluntary retirement. The grave of Czerny covers one of the last witnesses of the glorious musical epoch of Vienna. Envy, as Czerny knew well, would have kept him in oblivion during his lifetime. He revenged himself by leaving legacies in his will for charitable purposes.

II.

(From the London Musical World.)

The death of Carl Czerny, although it cannot be said to have deprived the world of a first-class musician, has robbed it of a remarkable character. Czerny was neither a great master nor a man of genius. His mission was rather to teach others than to produce himself, notwithstanding his 2,000 printed and 500 unprinted compositions, if not one of which had been written it would have made very little difference to music in the end. An indefatigable laborer in the field of art, however, Czerny won and merited a place among the eminent musicians of this epoch, and has gone to his rest as full of honors as of years.

The influence of Czerny as a teacher has no doubt been valuable. The piano-forte was his instrument. He began to give lessons at the age of fourteen, and continued the same vocation for half a century incessantly. His early promise as an executant was never exactly fulfilled, since the time which he devoted to instruction and to composition left him very little for that mechanical practice without which perfection is unattainable. Nevertheless he started well, and by an ardent study of John Sebastian Bach, Mozart, Clementi, and such models, he had already acquired in his boyhood considerable proficiency, and laid the foundations for that which, with further development, might have become one of the foremost talents of the day. What inspired him with a predilection for the dryer pursuit of teaching, whether love of money, or disinclination for deeper and more earnest labors, it is impossible to say. At all events he stopped short in his career as a *virtuoso* just as the world around him began to talk of it, and in a very few years was the most successful "professor" in Vienna. Among his pupils were Mlle. de Belleville (now Mad.

Oury), Liszt, Döhler, and Leopold de Meyer. Czerny gave so many lessons, that twelve hours were daily absorbed by them; and yet he could find time for composing, arranging, and fingering more than any three of his contemporaries.

Before pondering on such apparent fertility, however, it is necessary to reflect upon the nature of these countless productions. Czerny began to write when a mere child, without any other guide than himself; but he was nearly thirty when his first published works* appeared; so that we shall have to put up with the loss of a vast number of juvenile compositions, unless the manuscripts are preserved—which Heaven forbid. As Czerny never had a master, but went on composing after his own manner, and on the strength of his own resources, he may be said to have formed himself into a musician by reason of the mere facility that never refuses to wait upon the constant exercise of any faculty of the mind. His mature works, indeed, though none of them betray such intrinsic worth as to save them from ultimate oblivion, are marked by finish and elegance as well as by fluency.

Czerny tried his hand at everything, from the symphony and oratorio to the smallest bagatelle. In all the higher branches of composition he failed—since, beside his want of solid acquirement, he was wholly without imagination. Such of his larger works as have appeared in print—his piano-forte sonatas for example—may be taken as specimens of his inefficiency. They are diffuse and tedious, poor in subjects, and developed with very little skill—and this in the face of strong evidence that their author intended them to be elaborate. Much happier than these cumbrous abortions were the lighter effusions of Czerny—fantasias, variations, etc.—produced at a time when M. Henri Herz was acquiring that evanescent popularity which shone so brightly for a period over the length and breadth of Europe, and is now pretty nearly extinct. Czerny imitated M. Herz as he had imitated others; and the new model being much easier to copy than the "Bachs" and "Beethovens" of his earlier worship, he was this time more successful—so much so, that for a long time the "Variations," etc., of Czerny were as much in vogue as those of the sparkling Frenchman himself.

We are not going to follow Czerny throughout his career of usefulness, which might have been pursued in a way at once more concise and to the purpose, while less laborious; nor should we dream of even glancing at his numberless productions. Whatever he was, and whatever he did, it is certain that he attained a high position in his own country, and that no name was more respected. An amiable, quiet, inoffensive man, he was generally esteemed; and, in later years, no lover of music would think a sojourn in Vienna complete unless he had conversed with the patriarch who knew Beethoven intimately, and was one of the first to make proselytes to the name of that immense and unfathomable genius. The visit was never unfruitful, since Czerny talked cheerfully and well, and knew, perhaps, as much (recluse as he was) about the progress of the musical art, and the lives, habits, and talents of its followers, in the present age, as any man living.

If we were invited to decide upon what was Czerny's most valuable bequeathal to posterity, we should name, without hesitation, his edition of the piano-forte works of John Sebastian Bach, the mere fingering of which, to many, would have been the task of a life. No reprint of these compositions should be issued without the invaluable adjuncts which Czerny made a labor of love. Had Czerny performed no other act than that of fingering the preludes, fugues, and other works of Bach as he has done, he would have entitled himself to the gratitude and esteem of musicians.†

* Variations in D (*concertante*), for piano and violin; and *Rondo Brilliant* in F, for two performers on the piano-forte.

† Czerny's fingering is followed in the Boston edition of Bach's Preludes and Fugues, (or "Well-tempered Clavier,") now in course of publication by O. Ditson & Co.

III. CZERNY'S WILL.

In anticipation of its pleasing God to call me from this world, I have, with full deliberation, drawn up my last will and testament in the following manner.

The following is about the amount of my property:

A. Eighty-four 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins.

B. 10 bank shares.

(N. B. My parents were poor and not able to leave me anything. As early as 1807, however, I was fortunate enough to procure a great many pupils, and, as far back as 1818, when I already used to teach the piano in the first families, besides being overwhelmed with orders for compositions from many music publishers, both at home and abroad, I was enabled to purchase two or three such metallics every year, so that in 1852 I possessed 10,000 florins in these securities.)

C. As I was formerly very often paid in ducats for teaching and composition, and as I never paid them away, I possessed even before 1848 above 1,000 ducats. In the uncertain year, 1848—1849, I bought up for all the bank notes I then possessed about 2,000 ducats more, so that I have now somewhere about 3,000 ducats in gold.

D. In addition to this, I have 72 Napoléons d'or, which I received from French publishers for various compositions.

E. About 600 or 800 florins in silver *Zwanzi-gers*.

F. About 5,000 florins in bank notes, put by out of my yearly income, since, on account of indisposition during many years, I have always lived very moderately.

G. Two shares in the Salm lottery, one in the St. Genois, one in the Keglevich, and one share in the State Loan of 1839.

H. Besides my household furniture, clothes, linen, library, and collection of music, I possess the following valuable articles:

4 gold watches.

6 gold snuff-boxes, presents from the Archduchess Marie Louise, Liszt, Döhler, and others.

1 larger box with jewels, a present from the Grand Princess of Weimar.

1 silver case with my initials on it, a present from the Princess Maria of Bavaria, now Queen Dowager of Saxony, (my pupil.)

1 amethyst pin with brilliants, two brilliant rings (a solitary and alliance ring, which I purchased some time ago of Türk.)

1 old silver snuff-box, from my late father.

1 mahogany *nécessaire*, with various objects, partly silver, (a present from Prince Radzivil.)

My whole property may, therefore, amount to about 100,000 florins, currency.

Of all this, I dispose as follows:

1. My soul I recommend to the mercy of the Almighty Creator; my body shall be laid simply, but in accordance with the Christian Catholic custom, in a grave by itself.

2. I was the only child of my parents, and have no issue. Since, moreover, I am not acquainted with any person related to me by the ties of consanguinity, I have not consequently to take any such person into consideration.

Nevertheless, twenty 5 per cent. metallics, of 1000 florins, together with the interest from the day of my death, shall be left in the hands of the legal authorities, and I bequeath this sum to such of my relations, entitled to inherit, in the order of their descent, as shall legally prove themselves such within the space of six years.

My father, Wenzel Czerny, was born at Nimburg, in Bohemia, not far from Prague and Collin, about the year 1750. His father, Dominic Czerny, is said to have been *Rathsherr* or something of the kind on the magisterial bench there. It is believed that my father had several brothers, of whom there are, perhaps, descendants living. Not only, therefore, shall researches be made by the authorities of Nimburg, but, for six years, an edict shall be inserted every year in the Prague paper, calling upon such relations to present themselves. If, however, no real relation shall have appeared and proved his relationship within six years, this legacy, together with

the interest, shall revert to my testamentary legatees.

3. My housekeeper, Maria Malek, (whose maiden name was Machatschek), has, for about forty years, served truly and honestly my father and mother as well as myself, and tended on my father and mother to the end of their existence, so that it is my duty properly to provide for her. I bequeath to her, therefore, twelve 5 per cent. metallics, of 1,000 florins, which are to be given her immediately, so that she may have a yearly income of 600 florins.

4. To her brother, Joseph Machatschek, who, since her husband's death, has lived with me as a servant, I, in like manner, bequeath four 5 per cent. metallics of 1,000 florins, that is to say an income of 200 florins. Besides this, the two can remain in my house till next dividend day, and for six weeks receive their usual wages and board.

5. The kitchen-maid shall receive immediately 200 florins, with wages and board like the two others.

6. I devote 1,000 florins, currency, to a simple and becoming monument over my separate grave, with the inscription:

"Carl Czerny, Musician, born, in Vienna, the 21st February, 1791, died"

7. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* shall receive all the printed music of my own composition, as well as all that of other authors, (among which there are several very fine works.)

8. To the Imperial Hof-Bibliothek I give two original manuscripts by Beethoven—one the violin concerto, Op. 61, and the score of the overture, Op. 114, which I once had an opportunity of purchasing.

9. As I leave behind me a very large number of yet unprinted original manuscripts, (symphonies; concertos; violin quartets, quintets, trios; sonatas, duos, trios, quartets, etc., with piano-forte, all in the serious style), I bequeath all these compositions, (with the exception of the sacred ones), to Herr Carl Spina, music publisher to his majesty the Emperor. I should wish the most available of them to be printed.

10. Herr Joseph Doppler, book-keeper at Herr Carl Spina's, shall have all my sacred compositions (about 24 masses, 4 requiems, about 300 graduals and offertories, etc., etc.) Should Herr Spina wish to publish any of them, he shall be authorized to do so; but he must pay Herr Doppler an adequate sum for the privilege.

11. The two domestics, Joseph Machatschek and Maria Malek, shall have all the furniture and fittings of my rooms and kitchen, including my clocks and watches, my clothes, body and household linen.

12. My two piano-fortes by Börsendorf, my violin, the bust of Beethoven, and all other objects relating to music, I bequeath to the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*.

13. I beg Dr. Rud. von Vivenot (senior) to accept, as a keepsake, the jewelled snuff-box (that from the Grand Princess of Weimar.)

14. Herr Joseph Doppler (at Spina's) shall have the six gold snuff-boxes.

15. Herr Carl Oster, Rechnungsrath, shall have the four gold watches.

16. 200 florins in bank notes shall be given to Joseph Sieler (servant in C. Spina's establishment.)

17. With regard to those objects of which I have not disposed, as well as the pin and rings (especially my library of nearly 3,000 volumes, maps, scientific collections, etc., etc.) I beg Dr. Sonnleithner to receive them, and select what he likes.

The bulk of what remains can then be disposed of, gold, shares, obligations, and other valuable objects being retained for my inheritors.

18. I desire that, on every anniversary of my death (or on the nearest fitting day), either a requiem or one of my last *grand masses* may be performed, in memory of me, in the Augustine Imperial and parish church.

To this purpose I devote as capital 1,000 florins 5 per cent. metallics, 40 florins of the interest on which shall belong to the musicians, and the rest to the church.

19. As heirs of all else I possess, I name the

four following institutions to share in equal portions.

I. The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna, shall receive a fourth.

II. I bequeath a fourth to the Association for the Support of Necessitous Musicians, in Vienna. Of the interest on this fourth, Herr Joh. Mozart, singing-master, and Herr Carl Maria von Bocklet, musician, shall each receive half for the term of his natural life.

III. The third fourth I devote in equal portions to the Association for the cure of Blind Adults, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Vienna. In the first instance, however, the interest on this fourth shall be wholly set apart to maintain for life the two deaf and dumb daughters of Mad. Julie Schmiedel, widow, so that the said interest shall not accrue to the above institutions until after the death of those two persons.

IV. Half of the remaining fourth shall belong to the monastery of the Brothers of Charity, and half to the Institution of the Sisters of Charity in Vienna, as I deeply reverence the pious self-devotion of these two religious corporations.

20. All the preceding legacies, as well as any others that may afterwards be added, and the obligations, with interest, from the day of my death, shall be carried out as soon as possible.

21. With the exception of the sum set apart for my relations, and that necessary for the payment of the usual fees, nothing shall be lodged in the hands of the legal authorities, but the whole shall be taken charge of, in common, by the persons entrusted with the execution of my will, and, without delay, applied to its destined object.

22. I appoint Dr. Leopold von Sonnleithner executor, agent, and curator for my unknown relatives, and, for undertaking this charge, he is to be properly recompensed. I beg Herr Carl Spina to assist him in this business, especially in that portion of it which relates to art, and, in case of necessity, to take his place.

This is my last will and testament, all of which I have drawn up and written with my own hand.

(L. S.) CARL CZERNY, M. P.

Vienna, 13th June, 1857.

Inscription on the outside:—Last Will and Testament of Carl Czerny, Musician, June, 1857.

NOTICE.

This will, in an envelope under three seals, brought, this day, to the court by Herr Stefan Zappe, and immediately made known in the presence of the same and of Herr Joseph Machatschek, is to be preserved in the archives; copies are to be given out when demanded, and a legally authenticated copy inserted in the day-book.

Imperial Bezirksgericht of the Inner City,
LÖFFLER, M. P.

Vienna, 16th July, 1857.

Royal Italian Opera, London.

The *Times* of August 3d gives the following summary of the past operative season.

The season just terminated (the 11th) has been one of the least eventful, and, we believe, with one exception (1856), the shortest on record.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday, the 14th of April, with *I Puritani*, and closed on Friday, the 31st of July, with *La Favorita*, in both cases the energetic GRISI being the heroine of the evening. Grisi, who bade the English public farewell in 1854, in 1857 has been one of the main supporters of the establishment, which, combined with the undiminished favor of her patrons, merely proves that there was no substantial reason for her taking leave at all. It is more than probable, indeed, that Grisi will inaugurate the 12th season of the Royal Italian Opera, at the new theatre in Bow street, now so confidently anticipated, as she did the first (in 1847) at the house of the Kembles, so recently destroyed by fire. Besides the two operas we have named, this indomitable and gifted lady appeared in the course of the present year as Norma, one of the oldest assumptions, and Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), her youngest, but not least meritorious; as Lucrezia Borgia, a part in which she is likely for a long

time to set competition at defiance: and as Donna Anna (*Don Giovanni*), abandoned by her for a time, and resumed with such excellence as to justify the hope that while she remains on the boards she will never relinquish it again. In every instance she exhibited a vocal power that could not fail to astonish all those acquainted with the history of her long and brilliant career, united to a histrionic talent which successive years have only tended to bring nearer and nearer to perfection. In short, Grisi is a phenomenon to which the lyric stage has offered scarcely a parallel. From her we must turn to MARIO, since the two have been intimately associated for so lengthened a period in the eyes of the public, that to separate them is impossible. With his admirable partner Mario frequently came forward, and most frequently (to the satisfaction of "Verdists") in *Il Trovatore*. The part of Manrico was first assumed by Mario in 1856, on the secession of Signor Tamberlik, who left early in the season for Rio Janeiro. It is now one of the great tenors' most faultless impersonations. The other works in which Mario and Grisi sang together are *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita* and *Don Giovanni*. Besides these, however, and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with its immortal "La donna è mobile," Mario added a new and important part to his repertory—that of Alfredo in *La Traviata*—of the many and striking excellencies of which, the opera having been performed so often, it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers. His singing this season—for Mario one of more than ordinary exertion—has been of the very best, and the patrons of the theatre never had juster reason to be satisfied with their favorite. The very few nights that found him with voice impaired, and therefore not thoroughly master of his resources, were as nothing weighed in the balance against those transcendent manifestations of vocal and histrionic genius which repeatedly proclaimed, to the gratification of connoisseurs, that Mario was still Mario, and unsurpassable.

Among the most agreeable incidents of the season were the various performances of Mme. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, who by dint of natural talents and perseverance has rapidly risen to the highest rank in her profession. This distinguished singer—as a mistress of the art of vocalization second only to one contemporary, over whom she may be said to enjoy the advantage of possessing an absolute "soprano" voice, which in the female register, like the "tenor" in the male, must always claim a certain supremacy—made her first appearance as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. What we said of her on that occasion may be repeated here:

Her impersonation of the character of Gilda is probably the best ever seen upon the stage, and her execution of the music equally beyond comparison. Rapidly as this accomplished singer made her way in the estimation of the English public, it was as the unfortunate daughter of *Rigoletto* that she first stamped herself in the universal opinion as an artist of the highest order.

Praise has not been influential in spoiling Madame Bosio; on the contrary, it would seem to have exercised a beneficial tendency. At any rate, instead of retrograding, as so many do when they believe they have attained the pinnacle of fame, she still advances—a proof that she persists in devoting herself conscientiously to the study of her art.

How well Madame Bosio deserved this eulogy was subsequently again and again demonstrated. During the season, it is true, she only appeared in two other operas; but these were given often and with unvarying success. Her Violetta, in the *Traviata*, and her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, moreover, were new creations, in both of which she fully sustained her high renown.

RONCONI, the other great artist of the establishment—although the public had not this time the opportunity of enjoying his inimitable Figaro, or his irresistibly humorous Dulcamara—was one of the pillars of the season. His high tragedy in Chevreuse (*Maria di Rohan*), his low comedy in Lord Roeburg (*Fra Diavolo*), and his inimitable mixture of the two in *Rigoletto*, exci-

ted the usual sympathy and admiration. His Duke Alphonso (*Lucrezia Borgia*), evinced its accustomed histrionic excellence; and his Don Giovanni once more proved that the most gifted and versatile of actors may yet attempt something for which his peculiar idiosyncrasy unfits him. The English lord in Auber's opera was a new achievement, and merits a place by the side of Ronconi's most racy and genial portrayals.

Signor GARDONI appeared in four characters—Arturo (*I Puritani*), Pollio (*Norma*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), and Fra Diavolo. While exhibiting his usual good qualities in all of these, he was most successful as the Brigand of Terracina, since, if he had failed to present a vivid dramatic realization of the personage, he was at least thoroughly at home in the music, which he sang, for the most part, with admirable effect. Signor GRAZIANI's splendid barytone voice was as much extolled as ever, and his "Il balen," as of old, constituted one of the grand points in *Il Trovatore*. As the King, in *La Favorita*, and Enrico, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, he well maintained his position; while by his assumption of the elder Germont in *La Traviata*, Signor Graziani rose a step higher in public estimation, and extorted from the best judges an avowal that he had made progress both as singer and actor. Signor NERI BARALDI proved himself not only generally useful as second tenor, but on one or two occasions eminently so, as a substitute for Mario, at very short notice, in those operas of Signor Verdi which have so constantly been presented for the delectation of the more fashionable patrons of the theatre. Mlle. MARAI, with very little to do, maintained her reputation as "second lady," and in one instance—by her Lady Roeburg (in *Fra Diavolo*)—enhanced it. Mme. NANTIER DIDIEE, the contralto, one of the most zealous and competent artists in the establishment, distinguished herself more than ever in the parts of Di Gondi (*Maria di Rohan*), Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), and Azucena the Gipsy, each of which gained her golden opinions; and Signor TAGLIAFICO, ready, active, intelligent, and versatile as ever, besides those characters in which he had already won a reputation *sui generis*, achieved fresh and well-merited fame by his original and humorous delineation of one of the robbers in *Fra Diavolo*. Herr FORMES, greatly to the general disappointment, was only heard in one part—that of Leporello, which in many respects he understands and represents better than any other known performer. Of MM. POLONINI, ZELGER, and SOLDI, it is enough to say that the first was, as usual, a model Masetto, the second the most portly and substantial of High Priests, the last the most eager of subordinate tenors; and that all three, by their careful representation of minor parts, maintained the character of the theatre for general as well as individual efficiency. Mme. ROSA DEVRIES, who sang very rarely, nevertheless made a strong impression as the heroine in *Maria di Rohan*; and Mlle. PAREPA, a new-comer (from Lisbon), with a good voice and considerable talent, appeared once, and only once, as Elvira in the *Puritani*. Mlle. COTTI was painstaking as usual, in the small parts with which she was intrusted.

Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE may be separately alluded to, since she was not a regular member of the establishment. Her first appearance on any stage took place, as will be remembered, in *La Sonnambula*, and her successful impersonation of Amina was followed, some time later, by a not less happy essay as the unfortunate Lucy of *Lammermoor*. These were Mlle. Balfe's only performances; but the impression she created in both was so marked as to justify flattering anticipations of her future career. She has youth, beauty, a flexible voice of pleasing quality, solid musical acquirements, and (though a beginner), perfect ease upon the stage, in her favor. The rest depends upon herself, and we have little doubt she will leave nothing untried that may aid her in doing credit to the name she bears. Every one will watch her progress with interest, were it only because she is an Englishwoman; and if Mr. Balfe has won a name among foreigners as a composer, there is no reason why Miss Balfe

should not carve out an equally honorable position for herself upon the boards of the Italian Opera by the side of her not unfriendly Italian rivals.

A glance at the foregoing will show that the operas produced this year were the *Puritani*, *Norma*, and *Sonnambula* of Bellini; *Maria di Rohan*, *Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Lucia di Donizetti*; *Don Giovanni* of Mozart; *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* of Verdi. Of these the *Traviata* and *Fra Diavolo* were new to the theatre. A whole session without a single opera of Rossini is perhaps unprecedented since the works of that greatest of Italian composers first took possession of the stage. For Meyerbeer of course we must not look until the erection of the new theatre; but the total neglect of Rossini seems inexplicable. The non-arrival of Lablache no doubt deprived us of the *Barbiere*; where, however, were the *Conte Ory*, *Otello*, and *Matilda di Shabran*—with Madame Bosio, Mario, Gardoni, and Ronconi in the theatre? Rossini has done too much for the prosperity of the Italian Opera to be cast aside, like old raiment, in addition to which he is by no means worn out; on the contrary, he is a vast deal younger, fresher, and more vigorous than some of those who have usurped his place. Signor Verdi is very well after his manner, but we must be careful not to neglect the genuine school of singing too much, or some fine day we may lose it altogether.

That Mr. COSTA should have continued to support his own reputation and that of the theatre by his energetic direction and the undiminished excellence of his band and chorus, is a matter of surprise to no one. Indeed, it is in what the French call the *ensemble* that one of the great charms of the Lyceum performances consists; and how much depends upon the orchestra it is unnecessary to urge. To this desirable result, moreover, no little has been contributed by Mr. W. BEVERLEY as scene painter, and Mr. A. HARRIS, stage-director. The ballet was stronger this season than last, since, besides CERITO, Mlle. PLUNKETT was engaged, and with an excellent troop of subordinates, headed by Mlles. DELECHAUX and ESPER, managed to keep up the attractions of the terpsichorean department after the departure of her admired and experienced predecessor.

Thus Mr. GYE (by the further assistance of Mme. RISTORI and the operatic concerts at Sydenham) has been able to weather out another season in the confined arena of the Lyceum. It is highly creditable to his management that he should have been able to keep this fine company together under such adverse circumstances; but it now behooves him to exert himself strenuously. The public will expect either the new theatre in Covent-garden for next year, or at least a more spacious and commodious edifice than the Lyceum.

The Claqueurs at the Grand Opera, Paris.

[From the Traveller.]

Those enthusiastic Herculeses who sit under the chandelier, and occupy the best places in the pit, rough as their dresses may be, (they always are attired as for popular storms,) stand very well at their bankers' and have their stock-broker and "rentes." Although Addison immortalized "a large black man whom nobody knows," but who "is commonly known by the name of the Trunkmaker in the upper gallery," "claqueurs," or applauders, are unknown in our theatres. They are conspicuous and important in all the Paris theatres, and especially at the Grand Opera. The fly of the fable was not more self-sufficient at the coach's journey-end, than are these lusty commendators when a new opera by Rossini or Meyerbeer commands the applause of the crowded house. They strut and swell, "Heavens! what a triumph we had yesterday!" And they look down with an inexpressible contempt on all persons who purchase, and are not "paid" their seats; the world, if they may be believed, would be waxing towards the devoutly-wished millennium, when the sword should be turned into the

ploughshare, and the lion and lamb lie down together, if "those blackguards who buy tickets" were to run out to extinction with the Dodo and the Maltese poodle, or to disappear with the lost tribes and the lost Pleiad.

These "claqueurs" are terrible fellows. No needy gazeteer or Scotch freebooter ever levied heavier black-mail than these chartered applauders. No one connected with the opera is exempt from their begging-box. The most brilliant "star" of the lyrical and terpsichorean horizon never rises without assuring them of the tenacity of her memory by some valuable consideration. No trembling candidate for choreographic or musical honors adventures on the maiden "pas" or quaver without propitiating their kind favor by a roll of bank-notes, thickening according to a well-established sliding-scale with the new-comer's ambition. No actor whose talents linger painfully near the verge of mediocrity, ever sees the end of his engagement at hand, without appealing to their good taste by arguments as irresistible and as weighty as he can rake and scrape together from old stockings, savings-bank and usurers, to give him those zealous, hearty, repeated rounds of applause which managers mistake for fame. The authors of new works,—the Scribes, Rossinis and Meyerbeers,—themselves paid tribute to these gods of success. And the great opera bends before their oaken staves and resonant hands, and respectfully places pit-tickets in their begging-box as peace-offerings.

The most celebrated of these vicarious trumpeters of fame, was a fellow named Auguste, who, after having "procured the success" of *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and several other celebrated and forgotten pieces, has retired full of years, honor and wealth to a suburban villa, where, after marrying his daughters well and setting up his sons, he fights over old battles and tells of the feats of prowess "he," Meyerbeer and Rossini accomplished, with unvarying success,—for his cellar, his larder and his cook make no bad "claqueurs." A common gift of well-kept cellars, larders and cooks, which give the salt and the diamond-dust everywhere to many a joke which else had fallen unflavored and dull! How he delights to describe those maiden performances of great works, when in his pea-green or red-brown coat he sat under the great chandelier and led on his troop, so skillfully distributed in the vast pit of the Opera that when the "gredins de billets payants" came in, they found themselves imprisoned in the meshes he had spread! How contemptuously he speaks of the "claqueurs" of the other theatres, who have, he says, nothing in the world to do, as plays are easily "carried," for they require nothing but hearty laughers, and the public is never angry with a laugh, while applauders are frequently menaced with "the door."

These discounters of the public applause weigh rather heavily upon the manager, it being the custom to give them a hundred pit-tickets the night of first performances, forty or fifty when the opera has obtained slight success, and twenty when the most popular opera is performed,—no small usury, for the price of pit-tickets is never less than a dollar! They are well organized into ten divisions, each commanded by a lieutenant, who sees that the signals given by the chief are faithfully obeyed. The chief, of course, has the lion's share of the profits, which generally ranges from six to eight thousand dollars a year. Indeed, he is the only person the manager knows, and the subalterns hold their seats entirely at his good pleasure. None but the lieutenants receive pecuniary rewards. The others are presumed to be remunerated by the pleasure they receive in hearing fine music and seeing long dances and short petticoats gratuitously.

LOVE AND MELODY.—Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, said a pretty thing when he said this:

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love:
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 22, 1857.

Music for the Million—Promenade Concerts.
III.

The Concerts at the Music Hall go on, apparently with increasing interest. The brass bands blow their loudest, with the aid of drums, occasionally alternating from the stunning to the sentimental. The people promenade, or sit and talk or listen, if being stunned is listening. The music is perhaps very good for its kind, but it is not good for a music hall; at all events it ought to be and might be a great deal better. But it is a hopeful sign that such cheap, frequent concerts are supported. It is good that multitudes should be amused and cheered on any musical pretext. And it is good that the musicians find employment, since without sure support how can we expect them to improve and give us the best music. We regard this year's experiment as settling the question that the public need such free and easy concerts in the summer evenings, and are ready to support them at least reasonably well. The question now is for another year: How can we have *better* concerts, *better* music?

We have already shown that the selections at these concerts for the most part are not good; that they are too much subject to the conditions of the mere military brass band, the legitimate music of which is too loud, too martial, or too monotonous for indoor concerts, while its efforts (by way of "arrangements") to reproduce operatic, orchestral, or ballad music, are coarse and characterless. Every person, whose musical or moral sensibilities are at all fine, must sympathize with a writer in the *Courier* who thus describes his impressions after one of these concerts:

We were displeased with the noisy character of the performance. All the *forte* passages were given with an ear-splitting vehemence which disturbed the nerves and made one tremble for the *tympanum* of his ears. The conductor should remember that in bands made up of brass instruments and drums, the tendency is to excess, and all his study should be directed to create a temperance which shall give smoothness to the loudest utterances. We want volumes of sound, but not folio volumes. But the performers last night, so far from observing these rules, seemed animated with an emulative zeal as to which could make the most noise. The trumpets sounded, and the drums roared their utmost, and it appeared as if the object was, not to please a Boston audience, but to beat down the walls of some airy Jericho. We almost trembled for the stability of the Music Hall. It is only a variation of the above criticism, to say that the style of playing was too antithetical. The transitions from the *piano* to the *forte* passages were most uncomfortably abrupt, and jarred painfully upon the sense.

We have already spoken of the kinds of music proper to brass instruments, and showed how limited or else how exceptional an instrumental programme must be without something better than a mere brass band. This brings us to our second topic.

2. The essential thing in going to such concerts is, not to hear this, that or the other band, or set of instruments or performers, but to hear a good selection and variety of musical pieces, well presented and interpreted. Now if our concerts are to be in the Music Hall, or in any hall, we say what we want is, not only not a brass band, but

not any military band at all. We want an orchestra; a combination of stringed instruments with reeds and brass, &c. As we have before said, it is when our brass musicians transform themselves into a small dance orchestra, with a few violins, &c., and play a nice set of Strauss waltzes, or something suited to their powers, that they give most pleasure. It is perhaps still a question whether any combination numerous enough to be called an orchestra, will "pay"; the bands are small, numbering but sixteen or eighteen members each. But we are confident that with a small orchestra, of thirty or at least twenty-five instruments—on the model, say, of the "Germania"—the music would be so much better and so much more attractive as to pay quite as well as the brass bands. In that case, the musical selections might be incomparably better. We would not ask that they should be mainly "classical," or such as to demand very serious and studious attention. Let them be as "light" as you will; but let it be really tasteful, beautiful, refining, genial music, music that has poetry and life in it. We would not exclude the "arranged" scenes from operas, but only ask for *good* selections; and such an orchestra could translate them to us with some appreciating delicacy, whereas they sound coarse and vulgar, especially the solos, from a brass band. We would have a very liberal supply of Strauss, Labitzky, Lannsr waltzes: for what is fitter for a promenade? and what "light" music is more graceful and inspiring than some of the best of this kind? Then Overtures would sound like overtures, which we have heard so bunglingly and so absurdly rendered by nothing but brass instruments. Thus the whole field of overtures, the most delightful and at the same time popular form of instrumental music, would be open to us; and the chance promenade, who should drop in of a summer night, might be edified by some of the best thoughts of Rossini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven. Even a portion of a Symphony, a lively Scherzo, or a pathetic Andante, or the whole of one of the lighter Symphonies by Haydn, would find quite as general audience, and on the part of many far more earnest and delighted audience, than the stunning brass band pieces, and the tedious solos which go out at one ear as fast as they come in at the other. Here would be music at once cheap, popular and refining; music that would help to elevate the public taste.

But we want also concerts in the open air. Music on the Common, in the squares, is more and more demanded. For this we need a Band, but not a *brass* band, not a military band, at least of the kind now in vogue. There should be a band of at least forty instruments, instead of only eighteen. It should be composed in great part of gentler materials than mere ear-splitting brass, and organized to gentler ends. (Nor is the whimpering, emasculated *false* *setto* of brass tubes and cornets the kind of gentleness required; we want not the imitation, but the real thing.) Now, where we ask again, is the impracticability of our old suggestion, of a *Civic* Band—not a military band—to be organized and in part supported by the city, as a municipal institution, which shall be large enough, and composed of the right proportions of clarinets, flutes, bassoons, French horns, trumpets, tubas, &c., to furnish appropriate music for all civic and not military

public celebrations, processions, festivals, &c., and also to play, at the public charge, upon the Common and elsewhere for the delectation of the masses in the summer evenings? Such an institution would be a blessing to our city; it would afford employment to a goodly number of musicians, inspiring them with worthier ambition to rise above the mere clap-trap and noise of their profession. Besides such employment as the city would afford, such a band would of course be in demand for college commencements, and all kinds of academic, literary, artistic, peaceful and refined festivities. It could give concerts of its own in gardens and fit places. If the city will not start it, why will not some energetic and competent musician try to organize it among the musicians themselves?

Ditson & Co.'s New Music Stores.

Few persons, except those directly engaged in the business, have any conception of the extent of the Music Trade of our country, or of the amount of capital invested in its various branches. Omitting for the present all mention of Piano manufacture, we will limit our remarks to the music publishing, of which some idea may be formed from a brief description of a visit we have made to the new and extensive building, No. 277 Washington street, erected by Mr. Oliver Ditson, expressly for the business of the firm. It is a fine structure, five stories in height, granite front, covering an area of twenty-five feet frontage with a depth of nearly one hundred feet, and extending through from Washington street to Jackson Place. In beauty of architectural proportions and general appearance, it is unsurpassed by any structure of the kind in this city, and we think we can safely say in any on this continent.

Entering from Washington street, we found ourselves in a store fitted up for the retail trade with exquisite neatness and superior taste. The stock here embraces every variety, both of American and foreign Music, with clerks to each department constantly employed in answering the continuous demands of the public. There is no music, either in the form of sheet or book, published in this country, that may not here be found, besides a large and well-selected stock of foreign music. Here are compositions of every name and nature, from the standard productions of the masters, down through every grade, to the first effort of the novice in the art, whose bantling melody is looking up for public favor. The long period which this house has been established, enables it to furnish, in addition to all the publications of the present day, works that are often said to be "out of print;" and this fact directs the attention and patronage of dealers and amateurs to it from all parts of the Union.

The contents of the various compartments are designated by tasteful "letters of gold" above them. On the right we noticed, first "Instrumental Music," followed by "Foreign Music" and "Jobbing Music"—this last being conveniently assorted for supplies to other dealers. On the left, "Vocal Music," "Guitar Music" and "Music Books." Of course these general departments are subdivided many times, in order to establish a system, without strict adherence to which, a business so multitudinous in its branches could not be carried on. Beyond the specimen books on the left, are two stairways—one leading to the piano and other rooms above, the other to the basement. We descend the latter, and having done so, begin to get our eyes open somewhat to the magnitude of the business. We thought we had seen some sheet music on the ground floor, but it was nothing compared to the *cords* of it below. This department, devoted more especially to

the wholesale trade, is completely filled with shelving, extending not only upon every side, but in addition thereto, two tiers also from floor to ceiling running the entire length of the centre. There are also shelves under the side-walk, and in every available place. All of these shelves are packed with sheet music, and contain in the aggregate about 4000 cubic feet of this article.

There are two prominent features in this room to which we must allude. The first is a large safe for the security of the engraved music plates. It is large enough to hold quite a dinner party. We were told that it contains, easily, fifty thousand plates, and, by some contrivance, sixty thousand! Yet, notwithstanding its capaciousness, we found it closely filled, and a loud call for "more room" seemed to come to us from the crowded inmates. Further on, a large steam-boiler, calculated to do its work on the self-adjusting plan, is waiting for the frost of winter to call it into action. From this, steam will be conducted to every room, diffusing throughout the building a wholesome, genial and natural warmth.

Directly over the first floor—that of the retail and transient business—is the Piano-Forte Room. A large number of pianos, of every description, are continually kept for sale, besides which a considerable business is done in renting pianos and melodeons.

On the third floor is the "Book Room," in itself a National curiosity. Few have any idea of the number and variety of music books issued from the American press alone. Messrs. Ditson & Co.'s list of their own publications in this line comprises: of Piano-Forte instruction, 36 volumes; Primers, Catechisms, Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, &c., 12 volumes; Organ Instruction and Music for the same, 25 volumes; Melodeon and Seraphine Instruction and Music, 9 volumes; Guitar and Harp, 11 volumes; Vocal Instruction and Exercises, 41 volumes; Flute, 29 volumes; Violin, 17 volumes; Accordeon, 11 volumes; Miscellaneous Instruments, 15 volumes; Composition, Harmony, Thorough Bass, and Treatises on Music, 17 volumes; Brass Instruments, 9 volumes; Collections of Instrumental Music, 30 volumes; of Vocal Music, Operas, Glee, &c., 76 volumes; Juvenile Music Books, 16 volumes; and of Sacred Music, 68 volumes. The room devoted to this part of the business extends through the entire length and breadth of the building. On every side are capacious bins, each book having its place, all well filled, and presenting a fine appearance. It is fair to estimate the contents of this apartment at not less than *two hundred thousand volumes!* Here you may find not only a Method of Instruction and music for every instrument, but several instruction books for each, meeting all tastes and requirements.

On the fourth floor is a large stock of printing papers, colored papers for covers, books in sheets, music paper, folios, and blank music books. Here also a portion of the music plate punchers and engravers are located. Above this, on the fifth floor, the music printing is executed. Twelve presses are here constantly in operation, employing about twenty workmen. We should mention in this connection that these presses are worked for sheet music alone, that for books being printed by steam power in another part of the city. The books being mostly stereotyped, are printed on steam presses of the modern, fast stamp, by means of which they can be furnished at a cheap rate to the public.

The amount of printing paper used at this establishment is not less than one hundred thousand reams yearly, and is annually increasing. The building is complete in every particular. Cochituate water is conveyed to every part of it; gas fixtures are arranged in every room: speaking tubes extend to every floor from the first; goods are conveyed through all six floors by means of a powerful wheel,

and a huge platform running in grooves, and the rooms being open on two streets are amply provided with air and light.

As we descended from the printing rooms and took a cursory glance, in review, of the various departments and their uses, we were deeply impressed with the immensity of the business that could call such an edifice into existence, and so fully employ every available portion of it for its constant use. No. 277 Washington street is an institution which, considered in the influence it exerts by its numerous publications, or, in a pecuniary point of view, in its general bearing on the prosperity of our city, may be justly deemed an honor not only to Boston, but to the whole Union.

Musical Chat-Chat.

LABLACHE.—The whole civilized world, certainly that part of it that goes to the opera, whether in London, New York, San Francisco or Melbourne, will rejoice to hear that the *great* Lablache is not dead, as was erroneously reported last week. Lablache will have the opportunity of reading his obituaries in the newspapers of every continent, within a week or two, and will thus enjoy a new proof of the universality of his reputation.

MADAME FREZZOLINI, who has been engaged by Mr. Ullman for the coming operatic season, at the Academy of Music in New York, arrived in that city on Thursday, in the steamship Arabia. She sang last, we believe, in Paris. Mr. Ullman has also effected an engagement with *FORMES*, the celebrated baritone, so that we shall have no lack of bright stars in our operatic firmament. Every year we hear the same story that we are to have no opera in Boston, and they try to persuade us that these stars are not to shine upon us—that this firmament will not shine for us, but experience makes us exclaim with Galileo: *E pur si muove*. It assuredly will come round to us.

CHARLES C. PERKINS, Esq. has, as we understand, resigned his Professorship at Hartford, (we hope not permanently), and sailed with his family in the Persia, on Wednesday last, intending to spend some time in Europe. We wish him a happy voyage and safe return.

OLIVER DITSON & Co. on Wednesday evening received their friends in their new store, of which a full description will be found in another column. The guests were received by Mr. Ditson, and shown over the building in every department. The Germania Band was in attendance through the evening, playing some of their finest selections of music, and an elegant table spread in an upper chamber, amply satisfied all the wants of the inner man of the guests, who departed with most cordial wishes of continued prosperity to Mr. Ditson.

The New York Academy of Music announces "Grand Sacred Concerts," "Mighty Oratorios," &c., &c., for Sunday evenings.

A "Musical Convention," under the direction of Messrs. FROST and HAMILTON, was held for three days at the Tremont Temple last week, in connection with which three miscellaneous concerts were given, in which choruses performed by the Temple choir, songs, duets, &c., by members and pupils, and especially the splendid organ playing of Mr. MORGAN, from New York, were the attraction. The third and last concert took place Thursday evening, when Mr. Morgan played Weber's overture to *Preciosa*, a "Thunder-Storm," (hardly equal to the one roaring and flashing without,) and a more ingenious than edifying fantasy on "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

BOCHSA, we read, did not leave \$50,000 to *Mme. BISHOP*, as was stated; he died poor, and left her so.

The design for the *HANDEL* monument, for his native city Halle, by the Berlin sculptor *Heidel*, is already modelled. A German paper says: "*Han-*del is represented in all his energetic and spiritually significant peculiarity, as ruler in the realms of tune. With a conductor's baton, his commander's staff, in his right hand, and leaning upon the score of the *Messiah*, which lies open upon a desk, ornamented with carved wood-work, in the style of the eighteenth century, he stands in calm, self-conscious worth, though inwardly moved and full of mental loftiness—a man, and a strongly marked character.

Advertisements.

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THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

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ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thawing, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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Translated for this Journal.

Thoughts on the Lefty Value of Music.

BY E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

It cannot be denied, that of late years, Heaven be praised! a taste for Music has been spreading, until to some extent it is considered a necessary part of education to have children taught in the art; wherefore in every house which makes any pretensions to respectability a piano-forte or at least a guitar is to be found. A few despisers of this most assuredly beautiful art are still to be found here and there; and to give such persons a well-deserved lesson—this is my present purpose and duty.

The object of Art in general is no other than to afford a pleasant recreation to men, and thus to divert their thoughts pleasantly from their serious, or rather their only respectable business—the gaining of bread and honor in the state—so that they may return with redoubled attention and zeal to the real objects of their existence, viz: to be busy cog-wheels in the fulling-mill of the state, and to stick to my metaphor, whirl and buzz away. Now there is no art more fitted to secure these objects than music. The reading of a romance or poem, even if so well chosen that it throughout shall contain nothing in the least degree fanatical or absurd, as is the case of so many now-a-days, and is not calculated in the slightest degree to excite the fancy, which is in fact the worst part of our original sinful nature, and to be with all our might repressed—such reading, I say, is still in so far unpleasant, as that it necessarily obliges one to give some thought to that which he reads; and this is clearly opposed to the end aimed at, namely, diversion. This also holds good in listening to another when read-

ing; for if the attention flags one easily falls asleep or into a train of serious thought; and all serious thoughts should have their regular periods of rest in the spiritual life of a good business man. The looking at a picture can last but a few minutes, for the interest in it is lost as soon as the beholder has guessed what it is intended to represent.

Now, in case of music, none but those miserable despisers of this noble art can deny that a successful composition—that is, such a one as keeps within due bounds and gives one sweet melody after another, without blustering, or letting itself run into all sorts of ridiculous contrapuntal modulations and resolutions—affords a wondrously sweet delight, under which thinking is absolutely needless, or, at all events, no earnest thoughts arise, but only a delicious ever changing variety of the lightest and pleasantest, of which the person is hardly conscious what they are all about. But we may go further, and enquire, "Is any one hindered, during the performance of music, from joining with his neighbor in conversation upon any and all subjects in the political or moral world, and thus reaping a double benefit in a most pleasing manner?" On the contrary, this is strongly to be advised, since music, as any one can see for himself in concerts and musical circles, renders conversation uncommonly easy. In the pauses of the music all is still, but when it begins again, begins also the stream of speech to rush and swell, with the tones which come from the performers, ever more and more. Many a maiden, whose conversation usually is according to the text, "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," passes during music into such as, according to the same text, is evil,—though in this case it is evidently good, since by it a lover or even a husband, carried away by the sweetness of her seldom heard speech, falls into her snares. Heavens! how incomprehensible are the uses of good music!

Go with me, ye miserable contemners of the noble art, into the family circle, where the father, weary with the serious business of the day, in dressing-gown and slippers smokes his pipe in joy and peace, to the fiddle of his eldest son. Has not the dutiful Rosie merely on his account got by note the Dessau march, and "Bloom thou sweet Violet," and does she not already play them so sweetly that the mother lets tears of joy fall upon the stocking which she is even now darning? Would not at length the cries of the youngest heir, cheering by their strength of lung, but anxious in their tones, become annoying to him, but that the sound of the children's music holds all together in rhythm and tone?

If thy sense, however, be quite closed against this family idyl, the triumph of simple nature, go

with me to that house with its brilliantly lighted plate glass windows. Thou enterest the hall; the steaming tea-machine is the focus about which elegant gentlemen and ladies revolve. Card-tables are drawn out, but the cover of the piano-forte also flies open, and also music serves for a pleasant amusement and recreation. Well chosen, it will disturb no one, for even the card-players hear it with patience, though with higher things employed—loss and gain. What shall I, finally, say of grand public concerts, which afford the noblest opportunities to speak to this, that or the other friend, with a musical accompaniment? or if one is still young enough to play the lover, to exchange sweet words with this or that lady, for which indeed the music itself may serve as a theme. These concerts are indeed the true place for the recreation of the business man, and is to be preferred to the theatre, since the latter sometimes offers performances which fix the attention improperly upon that which is in itself nothing or false, so that one runs the danger of falling into poetry, against which, every one whose honor as a citizen is dear to him, must beware;—in short, as I began by saying, it is a decisive token how fully the real tendency of music is recognized, that it is now studied with so much diligence and taught with so much zeal. How appropriate it is that children, even though they have not the slightest talent for art, which has nothing to in this matter, are kept to their music, so that, even if they can add nothing to the intellectual pleasures of society, yet at least can do their part in furnishing amusement and recreation!

It is indeed a brilliant advantage which Music has over all the other arts, that in its purity (that is unconnected with words) it is throughout moral, and therefore in no possible circumstances can have an injurious influence upon our tender youth. Every police director hesitates not to grant his certificate to the inventor of a new instrument of music, that it contains nothing which can operate against the state, religion or good morals; with the same freedom can every music teacher assure papa and mamma, that the new sonata contains not *one* immoral thought. As the children advance in years, it is a matter of course that they must gradually give up their musical practice, since it is hardly the right thing for serious men, and women may by it be easily led away from the higher duties of society, &c. They now only enjoy music passively, causing it to be played by their children or by professional artists.

From a right understanding of the tendency of Art it follows of course, that artists—that is, those persons who (foolishly enough, certainly!) devote their whole lives to a business which

serves only for diversion and amusement—are to be considered as of a lower class, and only to be borne with because they bring into practice the *miscere utile dulci*. No man of sound understanding and ripe experience would think of ranking the best artist so high as the industrious clerk, nay, as the mechanic who upholstered the cushion upon which the judge in his chambers or the trader in his office sits, since in this latter case the satisfaction of a necessity is the object, in the former the only aim is pleasure. When therefore one treats an artist in a polite and friendly manner, it is but the result of our high culture and good nature, which lead us to treat with kindness and favor children and other persons who amuse us. Many of these unhappy enthusiasts awake too late from their dreams and actually become more or less crazy about art. According to them, art gives men an insight into his higher nature, and draws him from the brutalizing influences of his daily routine in common life into the Isis-temple, where Nature communes with him in sacred, unheard, yet intelligible language. These victims of insanity cherish the strangest ideas upon music; they call it the most romantic of the arts, its end being the infinite—the mysterious Sanscrit of nature, speaking in tones, and filling the human heart with an infinite longing, and only through it, they say, does man understand the lofty song of—the trees, flowers, animals, the stones and the waters!

The utterly useless tricks of counterpoint, which add nothing to the amusement of the hearer, and thus fail of reaching the real object of music, they call “awe-inspiring mysterious combinations,” and go so far as to compare them with fantastic wreaths of the mosses, herbs and flowers. The talent, or in the words of these fools, the genius of music glows, say they, in the breast of him who cherishes and studies art, and wastes him away in its unquenchable flame, if he allows meaner things to cover up or extinguish the divine spark. As to those who, as I began by stating, judge correctly of the true tendency of Art and especially of Music, they call them ignorant blasphemers; who must be forever shut out from the sanctuary of our higher nature, and thus make public exhibition of their folly. For I ask with confidence, who is best off—the officer of state, the merchant, living upon his money, who eats and drinks well, has his own carriage, and whom all men greet with respect, or the artist, who just keeps up a miserable existence in his fantastic world? True, these fools assert that poetic elevation above the common and low things of life is a very peculiar matter, and that many a deprivation thus becomes a source of enjoyment; but I answer, the emperors and kings of the mad-house, with crowns of straw upon their heads, are also happy!

But the best proof that all this is mere stuff and nonsense, and that they only talk thus to calm their consciences for having neglected the useful, is this, that there is scarcely an artist to be found who has become such from his own free will, nearly all of them being from the lower classes, children of poor and obscure parentage, or of artists, they become what they are through necessity, opportunity, or hopelessness of any good fortune among the really useful classes. And this will be the case with these fantasies forever. In fact, should it chance that some wealthy family of high rank should be so un-

happy as to have a child, specially organized by nature for art, or who, to use the ridiculous language of these addleheads, “bears in his heart the divine spark which burns and struggles against all opposition,”—should this child in fact become crazy for art and an artistic life, then a good tutor, by means of a well adapted mental training, for instance, by depriving him of all fantastic spiritual diet, (poetry, and the so-called strong compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.) also by continually repeated representations of the subordinate position of every art, and the humiliating position of the artist without rank, title or wealth—may very easily bring the erring young subject into the right path again, so that he at last will manifest a proper contempt for art and artists; an excellent remedy against such eccentricity, which cannot be carried too far. As to those poor devils of artists, who have not yet fallen into the insanity described above, I think I do them a real service when I advise them, as a means of escaping in some degree from an existence without useful aim or end, to learn and practice some easy mechanical employment in addition to their art; they will then surely to some extent be recognized as useful members of the community. A person qualified to judge has told me, that I have a hand well adapted to the manufacture of slippers, and I am not indisposed to betake myself, for the purpose of setting a good example, to slipper-maker-master Schandler of our town, who is also my godfather.

In looking over what I have written, I find the craziness of many a musician very happily depicted, and with a secret shudder feel that I am in no small degree a partaker in their insanity. The devil whispers in my ear, that much of this which I so honestly intend, may appear to them abominable irony; but I affirm again, that all my words are directed against you, ye despisers of music, who call the edifying singing and piano-forte playing of children unprofitable jingle; and will listen to music but as a mysterious, sublime art, only worthy of them—against you are my words aimed, and with strong weapons in my hand have I proved to you that music is a noble and profitable invention of the illustrious Tubal Cain, which amuses men, diverts their thoughts, and that it tends to domestic happiness—the highest object of every cultivated man—in a pleasant and satisfactory manner.

[From the New York Musical World.]

Music in Universities.

Conceding the desirableness of some musical education in our colleges, we are at once met by the practical question, *How shall it be taught?* We have our notions in the matter: others will doubtless have different ones. Comparison and discussion may determine what perhaps is best or best worth trying; and we would that public attention could be so directed to the subject that something practical should be actually done.

Evidently, the musical cultivation of the scholar is not to be that of the artist. He need not dig so deep. To the artist his art is to be the very breath of his nostrils, of his life; while to the scholar, it is to be subordinate to other and severer studies, the ornament and graceful finish of his academical education.

We should not aim to make Musicians. To them the Academy of Music and the Conservatoire are open. Nor, on the other hand, would we advocate smattering superficiality in the musical education of the college. Let the instruction be thorough, so far as it goes. Let it be solid, let it be true and earnest. Then may those in whom

nature has implanted a strong desire to go further, to dig deeper, go to the Conservatoire, to the Academy, and give to the well-trained mind of the scholar a complete education in Art. The academical training will not quench the divine spark. May it not be that it shall even supply the materials for a stronger and undying flame by the more even balance of the intellectual powers that is attained by extensive and varied culture? Would not the musician gain by having this knowledge added to his artistic education?

As the musical culture of the student, therefore, is to be entirely subordinate to his general studies, we would not teach the Art as (so far as we can learn from books), it is done, or was “of old time,” in English Universities. We would have none of those pedantic acquisitions that were then required of the candidate for musical degrees. We would not catechise him in the theories of Boethius, nor would we have him able to write an anthem in five real parts, fit to be performed in public. “*tam vocibus quam instrumentis etiam musicis*,” as was the case in former times. In England, of late years, however, so far as we can ascertain, the musical education in the universities has fallen into neglect. The foundations of the professorships are there, but the professors exert no living influence, and are of little consideration among their brethren who teach the humanities and sciences that are in higher repute.

In our colleges we teach the application of science to the useful arts, but we do not make machinists. The professor in this department does not pretend to do this. He gives his classes an outline of the great elementary fundamental principles of mechanical science. If his students will know more than this, if they would build locomotives or cotton looms, they must go to the machine shop, and place themselves amid the ponderous clang of the triphammers, and the whirl and hiss of the steam engine; they must lay down their books at times, and take up the cold chisel and the file.

The powerful intellect, and the searching computations of a Peirce may give to the world the description of the formation and materials of the rings of Saturn, or the laws that govern the form of great continents; Agassiz may tell us the order of creation and of the races of men, but their students do not learn such things of them. The great mathematician teaches them that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The great naturalist counts the vertebrae of the skeleton of a cat, or shows them a fish swimming in a milk pan. They teach these simplest elements—the A B C of their sciences. They are training their thousand students to use science for the common purposes of life. But probably not one of this thousand will ever soar in the higher flight to which the masters have ascended.

So, we do not hope to rear young Handels and Beethovens in our colleges. They are the men who come centuries apart, it may be, whom Nature herself raises up in the fulness of time. But we want to give a general though superficial acquaintance with the principles of the Art, to give, so far as may be, some practical knowledge of its processes to those who are capable to receive it, some knowledge of the history of the Art, and of the lives and works of its great men—to kindle some enthusiasm and love for the Art itself, to all.

This is to be the work of the Professor, of whom, perhaps, and of whose duties, we may speak hereafter.

[From the London Musical World.]

Fourth Letter from Ferdinand Hiller.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIN-LA-CHAPPELLE.

The Artists' Concert—The Männergesang-Verein—Social.

Why have people all agreed in naming the third concert, the concert of solo performances, at our musical festivals, the Artists' Concert! Are not artists concerned to a far greater extent at the other performances, and do they not especially

interest themselves for the first two evenings? It ought to be called the Public's Concert, since it is that concert which generally attracts the greatest crowd of listeners, to whom variety is more acceptable than quantity, and difference than uniformity, apart from the interest taken in virtuosity, which for all eternity will always preponderate in our art. The Artists' Concert, since it is to be so called, was very well arranged at this year's festival, although (for when is it not the case in this world) far from being perfection. It commenced with one of Mendelssohn's weaker productions, the overture to *Ruy Blas*. I recollect Mendelssohn's playing this composition to Liszt and myself a short time after it was finished, and, what was not usually his custom, making a short prefatory speech, in which he informed us how he had written the work in a few days for a benefit of the Pension Fund, to oblige the Leipzig orchestra. Liszt was of opinion that "the time had nothing to do with the matter" an assertion which, however true it sounds, does not always hold good. Mendelssohn, by the way, did not publish the overture himself; it did not appear until after his death, and, although it was right not to deprive the public of it, this reserve on the part of the composer is peculiarly worthy of attention.

With regard to the performance of the work in Aix-la-Chapelle, I may describe it pretty accurately by referring to what I said when speaking of Schubert's Symphony. It was followed by an alto aria, "Sehnsucht," composed by a young Dutch musician, R. Hol, and sung by his pleasing countrywoman from Amsterdam. It contains warm feeling, and a great deal of real musical invention; it was given by the fair vocalist, for whose voice it is well suited, with far more self-possession and freedom than she displayed in the earlier concerts. The *adagio* appeared somewhat spun out; whether it really was so, or whether it was taken too slowly, I do not venture to decide. It was, by the way, very badly accompanied, and there was a whole multitude of errors, which struck every one, in the parts intrusted to the wind-instruments. Herr Singer, *Concertmeister* from Weimar, a young *virtuoso*, who has, especially of late years, achieved great success, executed Beethoven's well-known violin concerto—so divinely beautiful, particularly in the first two movements. It struck me that Herr Singer did not play, this evening, with that *abandon* required by Beethoven's work, which, by the way, after Joachim's conception and execution of it, has become a very difficult task for every violinist. Herr Singer was certain, sure, and finished—proving himself an excellent violinist—but he exhibited less warmth than I could have desired, both for his own sake and for ours: this, however, did not prevent a large amount of applause from being bestowed on him. It is to be hoped that, on some other occasion, we shall become more nearly and better acquainted with him.

With a small cantata, written in the purest and almost Mozartian style, for a tenor with chorus, by Cherubini, Herr Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle, achieved a triumph which must greatly encourage him. This young man's fine voice, and his simple, unvarnished style, especially in the second part of the air, were displayed to the greatest advantage. If Herr Göbbels (who, since last summer, has been a pupil of our Rhenish School of Music, and more particularly of Herr Reinthaler), devotes himself some time longer to his studies, and strictly subordinates the social to the artistic side of the musical career which will then begin for him, he has a fine future before him. Haus von Bülow, Liszt's favorite pupil, who was preceded by a considerable amount of reputation from Berlin, fully justified that reputation. He is, evidently, a very able *virtuoso*, although his master's concerto did not afford him an opportunity of showing himself under any very varied aspect. Perfectly developed technical skill, a full, round touch, great quietness and certainty, were the qualities which, above all others, struck the audience this evening. The composition of the concerto did not find the least echo in the breasts either of laymen or musicians. There may be clever touches in it, just as the first principal

motive is characteristic enough, but the impression produced by the whole is totally inharmonious, and the second tempo, recurring towards the end, obtains, from the continuous accompaniment of triangles and cymbals, a certain character, which I hesitate describing more particularly in spite of all the freedom with which I pen these lines. The public who, generally speaking, took a lively interest in Liszt, did not appear capable of making up their minds to seize the opportunity, the only one during the evening, of bestowing on him willing applause.

The second part commenced with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. However much may be said against this composition, no one will ever think of denying the talent with which the various pieces of the opera are arranged in it, or, especially, the effect of the broadly-imagined conclusion. A more detailed musical analysis would not be in place here, but I cannot refrain from the observation that it is to me incomprehensible why Wagner has appropriated such an overwhelming space in the overture to demonically nervous sensual gratification, while he does not allow the opposite feeling, so strongly marked in the opera, by Elizabeth and Wolfgang, to be perceptible. The matter of *Tannhäuser* (I am speaking of the opera) is not exhausted with the Venusberg and the pious pilgrimages, but where, in the overture, is there anything to remind you of "der Liebe reinstes Wesen?"

This, however, is Wagner's business. The execution, for which Liszt is said (I was not present myself) to have paved the way with especial energy at the rehearsal, was strong and fiery, but, in spite of the presence of the composer's *alter ego*, exceedingly monotonous, and I anticipated more from it. The applause was tumultuous, but did not come up to the expectations of those who had been at the rehearsal in the morning.

The profoundly feeling air (in A) from Gluck's *Iphigenia* was sung by Herr Schneider with such warmth, that it was here and there feared he might overdo it. But he always remained within the limit, so easily overstept, which separates truth of expression from exaggeration, and which, especially in the case of this music, must always be most strictly observed. Herr Schneider gained great and merited applause. Mme. von Milde then sang the air ("Abscheulicher") from *Fidelio*. If I am not totally deceived, the impression she created was the most powerful that had been produced in the course of the entire festival—as people say, she hit the target right in the bull's-eye and carried off the prize. It would only be by the aid of a more magnificent voice that any other singer, supposing her conception to be equal, could surpass her: as far as her style of execution, or rather her pure re-production of Beethoven's glowing tones, she appeared, to me at least, altogether unsurpassable.

The concert concluded with Handel's "Hallelujah," which, as Liszt on this occasion allowed things to take their own course, stood out far more strongly and better than on Sunday.

On Wednesday morning there was a *matinée*, at which I regret I was unable to be present. Mme. von Milde, Singer, Bülow, and Mme. Pohl, were engaged in it. With regard to the latter lady, I must supply an omission in my account—namely: that, by her certain and musical style, she did full justice to the harp solos in "Des Sängers Fluch;" as a matter of course, no great triumph of virtuosity was to be achieved, and neither the composer nor the fair performer intended that it should be.

We know that, for a long time, male chorus singing has been cultivated, at Aix-la-Chapelle, with peculiar partiality and with great success. I had an opportunity of convincing myself of this, since, on the evening before Whitsuntide, the Liedertafel assembled under its director, Herr Wenigmann, while, on the following afternoon, the Concordia, under the direction of Herr Acken, kept, so to speak, open house. Both associations contain strong, agreeable voices; and most of the compositions I heard were sung with great precision and delicate attention to light and shade. If I avoid assigning one of these asso-

ciations precedence over the other, I have good reasons for so doing. The courage of every mortal man has its limits—once arrived at the domain of the Männergessang-Verein, mine ceases to exist. During the sitting of the Liedertafel which was embellished by the presence of some most fair and lovely listeners, Herr von Bronsart, a pupil of Liszt, played with a great deal of bravura, and amidst much applause, a Rhapsody of the latter's. At the *matinée* of the Concordia (where, also, there were a great many handsome women present) Herr — performed a poetical "Welcome" with a great deal of warmth and general approbation. This brings me to the social doings during the days of the Festival, which were rather lively. I belonged to the *Ruellensingers*, and did not go much into other localities. At the mid-day, or rather afternoon meal, as well as of an evening, after the concerts, we led a very agreeable life, with a highly respectable amount of feasting, laughing, drinking, and now and then, I will not deny, with a little complaining, though neither of the wine nor the attendance.

Of foreigners, the Belgians and Dutch mustered in the largest number, but Englishmen, piano-forte players, musical directors, and, in a word, almost all nations were represented. There was a tolerably complete mustering of our leading Rhenish musicians—and, with regard to more distant places, Mangold had come from Darmstadt, and Schmitt from Schwerin. Professor Heimsoeth, of Bonn, was a passionate attendant at rehearsals; but we had to regret the absence of Professor Jabn, who had accustomed us, during the last two musical festivals, to his agreeable presence.

When, in addition to this, I shall have informed you, which, however, you have previously presumed, that all the members of the Committee, with perfect abnegation of self, undertook all sorts of kind offices; that there was, especially to the grand rehearsals, a most extraordinary rush on the part of the public, and that, judging from appearances, at least, there was every hope that the Festival would be more satisfactory in its financial than in its musical results, I think—that I have still forgotten a great deal. But I am completely worn out; never in my life, I believe, did I write so much in one breath. Besides, I have to prepare myself for my journey to Mannheim. How shall I fare there, I wonder? At any rate, if I fare badly, I have, by these letters, deserved no better, and that is a great consolation; for, in my opinion, it is far less hard to suffer when you are guilty than when you are innocent.

At all events, most honored sir, give me your journalistic blessing to take with me on my journey—it will certainly bring me luck!

Yours, ever truly, FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, 6th June, 1857.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Memoranda of Western Travel.

ONALASCA, EIGHT MILES ABOVE }
LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN. }

I sit at an unpainted pine table in a shanty on a swell of land ten rods from the Black river, which joins the Mississippi five miles below. The shanty is in an "oak opening," that is, as the occupant defines it, "scattering oaks with little underbrush, on prairie land." At a little distance these oak openings look like old New England orchards. Some of these oaks overhang the shanty, the builder with unusual kindness cutting a place through his shed for one, instead of cutting it down. Beyond the Black river, which is here about four hundred feet wide, is a level green island, about six miles long and two and a half miles wide, formed by the Black river and a "slew" up from the Mississippi, whose course is indicated by the bluff on its right bank. It is about four miles distant. Walking out for only ten rods, my way is lined with prairie flowers, harebells and columbines. I start up wild

pigeons, and the brown thrush, so shy with us, and with the most perfect of wood-notes, lets me look at her sober-suited but beautiful plumage at only twenty feet distance. In the trees over the shanty the blackbirds from the woods join the robins from the open land. These with other birds would almost wake one from sleep.

The West is just what I expected to find it. It is a paradise for farmers, but there is very little, although that little is remarkable, to gratify an artist. I have seen four noble things since I left Niagara:—Lake Erie, a rolling prairie bounded by the horizon, the Mississippi, and the bluffs which shut it in like walls from Southern Iowa to near St. Paul. Having seen one prairie one has virtually seen all, and, consequently, nearly the whole of what farmers call "the West." One panoramic picture of the bluffs for a mile above Dubuque, paints them for three hundred miles above it, and through these fine but monotonous bluffs *one cannot get a glimpse into the country beyond*. From St. Anthony's Falls up, I am told, the scenery is much more varied and picturesque, for in about that latitude the granite formation commences.

Three days ago I was at Niagara, which I have often visited. The ever fresh and young rapids swept on as joyously, and the green on the perilous edge of the main fall was as wonderful as ever. The first thing and the last thing in visiting Niagara is to banish all *nonsense*, whether it be the sentimentalism of the girl, or the mere *fancies* of the poet. One should sit down before it honestly and simply, neither "pumping up" emotion nor falling into the "clothing upon" habit of oriental poetry,—but waiting quietly, with healthy, sensuous enjoyment, to be subdued instead of trying to subdue. Who ever knew anything of a symphony of Beethoven, until, rejecting all theoretic or sentimental interpretation, he came to honest and wholesome apprehension and enjoyment, and thus finally the mind gave it unity and relation? It is thus only that "the sounding cataract haunts one like a passion." It is thus only that it may come at last to "stand up unto the stars and shake scorn on the jewelled locks of night!" I am almost tempted to say at Niagara to persons sensible if not prosaic at home, but here talking of delight they do not feel: "This is nothing but water. It is clear, and when 'craftily qualified,' good to drink. There is a great deal of it. It is, as parson —, just returned from it, once said in a sermon, 'half a mile wide and several feet deep.' It is perfectly unconscious, and of course isn't in any passion or poetic ecstasy whatever. But how good to look at it is. What comfort one takes in it. How grateful to the face the moisture is, and how grateful to the eye those colors are. Watch the water after it has just taken its leap from that green edge, and see how that outer clinging foam is separated by the air of the descent and springs up like smoke. How stunned the water is by the fall, and how calm it is there a little lower down. —Why, this is almost as good as a sunrise!"

To speak more seriously I should say, (to use, perhaps, the commonplaces of transcendentalism,) that the healthy mind refuses to be suddenly awestruck by what is grandest in nature,—that it meets with Indian-like calmness her grandest works as the simplest and most natural,—that the grand in nature is but the "complement extern" of the grander phases of thought. Standing at

Niagara one does not wonder that Shelley used thought and emotion as illustrations of nature instead of the converse and more common method. The highest recognition and enjoyment of nature is to meet her greatest works at first sight as old friends. I shall never forget that when Webster's great eyes first opened like the dawn on mine, I wondered where I had seen them before—so much grander were they than merely new or strange. Whatever is elementally great in nature, art or literature, only introduces us more completely to ourselves. *

The Lover of Music to his Piano-Forte.

Oh friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss,
Out-values thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice:
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear,
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,—
Thine answer, kind.

LEIGH HUNT.

Fine Arts.

Athenæum Gallery.

The second exhibition of the Boston Athenæum shows a good many new pictures upon the walls, among them Allston's "Rosalie," and the "Visitation," by Page, beside many others of merit. We wonder that this gallery is not more visited by our citizens. In the hottest of summer weather it is cool there. Once surmount the lofty stairs, and you are among mountains and clouds, and saints and angels, with little thought of the brick pavements and the dirty streets you have left below. Cannot Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci be obtained for exhibition at the Athenæum before going to its destination at St. Louis? It would doubtless attract much attention.

Our Boston artists are busy in this beautiful season, unparalleled for its verdure and luxuriance of foliage, making their studies from nature. We have collected some items of the whereabouts of many of them. Wheelock, the water-color artist, was at the Glen House when last heard from, and from all accounts, the weather in that vicinity has furnished him with a sufficient quantity of material in that line.—Champney writes that he has hardly done anything out of doors yet.—Gerry, Griggs and White of Boston, and Durand and Richards of New York, were at West Campton a week or two since. Mr. Gerry is just at present painting the fogs at Mt. Desert.—Williams is at Manchester, and is making some fine studies there.—Rowse, the artist in black, finds sufficient occupation since his return from New York to keep

him in town.—Hinckley has two dogs at Cotton's which are very good.—Shattuck and Colman of New York are at Conway. The valley of the Pennigewassett has superseded that of the Saco, and the white umbrellas at Conway are getting to be among the things that were.

A project is on foot of having an Exhibition of paintings at Lowell in connection with the Mechanics' Fair which opens on the 10th of Sept. This is a move in the right direction, and if the example should be followed by other cities in our neighborhood, the effect of it would be felt.

Church's Picture of the Falls of Niagara.

(From the London Times.)

We do not know the authority for the anecdote of the young American traveler who, boasting of his father's picture gallery, and being asked of what masters it contained specimens, answered, "Oh, my father's pictures are all Leonardos and Raphaels, except a few Correggios."

The Italian picture-dealers can testify to the fact that American tourists are among their best and greenest customers. There is no investment as to which experience is more essentially to be bought than pictures; and, at the present stage of esthetics in America, there is still a great deal of experience to be purchased by transatlantic buyers of smoked canvases and elaborately worm-eaten panels. Still, John Bull has no right to crow too loud over Jonathan on this score. It is only of late years that our own picture-buyers have begun to learn that modern works of art are a safer investment than old ones, however magnificently christened; and we cannot believe that Yankee shrewdness will be far behind British in this respect, when once a school of genuine American art has come into existence finding themes in the life and nature of the New World. The United States long lived on the literature of the mother country. But now they are beginning to lend as well as borrow. Washington Irving, Cooper and Bryant led the way. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Hawthorn, Longfellow, Lowell, and a score of minor poets and novelists, have followed, and now count almost as many readers in the Old World as in the New.

As it is with literature, we cannot but hope it will soon be with art. American originality and grasp are too great to be long confined to the fields of industrial or mechanical activity. With such a country and such a race we cannot but look forward to a new and national development of painting also. In sculpture, high honors have already been won by Americans. Powers and Greenough rank among the first sculptors whom Florence has educated, and our own Gibson has declared he has nothing to teach Miss Harriet Hosmer, a young American lady, whose statue of Beatrice Cenci formed one of the most prominent ornaments of the sculpture-room at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy. But in painting—since Allston and Stuart—the United States have not boasted any name of more than local celebrity. It is true that they have given us Newton and Leslie, but they rank as English, and not American painters.

Under these circumstances we note with peculiar pleasure the arrival in this country of a remarkable picture, by an American landscape painter, of an American subject—at once the grandest and the most defiant of all ordinary pictorial power, among the many scenes which the New World offers to the artist.

The painter is Mr. Frederic Edward Church, and the subject is Niagara. Few scenes have been more often attempted by the pencil, and none has hitherto more completely laughed it to scorn. But Mr. Church has painted the stupendous cataract with a quiet courage and a patient elaboration, which leave us, for the first time, satisfied that even this awful reality is not beyond the range of human imitation.

Mr. Church's picture is an oblong of some seven or eight feet by three and a half, if our eye have not deceived us. The view is taken from

the Canadian side, a little above Table Rock, and if includes the whole sweep of the Horseshoe Fall, to the corner of Goat Island. There is no foreground or shore. The spectator looks right along the Canadian rapids, as their swirls converge for the tremendous leap. A shattered tree trunk is caught in the opposing eddies, which churn and chafe into foam over the layers of brown rock, the sun light striking their edges into transparent green where they cling themselves over the lips of the ledges, in their hurrying course to the plunge of the mighty river. About the centre of the picture the bend of the barrier enables us to watch the downward leap of the river, not in a sheet, but in innumerable cascades from every projecting point, shivered into fine fringes of foam, and losing themselves in the spray to which the mass of water is churned by its fall. Across the wet air of this spray cloud the rainbow flings its prismatic arch. Beyond we see the distant lines of foam that mark the rapids, and farther still the terraces of the Chippewa shore flushed with the rich hues of American autumnal forest. The time is toward evening. A few streaks of purple cloud break the calm expanse of golden sky. The characteristic merit of the picture is sober truth. It bears throughout unmistakable evidence of the most close and successful study. To paint running water is always difficult. But when the running water is the expanse of a mighty river, broken into countless eddies by rock ledges, and hurrying to such a fall, it may well be conceived what labor has been necessary to apprehend the bewildering fact, what patient mastery to represent them, so as to leave the spectator impressed, as by the presence of the stupendous reality, with the abstraction of motion and sound.

American Women Artists.

[Letter from Rome, in the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

Miss Hosmer has been engaged during the winter in modelling a monument to a young French girl, to be placed in the church of Sta Andrea delle Frate.

The sleeping Beatrice, which has received great praise, has left the studio. It is said it will be exhibited in London previous to its departure for St. Louis, its ultimate destination. It is stated that the jailor upon entering the cell on the morning of her execution, found her sweetly sleeping—the artist has chosen that moment—fallen negligently upon her couch, her hand clasping a rosary, she sleeps. The head-dress, the face of Guido's inimitable picture, identify the sleeping form before us with the fair girl whose youth, whose beauty, whose death, shrouded as they have been by the genius of poet and painter, render us oblivious to her imputed crime.

How posterity reverses and revenges the judgment of tribunals, the verdict of executioners! To this girl, judged worthy of a felon's death, the scaffold of shame has become but a pedestal of glory. Her name is a synonym for suffering innocence, the type of a sorrowing beauty which, appealing to our sympathies, wins our unconscious homage.

Miss Hosmer's other works are a sitting statue of *Ænone*, the deserted wife of the Shepherd Paris, and a Puck mounted on his toad-stool throne. She has accomplished for this fancy of Shakspeare what Sir Joshua Reynolds did in painting. Miss Hosmer enjoys rare opportunities in the teaching of Gibson, whose studio she shares.

Miss Landon, of Salem, Mass., has been prevented by sickness from accomplishing much, but she has had the benefit of Crawford's advice and criticism in her studies. She is now modelling an *Evangeline*, which promises to be very superior, and will doubtless, when completed, secure to the artist that esteem and homage which is paid to the evidence of successful achievement. The sad heroine of Longfellow's touching story is represented as having thrown herself by the side of a little stream, and weary with wandering, fallen asleep. The position is graceful and easy, the little bundle fallen from her hand indicates the wanderer, while the sorrowing, longing look expressed upon her fair features, even in sleep, is the very ideal of the faithful girl whose trusting

love never faltered through all the long years of separation and suffering. The figure is two-thirds the size of life. Those who desire to obtain a pleasing piece of statuary, and at the same time to encourage a youthful artist, should remember this embodiment of the fairest creation of our favorite poet.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

ART INTELLIGENCE.—Most of our artists are out of town, seeing how the sunlight falls on the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridges, the Catskills, the White Mountains, Kinneco, Moosehead, Mount Desert, and Katahdin, and withal filling their portfolios. Church, whose *Niagara*, now in England, is highly praised by the London *Times* of the 7th, is still in South America, taking the lines of forest, mountain and waterfall there. James Baker we hear of among the Adirondacks. Oddie is at home. His studio is adorned just now with a number of beautiful Hudson landscapes, in cabinet size. One, of Tappan sea, an oval, is a gem which we coveted, but did not carry away.

Of the three artists to whom Mr. J. M. Wright, of this city, gave his well known order—to Huntington, to paint the groups of literary men, to Baker, the artists, and to Rossiter, the merchants—the first-named is still in England. Some of his studies for the picture, sketches of portraits, are to be seen in his studio. Baker and Rossiter are in town. Elliot is in New York. Bogle, whose portraits are so much esteemed, is busy at his rooms.

At Taggart's, some days since, we saw a picture—we forgot how it was called, either the *Fair Penitent* or *Il Penseroso*—in which he has produced those fine effects in color, which, though not so widely known as the qualities and points of some of his elder brethren, has given his pencil a reputation, well and hardly won, of which he is now reaping the advantage.

Mr. Wright, the same mentioned above, has bought for \$10,000 Rosa Bonheur's celebrated picture, the *Horse Fair*, and is to bring it out to this country. This picture took the first prize at the Great Exhibition at Paris. Rosa Bonheur is held in France the first living artist of animals, and even some of the English place her ahead of their favorite Landseer. The picture will be received in about six weeks, and will be on exhibition awhile at Williams, Stevens & Williams, Broadway. An etching from it, designed and etched by Thomas Landseer, may now be seen there. We noticed at the same place some new architecture and sea views in photograph by foreign artists, finer, we think, than any previous importation. Somehow, either from the superior architecture, or something else, the foreign photographs of buildings and landscapes surpass ours as yet. But ours are improving fast.

Darley is at his home in Philadelphia, hard at work upon what he designs shall be one of the crowning labors of his life—the illustration of Cooper. The thirty-two tales of the great American novelist, are about to be published by Stringer & Townsend, in square duodecimo, at \$1.50 each. Two illustrations by Darley will be given in each volume. This is a work of great labor on the part of the artist. The views which we have seen, are distinguished not only from their force and spirit, but by careful accuracy of costume and place. The work will be worth to him all the labor it costs, and will connect his name with that of Cooper for all time. He has also contributed two sketches to Mr. Herbert's (Frank Forester's) book on the "Horse," soon to be published in two volumes, octavo, by Stringer & Townsend. This book, to be sold at \$10 00, will be full of portraits of the most celebrated horses in the world, and otherwise will constitute a perfect "equine encyclopedia."

STATUE OF JOHN ADAMS.—The proprietors of Mount Auburn Cemetery will be gratified to learn that the statue of John Adams, by Randolph Rogers, the distinguished American sculptor, has been completed at Rome and shipped for this city, where it may be expected to arrive in the course

of a few weeks. The other statues are in a state of great forwardness. In consequence of the lamented illness of Mr. Crawford, the statue of James Otis may be delayed, but it may nevertheless be regarded as sure of completion, the design and plaster model having been finished by that artist, and placed in the hands of the marble-workers some time before his attack of illness.—*Boston Advertiser*, Aug. 18.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 29, 1857.

Many of our readers are doubtless scattered all abroad over the land in this beautiful midsummer weather, enjoying by the sea-shore, among the mountains, or beyond the sea, the various delights of a season unparalleled for the beauty of Nature, gathering strength of body and of heart for the severer labors of another year. We who are left at home, will this week follow them, in the spirit, (if not in the body,) in their travels, and endeavor to share in their pleasures. We have tracked them every where, the artists at their patient labors, the lover of Nature in the far West and at the foot of Niagara, the pilgrim beyond the sea, beneath the solemn arches of Westminster Abbey, and we gladly receive tidings of them all, hoping that ere long we, too, shall have our tale to tell. The city offers us nothing new, and it may not be unprofitable to turn away from it to other scenes.

Leaves from my Note-Book.

After a visit to the Houses of Parliament, I crossed to Westminster Abbey. There chanced to be a concert in progress, given in aid of a fund for superannuated musicians. A real concert would not be allowed in a consecrated building; but the scruples of the ecclesiastics were met by interspersing a larger proportion of music than usual in the regular morning service. The lesson was read by a priest, wearing a red hood upon the back of his white surplice. He had a low forehead, and a full, rosy face. The Word of God never seems to come with much grace from men possessing such natures as his; one cannot avoid thinking that they must have enough to do to attend to their own sins and temptations. Though, on the other hand, if a man were to be one of the lights of the world, set up as in a candlestick, perhaps a few extra layers of fat would not be amiss. The creed and most of the prayers were droned—(intoned is the term used)—chanted, with a nasal twang, and without the pretence of articulating the words, on a single note, and unaccompanied, and only relieved by the full chord upon the recurring "Amen." In a long sentence the terebration was torture to the ear; the sound of a hive of bees in swarming, or the endless drone of a bagpipe, or of the "picker" in a cotton mill, would be sweet music in comparison.

The performances of the choir were worthy of all praise. One hundred and twenty voices had been selected from twenty of the best cathedral choirs in all England. The music was from the compositions of Purcell, Farrant, Dr. Croft, Handel and others, including a very beautiful anthem, with Mendelssohn-ish harmony, by Rev. Sir F. Ouseley, the present professor of music at Oxford.

It was the flower of English music set forth by the flower of English singers. The effect was very much like that of Mr. Cutler's admirable choir, whose concerts at Tremont Temple last winter gave so much pleasure to all lovers of good church music.

But the Abbey itself, how it magnified every effect, and intensified every emotion! The whole vast space seemed to be full of music, as with a tangible presence; and every chapel, arch and recess sent back an ever increasing volume of sound. I am not used to the melting mood, but I am not ashamed to say that more than once the tears filled my eyes as the rush of emotion swept over me. The associations of the place were of themselves overpowering; an unutterable awe fell upon me from the lofty arches. As I leaned upon the tomb of Chaucer, the spirits of the dead seemed to surround me. There was Milton, a serene listener, with the tones of his father's organ in his memory. Dryden was meditating a new ode for St. Cecilia. And Handel stood leaning forward, not ill pleased to hear, and perhaps to join in his own immortal "Hallelujah" at the close.

The service over, the vergers with the aid of the police soon cleared the aisles, and I was obliged to defer my pilgrimage among the shrines until another day.

The Crystal Palace has been erected with new splendor at Sydenham. It stands upon an eminence, flanked by lofty towers on each wing, and commanding an extensive prospect both of the crowded city and of the exquisitely beautiful country. The palace is worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. Its vast extent and the symmetrical arrangement of its parts strike the mind with wonder. Since the age that produced the Gothic churches no new architectural idea has been set forth that can be compared with this. The grounds in front are laid out in the form of a quadrangle, two sides of which are faced by the palace and the long entrance gallery. The gardening has been commenced on a grand scale, and the flowers even now are abundant, and of all rare and beautiful varieties. The air is full of fragrance. Within, also, the beauty of nature comes to the aid of art, for plants are every where; they depend from the walls in emerald veils; they twine about the slender columns; and while they give grace to the otherwise sharp outlines, they relieve the eyes, which would be pained by excess of light.

I do not attempt to speak of the Palace as a Museum of Art and Science. I must leave the galleries of painting and sculpture; the various courts in which the results of the civilization of all nations are shown; the specimens of mechanism and skill of the present day. Nor can I describe the sculptured monsters—ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus—which in the lake and island show the footprints of the Creator in the antediluvian world. Of some accomplished man it was said that to know him was a liberal education. And surely the visitor who sees understandingly the vast and methodical collections in this palace has learned all that the universities can teach.

This day was the last of the great Musical Festival. The oratorio was Handel's "Israel in Egypt." On the two preceding fête days the number of persons present was about 12,000; on this occasion there were 17,000. When it is considered

that the lowest price of admission (in addition to three shillings for railway fare) was 10s. 6d., (\$2.50,) and for reserved seats one and two guineas, (\$5 and \$10,) it is safe to say that no other city in the world could have furnished such an audience. At such prices the festival would have been a failure anywhere else.

There was hardly sufficient ventilation; it was hot enough to ripen Black Hamburg clusters, or the pine-apples which a week before I saw growing so temptingly golden for the Marquis of Westminster. We were human plants in a conservatory. The only consolation came in the shape of ices and slender bottles of sherry (benevolently watered so as to guard against undue hilarity). The audience were in good temper, and the order and decorum were truly wonderful, considering the crowd.

From the great size of the chorus, 2,500 voices, I had perhaps anticipated too much. The memory of the Boston festival was fresh, but I supposed that this stupendous choir with the orchestra of 600 performers and with the colossal organ, would give an impression far beyond any I had ever received. The effect of choral music, however, is always to be judged by the space to be filled. The one hundred and twenty singers in Westminster Abbey, the day previous, made a greater impression upon the ear than this whole army. The choruses in the "Messiah" in our Music Hall seemed to have double the volume. Shut your eyes in the Crystal Palace and the sound seemed to come from a great distance, as though it were the music of a church heard in another street on a still evening. But look around over the acres of space covered with human heads,—or up at the lofty roof and down the long aisles through which the sound swelled and echoed, and the mind received quite a different idea. As the concert went on the power and grandeur of the performance grew upon me every moment. The solos we mostly lost: it was like trying to catch the voice of a friend shouting to you from a hill half a mile away. The outlines of the melodies could be distinguished (by the aid of the printed score) but the quality of tone, and the style of execution could only be guessed at. Sims Reeves was heard in *The enemy said I will pursue, I'll overtake*; and much against his will he was compelled to repeat it. Clara Novello made her powerful voice felt in *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, Miss Dolby has a fine voice and one of great volume, but she was heard with difficulty. The ponderous organ of Herr Formes, too, was far less effective than I had hoped.

But the choruses were magnificent; they were sung with a unity and precision that was remarkable; each part was as clearly defined as though the choir were one of the ordinary size. In this composition Handel has shown his greatest power. The subject allows of no prettinesses, and there is hardly a pleasing popular melody in the oratorio. With stern fidelity the composer follows the successive plagues and closes with the triumph over the drowned Egyptians. The choruses have the rugged grandeur of a chain of mountains—abysses overhung by cedar and yew, precipitous walls of granite, crowned with everlasting snow. Nothing so dramatic in the form of music has ever been presented to the world. My nerves were thrilled as by shocks from a battery. The "darkness that might be felt," the wails for the first born, and the whelming of "the horse and

his rider" were appalling. When the hosts "sank to the bottom like a stone," and "not one was left, not one, not one," the silence in the pauses was like that of the tomb.

The only thing that disturbed the balance of harmony was the tremendous volume of the organ, which when its full power was employed easily overpowered the whole force of singers and orchestra. In some *fortissimo* passages its billowy waves swelled and rolled over the multitude of voices, as the sea closed over the army of Pharaoh.

The performances were closed by singing the national anthem, "God save the Queen." The stanzas were first sung as solos by Mme. Novello, Sims Reeves and Herr Formes, then each was repeated in chorus. It was as sublime as a thunder storm. Cheers filled the air, and handkerchiefs waved in loyal enthusiasm.

The Queen and court attended one of these festivals—to hear the "Messiah," you may suppose, or "Israel in Egypt," the composer's masterpiece? No, it was "Judas Maccabæus," an inferior work. Handel composed this in honor of the Duke of Cumberland upon his return from suppressing an insurrection; in this expedition the "conquering hero" showed a cruelty so severe and unnecessary, that his name has become infamous. But the music was at once popular with the court, and it has always been fashionable since that time.

The Jews in London always turn out in great force to hear the Old Testament oratorios of Handel. The music that illustrates their history belongs to them as an inheritance. I saw a party not far from where I was sitting; their eyes glistened and their heads kept time proudly when the majestic chorus, *For he hath triumphed gloriously*, was performed. It was *their* triumph; it was for *them* that the horse and his rider were drowned in the depths of the sea. Their faces kindled with another light, however, when mention was made of the spoil, the gold and silver which were carried away. Noses grew more hooked, and eyes sparkled as from the reflection of jewels. It was *their* gain; it was only the enemy that was despoiled. I fancied they would have been glad to ticket the plunder on pawn.

* * * * *

UNTERWALD.

Letter from Signor Guidi.

Signor GUIDI's name is associated by many of us with very pleasant recollections of the early days of Italian opera in this city, and very many will be glad to see over his own signature the contradiction of the report of his decease, while they will sympathize with him in his misfortunes and afflictions. We know nothing of the charges to which he refers, but are glad to afford him this opportunity of refuting them, trusting that it will be found amply sufficient.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 21, 1857.

MR. DWIGHT:—Dear Sir,—Domestic duties and the sad misfortune of the loss of one of my children have prevented me from writing a few lines to you requesting the favor of giving them a place in your Journal. They are merely intended to exonerate my character from the stain which the mysterious events of the few past months may lead my friends to conjecture.

The first public statement was that I had come into possession of some \$10,000, left by a deceased relative. Next my departure for Europe; while a few days afterward the papers of Chicago mentioned my arrival and appearance in public with the intention to locate there. This statement must have surprised some persons, especially the congregation of Grace church,

where I had contracted an engagement of a year, and from whom I had received such generous assistance. Had a letter which I sent to a New York editor been inserted in his paper, the mystery would have been solved, and my character exonerated from all blame; but I have ascertained that as yet they are under the impression that all my proceedings have been but deception.

To clear the mystery, therefore, I will simply state that I left New York for Boston with the intention to start for Europe, leaving my family in the care of my wife's mother. Upon my arrival in Boston my money, all I had in my possession, was stolen from me, an advertisement of which may be found in the Boston papers, and a notice in the Police office. By friendly assistance I received \$75, part of which I left with my wife in Boston, and went to New York, in hope that by making known my sad misfortune I might realize the necessary means to proceed to Europe. The statement was considered a falsehood by one person to whom I applied, and under the disappointment I resolved to trust to my ability, and proceeded to Chicago with the intention of getting scholars with the assistance of some persons of my acquaintance. I was advised to give a concert, having been received with marked success on the occasion of my appearance at Mr. Ahner's concert. I exerted my strength to the utmost, and was sadly disappointed with a loss by the concert of all I had earned by toil and labor in lessons. This sad catastrophe was the last stroke to my energy, and the result was that I was taken sick with bleeding of the lungs, and have to this day lost the use of my voice entirely. It is in the hands of God to give me back the only means of supporting my family; but should I recover it I shall consider it one of those acts of merciful kindness which God alone can perform. I need not relate by what means I have supported my family to this time, only I will say that I have tasted of bitter drops, aside from the blame of those who considered me a dishonest man. The last statement of my death I know not by whom it was got into the papers. I have met with friends, and trust that those I left behind will consider me yet worthy their esteem. The weight of misfortune has been severe on me, and I trust that the close of them is the loss of my beloved child, which I consider the heaviest of all.

My health is slowly improving, although not as fast as I might desire. I shall remain in Cincinnati to give lessons, and should my health require, proceed south on the approaching winter, if I can.

I will take this opportunity to return my thanks to my friends in Boston, as well as those of New York, among whom I keep a dear remembrance of the choir of Grace church, and Mr. Isaac H. Brown, the sexton, by whom I have been most kindly assisted. Trusting that this public statement may assure them that I am, however unfortunate, worthy of their sympathy and esteem, I have the honor to be,

Yours respectfully, G. C. GUIDI.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS have been continued during the present week, with undiminished success, the various bands playing in turn on every evening of the week. No entertainment has been given in this city that has been more popular or more successful than this series of concerts. There is a very general desire that they should be continued for a longer period, and not be brought to a close, as announced, at the end of this week.

FREZZOLINI.—We have turned over all our files of French and English papers for some years past, in the hope of finding some account of the new prima donna brought out by Mr. Ullman. We find however nothing but very brief notices of her performances in London in 1842, so that she is no novice upon the lyric stage, and we are somewhat surprised to find so little mention made of a singer whose name, at least, has been quite familiar to us for several years. She sang, we believe, during the past

season in Paris, and her real name is Poggi. The London *Athenaeum* thus alludes to her visit to the United States:

Madame Frezzolini is announced as expected in America to sing for a short season in Italian opera. To all conversant with the state in which that skillful artist's voice has been for some years past, it must be obvious that for a new country and for a new public unable to eke out what is inaudible by imagination or by memory, the lady can merely be engaged on the strength of her name.

BRASS VS. REEDS.—Happily all the world does not think alike. The subjoined clipping from the *Traveller's* Montreal letter gives the opinion of the writer upon the British Regimental Bands. *Per contra*, nothing stands so entirely apart by itself in our memory as superior and unlike any military music we have ever heard, as the performances heard several years since at Quebec and Montreal from bands of similar size and constitution to the one referred to in this letter. The feature that the writer condemns most was to us its greatest beauty—the great number of wood instruments.

In the afternoon there was a review of the 39th Regiment on the Champ de Mars, near the court house. Whether it was intended for a scientific display or not I am unable to say; but this much is due—it was a creditable exhibition. The music by the band was good, though not "putting the Boston bands to blush," as the correspondent of the *Courier* is pleased to say. On the contrary, the Brigade, or Brass, or Germania are, all three of them, quite as scientific and skillful. Last autumn, at the railroad jubilee ball, I heard this same band in contrast with Chandler's Portland Band; and those of your readers who were present at Bonsecours at the time will, I think, join with me in giving to Chandler's the highest encomiums. The 39th band is large, but it has some dozen men blowing their breath away on clarinets, bassoons and flutes, to but little purpose. In short, it is a great waste of wind. The band is modelled as our Boston bands were fifteen years ago. Take away the inefficient reeds and give them *tubas* instead, and this Crimean band would crash out a mighty march; but now it wants body, as an Englishman would say of his beer. The melody is one grand squeak, sounding like the sesquialtra of the organ, and about as well adapted for melody as that stop would be with a swell accompaniment. There is a brilliancy to the American bands not yet attained by the English, if this is a fair specimen of their proficiency.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, is at present in England, making arrangements for the removal thither of his family, which is passing the summer at the village of Oberkessnitz, near Dresden, and has recently been increased by the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Lind-Goldschmidt's voice, it is said, has neither lost in quantity nor in quality, and she would not refuse the offer of another musical tour through the United States.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON has given nothing new. Every opera that has been played there, save the Italian version of *Fra Diavolo*, is as familiar in Boston and New York as it can be to London and Paris. The *Illustrated News* gives the essence of the musical intelligence of the season in the following paragraph:

With the closing of the two Italian theatres, the London musical season has terminated. The season at both houses has been uneventful; every thing at either worthy of commemoration may be comprised in a few words. At neither house has a single new piece been performed. Even the prolific Verdi has ceased to produce, and the genius for dramatic composition, it would seem, is extinct. His music is still that which is chiefly in vogue. The 'Traviata' at Her Majesty's Theatre, has had a counter 'Traviata' at the Lyceum; and the two charming Violettas, Piccolomini and Bosio, seem, on the whole, to have been well matched in respect to attraction; though Piccolomini, it may be said, has showed herself the better actress, and Bosio the better singer. To the lovers of classical music the most interesting occurrences at Her Majesty's Theatre have been the revivals of Mozart's chef d'œuvre, 'Don Giovanni,' and the 'Nozze di Figaro'—both got up with great care and completeness, and admirably performed; and at the other house the production of Anber's delightful 'Fra Diavolo,' adapted by himself to the Italian stage. At Her Majesty's Theatre three new performers—Mlle. Spezia, Mlle. Ortolani, and Signor

Giuglini—have been introduced to the English public, and have been found worthy of their Continental renown. At the Lyceum the new performers have been Signor Neri Beraldi—a good tenor, of the second rank; and Mlle. Victoire Balle, whose career promises to be a brilliant one. Both houses have been well supported by the public; and Mr. Lumley's season, we have reason to believe, has been a prosperous one. It is currently said that the rebuilding of Covent Garden is to be actively carried on, with a view of its being ready by the beginning of the next Opera season.

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have taken the Lyceum for three months, and are busily employed in organizing a company, of which they themselves are the nucleus. The instrumental band, forty strong, is selected from the bands of the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Orchestral Union; and there will be a chorus of corresponding strength and quality. The repertoire will be extensive, consisting of the best English operas and operas adapted to the English stage; and it will include, we understand, an original opera of much merit, by an American composer, which has had great success in the United States. The theatre is to open on the 21st of September, and the performances will continue till about Christmas.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characteristics of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

[Concluded from p. 162.]

Mendelssohn, in the sphere of Romantic Art, is an exceedingly characteristic manifestation. Earlier composers of genius, particularly Beethoven, are also Romanticists; but Beethoven especially was wise enough to merely touch upon the Romantic, merely use it as frame, as attractive background. After him the Romantic rose to the importance of a principle in Art; its happiest epoch dates, as I have said in the article on Weber, from the war of liberation and the national feeling thereby awakened. Körner, Weber and Tieck, especially the last two, not to reckon the plastic artists of that epoch, reaped in it their richest laurels. But they themselves, still more their followers, lived full soon to see the fading of a principle not rooted permanently in life; and the best evidences of this were the later performances of Mendelssohn and Tieck, and the experiences they had to undergo in a life from which they became unconsciously alienated, on account of its continual change of form. Mendelssohn became, like the rest, a necessity to the people of that time; he, of the Berlin professors' coterie, naturally became the Berlin professors' composer. Their clique, (and what class in Berlin does not form a clique, each split up again into little, often sharply distinct, subdivisions!) gave him, so to say, their consecration, created his fame, set him forth as their own product, as the representative of their views and achievements, rivalled the fine ladies' world in making his life pleasant as possible, and thus became in a

great degree guilty of the still-stand in his development.

Mendelssohn's amiability, his inclination to gratify if possible the darling wish of every one, was naturally in many ways abused. As a most remarkable instance I will here adduce only the composition of the Greek choruses of Sophocles, without inquiring who gave him the chief impulse to attempt it. Suffice it to say, the amiable Mendelssohn, when some one suggested the banishing of the clarinets from his church music, as being a too sensual and un-Protestant instrument, not only declared his readiness to do so, but consumed much time in preliminary studies to that end, under the direction of the famous antiquarian, Prof. Böckh. People were in raptures, pronounced the music truly classical, and performed it everywhere, intoxicated with its beauty.

Not to discuss the question whether the muse of Mendelssohn was fitted, by its peculiar development, to make a music to Sophocles, neither he nor any one of all those high and learned gentlemen inspired with the idea of dragging the antique upon our smooth-planed boards, considered, on the one hand, the heaven-wide difference between the music of the ancients and our Art, nor, on the other hand, how music, according to our present conception of it, can only operate in a field which belongs chiefly to the sphere of feeling, or which always includes that as a bridge to the realm of thought. Now look at the Greek choruses in this regard. They are almost altogether didactic, meditative and descriptive. You hear, perhaps, a pair of flutes, like train-bearing, liveried servants; but a composer who is all aglow with musical truth and feeling is fairly cast upon the sands here with his feelings; indeed the language of the choruses is so much music in itself, the few passages which admit of situations are so executed, that the music cannot develop itself without becoming tedious. In fact there was nothing left, but to raise one's self upon a very high cothurnus, and, quite unconcerned about the good lessons which the chorus gives, about the cities it describes, to walk in with pathetic gravity and friendly smiles, and compose a music, to which, it is to be hoped, some day, after the passion for the antique has died out, a suitable text will be appended. That such music may be, notwithstanding, splendid, thrilling, genial, is quite obvious.

Moreover I hold it indispensably necessary to warn those who study Mendelssohn, against weaknesses in declamation, melody and rhythm, also owing to the same still-stand in the development of his powers. One likes to sing his pieces, and yet one is soon weary of most of his choruses. How comes that? His melodies are attractive,

melting, languishing. His description is exceedingly fine, noble and sensible, for the most part true; but the rhythm is often lame in the choruses, and the frequent succession of tones of equal length is what old experience proves the voice cannot easily sustain. Moreover he often strikes repeatedly upon the same tone in pitch; this too is wearisome, though lower tones are intermingled. In the declamation of single syllables he frequently, like Weber and other greater masters, leaves us in the lurch. Only Gluck in the French, Handel in the English, Bach in the German, can be relied on here. From all the other vocal composers you have to take into the bargain much which has not any motive; for instance, short syllables upon a suddenly high tone. As here is not the place to write a treatise upon singing declamation, I refer the reader to Marx's Theory of Composition.

I must be pardoned this, to many, perhaps, harsh, but certainly candid exposition; above all, let the reader banish all suspicion that I am seeking to disparage the great and imperishable merits, the truly genial achievements of this nevertheless great artist. Let him see nothing in it but the performance of a duty, which the writer upon Art owes to society, namely, that of rendering the judgment clearer and more unsophisticated about an Art sustained by men (and not by demi-gods); and for this reason I must add, by way of further exposition and justification of the Romantic, and for the especial benefit of artists, this hint: that Mendelssohn surrendered himself to a far more strongly marked sentimentality than Weber, and that he thus became the consecrated leader and example to a more and more sickly tendency, much relished by that portion of society whom the long peace had corrupted, but avoided by the yet sound kernel, like any other feeble, over-spiced or sweetened dish.

Few persons occupy themselves with the future enough to be able to infer it in some measure from the present, or still more truly, from the past. It remains therefore for the future to decide, from the whole course of events, upon the justness of such criticism; for it is hardly possible for most men to tear themselves free from prejudices and habits, from their unthinking and believing reverence for the judgment of some ruling caste of artists or of writers; they are most partial to those artists, who offer them the most material for losing themselves in a certain *chiaroscuro* of thought and feeling. Hence after ages must decide whether the Romantic is still destined as a principle to work out great results, or whether it must fall back to the place assigned it by the great classic masters. But Art itself is brought nearer and nearer to actual life, from

which it has stood too remote to do it all the glorious service, to which such celestial agency is called.

The true Musical Amateur.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

The first duty which Amateurs owe to the art of music is to *comprehend it*. By this I do not mean merely that they must be able to read the characters, to understand the terms and the general rules of practice, and to sing, or perform with a certain degree of skill upon one or more instruments; these I consider as merely the first elements of the education of an Amateur. It is by aiming at nothing more than this, and consequently by vying with professed musicians in a branch in which they are sure to be inferior, that Amateurs have brought their name into occasional ridicule and contempt. The very term *Amateur*, interpreted merely as a performer, implies inferiority.

I would not be understood as depreciating or undervaluing such performances; on the contrary, I esteem them among the most precious ornaments of life, and as adding infinite grace and elegance to the domestic circle. But I would make this distinction; that the performances of musical Amateurs, both instrumental and vocal, while they contribute largely to the happiness and refinement of life, and on this account are of inestimable value, still they are not likely in any direct or positive manner to enlarge the sphere, or to raise the standard of music, considered purely as an art.

While, therefore, it is to be recommended to the Amateur, both for his own comfort and that of his friends, to become as skillful a performer as his circumstances will allow, and above all, to be thorough in whatever practice he may acquire, it still seems this is not his peculiar duty; he is called to a higher and more important sphere; he is to be the judge, critic and arbiter of Music, viewed in the broadest sense as one of the fine arts. The judgment of Amateurs with regard to musical compositions and performances is of the highest consequence. For though we grant that the great Masters of the Art, the Mozarts, Handels and Beethovens, in their compositions, obey only the inward voice of genius, and write simply to give utterance to the art which lies within them, still I would ask, for whom exists the whole vast apparatus of music which the civilized world has placed in array? for whom are opera-houses reared? for whom their long train of dependents maintained? for whom are choirs educated? in a word, for whom first of all is music written and performed? I answer, for musical Amateurs: with them lies the jurisdiction in the empire of music; to them the appeal is made; to them, the composer and the performer equally look for sympathy, remuneration and fame.

In the first place, then, the Amateur must become familiar with music as a science; for without this he can never duly appreciate it as an art. He must know enough of the science of harmony to be aware of the vast and apparently endless combination of sounds. It generally requires a less tutored ear to perceive and enjoy melody, or the air, than to distinguish the richness of harmonic chords. But the ear of the Amateur must become accustomed to the latter, if he would be able to distinguish between truly fine compositions and the flimsy, but perhaps more popular productions of ephemeral writers. Without a knowledge of harmony and some comprehension of the beautiful science of modulation, and an ear accustomed to its changes, it is impossible that the works of the great masters should be duly appreciated.

I do not mean, by these remarks, to recommend the study and practice of the science of music as an ultimate object. The science is chiefly valuable as the ground, or frame-work, of the art: it is to the perfection of music what anatomy is to sculpture, or painting; what the skeleton is to the full-rounded, glowing, living form; and he who rests contented with the science alone, is no wiser than the sculptor who should expect to fashion a

statue out of a pile of dry bones. Yet I believe that this mistake, with regard to music, is not seldom made. I have heard performances of considerable pretension, in which it was obvious that no idea whatever pervaded the piece, and that it was nothing but a tissue of learned chords and modulations—the very pedantry of music. And the performer appeared to me about as judicious as the public speaker who should attempt to entertain his audience by reading the dictionary to them. I have listened to preludes and voluntaries which sounded like a lecture on the geology of music, illustrated by specimens of primary formations and organic remains. I have seen compositions which were written apparently only to terrify the performer, with their chromatic horrors—a burying ground, where the ghosts of departed chords and staves were gibbering, and through which Musical Science seemed to stalk at large—an animated skeleton, in the midst of a howling wilderness of demi-semi-quavers.

This is not music, but only a parade of the foundation and framework of the art. Let the Amateur descend to view the massive rocks and walls on which the temple is reared; let him study their wonderful arrangement, the skill of their contrivance, the eternity which is pillared in their strength: but let him never mistake the foundation for the aerial and sublime superstructure with its infinite array of ornament, its heaven-pointing spires, and its magical proportions.

In the second place, the Amateur must comprehend music as an art: he must be able to measure its compass—to understand its richness, variety and power: what are the legitimate precincts, where are the limits of its capacities? A scientific party have lately sounded the depth of the Atlantic, and the exploring lead has at last found a resting place beneath the great deep. But who has yet fathomed the depths of music? who can say what treasures yet lie undiscovered and unrecked of within its mysterious caves and cells? As the penetrating search of the composer draws forth its riches one by one from their resting-places, the Amateur must examine, and appreciate them, and fix their relative value. All honor be given to the genius which discovers them: to the composer belong the toil, the reward, the glory; the Amateur can but assign to the glittering gems and pearls their place in the casket, or the diadem.

The peculiar province of the Amateur, therefore, is the theory of music; a comprehensive knowledge of the capacities and the legitimate sphere of the art; a taste cultivated to the highest degree; and a judgment unbiased by local prejudices, and free from the influence of any particular school. In this way, far more than by any performance, or composition of his own, must the Amateur expect to exert a salutary influence upon the art.

The Amateur should be, if I may use the expression, a classical musician; that is, he should become familiar, either through his own study, or by a constant attendance on the performance of professors, with the whole literature of music; he must, as far as possible, be acquainted with the principal compositions of all the great Masters; he should recognize the style of each; compare, contrast, and assign their relative merit. To the cultivated mind this study opens a vast field for investigation and thought. Music, as embodied in the writings of the various Composers, approaches nearer to literature than any other art; and presents to the scholar a subject for study, in many respects analogous to the study of language and poetry. The various kinds of music correspond to the various branches of poetry, the Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac and Festive. There is the Opera, more simple in its plot, less rapid, perhaps, and less rich in the ideas it conveys, than the Drama, but more complete and perfect in its representation and expression, and traversing the whole reach of human passion. There is the song, now sparkling with the champagne vivacity of Beranger, now intoxicating with the melody of Goethe; sounding out the trumpet-call of Burns, or gracefully wearing the flowery wreath of Moore. The Oratorio, in its stately march and grand descriptions, embodying some progressive story, with its hymns and choruses, which rival the

flights of Pindar, or Milton, may stand for the musical Epic. The sonata, with its delightful changes and modulations, thrilling with some exquisite melody, or bursting forth into wild and passionate strains, or rolling on in a stately flood of harmony, reminds us of the noble stanzas of Gray, or Pope. The magical rhythm of the Waltz, the most perfect and the most captivating form which music can assume, finds its type only in a few and rare strains in the odes of Horace, the sonnets of Petrarch, or Shakespeare, and occasional passages in Schiller, in Campbell, Moore, or Byron.

But to the cultivated student of the art, music, while this analogy is supported, seems in one respect to transcend all literature. It is an universal language. Here then, it presents a variety and richness of character which are denied to the literature of any single language. In the creation of musical literature, the great writers of all countries have thought in the same language—a language of sufficient power, compass and flexibility to give utterance to all the various ideas suggested both by individual and national difference of character. In the study of music, therefore, the Amateur holds direct intercourse with the mighty geniuses of every land: the misty veil of translation is never interposed between his mind and theirs: he meets them face to face: he converses with them in his own native tongue. He is then enabled to comprehend, enjoy, and compare the efforts of genius in this branch in all civilized lands: he no longer finds himself limited by boundary lines, by rivers, or mountains, which place the limits to language. As a musician, he becomes a citizen of the world: every where at home: every where addressed in his mother tongue. It is the duty of the Amateur to avail himself of these great advantages—to become a critic in a more extended sense than the literary reviewer, or historian. It is his high privilege, and he should not neglect it, to read, compare, and appreciate the literature of the whole world, as embodied in one rich and copious language.

"Punch" on Fashionable Musical Parties.

From my own social experience I should be inclined to say that "a little music"—like "a little knowledge"—is "a dangerous thing." I suppose we shall all agree that of the many varieties of the evening-party-punishment, none can well be more severe than that to which one is sentenced by a card, with the apparently innocent word "Music" at the bottom of it. Let me enumerate the different inflictions of social torture included in this insidious dissyllable.

Imprimis. It means crowding four hundred people, of both sexes and all ages, into a space sufficient to accommodate about half the number.

Secondly. It means that all these four hundred unfortunates are to be planted in chairs, so placed, that not one of the four hundred can get up without disturbing all the rest—like Wordsworth's cloud, the mass must "move all together, if it move at all."

Thirdly. It means, either, enduring trash vocal or crash instrumental, which it is pure waste of time, and degradation of human ears, to listen to, or,

Fourthly. Hearing sweet melodies and noble harmonies under conditions of discomfort and distraction, which utterly destroy the exquisiteness of the one, and the grandeur of the other.

Fifthly. It means conversation prevented.

Sixthly. It means confining one's view of the ladies to their back-hair, or the floral and leguminous ornaments which embellish the female *nuque* now-a-days.

Seventhly. It implies, in nine cases out of ten, an insufferable display either of amateur impudence, or artistic mediocrity.

Eighthly. It shows John Bull in some of his most offensive phases of snobbishness and purse-pride.

Ninthly. It is tedious.

Tenthly. It is costly.

And to conclude, it encourages bad music; keeps up the mischievous delusion that the English are a musical nation; and brings over annually

to these shores a set of impudent and incapable pretenders, who degrade a divine art, and laugh at the British beard. Music! *This* a musical party! These four hundred bored, *blasé*, overheated, over-crowded, sufferers—and at the upper end of the room that knot of dark-whiskered, blue-chinned, black-moustached, short-cropped men—looking like the lately discharged cargo of a continental convict-ship—and that cluster of hard-featured, hollow-eyed, foreign women, entrenched behind the rampart of an Erard's or Broadwood's grand pianoforte, much bethumped by the long haired Teutonic or Gallic, or Italian accompanist, at a pound for the evening, and refreshments! No, you deceive yourself, Mr. Bull. This is *not* music. What musical appreciation there may be in this audience—what musical utterance there may be in the soul, or throat, or fingers of these vocalists or instrumentalists—finds no outlet in this place under these conditions. The man who bought *Punch* from the puppet-show-man and thought he would squeak and speak, and break everybody's head, without the ingenious artist in the show-box, was not more out in his calculation than any Lord Duke of Drearycourt, or His Grace the Marquis of Carabas, or Mr. Money-penny, the great City capitalist, when he hires Herr Blausewitz, and Signor Squallini, and Signor Danari Guadagna, at ten guineas per song, in the expectation of getting music out of them. These people have a contempt for their magnificent employer, as they sit there, in their scornful isolation behind the grand piano. Their music ought to translate itself—both for them and for you—into the clink of sovereigns. "*Sing a Song of Sixpence*," is the motto of both employers and employed. They give their notes in exchange for yours. Hear them talk of England; they are at no pains to conceal their contempt for every thing in and about the country—but its guineas; and you have no right to blame them. You buy their songs, just as you buy your pine-apples, and your plate and your pictures; because opera singers and pine-apples, and plate and pictures, are types and symbols of wealth and consequence.

There have been times when England was musical; but they came long before the epoch of operas, and nobility's concerts, and "musical evenings." Those were the days of good Queen Bess, when scarce a man or woman, high or low, but could bear a part in glee or madrigal or part-song—when in manor, and farm, and village ale-house, and rustic church, cunningly blended voices went up continually, "in linked sweetness long drawn out"—when the maiden of high degree sang at her virginals or lute, the minstrel at the market-cross to his viol or crowd, the milk-maid to the birds over her pail—when music was a part of every man's education and of every woman's accomplishment.

You musical! You might as well call the Mussulman fond of dancing, when he hires his troop of Almés, or Ghawazies, or the Hindoo, with his Nautch-girls rattling their bangles before his lazy eyes.

There can be no music on these terms of a crowded and uncomfortable audience in front of the piano, and a batch of hired singers, sulky and separate behind it. It is at best a weary, dreary serving up of operatic scraps—a meal of musical broken meat, flung as contemptuously to those who sit down to it, as the orts of yesterday's table are flung to a crowd of beggars at a rich man's door. Music demands for its real enjoyment, ample room, silence, general intercommunion of performers and listeners. It is the most social and select of all amusements, in its minor forms. In its grander ones it is the most passionate of all utterances of emotion, or the most sublime and awful of all acts of worship.

I understand a part-song of Master Willbye's in Elizabethan days. I understand the Vine-dressers' Chorus in an Italian grape-ground. I understand the rude round in the fore-castle of an Indian, or the chant that times the heaving of the anchor in a North country coaster. I understand the lyrical swing and passion of the Opera, heard from a curtained-box, with room for one's legs, and a pleasant companion opposite. I

understand the Hundredth Psalm, rung from the thousand children's throats under the dome of St. Paul's. I understand Beethoven at Exeter Hall, or Handel at the Crystal Palace. All these are music. But I do *not*, and I pray Heaven, I never may understand, your drawing-room concerts. There is weariness in them: there is vanity in them: there is money-power in them. But music there is *not*.

Now, remember, nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than their always, whether, in life or art, *knowing the way things are going*. Your dance thinks they are standing still, and draws them all fixed; your wise man sees the change or changing in them, and draws them so—the animal in its motion, the tree in its growth, the cloud in its course, the mountain in its wearing away. Try always whenever you look at a form, to see the lines in it which have had power over its past fate, and will have power over its futurity. Those are its *awful* lines; see that you seize on those, whatever else you miss.—RUSKIN.

Madame Lagrange.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, under date of Aug. 26, writes from Newport as follows:

I am going to write you about Mme. Lagrange. *Faites attention*—I may say something good.—Don't expect me, however, to discourse about her organ, her register, her delivery, and other terms in which some writers of the present day take delight. How would you like it, if I should undertake to describe the oratory of Mr. Everett, for example, and should say that his participles were all perfect, his conjunctions well-placed, and his use of the noun-substantive highly grammatical and laudable? "Away with your grammar," you would say; "give us the impression of the thing." Yet this simply corresponds with the jargon of your musical critics. "Give us the impression."—ay, there's the thing; they have no impression to give, and therefore fall into pedantry. The jewel being wanting, as it were, they show us the rubbish of the mine, to make us understand that it is a mine—ay, and a very deep one.

I met this estimable lady and inestimable song-bird on the Western waters last spring. Her travelling retinue consisted of a soprano, a tenor, a baritone, a pianist, parrot, mocking-bird, one husband, and three dogs. I found her grave, modest and sensible, with an artist's enthusiasm for the best things, and acknowledgment of those less good. In Cincinnati I heard her admirable voice, which seemed to have in it pleasant souvenirs of the Cuban climate, in which she wintered last year. In strong contrast with her Western audience, she seemed a vision of the dignity and elegance of Art. She has scattered her sweet notes, like seeds of beauty and civilization, through the wilds of the Far West. Let us hope that the harvest for her and for others shall be golden in all kinds. And now she will sing in Newport. In this congress of follies and fashions, she, having a true message to deliver, shall stand in the midst, commanding all ears. Now, stupid Public, go to hear her. Put on your fine things, not to illustrate yourselves, but to do her honor.

Don't hug the illusion that you patronize her. She has what is inestimable, and you have only money, which is good, attention, which is better. Don't make sitting impossible, either, with your crinolines, nor hearing uneasy with your chit-chat and flutter. Let your rampant splendors be hushed a little by what is truly tender and touching. Forget the hair-dresser a little—let the dancing-master escape your memory. Hear the true master, and the lyre whose sympathetic strings connect age with age, and—

From this meditated diatribe I awoke in the concert-room; but it was not, as I had hoped, the concert of Madame de Lagrange. That lady is still closeted with the mocking-bird. The pair keep their own counsel, and whether she is teaching the mocking-bird, or the mocking-bird is teaching her, doth not yet appear. Doubtless

their conversation is in heaven. At this concert, however, which is a concert and ball, she appears, and is, we think, the most elegant person present. The effect of her rich dress is heightened by a cloak or mantle of enviable lace—a *capo d'opera*, of Brussels workmanship. Her jewels are superb. Her bearing presents the rare combination of modesty and self-possession. The whole assemblage seems brightened when she has entered and taken her place. Why is this? There are many younger and handsomer persons present. Yes: but let me whisper a word in your ear, my pretty little friends. Belles are common enough, but a *femme d'élite* is not found every day.

But I must speak of the music, which is wholly instrumental, not ill-selected, and perfectly well performed. First comes the *Miserere* from Verdi's "*Trovatore*," which I heretically enjoy—the oboe rendering the tenor solo delightfully, and the best flute straining its sweetness to emulate the Elvira, who is present. Then comes Schubert's "*Praise of Tears*," a deep, heart-broken melody which does not dispose one for dancing. A polka follows, however, a set of Styrian airs, not the prettiest, and a hideous introduction and chorus, by Wagner. The concert is at an end—the benches are cleared away, and the hall fills with ball-dressed fair ones, and the regular work of the evening begins.

Do not fear; I am not going to describe it. Why should I? It is only the ordinary succession of dances, closed by the inevitable German. Neither does the assemblage demand any special attention. It seems to us to-night only powdered with elegance, and that but slightly. Some of the right ones are here, doubtless; among others, a choice deputation of the *nice girls* of Boston; but many look as if they should have business elsewhere. There are women who would seem never to have been in a ball-room before, and who don't know what to do with their heads, not being accustomed to use them, or their feet.—Your correspondent makes thereon this sage reflection: Money can buy horses, but millions cannot buy a *carriage*. Our New Yorkers deserve praise under this head, and coach it in their hoops best of any.

Hints to Musical Misses.

[From the Englishwoman's Review.]

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing any error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this—"I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extremest indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate *most popular*, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed. Practise your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practise, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "Ah," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lackadaisy rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to pout out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for ah's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression,

the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the whites of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who *feels* the music as you do yourself. If you join in a duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages, to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and *talk very little*. (There ladies, what do you think of *those* two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully, but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore-arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulphing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realized) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathemas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubenstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the double-dotted semiquaver "splash" of a thousand Rubinstains. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without *this*, you may depend. The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practised ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supple the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano: but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers, it is but waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady; but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.

From my Diary, No. 11.

Aug. 7.—It is a right good thing to travel, even when one does not go far or see anything astonishing. Now, on this day I travelled to Worcester, and spent the day in the said city. Of course I say nothing of the kind reception accorded me by strangers—almost—nor of the ride during which I saw for the first time how pleasantly the heart of the Commonwealth is situated. Such are private matters. But I saw the new Hall, and diarize about it in the hope of clearing my conscience, if the Worcester folks commit that unpardonable musical sin, now in prospect, and that is to shut up their new organ, when they get it, in the

deep niche behind those two Grecian pillars. Good people, do take warning from the Tremont Temple hall in Boston, and not ruin the effect of your instrument by shutting it up, where its tones will be muffled and its effect spoiled. Bring a little common sense to bear and so place your organ that it shall roll its tones full, clear and unbroken into the noble hall you have built, so that it may seem to be filled with and vibrate to the sound. Do not follow bad examples, but rather set a good one.

9th.—What a pleasant Sunday at Northampton! Unexpected meeting with some friends, expected meeting with others, joyous meeting with both; and Monday a quiet ride to sleepy old Hadley, with its streets so wide that it takes fifteen minutes to telegraph across them, and when the people cross to take tea with their neighbors, they start in the morning and carry a cold dinner to eat on the way! In the evening we had Beethoven's Adagios and Andantes on the piano-forte, and blessed the deaf man anew for having lived and written!

11th.—Journeyed onward, following the Connecticut to the northward, with surprise to find it so beautiful, and when I passed away from the Green Mountain ranges, catching their outline in the distance, I had to wonder that the descriptions I had heard and read of them fell so far short of their real beauty. Tired, sleepy and faint for food, late in the evening I entered the boat to cross the St. Lawrence. That glorious river! How it sparkled as its rapid volume rolled onward, carrying news of the mountains and plains of the far West to the ocean! These mighty waters had washed the shores of Lake Superior—my fairy land—they had sung the tune, to the accompaniment of the solemn pines and the lively aspens, which I still remember so delightedly, as it sang me to sleep on the bed of boughs, beneath our tent, the bright fire shining in, and the moon looking down, doubly brilliant in that transparent atmosphere. These waters here and there had borne the light canoe, but alas! rarely, for now they are vexed by the white man's keels, and the red man has almost disappeared with his frail bark vessel. How these waters laughed as they came plunging down the rapids at the Sault Ste. Marie, and tossed the few fishermen that still linger there! Then they wound their way among the 25,000 islands in the farther part of Huron, and laving the glorious isle of Mackinaw, moved majestically onward until they lost themselves in the intricate passages of the St. Clair marshes. But at length they gathered again and swept on, rejoicing in their course, by Detroit, bearing a nation's commerce, through Erie, and dived deep from the brink of Niagara. No wonder they roared there, as they took their awful plunge, and hurried away afterward, shrinking, and swelling, and tossing their white caps, bewildering themselves in the whirlpool, and only regaining their composure again in the calm expanse of Ontario. Among the thousand isles they made their devious way, and so down rapids and through deep channels they have come hurrying on towards their eternity, the ocean. And here I cross them, with the lights of Montreal growing each moment more distinct, as the strong engine smiles at their power and carries the boat bravely across their bosom.

And in Montreal a week was passed. When Sunday came again the deep boom of the great bell called me to the Parish church—erroneously called the Cathedral. In some respects it is a fine church. On the main floor and in its two galleries there are in the aggregate seats for 10,000 persons. Some of my companions seemed strangely impressed with it. I found it, however, a poor specimen of architecture, if for no other reason, for this, that the nave is too wide for its height, and the vaultings not lofty enough, giving one rather the idea of the arch of a huge bridge, than of the heaven-seeking vaulted ceiling of a Cathedral. The numerous paintings are tawdry and bad. The boy choir was not to be compared with that which sang in Boston last spring; their music was of the florid style of the French masses. The old Gregorian chants from the priests in the chancel were given *ore rotundo*, and sounded grandly through the broad spaces of the church. One of these chants only was in our major scale, the others sounded oddly enough

to the unaccustomed ears of the multitude of strangers present that morning, ending on the fourth or fifth of the scale, with no organ cadence to change their character.

Another musical matter to be noted is the band of the 39th Regiment, now stationed at Montreal. This band was in the Crimea, where from casualties and sickness it lost fourteen members, whose places have been since supplied. We had music from this band at two grand entertainments, and one afternoon on St. Helen's Island, and it was greatly admired, especially by those of us whose ears are half ruined by our eternal brass.

I fell into conversation with Mr. T. Sprake, the band-master, and obtained from him the following particulars. The band numbers 35 members, as follows: 10 clarinets, 1 concert flute, 1 piccolo, 2 cornucopions, 1 trumpet, 4 horns, 2 alt horns in B flat, 1 do. in E flat, 2 tenor trombones and 1 bass, 1 euphonium, 4 bass, 1 bassoon, 1 large drum, 1 tenor do. and 1 side do., cymbals and triangles.

At the first entertainment, they played the overture to "Semiramis," a waltz, selection from Rossini's "Donna del Lago," Jullien's American Quadrille, selections from "William Tell," &c. They play very well indeed, yet not with the nicety of the Prussian and, I think, of Dodworth's bands—but the fact of having so many new members renders it hardly possible to have it otherwise.

The great hall in Bonsecours Market, where the entertainment was given, is a curious illustration of the effects of bad acoustical architecture. It is large enough to contain 8 or 10,000 people on the floor—but it is all length—being both narrow and low. The band was at one end of this long room, and the effect of its muffled tones, echoed and reverberated from all quarters, was curious enough—though not curiously musical.

What a view that from Montreal mountain! Below, the city, the St. Lawrence for miles away on either hand, the flat country across the river, away to the Green and Adirondack mountains, which rise dark and beautiful in the horizon, and ships and steamboats, and villages and farms, and old Frenchy spires, bright with tin, and flashing in the sun. I take the brow of the height to be some 550 to 600 feet above the river, and surely, not many elevations of this height give one so extensive a prospect.

One day, in the rain, we spent in Quebec and riding out to the falls of Montmorenci—a party of five, carriage \$5, tolls another dollar, admission to the fall 25 cents each! To my mind the Rhine can show hardly a scene equal to the view of Quebec from the Montmorenci road—but then I love water so much! and what a noble flood here moves majestically along on its ceaseless course! It was our misfortune to have the distant mountains hidden by clouds, but the views we did get, at moments when the sun peeped out, were ravishing. The Rhine view which includes Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz is petty in comparison with this, as the Rhine boats and steam vessels are petty in comparison with the noble vessels which lay at anchor in the St. Lawrence. Quebec is now one of the points to live forever in my memory.

I am before my story, for before going down to Quebec, we had a delightful excursion a few miles up the river, to St. Ann's, where Moore wrote:

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime."

Sweet, gentle scenery there, with an old French village half hidden in trees, from which a long tubular bridge spans the Ottawa. The half dozen brass instruments and drums on board our steamboat fortunately could not murder the melody to which Moore wrote his song.

23d.—Spent this Sunday in Burlington, Vt. In one of the churches heard a small organ very nicely played, and a couple of psalm tunes of the namby pamby order, with the sing-song rhythm, *pppppppppppp* in which the poor soprano singers labored in vain to keep within about an eighth to a quarter of a tone of the pitch. I wanted to trade my nerves for a set of leather strings. The girls were not to blame. Had they had a tune with a good flowing melody, they would have had no difficulty; but on such a warm

rainy morning, with nothing to assist them to keep in tune, in their long succession of common chords, no wonder they flatted. No man of taste would ever select such tunes, on account of their intrinsic meanness; no judicious leader, because such an one would know the extreme difficulty of singing such sort of things without losing pitch. Because such things are amazingly easy to read is no reason for supposing them easy to sing. The man should have known better.

24th.—Came up Champlain in the steamboat America. *Memo.* Another time take a lunch with me, for of all shameless extortions, the charge of half a dollar for what was jocosely called a dinner on that boat was the beater! I sat beside a young Englishman, and I could not tell whether his disgust or his amusement was the greater. Last year at this time he was enjoying the good dinners of European travel, and what to make of this exhibition of meanness he did not know. He ordered a piece of roast beef, and after the black, greasy, minute piece of something to which that name was given came, I saw him turn it this way and that, and examine it curiously. I need not say he ate none of it. As for me, after picking what I could from some fish-bones, I called for some mutton, and there came back a "junk" of bone without meat and one grand kidney nicely garnished with the debris of the fish aforesaid! Pish! pshaw! a disgusting thing, the whole of it. One party who had tried what was called breakfast, rather than go to that table again, went through the day sustained only by some cake, which they luckily had with them. The boat is a nice one, and if you carry your own provisions you can spend a delightful day upon it.

We crossed over from Ticonderoga in stages, two miles, to Lake George. I was not at all prepared, from what I had heard and read of it, for the very great beauty of the "Holy Lake." It is a costly route to take in coming from Montreal, but certainly few journeys of like extent can show such an accumulation of beauties. We spent the night at a huge caravansary on the site of old Fort William Henry. A band of four brass instruments discoursed sweet jargon, as we landed, and the same men played stringed instruments with a piano-forte in the evening, for the people to dance. I do not dance, but I walked out and looked at the glorious waters and the dark mountains, and drank in full draughts of exceeding beauty.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1857.

OPERATIC PROSPECTS.—The money "panic" and the crash of banks do not appear to cool men's eager curiosity about the coming opera season. For many weeks the newspapers have teemed with hints of two great rival enterprises, each promising unknown delights. Of course in either case it is *Italian* opera. On the one hand, Mr. ULLMAN, acting as the agent of his associates and backers, Messrs. THALBERG and STRAKOSCH, has actually imported and had duly serenaded, posted and announced for Monday evening, Mlle. or Mme. (accounts differ) FREZZOLINI. He has formally announced, too, the engagement of Herr FORMES, the great basso; and it is rumored that he has secured ROGER, the French tenor, (who carries the high C in his chest,) GASSIER, LABOGETTA, PARODI, and others, with a German conductor, Herr ANSCHUETZ, who has a London as well as a continental reputation, and who (it is said) will be occasionally relieved in that capacity by M. VIEUXTEMPS, the great violinist. This party has secured the New York Academy of Music from the first of this month.

On the other hand the rival party holds possession of the Academy in Philadelphia, the Boston Theatre, the Broadway Theatre in New York, and the Tacon Theatre in Havana. Its heads are Mr. MARSHALL, lessee of the Broadway and of the Philadelphia Academy, and Mr. BARRY, of our own Boston Theatre; with whom is leagued the indefatigable, the always "ruined," always new and splendidly beginning MAX MAREZKE. These, it is understood, have secured LAGRANGE, herself a host, besides retaining the chief stars of the last year's company, including Mme. GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c.; and it is confidently rumored that Max, who has been in Europe, has succeeded in engaging Signors TAMBERLIK, RONCONI, TAGLIAFICO—great lights in the London lyric firmament—also RAMAS or RAMOS (who is she?)—BELART, the French tenor who has so pleased the London critics this past summer,—and others. Also a famous Ballet company, of twenty-three principal artists, from Berlin; some say, the Ronzani ballet troupe from the Theatre Royal, Turin.

But the best of all the rumors is that of a grand union of the two armies in one unitary triangular or quadrangular campaign, whereby three alternating courses of Drama, Opera and Ballet, shall succeed each other at the three points, New York, Philadelphia, Boston—four, if we include Havana. Indeed this report is quite confidently repeated in careful quarters. The very magnitude and unity of such a scheme commends it, and is one of the best guaranties of true success. It is said that Mr. Ullman, among his other gifts of "management," has that of knowing when his head is off, of seeing when the enemy are too strong for him; and that, finding himself limited to the New York Academy, with the other strongholds occupied against him, he has well nigh come to terms, happy to share the advantages possessed by Messrs. Barry & Marshall. Should this happy union come about, even if no more of the promised stars arrive, our three cities will enjoy in turn by far the finest operatic company ever yet heard in America.

We trust all this is not mere talk; that this good time is coming; although our experience as collector of musical news has not increased our confidence in the thousand and one newspaper reports circulated by operatic managers and agents. They love to excite and mystify the public. They know that when they have kept us long on tip-toe for great feasts coming, we shall be fain to make the most of what we can get, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that appetite awakened must seek some satisfaction. So it is with the multitude of men. We shall be glad to hear all these great singers; but shall be thankful for a good and complete combination of the force already in the country, provided it can be carried out on the broad and unitary plan above described. Here are singers enough; we are not so anxious that there shall be more, as we are to be assured that such rare quantity and quality of excellence shall not be all expended in singing nothing but *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata* all the time; for with all their means in London the past season they have done scarcely more. With so many fine sopranos, tenors, basses, shall we not not also hear, not only *Don Giovanni*, but the *Nozze di Figaro*, the "William Tell," nay why not the *Orfeo*, of the *Iphigenia*, and other noble, wholesome works of

Art so long excluded by the Verdi fashion? It is something to hear fine singers, but it is more, a thousand times more to be desired, to hear immortal music. Is not Shakspeare more than any actor?

But we are content to leave the question of the repertoire for time to settle, if we can only see this plan of embracing the three cities under one grand economy once realized. There is in such combined economy of means an essential element of permanence, which would ensure us in the long run a hearing of all the important lyric masterpieces of whatever school. And that it will be realized we find no inconsiderable ground of confidence in the connection of Mr. Manager Barry's name with it. At all events, with or without the adhesion of the Strakosch-Ullmann party, his arrangements with Mr. Marshall are so complete as to "allow them jointly to present in the three cities very strong attractions in Drama, Opera and Ballet." The Boston Theatre will open the season with dramatic performances next Monday evening. During the recess the theatre has been newly painted and ornamented; the walls of the auditorium have received a warmer color, brightened with gold, and the old gas sun-burner has been replaced by a new centre lamp, which hangs lower. The scale of prices, too, has been reduced, making the price of seats in the balcony fifty cents, the same as in the parquet and first circle; second circle 25 cents; gallery 15 cents. "The stock company," says the *Advertiser*, "includes of old acquaintances the Gilberts, Messrs. Curtis, Johnson, Donaldson, Howe, (who played at this theatre the first season,) and Geo. Andrews, the Yorkshireman of the old Tremont Theatre, Misses Emmons and Vernon, and Mrs. Abbott, formerly of Boston. The principal accessions to the masculine part of the company are Messrs. George Vandenhoff and Pope, who have been shining as "stars" in California and at the West, the latter supporting Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. The other new claimants for public favor will be Mr. Davidge, a low comedian of good reputation, Miss Julia Manners from Liverpool, (on whom will fall the arduous duty of seeking to make good Mrs. John Wood's place in public esteem,) and Miss Lizzie Weston Davenport, a lady of great personal attractions and a very clever actress."

Mr. Thomas Comer remains at the head of the orchestra, which will be equal in numbers and talent to that of the past year, and is one of the best regular theatre orchestras that we have ever heard. Among the eminent dramatic stars, who will appear at some time in the season, are Miss Charlotte Cushman, Miss Heron, Messrs. Charles Matthews, Edwin Booth, Forrest and others. The Ballet will commence in Philadelphia next week, and come round to us in due time. The Opera, it is presumed, will reach us by January or February; and while the Opera or Ballet are in Boston, the dramatic company of the Boston Theatre will play in Philadelphia or New York.

Mlle. Erminie Frezzolini.

The first appearance at the New York Academy of Music of this celebrated prima donna, under the auspices of Messrs. Thalberg, Strakosch and Ullman, is announced for next Monday evening. We have not seen a full account of her career; but by way of contribution to her "ante-cedents," we copy several notices of her first

appearances in London, at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the operatic season of 1842.

Beatrice di Tenda was revived on Tuesday evening, for the debut of Mme. Poggi Frezzolini, a lady whose success in the principal theatres of Italy has been most triumphant, and whose fame has long preceded her. * * *

Mme. Frezzolini's performance was most unequivocally successful, though the effort of Tuesday night was by no means a fair test of her ability; for, during a large portion of the opera, she was evidently embarrassed by the novelty of her situation; and if she won upon her auditors by that very unusual attribute of persons accustomed to such trying public demonstrations, she certainly left much of her merit yet to be appreciated. Mme. F. is of a pure and perfect school—she possesses a sweet high soprano voice, of extensive compass and unbroken register—her intonation is scrupulously correct, and her articulation distinct and finished. She may not be classed as a florid singer, for her organ does not appear to be very agile; and this, to our fancy, is a recommendation rather than a drawback; the brilliant singers who have lately reigned supreme amongst us having carried that art as far as it could go, and, we opine, much beyond what is rational or even pleasing. Hence we imagine, when this new candidate for public favor shall come to be better known and appreciated, her pure and impassioned style may work some considerable reform in our present somewhat vitiated public taste. Mme. Frezzolini has a fine person and expressive countenance, and her action, though perhaps a little too redundant, is graceful, and illustrative of the character she represents, and the situations into which it is thrown. Her latter scenes were most effective, and worthy of the encouraging applause she received—she was called for at the conclusion of the opera. We think we may safely augur for her a distinguished popularity; and for the theatre, success and profit from her exertions.—*Mus. World*, April 28, 1842.

Mme. Frezzolini, by her excellent performance of Tuesday evening, has fully confirmed the previous favorable impression she had created; her singing throughout was irreproachable, and her acting of the most impressive description. Her voice, which is perfect both in intonation and register, seems to be entirely at her disposal; and she has acquired the happy wisdom to choose rightly where she should be florid, where declamatory, and where pathetic, each of which she gives us by turns, with a freshness of organ and feeling truly captivating.—*Ibid.* May 12.

The seducingly mellow flavor of a ripe peach wins the taste back to pure and simple nature.—The performance of Mme. Frezzolini in *Anna Bolena* on Saturday and Tuesday last, has had a similar effect—the less ornate, and as we think, preferable modern style of Italian vocalization of which this artiste is so admirable a specimen, was completely triumphant over two of the most brilliant audiences of the season; and Mme. Frezzolini may at last congratulate herself on having made an impression on the English public which cannot be easily effaced.

Anna Bolena is one of the happiest, perhaps the best, of Donizetti's numerous efforts; and the performance of Mme. Frezzolini in the heroine, gave to it a spring, freshness, and second youth—her acting was full of intelligence, and her singing most eloquent, touching and impressive.—Rubini sustained his old and favorite part with his accustomed winning ability and effect, and Lablache personated the royal wife epicure with surprising truthfulness and potentiality.—*Ibid.* July 14.

On Saturday evening, Mme. Frezzolini took her leave of an English audience in the role of *Anna Bolena*, and has certainly left an impression of her talent, which will not be effaced;—save that she labors too obviously in her performance, and is apt to overstrain her beautiful and delicate voice, we think her entitled to higher praise than any vocalist who has been introduced to the English public during the present and several past seasons.—*Ibid.* July 21.

Mario, Guasco, Persiani were, to use a hospital phrase, all down together. Whether they or any of them suffered from the *Frezzolinian* fever, we know not, but at last, *Beatrice di Tenda* was announced, and Mme. Poggi (for that is Frezzolini's real appellation) appeared. Again a bepuiled continental reputation proved injurious. Ferrara, Pisa, Bologna, Turin, Milan, Vienna, and Heaven knows how many other places, had been galvanized by the illustrious soprano, but she did not electrify London. With a voice as light, or nearly as light as Sontag's, she attempted the triumphs of Grisi, and took little by the motion.—*London paper*. Aug. 25.

The *Evening Post* has received a communication from Mr. Ullman respecting the paragraph about Mme. (or Mlle.?) Frezzolini which we copied last week from the *London Athenæum*. Mr. U. writes:

You will have full opportunity to hear Frezzolini, whom I present as a star inferior to none and superior to nearly all that have appeared on this continent. Please not to forget that I brought here Sontag and Lagrange, and be sure that I possess sufficient *amour propre* not to engage, at a large salary, an artist who could not rank as high as these two great singers.

The musical critic of the *Athenæum* is Mr. Chorley, who took considerable pains to get Mme. Caradori engaged by me. This did not suit my purpose, and I believe this article was dictated by some petty malice.

We doubt not the American audiences will judge for themselves, without much regard to the age, past fame or antecedents of the singer; and, if they like her, will be quite glad to find Mr. Ullman's second thought the best, although he did much depreciate the Frezzolini in the circular with which he heralded his importation of LAGRANGE.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We accidentally omitted, in several late numbers, to credit the translation of FERDINAND HILLER's admirable letters about the Festival at Aix la Chapelle, to the *London Musical World*. . . . A letter from London, from our old correspondent "Trovator," has reached us just too late for insertion in this number; it shall appear next week. . . . The Promenade Concerts at the Boston Music Hall are to wind up to-night with a monster concert by all the six bands combined, for the benefit of the management. If one brass band, blowing its *fortissimo* in that hall, is enough to take your head off, what will six do? blow it on again, to the tune of "Chaos come again?"

. . . . The good people of Salem have opened a subscription for Promenade Concerts, to be given by Gilmore's Brass Band. . . . Signorina CAROLINA FERDINANT, a young Milanese lady of eighteen, has written both the words and music of an opera soon to be produced at La Scala. . . . Dr. HERRMAN ZOPFF, who has furnished us the interesting articles on Weber and Mendelssohn, is the founder and head of the so-called "Opera Academy" in Berlin. He is a native of Glatz in Silesia, one of the most distinguished pupils of MARX, and the author of an opera, "Mahomet," which has been highly praised by Liszt and others of the New School tendency. Articles in Berlin and Hamburg papers and in the *Westminster Review* speak warmly of his talent as a musician and composer. He is certainly a thinker.

Mr. Ullman has out a new batch of cards in the New York papers. M. ROGERS and Herr FORMES will arrive during the latter part of this month. The opera for FREZZOLINI's debut on Monday will be *La Sonnambula*, in which Sig. LANOCERTA and Sig. GASSIER are to appear. Nothing farther yet trans-

pires about the proposed grand union. . . . There is warm controversy between certain New York and Philadelphia papers, as to which city best supports the Opera, and which Academy pays. The *Bulletin* states that the Philadelphia Academy, since its opening last February, has been used about sixty times for opera, more than sixty times for promenade concerts, and several times for balls, and that the manager has made money by all these; whereas the New York Academy in the same period has been used but twelve times for opera, six times for promenade concerts, two or three times for balls, and uniformly with a loss of money. The last of the promenade concerts at the Philadelphia Academy (they have had an orchestra, led by Bergmann, not a brass band!) took place this week, with a crowded audience.

THALBERG announces three concerts at Niblo's Saloon, to take place early this month. Will he report progress on the *bunjo*? Will he give practical evidence of his proficiency? or is the first freshness of this new luxury of "High Art" reserved for the Parisians? PARODI is at Bolton, Lake George, which is like "her Como," so she says. They have "Parodi soup" at the hotel there. . . . Mr. F. F. MUELLER, our Handel and Haydn organist for many years, has accepted the invitation of Dr. Sprague's church in Albany, at \$1,200 per annum, (said to be the largest salary received by any organist in the United States). That society pay about the same sum for singers. . . . The organ at St. Paul's, Albany, to which Mr. GEO. WM. WARREN returns, has been rebuilt by WM. A. JOHNSON, of Westfield, and is one of the largest two-bank organs in the country, containing thirty seven stops, fifteen of which are new, with a superb pedal bass. Mr. Warren's piano and singing classes begin a new term on the 21st.

The "Sanctus," which is the last new book of Psalmody upon our table, compiled and in large part composed by EDWARD HAMILTON, of Worcester, and published by Phillips & Sampson, of this city, should be the paragon of musical perfection, if it fulfil the half of what is set forth as the aim of the composer in a Worcester review of the work, which is: "That the music should be *original*, without *odd conceits* and what may be called *cheap surprises*. The aim of the composer has been, as we infer from his productions, that they should be simple and easy without puerility; rich in harmony, without chromatic redundancy; graceful in melody, without sentimentality; strong, without angularity or roughness; and, in respect to rhythm, dignified without dullness, and sprightly without frivolity." Certainly we have not seen a better description of what a good psalm tune should be and should not be.

ROGER, the tenor, has returned to Paris from Hamburg, where he appeared as George Brown in *La Dame Blanches*, Raoul (*Huguenots*), Fra Diavolo, Elenzar (*La Juive*), and Masaniello. These operas were all given in the German language, in which M. Roger, an immense favorite with the Germans, is a proficient. Mme. LAGRANGE, too, can sing in German, and FORMES is a German; so that the new opera company of the New York Academy will not lack principal singers enough to give *Fidelio*, and other German operas, should they be disposed to do so good a thing. . . . The new Vocal Association in London, under the direction of Mr. BENEDICT, and numbering some three hundred singers, gave their third concert at the Sydenham Palace last month. They were assisted by the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and all the music was selected from the works of Mendelssohn, including four of the Part-songs, the finale to *Loreley*, the "Walpurgis Night," the Symphony in A major ("Italian"), the Concerto in G minor, (played by Miss Arabella Goddard,) and the "Wedding March."

Some anonymous scribbler sends us the following; it is villainous metre, but good meat:

After reading "Satter on the Music of the Future."

Young Germany, buoyant and hopeful, but erring,
For excessive originals set up a claim,
And scorn to be hampered, much rather preferring
Eccentricity to a conventional fame.

Thus to set rules and nature a wholesale defiance
Is a musical whim it were pity to spoil;
But who model from nothing, in art or in science,
Seldom fail to find nothing the fruit of their toil!

When BRIGNOLI was singing in Philadelphia, a poet in the corner of the *City Item* gave utterance to his cestatic torments in the following

LINES TO BRIGNOLI,

Upon his singing in the opera of "Masaniello."

BY T. H. UNDER.

A voice in the Opera House,
On the stage and under the Hall!
He is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing aloud in the morning of life,
Or, rather an evening in the latter end of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner, and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.
Brignoli, with his exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an April green
Brignoli in the light of his youth and his grace,
Singing a Barcarole, and a duet of Liberty,
Singing How brightly breaks the Morning,
Till I well could weep for a chorus so languid and base,
For a chorus so cold and so very unadorned.

Silence, beautiful voice!
But still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,
But to move to the stage and fall before
Not him, who is not an idol of mine,
Not him, not him, but a voice!

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of the service music in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor:

What visitor is there that can enter St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, without a tolerably vigorous anathema against the smoke-colored window, in which glass was dulled, and old tracery torn down, in order that an oil picture, by good President West, who was only a *discolorist*, might be counterfeited as closely as possible. A late experience of Sunday music there, suggests to us that reform in more arts than one is wanted to make the solemnity of England's Palace-chapel what it should be. The service music, though carefully performed, and with sufficient force, was as rococo, without being as reverential, as the anthems of *Florimel* Greene, with their quaverings and their progressions *alla Rosalia*, belonging to the time of decadence for cathedral writing. Regarding this, however, we might have been silent, had not a more signal instance of false taste accompanied it,—in the shape of a performance of the andante to Beethoven's Symphony in D, cut short;—whether short or long, inadmissible, puerile, and ineffective as a movement for the organ. The voluntary was as objectionable as the displays of opera music, with which the ear of the Italian traveller is treated on the organ of St. Mark's, Venice, or the four organs in St. Antony's, at Padua,—or the fine instrument at Como. (exhibitions over which English tourists have been used to make themselves contemptuously merry).—in its way a piece of discord as alien to the spirit of the place as the West window.

Herr SESSELERG is the name of a new German basso profundo, said to have a stupendously deep voice, who has made his appearance at the Grand Opera of Paris in *Le Prophète*. . . . Herr TAUBERT, of Berlin, has composed a new opera on the subject of "Macbeth," for the Royal Opera house. The *Athenæum* says there is an older German "Macbeth," by M. CHELARD, too much forgotten, though it is an opera, the care, cleverness and combination of

which should have kept it alive. . . . The same journal has the following:

The death of the Prince de la Moskowa, son to Marshal Ney, claims a word of announcement here because of the leading position held by him during the later years of his life in the musical world of Paris. As an amateur, the Prince de la Moskowa stood first in a circle rather remarkable, inasmuch as it comprised such an admirable tenor singer of the first class as Prince Belgiojoso,—on the right of his accomplishment as a composer. Two operettas by him, *Le Cent Suisse* and *Yvonne*, were produced at the Opera Comique without discredit to his reputation. The concerts of unaccompanied vocal music of the ancient school, which were got up under his superintendence, were during many seasons the rage in Paris.

The Emperor of Russia, on learning that the elder LABLACHE was ordered, on account of his health, not to think of again appearing on the stage, has sent to the great artist his nomination to the dignity of "His Majesty's singer," accompanied with a gold medal enriched with diamonds, bearing the inscription, "Pour distinction;" the medal to be suspended from the neck by the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew. M. LABLACHE (says the *London Chronicle* of Aug. 10) is so much improved in health that we understand it is not at all improbable he will return to the Italian opera during the approaching season in Paris. . . . Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, it is said, is about to marry LORD WARD, the owner of the Covent Garden, and other theatres in London. . . . Prof. FISCHHOFF, formerly director of the Conservatorium of Vienna, died in that city in the beginning of August. He has left behind him a rare and valuable collection of MSS., and scores of celebrated masters, which date from a very early period. He had suffered much for many years, and died at the early age of fifty-three. . . . Herr ANTON SCHMITT, a well-known literary celebrity in the German reading world, died on the 4th of July, at Salzburg, at the advanced age of seventy-one. He was the custos of the imperial library in Vienna. His life of "Hofhaimer," a musician of Salzburg, who was born in 1459, is amongst the most interesting and popular of his biographical works.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP OF THE CONTINENT.—Meyerbeer has returned to Paris, and of course the ever-to-be-produced *Africaine* is spoken of, the Mrs. Harris of the Parisian musical world. The Italian journals announce the production of a new composer, Signor Sorrao, a pupil of Mercadante. The opera is called *Pergolesa*, and was brought out with "great success" at the Fondo, of Naples. Now is the time for singers and composers; never were they better paid or more appreciated. Verdi can get almost as much money as he likes for a new opera, and we have agents in Paris looking out for lady and gentlemen singers, who may almost choose their theatre, if possessing the shadow of a name. America threatens to become a profitable market for the sellers of sweet sounds. In a brief space of time there will be three or four large theatres in the United States permanently demanding vocalists who can sing Italian operas. Mme. Frezzolini is already engaged; Mme. Borghi-Mamo has more than one offer. I met an American agent the other day who said, speaking of the lyrical demands of this country, "If the article can be found, sir, we have a large musical-consuming public, ready to pay their money."

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(From the National Era.)

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,
And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,
And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—
Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and grained sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.
On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.
And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.
They took their places, some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.
How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!—
On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!
And jests went round, and laughter made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;
And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores;
And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!
But still the sweetest voice was mute,
That river valley ever heard,
From lip of maid or throat of bird!
For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.
She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door
She saw the horseshoe's curved charm,
To guard against her mother's harm—

That mother, poor, and sick and lame,
Who, daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits:
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And, only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And, witch or not, God knows—not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy pan,
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
While in the moonlight's silver rain,

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made Music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered through,

By voices, such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And, through the willow boughs below,

She saw the rippled water shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name;
A daughter's right I dare not crave,
To weep above her unhlest grave!

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"Oh God have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her? Had he sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"Oh, truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all its household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

My Visit in the Country.

BY A CHORISTER.

Left our quiet city one warm, sultry morning in August, traveled in the cars some forty or fifty miles, then took the stage and slowly rolled for eight lazy hours over hills and through valleys to the snug little village of L—. The village was *very* snug. Six houses and a church comprised the centre. The majority of the villagers resided in all directions from this common centre, at distances of a mile, mile-and-a-half or two miles from each other.

There is a deal of romance in country visits. One often sleeps with his nose scarcely a foot from an unfinished roof, and has a "free gratis" privilege of venting his spite on furnished bed-bugs during the spare hours of night. I was once so troubled. A huge mosquito kept up a prolonged hum all night, as a sort of prolonged pedal note to minor ejaculations of analyzed harmonies by myself! Thank fortune, my uncle has a new house, white, with green blinds. I arrived late Saturday night, had a romp with my black-eyed cousins, Hattie and Carrie, for the sake of old times, heard a learned essay from uncle's large experience on farming, and after an evening hymn retired to rest.

Woke Sunday morning greatly refreshed. Raised the window and took a peep out—very quiet—weather cool—the spire of the little white church pointed up from behind a hill a mile distant. Now and then a discreet and prudent farmer slowly entered his barn, and with characteristic sedateness "did the chores." Went down to breakfast. Ah, what a luxury is fresh country cream, on hot "flap-jacks," piled high on generous plates. The girls gave me a polite invitation to sing tenor in the choir that morning, as my uncle is leader, and they the principal sopranos in the choir. I of course was glad of the opportunity of being mixed up with a genuine back-woods "singing school."

The bell had nearly ceased tolling. I with my cousins sat watching the people come in. The choir and musicians were already in their places. Some were whispering, some sucking lemons or eating dill, others, more mindful than the rest, were humming over the opening sentence. But the movements of the orchestra amused me the most. It numbered nine pieces, viz: three violins, my uncle leading with one, a cracked flute, two clarinets in C, a tenor trombone, a fagotto and bass viol! Two of the violinists and a clarinetist stepped into a side closet to tune up, and sundry "quacks," as Fétis expresses it, told us that they were "going it" indis-

criminately. They soon returned—the former gentlemen with their instruments nicely tucked under their arms, the latter looking very red in the face. The flutist, a short man with squint eyes, made so by sympathy with his instrument in its upper octave, was busy wetting the keys with spittle and cleansing the flute with a huge red silk bandanna. The trombone performer, a sturdy blacksmith with jolly red cheeks, was slowly taking out his lunch from the bell of his instrument, at the same time maliciously winking to the belle of his heart, a fair-haired damsel across the gallery. Mr. Fagotto, a tall, lean, crooked-nosed Yankee, was busy making crosses under all the notes in the opening piece which he was capable of performing, his scale on that noble instrument being limited to eight or ten notes. My uncle was busy assisting the bass viol man to tune; he being rather deaf, needed assistance.

The bell ceased tolling. My uncle rose, flourished his bow twice, and then the orchestra began the symphony. I pitied the performer on the viol; being deaf, he was always behind time; now and then Mr. Fagotto, as he came to a crossed note, gave me brief examples of the beauties of a "reed bass." 'T would have been more to my comfort had the *real* been in the performer.

Mr. Trombone gave us a very brilliant performance; at the end of each blast he would cast his eyes beseechingly to his fair-haired friend to know if *she* heard it! The clarinetists gave coloring to the piece, their faces being, from exertion, of a brilliant red. Mr. Flutist, all alone by himself, warbled in affecting tremulous *8vo*, *con amore*. The violins for a wonder were "up to the scratch," and aided much in the general *ensemble* of the performance.

The symphony being finished, the choir, numbering some twenty-five, rose with one accord, and then came the tragedy of music. Dear me! I was *stunned*—not as Saint Stephen was of old—but by bars of noisy music! In my astonishment I forgot to sing my part; in fact, the book was upside down, and I, in a vain attempt to find them, concluded they were singing the piece *canon* fashion, and quietly sat down to hear them through.

"Well, nephew," said my uncle, as the last amen was reluctantly given, "that's a telling piece!"

"Yes, uncle, very telling."

"Ah, you think so?" rubbing his hands in delight. "I'm glad you appreciate it, for we've practiced it four consecutive Sabbaths expressly for your coming!"

"Indeed, I'm greatly obliged. I plainly see your choir is independent." This remark touched my uncle. It was his favorite hobby. His eyes sparkled, and taking a fresh twist of tobacco from a large antiquated tortoise box, he began:

"My dear nephew, you are right. I plainly see you have good judgment. Why, last fall we had a cattle show here. The committee, says they to me, we are to have closing exercises in the meeting house, with remarks from a crack orator; get up some good music. Says I, I'm your man. We practiced four weeks, three times a week, learned four pieces, had fresh recruits in our orchestra—two fiddles, a bugle, an opbicleide, a fife to come in on double F's, and part of Tinkerville Brass Band. Well, the day came, and just as the exercises were to begin, in comes Dr.

Pillsbury, one of the committee, and leader of the singing in Tinkerville. Says he, John—he always calls me John—I've written an original ode to original music for this occasion, and you will greatly oblige me by performing it: the parts are all copied. Says I, we'll do it. You see, nephew, I was not going to be bluffed down by any Tinkerville musician. Well, we did sing it! To be sure the choir wavered a little in time, yet every note was *sung* and *played*. After the exercises, the Dr. comes to me; says he: John, that's the most *feeling* performance I ever heard!" Poor uncle, he did not see the Doctor's sarcasm.

After service the choir stayed to rehearsal, as was their custom. My uncle, glad to promulgate his peculiar views on music, began a "few remarks."

"Fellow-singers, you did remarkably well this morning. Some of you didn't let out your voice enough; always throw your arms back and your chest out, so as to give a free, unobstructed passage for the voice. This young man at my left is my nephew, of whom I have spoken to you before. He is from the city, and his choir sing opera music, written by crazy foreigners. I think the opera music most blasphemous, though I've never heard any of it, and I don't wish to. Give me the music of Billings, of Swan, Shaw and them fellows; there's true worship for you, true spirit, none of your squawking stuff!" Here Carrie pinched my arm and whispered, "nonsense."

"Nephew, I don't mean no offence, for you aint to blame for being perverted; I'm only advising you about proper style, and such like. When you have led twenty years, as I have, and sung through as many books, you will then begin to appreciate your old uncle's remarks. The choir will please turn to the forty-ninth page, first tune, common metre—one—two—begin." At the end of the second phrase I whispered to Carrie:

"Your father is singing an opera tune!"

"Are you in earnest, cousin," said Carrie, with a peculiar smile about her pretty mouth.

"Certainly, he is singing an arrangement from a religious march, in one of Gluck's operas."

"Well, nephew," said uncle, as they finished the tune, "that's prime music—none of your new-fangled stuff."

"Please, pa," said Carrie, blushing with embarrassment, "Cousin says that is opera music, taken from —"

"No such thing, 'tis the essence of church style; it is written by a Mr. Arr. Gluck. A-r-r means Aaron. Mr. Aaron Gluck, a smart man, he lives about fifty miles east."

"Uncle, I beg pardon—I mean no offence"—but the tune is *arranged* from Gluck's opera, called 'Alceste.' Gluck is one of your crazy foreigners. To his insanity the musical world is indebted for great treasures of sweet sounds. You see opera music sometimes has very devotional tendencies. Andante passages without complicated harmonies are —"

"Humph, I see what you are at; you want to argue. The choir is dispersed. Come, girls, put on your things, for nephew and I must have a 'set-to' when we get home!"

TRANSMITTING SIGNALS BY MUSICAL SOUNDS.—The *France Musicale* gives an interesting account of some experiments made in the

presence of the Emperor of the French when at Plombières, to test the efficiency of M. Sudre's plan for transmitting signal sounds. The above named journal says:

During the Emperor's stay, M. Sudre, the inventor of what is called *téléphonie*, or the art of transmitting signals and phrases by sound, had with his wife the honor of exhibiting before His Majesty. Placing himself in the middle of the saloon, he announced that he would with his violin express any phrase his Majesty might please to dictate to him, in such a manner as to enable Mme. Sudre, who was seated at the further end of the room, among a group of ladies, to say what it meant. The Emperor immediately wrote on a piece of paper the words: *Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux*, and M. Sudre produced a few sounds from his violin. Mme. Sudre immediately rose and repeated the phrase, word for word. Another experiment was then made—it consisted in speaking the notes instead of playing them. The Emperor wrote, *Plombières est une ville charmante ce soir*, and M. Sudre, after reading the phrase, pronounced, without any intonation of voice, certain notes. Mme. Sudre at once gave the words correctly. Experiments in *téléphonie* were made. M. Sudre's system reduces the transmission of signals to the three sounds expressed by the trumpet, the drum, or the cannon; or, in the event of high winds preventing sounds from being heard, to three signs. The Emperor gave the order, "Construct batteries on the height," and M. Sudre produced three sounds on the clarion; Mme. Sudre at once repeated the phrase. Another order given by Gen. Espinasse was repeated by the drum, and translated instantaneously by the lady. The order, "Let the artillery paralyze the fire of the enemy's battery," was transmitted by taps on the table to imitate cannon, and was in like manner at once repeated by Mme. Sudre. The Emperor asked if proper names and the names of towns could be transmitted by the system, and being answered in the affirmative, wrote the name of Nabuchodonosor; some sounds from the trumpet enabled Mme. Sudre to repeat the name aloud. The Emperor expressed his satisfaction at what he had witnessed. He then graciously invited Madame Sudre to sing one or two moreaux, after which his Majesty dismissed her and her husband with marks of his munificence.

MUSIC AT THE "ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION," MANCHESTER.—The musical attractions of this grand historical panorama of the art of Painting seem to have been both rich and rare, worthy of so artistic a scene, and more than worthy of the crowds who flock to see it. The *Athenæum* says:

The music at Manchester is so well given as to deserve something better than the mere sufferance of a yawning and gossiping assemblage of people (not audience). The band collected by M. Halle is a very good one, thoroughly under the control of its conductor. M. Halle, whom we had not met before in this capacity, is efficient and spirited at the head of an orchestra, and active in research. The programme of the first act of one of the concerts given during our visit to Manchester will speak for the pains and research devoted by the collection of musical "art-treasures." This ran as follows: Overture, "Les Abencerrages," *Cherubini*; Andante Pastorale, in G. S. *Bach*; Finale, from Symphony Op. 146, *F. Ries*; Scherzo and Notturmo, "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Mendelssohn*; Overture, "Olympia," *Spontini*. The above moiety of a single concert scheme, every component item of which had merit, character, and also popularity, comprised more unfamiliar music than the entire six programmes of our London Philharmonic Concerts! One of the specimens, too, was as precious of its kind as the Memling "St. Christopher," or the Holbein "Anne of Cleves," or the Fiammingo carvings in ivory. This was the

Andante by *Bach*—a prelude to one of his Christmas anthems, probably never before heard in this country. Rarely has anything more lovely and more interesting been produced than this movement, which is a *Siciliana*, about double the length of Handel's "Pastoral Symphony," and resembling it in character as closely as the diversities of humor in the two masters rendered possible. It is curious, by the way, to note how, as in Painting, certain heraldic and ecclesiastical colors have, by frequent use, been made symbolical, authoritative, and traditional;—so, in Music, one *tempo*, one style, were during a long period accepted as canonical for certain subjects; and not merely in the case of dance-measures, the formality of which is inexorable and inevitable. We cannot recall one Pastoral in common *tempo* earlier in date than Beethoven's Symphony. Here, then—to return—is an art-treasure "of purest ray serene," which passed unnoticed, owing to the prostrated state of mind and body into which picture-gazing had subdued those who "sat under it." The organ in the exhibition, which is the work of Manchester builders, seems to be a fine and powerful instrument, having something of the French quality of tone.

Opera in New York—What the Critics say of the New Singers.

The Operatic campaign at the Academy of Music, under the management of Messrs. ULLMAN and STRAKOSCH, opened on Monday evening with the well-known *Sonnambula*. Three singers, of considerable distinction in Europe, made their first appearance, besides a new conductor. There was a large and eager audience, in which the friends of both the rival operatic enterprises were well represented. VIEUXTEMPS was there, the violinist, who had just arrived, and there too sat the queens of other recent opera troupes, MMES. LAGRANGE, D'ANGRI and VESTVALL. Boquets and other tokens of enthusiasm were plenty. A pretty accurate idea, we fancy, of the qualities and merits of the artists, and of the probability that they will take a deep hold on our opera-loving public, may be gathered from the reports of some of the more earnest and discriminating critics, from which we append liberal extracts.

(From the Tribune.)

There has been so much said about the failure of Madame FREZZOLINI's powers, that we were prepared to hear nothing but a wreck of a voice. The result was, however, better than we expected. Madame Frezzolini's voice is not fresh; it has been injured, along with many others, in the ultra declamatory school which has grown up within the last few years, but still there is enough left to show that she is a great artist. As we have to deal with inexorable facts, we must say that we did not hear one full, voluminous, luscious note, surcharged with lyrical passion, frenzied with beauty; but we noted great delicacy, refined intensity, and pathos within a quiet sphere. In the first solo, the clear, nice delivery of the recitative at once indicated the exquisitely-trained artist. The slow movement was elegantly rendered, but the fast not so well—a certain rapid descent of notes in one place not being quite accurate. The duet at the end of the first act placed Madame Frezzolini higher in the esteem of the audience. The duet in the chamber scene, being a subdued expression, was thoroughly well rendered. The concerted piece which followed was tearfully beautiful, but deficient in abandonment in the slow movements. The finale in action demands the utmost physical prowess and passionate vehemence, and these were wanting. Indeed, the refined, ladylike characteristics of Madame Frezzolini were never laid aside for any ultra-hearty, buxom, rural breadth of grief or joy, such as Amina—a passionate peasant—may be supposed to have; though an under-current of sympathy lay in her musical tone and style. The

final slow movement—given in the dreamy haze of somnambulism, when the soul refuses clear converse with the outward world—was quite within the range of her power; but the transition to the ecstatic finale showed the old want. In a word, Madame Frezzolini has come a few years too late to this country to do herself full justice. A nation, whose heart and head are young, requires, more than does Europe, fresh voices as the symbol of youth and love. There, hierarchical respectabilities, and old memories and antecedents, may cause an artist whose bloom is impaired to be affectionately considered, but here not. We think it probable that, considering how well Madame Frezzolini was received last night, she may have a hold on the admiration of a large portion of the musically-cultivated opera-goers. In person, Madame Frezzolini is attractive; a fine Roman face, well-delineated figure, good carriage, and a *distingué* style. It is well to hear such artists in Bellini's lovely music; for the later singers seem to be losing the gradations of grace and agility in the muscular throes of declamation.

The new tenor LABOCETTA has what the Italians call a graceful, in contradistinction to a forcible, voice. It is very sweet, has great command of the upper notes; executed the few rapid ones that occur in a manner which showed that Rossini would bear to be rendered by the same artist. Of the precise rank of this singer we forbear to speak, as he was suffering with a cold and hoarseness.

The Baritone, GASSIER, made a hit. He has a good, round, sympathetic, manly voice; not ultra-potent or tragically grand, but complete in its class. He sings very well, too. The *Vi raviso* was uproariously encored.

It would be a great oversight in noticing the enterprise of Messrs. Ullman, Thalberg and Strakosch—the managers of the Academy—not to individualize the orchestral Conductor, Mr. ANSCHUTZ. He is a master of his profession: he is quick, firm, mercurial, precise, and all alive. His readings were frequently remarkable. The ghost chorus, as accompanied, was a perfect case in point.

(From the Courier & Enquirer.)

We all know *La Sonnambula* so well and all admire it so much, and it is so well adapted to Madame Frezzolini's style, that she could not have chosen an opera better suited either to awaken our interest or display her talents. She appeared before an audience not only willing but anxious to be pleased, and under these circumstances she pleased them. We cannot say that she did much more. Her voice is still so good that we can see how good it must have been, though it could never have been of the very first class; and her manner of vocalizing is so purely Italian that it is easy to believe that all Italy must have been vain enough to admire her. She evidently deserved the reputation which she possessed. The imperial quality of Jenny Lind's voice—the only really grand soprano of this age; the luscious richness of Alboni's, with her absolutely perfect method; the exquisite sweetness and flexibility of Sontag's, the dramatic utterance of Grisi,—these Madame Frezzolini has not, nor were they ever hers. But she has a fine voice—a real soprano, and an unexceptionable method; she is a very good actress, has a pleasing person, and a charmingly naive and, at times, almost bashful manner; and she adds to all these qualities one in which she is without a rival. While others are grander, more finished or more dramatic, she is the most elegant singer we have ever heard. There is a certain air about her singing which produces an impression akin to that received from an exquisitely dressed and highly cultivated woman. It is quite impossible to tell how this effect is made; for here the style is the woman. Madame Frezzolini did not sing *Come per me* last evening very brilliantly: she took both movements too slowly, and seemed to do so of necessity. Too harsh a judgment ought not to be passed upon occasional false intonations, which were possibly caused by excitement. Her acting and dramatic singing in the second act were very fine, and would have produced a greater impression had her voice responded entirely to her demands upon it. We have

judged Madame Frezzolini by a very high standard: she is by far the greatest prima donna save one, yet heard within the walls of the Academy of Music; and we await her appearance in another opera with interest and pleasurable anticipations.

The new tenor, Signor Labocetta, was evidently suffering from hoarseness and catarrh, and cannot fairly be judged. He has a pure tenor voice of very pleasant quality, and such compass that he was enabled to sing with Madame Frezzolini the beautiful duet, *Son geloso*, at the end of the first act. This was the first time it had been heard in this country. It was written expressly for Rubini, and lies so high as to be out of the reach of ordinary tenor voices.

The most decided success of the evening was that of M. Gassier. His voice is not a baritone, but a pure singing base—*basso cantante*. Clear, resonant, vibrating, freely and easily delivered, above all emotional, it is one of the finest organs we have heard. His style is manly, his method excellent, and his acting good. If he do not make an eminent artist, it is the fault of his thinking, not of his singing. He 'drew first blood,' and was obliged to repeat *l'i ravello o luoghi ameni*.

(From the Times.)

Signorina FREZZOLINI's appearance is decidedly interesting. Her features are of an Oriental mould; her eyes large and lustrous; her complexion pale and thoughtful, and her figure sufficiently decided for the milliners. The portraits give a good idea of the character of the face, which is youthful and pleasant to look on. Signorina Frezzolini was cordially welcomed, and, without apparent embarrassment, proceeded with the business of the first act. She sang sweetly, pleasantly and artistically, but without displaying any of the power either as an actress or a singer which the audience expected. It was not until the *finale* to the second act that she shone to advantage. Here, with evident intention, she filled the house with acclamation. In the third act she relapsed naturally into a pleasant creamy vein until the *finale*, which she sang with rapture about as well as most prima donnas. Signorina Frezzolini is an artiste in the true sense of the word; she can execute the most florid passages with ease, and is an absolute mistress of song, more so than any of her predecessors since SONTAG. Of late we have been somewhat coarsely addicted to screaming, and for this reason it will be some little time before we can correct the vitiated taste. There is not the faintest approach to a scream or a bawl in Mme. Frezzolini's method. She sings truly; with sentiment, with passion, with intelligence, and with a clear perception of what she is about. Her physical powers are not great, but her voice, a high soprano, is of exquisite purity, and travels far when you have become accustomed to it. We expect, however, that from nervousness, or other causes, her voice was more than usually feeble last evening. Miss Frezzolini is one of those artists who grow on the hearer.

Signor GASSIER (the Count) is the best baritone we have heard since the palmy days of BARDALI. He possesses an organ of rare sweetness and flexibility, and sings like a gentleman who has not been accustomed to go round with a milk-cart.

Mr. ANSCHUTZ is precisely the conductor that is needed in this country. He is lovable for two reasons: He can produce a perfect *pianissimo*, and he does not allow his fiddlers to *scrape*. As an accompaniment, he is precisely the man for Mme. Frezzolini, subordinating the orchestra completely to the requirement of the singer. He is neat rather than massive, and with an eye to nice little figures in the orchestration rather than a large regard for broad contrast.

The Boston *Courier* has a New York correspondent who is evidently a German, and quite at home in all the recent musical history of Europe. He writes:

Madame Frezzolini, so justly esteemed and appreciated by all competent judges in Europe, is, nevertheless, not at the present time a so-called

popular singer there. No doubt, when she was in her prime, some fifteen years ago, she created a very deep impression wherever she appeared; but for the last five years, she has not been able to concentrate the attention and sympathy of the great mass of dilettanti in Europe. Besides, the scene of her "triumphs," with the exception of Italy, has been restricted to a very few places, such as Vienna, Paris, and St. Petersburg. Her debut in Vienna was perhaps the most successful, while that in London (1842) only commanded the interest of connoisseurs and critics. Her present position in Europe can be briefly described as being that of a superior artist *on the decline*.

As to the tenor, Signor Labocetta, he is better known in Germany than in other countries, outside of Italy. The reason of this is that he has occupied a very prominent position in second rate troupes, which travel occasionally through Northern Germany, while he holds only a secondary position as regards the first class troupes in Vienna, Paris and London. Six years ago he was a favorite of the public of Berlin. He pleased by the purity of his method, and the fluency with which he sang floriture and similar ornaments. If his voice had been stronger at that time he could have occupied a high position in his art, as he is decidedly one of the best musicians in the profession. Lately he has become quite a violoncello player, and a composer of quintets and other kinds of chamber music.

Signor Gassier, the barytone, has been a successful concert singer for the last two years in London. As to his laurels on the stage, he has yet to win them.

In regard to the new conductor, Mr. Anschutz, I believe that he will prove to be in every respect efficient and commendable. His reputation dates from his first appearance in London with the German Opera troupe which brought the great basso, Formés, to England. Since then he has held a prominent position in London as conductor of operas, concerts and oratorios. There is scarcely a conductor living who excels him in energy and enthusiasm for his profession. He is a thorough musician, and will be a more valuable acquisition, provided he can adapt himself to the peculiarities of the musical world in this country.

But, you ask impatiently, how are the singers? What was their success? Well, Madame Frezzolini sang, *mezza voce*, but this beautifully, and as only a great, a real artist can do. There was no *humbugging*, no sham art, no *viser à l'effet* in her phrasing; everything, with exception of a few of her cadenzas, was done quietly, correctly, with taste and propriety. Her execution is not very great,—not dashing and daring *à la* Lagrange and others, but neater and purer. If she had only more voice she would be the most fascinating singer on the stage. But unfortunately she possesses only remnants of voice, nothing more. Her higher notes appear forced, and seem to obey her only when she shouts them, and the whole range of her tones is like trembling leaves as soon as the situation compels her to sing *forte*. It is just for this reason, that she resorts so much to *mezza voce* singing, the only means by which her voice in its present state can make a deep impression. This she proved best in the third act, where her singing, while she was in a state of somnambulism, could almost recall that of Jenny Lind. But as soon as she awoke, and had to give vent to joy, passion and brilliant execution, her powers failed, and the impression was more painful than agreeable. The same may be said of her grand scene in the second act, where all her fine acting was of no avail, just on account of her want of sufficient voice.

Signor Labocetta introduced himself with the certificate of the medical doctor. If he did not succeed with the general public, he certainly won the esteem of the connoisseurs on this occasion.

The barytone, Signor Gassier pleased the most, perhaps, of the three débutants. He is, of all who have yet been presented to the public, the best with regard to voice, and the weakest with regard to art. His acting shows want of ease and habit.

The chorus was only so-so; the orchestra,

however, was very good, and although this opera offers only a very poor field for the display of the good qualities of a conductor, Mr. Anschutz showed sufficiently that he is the right man, even for an opera of Bellini.

The Paintings of Edouard Frère.

BY RUSKIN.

I do not like to speak much of the French exhibition, because there are characters in the work of every nation which need to be long and specially studied, before a foreigner can do justice to them; and I have not yet been able to give serious study to the French modern school. Two things, however, must strike every one: the general deadness of color, associated with softness of outline, which seem to be enforced upon their feebler painters, and delighted in by their stronger ones. I had intended to try to get at the principle of this, to consider what harm or good was in it; but I have been hindered hitherto, and see no hope of my ever getting liberty in that room to think of, or look at, anything but the six pictures of Edouard Frère. There are, I see well enough, one or two consummate pieces by other men: the "Doctor's Visit" (136.), for instance, by Emile Plassan, is as perfect and finished as work or thought well can be; and Trayer's "Convalescent" (155.), and several other such, show, in various degrees, a peculiar ease in getting at their point, which makes our English efforts, however successful, look clumsy and forced by comparison. But I cannot tell how I am ever to say what I want to say about Frère's pictures; I can find no words tender enough, nor reverent enough. They have all beauty, without consciousness; dignity, without pride; lowliness, without sorrow; and religion, without fear. Severe in fidelity, yet, as if by an angel's presence, banishing all evil and pain; perfect in power, yet seeming to reach his purpose in a sweet feebleness, his hand failing him for fullness of heart; swift to seize the passing thought of a moment in a child's spirit, as a summer wind catches a dead rose-leaf before it falls, yet breathing around it the everlasting peace of heaven;—he will do more for his country, if he can lead her to look where he looks, and to love as he loves, than all the proud painters who ever gave lustre to her state, or endurance to her glory. What truer glory has she than in these her village children? I cannot choose among such pictures, nor reason of them, though, perhaps, the reader may be surprised at my caring so much for what seems slight in work, and poor in color. But its very poverty and slightness are, in some sort, a part of its beauty: at least, if this painting be imperfect, I have never seen perfect painting do so much; and I believe that only the man who can conceive these pictures knows how he ought to paint them. The beautiful "Student" (61.) is, perhaps, the most finished, just because it is the least pathetic; the three other more important ones, the "Luncheon," the "Sempstress," and the "Prayer," are certainly three of the most touching poems that were ever yet written, and, I believe, by far the most lovely ever yet painted, of lowly life. Who could have believed that it was possible to unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico?

The first named of these pictures is the most wonderful; but perhaps the "Prayer" is the one which will be most easily understood, and will best teach the spectator how to enter into the character of the rest. It needs no telling of it; surely it will speak for itself:—the little bare feet kept from the stone-cold by the nightgown which the mother has folded for them, bared of their rough grey stockings, as reverently, and as surely in God's presence, as if the poor cottage floor were the rock of Sinai; the close cap over the sweet, pointed, playful, waving hair, which the field-winds have tossed and troubled as they do the long meadow-grass in May, and yet have not unsmoothed one wave of its silken balm, nor vexed with rude entangling one fair thread of all that her God numbers, day by day; the dear, bowed, patient face, and hands folded, and the mother's love that clasps them close in a solemn

awe, lest they should part or move before her Father's blessing had been given in fullness.—Return to it, and still return. It should be the last picture you look at in all the year; carrying the memory of it with you far away through the silence of the thatched villages, and the voices of the blossoming fields.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1857.—Arriving in London, after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, and panting for music as the hart panted for water-brooks, I find myself just in time to be too late; the season is over, the singing birds have flown away and the voice of the operatic turtles is no longer heard in the land. However, if it were any consolation, (which it is not) our own redoubtable Max Maretzek is here, and may be seen any fair day, (which occurs about once a month), promenading up Pall Mall and the Strand as large as life, and vastly more elegant and fashionable in appearance. Indeed, he appears to have renewed his youth like the eagle, and sudden departures from American cities, under a pressure of pecuniary liabilities, do not seem at all to cast a shadow o'er his young heart; on the contrary, he is as blooming and benignant as Mr. Micawber, when Mrs. M. has temporarily laid the Twins on the shelf, and provided him with the ingredients for punch.

One afternoon I strolled over, or more correctly speaking, I rode on the top of a London bus to the Royal Surrey Gardens, where Jullien is giving concerts with his unrivalled band, Albani being the vocalist. The hall in which these concerts are given, is now the finest in London, seating over ten thousand people, and admirably arranged for acoustic and optical effect. There are four tiers of galleries, and a spacious area or ground floor, provided with comfortable seats; the building is plain and chaste, the decorations far from gorgeous, and the entire building admirably adapted for just what it is—a cool, pleasant hall for summer use.

You must know that Jullien and his music do not form the only attractions at the Surrey Gardens. The grounds are very handsomely laid out, and illuminated at night in a highly effective manner—lampions dangling from every tree, and paper crocuses and lilies, that adorn the flower beds, suddenly disclosing their artificiality by glowing after dark with theatrical gas-light. Here is a grotto with a hermit for three-pence extra, and an ambrotype gallery where you can obtain your counterfeit presentment for a shilling, and to which, "for fear of accident," as the circulars mysteriously say, you are earnestly requested to hasten immediately upon your entrance into the garden. There are also a couple of bears, which you are forbidden to poke at with your cane or umbrella, thus losing the chief enjoyment of a visit to bears, and the bare loss of this bear poking amusement it is very difficult to bear. Yet all these glories fade before a lake of real water, around which is arranged some artificial scenery, representing a view of Alpine mountains, crowned with diadems of snow and ice, and presenting from the Music Hall a very pleasing appearance.

But the crowd is gradually compressing itself into the hall, (reminding one of the great misty giant in Arabian Nights, who gathered himself up into a little box), and to get a seat it is necessary to leave the bears and the lake at once. The entrance to the gardens, concert and concluding fire-works being only an English shilling, there is generally in fair weather a concourse of some eight or ten thousand present, and there were fully the latter number there on the evening I attended. My seat was next to a party with whom I speedily became acquainted, they quickly becoming aware that I was an American, though I have not done the "banner of the free"

into a waistcoat pattern, neither do I use the stars and stripes for a pocket handkerchief. Nor do I even have short striped pants, or say: "Now yeon don't," like the mythical Yankees of the stage; nor yet did I proffer them any wooden nutmegs; but notwithstanding, they quickly surmised the place of my nativity, and one of the ladies asked me if I knew Longfellow?

No, I regretted to say, I did not, except through his works.

Had I never seen him?

No, I had never seen him—at which my fair interlocutor expressed surprise, mingled with pity, and spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure she had derived from his works. She also informed me that when in Italy she had occupied the same room, at Albano, I think, that Longfellow had formerly occupied; and she further asserted that she wanted to go to America, if only to see the author of "Ottello," which had accompanied her on her continental travels. And I have noticed that in England Longfellow enjoys a greater popularity than almost any other American writer. Many of his shorter poems have been set to music, and his name is as familiar as that of any of the great modern poets.

But while we were talking about Longfellow, a corpulent but very fashionable fellow appears on the platform and bows his acknowledgements to the applause of the multitude. It is Jullien, arrayed in all his old magnificence, gorgeous in white pants, white waistcoat, and white kids, a neck tie to which he has evidently devoted his entire mind, and a *tout ensemble*, suggestive of Beau Brummell, Count D'Orsay and Lord Chesterfield combined. He seizes his baton, turns to the musicians, gives a few short nervous taps on the desk, and the concert commences. Here is the programme:

- | PART I. | |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Overture—Fidelio..... | Beethoven. |
| 2. Quadrille—Grandair Dancer..... | Jullien. |
| 3. Symphony—Power of Sound..... | Spohr. |
| 4. Concerto—No 6, (Violin)..... | De Bériot. |
| | M. Le Hon. |
| 5. Polka—La Jolie Bouquetière..... | C. Le Ray. |
| 6. Rondo—Non più mesta..... | Rossini. |
| | Mme. Albani. |
| 7. Quadrille—English..... | Jullien. |
| PART II. | |
| 8. Selections from <i>Trovatore</i> | Verdi. |
| 9. Air and Variations..... | Rode. |
| | Mme. Albani. |
| 10. Polonaise de Reception..... | Jullien. |
| 11. Solo on Clarinet—Airs from Norma..... | Bellini. |
| | M. Delafosse. |
| 12. Galop—L'Estafette..... | Jullien. |

Of the excellence of Jullien's band it is quite unnecessary for me to speak. Whatever they do, they do well, and seem to expend as much care upon the "King of the Cannibal Islands" as upon a symphony of the old masters. The "Fidelio" overture was, however, almost inaudible, as the audience were not all seated, and numbers were roving wildly about the room, searching for a vacant chair. The Symphony of Spohr, of which only the first movement was given, was finely performed, and well received by the audience. The *Trovatore* selection consisted of a mutilated orchestral arrangement of the short introduction, and the air sung by Ferrando; the *Il balen*, performed with great taste on the ophicleide, by Mr. Hughes, and the *Miserere* scene, the solo on the oboe and cornet, a vocal force of some fifty or more male voices taking up the chorus of monks, and forming altogether a very effective rendition of this gem of poor, abused Verdi's most popular opera. The other instrumental soloists did their share towards entertaining the audience, M. Le Hon being recalled after his delicate and masterly violin performance.

But the great attraction of the evening was the fat and fair vocalist. ALBANI warbled with just the same ease that she did of yore, (the classic phrase "yore" meaning four years ago in America), and looks as untroubled by care and sorrow. She however wears her hair in the preposterously ugly style now so much in vogue, combing it tightly back from

the scalp, so that the most devoted of her admirers can say little in favor of her appearance. By the way, they say she has lately decided never to assume a male character on the stage—reason, conscientious scruples. She was encoored in one of her songs, and of course gave in answer her *Piece de resistance*, the Brindisi from *Lucrezia*, which was received with frantic applause. After the concert there were fireworks on the lake, of which, being naturally an amiable and considerate soul, I will spare you a description. TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1857.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

The common theories of music are low. The definitions which have been given of it define only the least part of it. Devoted musicians, refined, enthusiastic amateurs, have done no justice to their own inspiring pursuit, when they have defined it to be the agreeable effect of certain analogous sounds falling in rhythmical succession upon the ear—as if it all ended there, in a pleasant sensation. But it is not to be expected that those who feel and practice most, shall always be able to give the truest account of what they feel. To abandon ourselves to an emotion, and to reflect upon it at the same time, is perhaps impossible. When the heart is moved we are in no condition to analyze and describe our emotions; on the other hand, as soon as we pass into the cool state of reflection, the feeling, with all its life and glow, is gone, and we talk about organs, and nerves, and sensations, and images, and such old wrecks, and stones, and shells, as we may pick up on the dead bottom of the sea, after the waters have retired. It is almost impossible to define music. Let us only consider some of its characteristics, its extent and resources, its influence upon society, and what it contributes to the general culture of man. With its physical and scientific character we have here nothing to do, except so far as they illustrate its internal meanings. We are interested with it as an Art, and not as a Science; with the Literature, and not with the Grammar of Music.

In the first place, the pleasure derived from music is more than a physical pleasure. It is more than an agreeable sensation. It is not all over when the excited nerve no longer vibrates. It lives on in the mind; it becomes an idea, a feeling there. It is not without its lasting influence upon the heart, the imagination, the whole upward striving of the soul. Have we explained the beauty of Nature or Art, when we know all about the eye, and the optic nerve, and the physical laws of light and color? Have we got at the grand mystery of poetry and eloquence, when we have analyzed the vocal organs, and found the rudiments of speech? Will a finer "musical ear" alone make a Mozart? There is nothing in this world without its spiritual meaning. We converse with it through our senses; but it enters the eye, or the ear, only that it may plant seeds in that unfathomed Infinite we call our Soul. That snatch of melody which I hear to-day, never to hear again, perhaps—never to recall even in memory, in its right order—shall not be lost, but shall be part of me in a higher sphere of being ages hence. Some little song,

learned and forgotten in boyhood, even now determines somewhat my affections, my aspirations, and colors the whole ideal that floats before me and that leads me on. All beauty is eternal—the soul creates it; the soul is led forward by it, till it can create and realize a higher beauty. Beauty speaks from us in many forms—in speech, in music, in painting, in motion, and in action; it addresses us in many forms, yet its essence is one. Painting and sculpture address the eye; Music the eye; Words the understanding, through the ear or the eye; but so soon as they pass within the precincts of the sentient soul, they all sink within us deeper than we trace, until they cease to be unlike; the form melts, the spirit, the essence remains and mingles itself with our essence, our spirit, thence to go forth again daily, in our every look, and tone, and act, and passion, giving somewhat of new grace to every expression of ourselves.

Where do we experience music? Not in the senses, as we do food and hunger, warmth and cold; but in the seat of the deep sentiments and feelings, in the seat of reason and imagination, love and faith, where thought, poetry, eloquence, and beauty alone are privileged to enter. There are men who live in music, as others do in philosophy or poetry. It is their world—the giving and receiving of it is their life. Do these men lead sensual lives, amusing themselves forever? In all the harmony which they drink in, or pour forth, or leave written, are they not letting us commune with their spirits? To a musical mind, who can rightly appreciate what he hears, an oratorio, a sonata, a symphony, tells the story of its author; his life is in it, as much as ever poet's life was in his song. There are styles in music, which betray not various art, but various character of heart and mind. There is but one Beethoven, one Rossini. Is it that they have such peculiar ears? and do we say that such an ear loves such a style of harmony? The whole process by which music is produced is analogous to that of literature. It is conceived in the mind, like thought; it is prompted by a heart full even to necessity of utterance; it is written down, and read, and meets response in other minds and hearts; and, when made popular, it tinctures more or less the popular mode of thinking, and feeling, and living. Haydn composed his music much as a scholar writes his books. He kept his musical "common-place book," in which he noted down such original airs and passages of music as had their birth in his fancy, under the impulse of various emotions. To this he frequently resorted for the theme for some sprightly Allegro, or tender, melancholy Andante, when he had to write a Symphony. So does all that is beautiful or sublime in music stand for some deep inward experience, and address itself to sympathizing hearts. Is it still doubted that it is a thing of the soul, and not of sensation merely? Look at Beethoven, totally deprived of the sense of hearing, still ministering in the temple of harmony, composing his sublimest works with an enthusiasm which seemed to need no physical excitement. But who ever knew any sensual gratification to survive the sensibility of the organ? When was ever "the hungry edge of appetite" cloyed "by bare imagination of a feast?" This fact alone lifts music from the rank of mere physical pleasures.

But further, the time devoted to music is not

merely so much spent in pleasure. When we speak of it as an amusement at all, we wrong a noble art. The true lover of music may not be passive. It is an art which always begets enthusiasm, without which there can be nothing noble in study or in action. The man of pleasure knows nothing of this; he is cold and selfish, and avaricious of his enjoyment. With him it is not devotion, but indulgence. But whosoever the true love of music fires, he may press forward with a disinterested and holy enthusiasm, for he has entered an infinite realm in which every noblest impulse of his nature may freely expand, and all his powers find room for healthy action. The realm of the beautiful tolerates no idlers, no self-seekers; to such it has nothing to show; duty, devotion is the first law there; they who have once entered and caught a glimpse of its glories, must labor, or they shall see no more. So much holier is enthusiasm than pleasure. He in whose breast this chord has once vibrated, whether at the touch of music, of poetry, or of aught in action which may be called beautiful, feels that he has no right to rest longer where he is, that there is something excellent demanding his pursuit—a bright ideal flying before him; if he reaches it, it crumbles in his hand, and another, brighter, from its ashes, soars above him, and so onward, upward to unimaginable perfection.

It is true, the love of music is often called a passion, fatal to all energy of character and steadiness of habits. It becomes, in the low sense, a passion, because it is checked, because not fostered, nor allowed its place in the harmonious growth of the whole nature. A natural and innocent impulse, of which no account is taken, which is not recognized as a legitimate element in education, asserts itself with blind fury against the antagonist principles that threaten to supplant it. If neglected in the nursery of young souls, it will run riot over the whole ground, like a rank weed, exhausting the soil. Train it, and it shall be an ornament to your garden. In this point of view, music would be ennobled in public estimation by an acquaintance with the lives of some of the great masters of the Art. Haydn toiled in his profession with a gigantic industry, hardly second to that of Michael Angelo. Almost in infancy he eagerly improved every slightest opportunity which could develop his talent. Too poor to purchase lessons in Thorough Bass, he got hold of an old treatise on the subject, which with infinite pains he deciphered, studying day and night in an old garret, without fire, almost without food, proving all as fast as he learned, upon a rickety old harpsichord, and making a thousand little discoveries of his own, which astonished the musical world in his own first compositions; till chance threw him in the way of a cross old music-master, and he won his favor by the most sedulous voluntary attentions and menial services, so that he gave him some instruction in counterpoint. He was now prepared to enter the fields as a composer. He drew his inspiration from nature, and delivered music from the stiff, mechanical rules of counterpoint, making the basis of every composition the air, the natural melody of the heart. For food for his imagination he diligently collected those ancient original airs which are to be found amongst every people. From this time forward his studies rarely fell short of sixteen hours a day. And the number of compositions of his

own which he enumerated in his old age is almost incredible. Where in the annals of *pleasure* shall we find instances of a devotion like this? Handel and Beethoven are still grander instances. The inference to be drawn from this is, not that all the world should be Haydn, but that any pursuit, which can so totally absorb the whole energies of one man, and that a man of genius, cannot be without its significance to all men. That must be a popular element which can completely occupy, without exhausting, any one man's life. An individual cannot long live sundered from the heart of the world. That is the condition of the man of pleasure. The secret of the superhuman strength and perseverance of genius in its own department is, that it labors to perfect one of the everlasting elements of human nature, and thus unites itself with the heart and soul of all times, has the sympathy of all humanity (in the long run) with it in its work. A Michael Angelo, a Handel, a Milton, a Plato, could not have toiled so consistently and so long, if we and all men had not some interest in their labors. Each of these men represented something which is universal, common to all men in some degree, or they had not lived. Mere idiosyncrasies are short threads, and soon run out; they are cut off from the great source of supplies.

[To be continued.]

"The Crayon" and the "Journal of Music."

We heartily endorse the following warm recommendation, which we find in the Boston *Courier*, of that excellent Art-Journal, the "CRAYON," and we must own to not a little pride as well as gratitude at finding the name of our own Journal coupled with it in the same honorable mention and upon the same high grounds. We shall have the vanity to copy the article entire, partly in duty to the *Crayon*, but partly that the chance reader into whose hands this number of our paper may fall, may see what some of the most respected authorities in Art and Literature think of us, and of the duty of a music-loving public to support a high-toned Journal of Music.

Are our readers aware of the existence of a journal called "THE CRAYON"? It is published once a month by W. Hollingsworth, 393 Broadway, N. Y.; and N. D. Cotton, 272 Washington St., is the agent here. Each number is a quarto of 32 pages; and the subscription is three dollars a year. The object of this journal, as stated in the prospectus, is "to furnish valuable papers on diverse subjects, including essays and reviews on Art, Science and Literature, with interesting and amusing correspondence, both foreign and domestic; also tales, sketches of scenery, and sketches of social life, besides a great variety of comment on books, and a gossip about Art throughout the country. Special attention is given to Architecture and Landscape Gardening, the two most popular departments of Art of the day." The object thus set forth has been most distinctly attained. The *Crayon* does furnish "valuable papers on diverse subjects." There will be found in its columns vigorous original thinking, good writing, pleasant sketches of travel, and sound criticism on works of art. Its standard is high; the rules by which it judges are severe and ideal; and there is perhaps a little exclusiveness in its point of view—though tastes would differ in this regard. But it has character—spirit—a distinct set of principles, which it stands by—and, in general, uncommon literary merit. At this moment there is appearing in its columns a remarkable series of papers on Greek art, called *The Torso*, from the German of Adolph Stahr. We have never read anything on the subject which, we think, on the whole, quite equal to these articles, so far as they have gone.

And now that our hand is in, we wish to call attention to a journal dealing with kindred subjects, and conducted in a kindred spirit, and this is "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC," published at 21 School St. Boston, appearing once a week, and sold for two dollars a year, or two dollars and a half by carrier. This, too, is an excellent paper; con-

ducted with energy and independence, and never without valuable and interesting matter. The *Crayon* and *Dwight's Journal* have points of resemblance and sympathy, not merely in the fact that they both deal with art, but also in the further fact that they look at art from the same high point of view. Their conceptions and estimates of art are lofty, ideal and intellectual: they regard it not as a luxury or an entertainment merely, but as an influence and a power commissioned to exalt and purify humanity, and to brave it for the discharge of its appointed duties. The *Journal* stands by Bach and Beethoven as against Donizetti and Verdi, though not unjust to these last; the *Crayon* has a decided inclination towards Pre-Raphaelitism, and is rather more than just to the professors of that austere and intellectual school. We do not object to this: the tendency of the times is towards the voluptuous, the sensual, or the merely entertaining in art; and we are well content to have periodicals that lean backward a little the other way.

Considering the present state of business and politics in the city of New York, we think it a noticeable fact that a journal of such lofty idealism, and of such spiritual views of art, as the *Crayon*, should be published there; and it should serve, as far as it goes, to modify the hasty generalizations we are inclined to draw from a few marked phenomena. Masses of men are neither so good nor so bad as they seem. We hold it to be the first duty of every good man, good citizen, and head of a family, to subscribe for the *Boston Courier*. We doubt if any man can be saved who neglects to do so. But after this solemn and imperative obligation is discharged, the next best thing he can do is to subscribe for the *Crayon* and the *Journal of Music*. Mind, we say both, and not merely one. The rule of interpretation which substitutes "or" for "and" is not here admissible.

The above observations are spontaneous and unsolicited: they are not called forth by a "Please notice" in the corner. We have subscribed to both these journals from the beginning, and paid for them, and we wish all persons of taste, and "the rest of mankind," to go and do likewise.

The Worcester School of Design.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

With your leave I would like to call the attention of your readers to an enterprise which has recently been set on foot in our city, and which bids fair to produce results of which any place might be proud. I allude to the *Worcester School of Design and Academy of Fine Arts*, which opened its rooms in December of last year, since which time over one hundred students have received instruction in the various branches of Art which are there taught in the most thorough manner. The principal of the Academy, Miss M. Imogene Robinson, favorably remembered as a teacher in the Art-departments of the seminaries at Charlestown and Auburndale, has recently spent two years in Germany, under the instruction of Schroeder and of Camphausen—bright names in the Dusseldorf school of painting. The assiduity with which she pursued her studies while abroad is shown in the number of works of rare excellence which adorn the walls of the institution. In addition to these evidences of her own talent, she has collected much that is of incalculable value to the student who would study Art in its highest phases; and, in this respect, the school is not surpassed by any in the country. During the short space of time it has been opened, our citizens have testified their approbation of its excellent character in a manner, the liberality of which will do much towards enlarging the sphere of its action. Its students have been of all ages, from the child of six years, taking its first lessons in drawing or design, to the professional man who requires the knowledge he can here so readily obtain.

An able corps of assistants present facilities for pupils receiving instruction in music, ancient and modern languages, and the English branches. The institution is open at all times for the inspection of those who may desire to learn its character.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The Promenade Concerts at the Boston Music Hall came to a grand and formal close last Saturday evening, when all the bands played for the benefit

of the management. The hall was crowded to such an extent that promenading was impossible. This week the concerts have been again continued, but, as it has proved, beyond the boundary of success; the opening of the theatres has turned the popular current. Entering the hall on Tuesday evening, we were struck with the gravity, as well as paucity of the audience; all sat in solemn stillness, listening to the music of the Germania Military Band. But to our agreeable disappointment, the band had for the time being resolved itself into a little orchestra, with strings, reeds, flutes, French horns, &c., under the lead of Mr. EICHLER, and played remarkably well the overture to *Martha*, a cavatina from the *Fille du Regiment* and other things, besides the usual brass band pieces, and a quartet for four trombones, from Mendelssohn, which we did not hear. Depend upon it, an orchestra, even as small as that, is better for the Music Hall than any possible brass band.

Our various musical societies and clubs are arranging their winter campaign. The "German Trio," (Messrs. GAERTNER, JUNGnickel and HAUSE) are first in the field already with their subscription paper for six Chamber Concerts, and it is intimated in one of the newspapers that they also intend a series of six Orchestral Concerts!... CARL ZERRAHN, our popular and enterprising conductor, will soon return from Europe. He left here in June, full of the determination to give us more and better Orchestral Concerts than ever before, and we doubt not that his purpose will be realized, whether it depend on himself singly, or in connection with some musical society.... It is said also that Mr. SATTER has resisted all those tempting offers abroad, and will give concerts next winter again in Boston.... To the "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" we look for more of our best feasts of music as a matter of course; most of its members are still in Europe, replenishing their stores while visiting their old home.

The Italian Opera in New York, (whose opening we record elsewhere), meets with continued favor. On Wednesday evening *La Sonnambula* was repeated with renewed triumphs of FREZZOLINI and GASIER; but the tenor LABOCETTA was still suffering from cold. Signorina VESTVALI has been won over to the Ullman-Strakosch party, and was to sing Maffeo Orsini to Frezzolini's *Lucrezia Borgia* last evening. MAX MARETZKE has returned from Europe. Among the artists of whose services Mr. MARSHALL and he are sure, are TAMBERLIK, perhaps the most distinguished tenor after MARIO. Signor STECCHI-BOTTARDI, another tenor of high repute, the charming Mme. GAZZANIGA, and the other artists with whom she sang last winter—The advent of RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO, too, in the course of the month, is officially announced in the *Tribune*. Nothing more yet of the proposed union of the rival companies.

THALBERG announces three Concerts, in connection with Vieuxtemps, at Niblo's Saloon, to commence next Tuesday evening. The prince of pianists and the prince of violinists should be a great attraction. It is intimated that these three concerts without orchestra will be followed by others with orchestra. The true power of the solo violin and of Vieuxtemps, requires orchestral accompaniment.—The novelty of the season in the concert will be Miss JULIANA MAY, "who (says the journal above quoted) after years of study in Europe, and with talents which ensured her an engagement in London at the Queen's Theatre, (which she was induced to set aside by promises which we understand have not been kept,) returns to her native country to begin a career which we trust will be one of which she and her countrymen who are devotees of Art, may justly be proud. We look forward to her first concert at Niblo's on Tuesday of next week with interest."

Advertisements.

ALL YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES wishing to join Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LANOTTE'S Piano-Forte Classes, are requested to meet at 55 Hancock Street, on Monday, Sept. 14, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LANOTTE has the honor to announce that she will resume her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte, on MONDAY, Sept. 14th. Applications to be made at 55 Hancock Street.

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IS now ready to receive pupils. He may be addressed at the Rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, at Russell & Richardson's and Ditson & Co's Music Stores, or at his residence, No. 86 Pinckney Street.

Sign. BENDELARI's class of young ladies in singing, for beginners only, will commence on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon, where the exercises will be continued every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, at the same hour.

For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

MRS. J. H. LONG, VOCALIST (SOPRANO).

Address at Winthrop House, Boston.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.

THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall. Instruction will be given in the following departments:—System of Notation, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition with reference to Musical Form and Instrumentation, Vocalization, Practice in Chorus Singing, Piano-Forte, Violin, and any of the Orchestral Instruments. Price of Tuition \$25 per term.

Board of Instruction:—E. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, LEVI P. HOMER, J. C. D. PARKER, and WILLIAM SCHULTZE. For particulars, address B. F. BAKER, No. 4 Rowe Place. WM. READ, Sec'y of the Corporation.

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ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION.

The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thawsgiving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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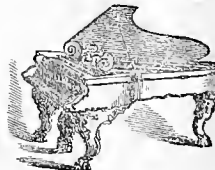
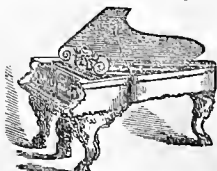
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Carl Maria von Weber.

This noble composer has of late been several times the subject in this paper. Among others the "Characteristics," by Dr. ZOPFF, in Nos. 2 and 3, Vol. XI., are remarkable, as evidently belonging to that kind of criticism which delights in striving to discover new defects in a genius, like the astronomer who again and again turns his telescope to the glorious sun, to find, if possible, some more spots, or to ascertain more closely the shape and nature of the old ones. For the advancement of science such investigations may sometimes prove useful; but in the present case I do not believe that much is gained by trying one's magnifying glasses on a composer who has always been considered a model of dramatic music, and who especially in our time, where the champions of the "music of the future" seem to proscribe anything that is simple, graceful and expressive, should be held up as a beacon to the rising generation. Like most of his countrymen, I think of WEBER with love and esteem, and it was, therefore, long since my intention to attempt a picture of this noble man and composer, as he appears to me from his musical and literary works, as well as from the oral accounts of persons who were fortunate enough to enjoy his acquaintance.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER enjoyed a popularity among all classes of his countrymen, to which no other composer has as yet attained; and though his *Lieder* (small lyric songs), which once sounded from every body's lips, begin now, after more than thirty years, to be forgotten, yet his operas and other larger works retain their lustre unimpaired, and are perhaps more universally appreciated than ever before, as is partly proved

by the great success of "Oberon," lately performed upon the stage in Paris. Besides, the solemn transportation of his ashes from London to Dresden about twenty years after his death, and the earnest efforts since then constantly made to raise a statue to his memory, show sufficiently that his popularity has lost nothing. The "Freischütz," "Euryanthe," "Oberon," "Preciosa," and "Silvana," will remain ornaments to the stage for a long time to come; above all the first named. I do not hesitate to say that no opera, not even "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio" excepted, has made so deep and lasting an impression on the German people generally, as the "Freischütz." In the richly ornamented parlors of the noblesse, as well as in the humble dwelling of the poor mechanic, this music was heard incessantly; the cook sang it in the kitchen, the boy whistled it in the street; in short, it sounded everywhere, and everywhere with equal animation. This was quite natural. What a wealth of beautiful, striking and original, and yet so simple melodies does this musical drama contain! On the whole, Weber's genius strikingly manifests itself in all his compositions by his fine melodies. To invent a beautiful melody, without recalling to mind anything already existing, is a gift bestowed on comparatively very few composers. The present generation, especially, is as barren in melodies as our railways are in flowers. And yet, say what you may of counterpoint and fugue, nothing refreshes the ear more, and the heart too, than a fine melody. Even the gray theorist who employs his time to prove the difference between a *superfluous fourth* and a *small fifth*, so to speak with plumb and square, cannot resist its charm. Perchance you will see a tear glitter in his eye, and he thinks after all it's a poor fuss he is making with his fourths and his fifths; if he were only young again, and could love again,—what beautiful melodies would he compose right from the heart! It is, then, chiefly by his touching melodies that Weber has engraved his name so deeply in the hearts of all classes of his countrymen.*

To return once more to the "Freischütz." It has sometimes been said that its music is not scientific enough. What can this mean? Without discussing how far science is practicable in opera music, I will only allude to the "Wolf's-Glen." If this wonderful tone-picture shows no science, I should like to know what does. Sci-

* I am well aware of the charge made against Weber of having borrowed some of the melodies in the "Freischütz" from a piano-forte concerto by the crazy organist, Louis Böhner. How much truth there is in this, I cannot say; but I can surely say that he, constantly overflowing with melodies, had no need to borrow from a crazy man.

ence in rhythm, science in the combination of tones, and above all, science in the art of instrumentation. The different instruments, singly and combined, speak here, if I may so say, a language of which one never believed them capable; they seem to be so many living beings, each having its own voice, so strange, so fantastic. In the whole range of opera music, I know of no piece which in this respect could bear comparison with it. The finale, too, contains much science, so as to make it a most useful object of study for all rising opera composers. The "Freischütz" has lately been performed several times in New York; but so far as I know, without making a lasting impression. No wonder, in a place where the superficial, sentimental and effeminate melodies of the modern Italian composers are the daily food for the opera-goers, it will take a good time before their spoiled stomachs are able to digest the sound, vigorous music of a Weber. Of "Euryanthe," "Oberon," etc., I shall say nothing, since I suppose there are few of my readers who, at least for the present, will have an opportunity to hear them; but I cannot omit to remark that whenever any of these are to be performed in Germany, it is considered a great event, and masters and scholars in the art of Music come from distant cities to pay homage to the author.

The skill which Weber possessed in instrumentation has always struck me as remarkable; the more so since, for aught I know, he played no orchestral instrument whatever. His operas, as well as his purely orchestral compositions, afford abundant evidence of that skill. But there are, also, Solos and Concertos for nearly all instruments, among which I remember with pleasure two Concertos for the clarinet, and one for the horn, with accompaniment of orchestra. In these the solo instrument does not display empty runs and hollow passages, as is now so frequently the case in solo pieces, but it has the leading, the most eloquent and brilliant part of a sometimes almost dramatic orchestral composition. Of his Piano-forte works the "Concertstück" and the "Invitation to the Dance," are great favorites with our musical public here, as well as everywhere. Less popular are the Sonatas, which nevertheless, as also a great number of pieces for four hands, may well be classed with the best in our piano-forte literature.

Weber has occasionally been engaged in literary pursuits. His writings, mostly on musical matters, are published in several volumes. The impression the perusal of these books leaves is that he was a man of high culture, of a hearty and affectionate disposition, and withal very religious. These latter traits of his character are still more apparent in a series of letters to his

intimate friend, the celebrated theorist, Gottfried Weber, late editor of the musical periodical, called *Cecilia*, in which these letters were first published.

As a virtuoso on the piano-forte, Weber enjoyed in his time a high reputation. It is said that in earlier days he busied himself much with lithography, for which he showed a decided taste. If this is true, one cannot help wondering that he attained to such mastery on an instrument, which requires fingers of a flexibility rarely to be found with persons engaged in the lithographic art.

Of his life I will briefly mention that he was born in Entin, a city in Holstein, in northern Germany; a tablet with an inscription marks the house of his birth. Later in life, besides traveling at occasional intervals as piano-forte virtuoso, he held for some time the position of opera-conductor at the theatre in Breslau; subsequently in Prague, when, finally, he was appointed chapel-master of the royal stage in Dresden, in which situation he remained to the end of his life. Dr. Zopff tells us that he was chapel-master to the king of Prussia, in Berlin. I confess that this is news to me. I can hardly believe that Weber would have accepted an appointment under Spontini, who at that time was general chapel-master in Berlin. At any rate, it must have looked queer to see the gentle, sensitive, hunchbacked little German together with the fierce looking Italian, that imposing personage, with his white stiff cravat reaching up to his nose, and covered all over with orders. If the Dr., however, means to say that Weber had only the title of Prussian chapel-master, without being in actual service, I have no reason to doubt it, though I have never heard or read of it.

Weber is often called a "truly German" composer, and, in my opinion, properly so. The reason is partly this. His fame began with the rise of his fatherland after the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo. A feeling of nationality amounting to enthusiasm pervaded the whole German people. The highly beloved poet, THEODORE KOERNER, a model of every manly virtue—who in a fight with the enemy fell, only twenty-two years old, a victim of his valor and his love of country—had left a number of poems expressing the woes and joys, the hopes and disappointments of that grand struggle to shake off a heavy foreign yoke. Not only the sentiments, but also the glowing, powerful language in which they were expressed, qualified these poems to become the favorite songs of the people. But a song in words alone will never become popular: it is on the wings of sound that it is borne through countries and cities, from ear to ear, from heart to heart. Weber being, like Koerner, full of patriotism, found in these poems just what he had long wished for. He eagerly seized the opportunity to echo back, in tones, what the other had expressed so finely in words. Thus music and words became one inseparable whole, created as it were by one mind; and the popularity of these songs was unbounded. Further, Weber may be called "truly German," since the text of his operas treats of events so closely connected with German sentiments, customs and history; but, above all, because he remained true in his art to the principles established by his great countrymen; he did not, like Meyerbeer, Flotow and others, turn apostate. In comparison with the sugar-and-water music of the Italian school, as founded by

Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, etc., and with the noisy, unmelodious productions (to be sure there are exceptions) of the French composers, like Auber, Adam, Halevy, etc., he may well be called a "truly German" composer. Original in invention, careful in execution, bearing the marks of diligence and science, beautiful and true:—such is the music of Carl Maria von Weber; such is in the main the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. True, he was not so universal a genius as those just mentioned, who belong to the whole world. Perhaps his glory will for the greatest part remain confined within the limits of his native country. Yet, even if it be so, his labors in the realm of tones will in one way or another benefit all countries; for what is great and good in a man never dies; it lives on in his works as well as in the hearts of his disciples, his followers, who carry the seeds sown by their beloved master into far distant regions.

PP.

Music in Universities.

[From the New York Musical World.]

The Professor whom we would place in the Choir of Music in a University, we need not say should be something different from the *Professor* of a Yankee Musical Convention; certainly very different from some of them. He must not be a mere psalm-smiter, not a teacher of the gamut, interspersing the shallowest of instruction with the most forlorn of jokes. We have seen such professors, have listened to their vapid teachings, and wondered at the length to which human impudence will go.

Nor would we, to fill our University Chair, go to the other extreme; for that, though far better, would be going further than would be desirable in our academic course of study. We should not choose the man whom we would select for the instructor of a conservatoire, not a Marx or a Garcia. Such teaching is for the education of the professional musician, not for the accomplished amateur of the college. They would go as far beyond the mark of the musical training that we would give in our colleges, as the former would fall short of it.

Some practical instruction we would have given. We would have singing taught; we would have it cultivated with care. Singing for social purposes and also for the services of religion. We would have *all* in whom Nature has implanted any capacity for the divine art, instructed in it, so as to take their part as occasion should require. It is unnecessary to speak here of the occasions in which music should have a part. The daily service of every college chapel throughout the land need only be mentioned; and the daily and nightly reunion of kindred and congenial spirits that meet in every college hall, alone give field enough for the exercise and practice of the knowledge that might be acquired. How is it, in fact, in either of these cases? A half a dozen voices perhaps, ill trained, ill balanced, ill arranged, make up the choir that on Sundays fills the singing gallery of the college chapel. In the social club, one or two individuals can sing a sentimental song, and all can roar out a convivial chorus. And on public days, a dozen flutes and a trombone and violoncello discourse sweet music, (so it is called on the bills of the day,) to the assembled audience. Of *good* music, of artistic, even of amateur-like performance, there is none at all.

A master spirit is wanting; one who shall lead, who shall instruct, who shall inspire, who shall kindle enthusiasm and love of what is truly great by giving knowledge of what is great; who shall criticize, who shall guide to good achievements in the future by knowing and telling of what genius has done in the past. Look for a moment at our Professors of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres, for example, whose sphere, perhaps, comes nearest to that of the Musical Professor. Take Longfellow and Lowell. They are not mere linguists. They are not the drudging teachers of

the alphabets and the moods and tenses of the various languages that fall within their departments. No one who has sat under the teachings of Longfellow can fail to recollect that this is not where the charm of his instructions lay. It is the enthusiasm of a spirit that has drunk long and deep at the fountains of modern learning, that he showed; he gave the outpourings of an overflowing and richly laden mind. He excited you to go yourself upon the search for the singing leaves and the magic waters. He did not pour them down your throat with a spoon, but stirred your soul to go where he had been, to draw for yourself, and showed you that the well indeed was deep. He led you to the feet of Dante, of Cervantes and Goethe, and taught you to love them, taught you to study for yourself what they had done. He took the Faust, the Don Quixote and the Divine Comedy and showed you how grand, how worthy to be studied they were. Dearer even than the well loved poems that he has given to the world, will ever be, in the memory of those who enjoyed the instructions of Longfellow, the recollection of his labors in the professor's chair.

Such a man would we have, if he could be obtained, for the Professor of Music in our colleges. Not a pedant. Let him be as learned as you please, but he must be more. He should be a scholar, who is to speak to scholars. He should be an enthusiast, who is to address young and enthusiastic hearers. He should be full of the spirit of good music, rather than of the crotchets and quavers of which it is made. He should be full of the spirit of the great masters of the Art,—should know their lives and their works, should be able to create a love for that which is truly great, and to impart principles of criticism that shall enable his pupils to distinguish the great from the little, the dazzle of superficial show from the solid and enduring splendor of works of immortal worth.

W.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Liszt and his Followers.

[Extracts from the Diary of WILLIAM SAAR.]

BERLIN, APRIL 18, 1857.—Just returned from my excursion to Frankfurt, where I paid a visit to the piano-forte virtuoso, Hans von Buelow, and to some other well-known pupils and followers of Liszt. I inquired about Liszt; learned that he takes no pay for instruction; so of course he only takes pupils who have especial talent, and who please him otherwise. He is very sensitive too; if one calls on him, it will not do to say a word about instruction, he must only ask admission to his *Matinées*. It requires some valor to approach him, since he is very moody; besides he has many scholars, has a great deal to do in his capacity of Court kapellmeister, composes a great deal, and is much taken up with his party, the Wagner-Liszt-Berlioz movement. He is in correspondence with half the musical world; and I heard, too, that he was going to direct the Whitsuntide musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I must make haste, therefore, if I would go to Weimar, since he will commence the rehearsals at Aix a fortnight beforehand, and when the festival is over, he will set out for the baths. I have sought for a letter of introduction, and probably shall get it; still I have the greatest anxiety, since it is a very precarious thing to depend upon the humors of a man. But courage!

MAY 8.—I shall receive to-morrow from a friend a letter of introduction to Liszt.

MAY 9.—While I was at Professor Dehn's this morning, I informed him of my near departure, and he asked me: "Have you an introduction to Liszt?" "Not yet," I answered; whereupon he said: "I will give you one, if you wish. Come this evening and get it." I had

now two introductions in prospect. In the evening I go to Prof. Dehn, who says to me: "See here, my dear friend, I met to-day a person, with whom I spoke about you, and we have talked the matter over; I think it better that I give you no introduction to Liszt, for it would do you more harm than good to be introduced by me, since I occupy an entirely opposite musical standpoint to that of Liszt. Personally we have been and still are the best friends; but, as you know, in all that relates to opinions and to school, our relation to one another is that of cats and dogs, and the maxim of the Weimar party is: Who is not with me is against me; neutrality is not recognized among them."—After a pause Prof. D. continued: "If you go to Liszt introduced by me, and you find him in good humor, he will perhaps listen to you; but if he happens to be in bad humor, he will say perhaps: 'Prof. Dehn,—hem! old school—wears a queue—have no use for such people here.' Now tell me, will you take the risk of an introduction from me? If so, I will write you one immediately; it is for you to choose."—I never found myself in such a dilemma: on the one hand to offend Dehn, on the other hand to injure myself. I reflected. (What he had just said to me, was what I had long known already, and this was the reason why I had never asked him for an introduction). Then I said: "Yes, Herr Professor, it is indeed a ticklish matter; I will think it over a little; at all events I am very grateful to you, etc., etc."—And so I changed the subject, spoke of something else, took my leave and appeared to have entirely forgotten the history of the letter of introduction.

MAY 10.—This afternoon I was at the house of my friend Draeseke, musical writer, critic and composer, and a follower of Liszt. I said to him: "Draeseke, you must give me a letter of introduction; you are on good terms with Liszt and are besides my friend; so make no more ado about it; I do not need an introduction proper, I shall introduce myself; it is only on account of the awkward ceremony of presenting oneself and having to give one's whole autobiography, so that the man may know who I am; and after all he cherishes certain politic doubts about the identity of my person and the honesty of my purposes; I know nobody in Weimar who could recognize me; at last in despair I pull out my passport, exhibit it with rage, and he understands not a word of English,—in short—D. "When do you start?"—I. "To-morrow evening."—D. "This evening I will bring you the letter, I will write it at once."—I. "Good! in the meantime I thank you. Adieu!"

MONDAY, MAY 11.—*Donnerwetter!* Some one knocks—it must be early yet—I rub my sleepy eyes—look at the clock—half past six. Knocks again. Come in! "Good morning, little Saar."—"Good morning, big Draeseke. What's the matter at this early hour; sit down."—"Did you get the letter of introduction which I left here for you yesterday?"—"To be sure."—"You must give it back to me. I was last night at the Soirée at Buelow's with fellows of our party, and I spoke of you and told them, among other things, that I had given you the said letter. "Ah," cried Buelow, clapping his hands together over his head, "unlucky wight, what have you done? Take back the letter, or you will fall in Liszt's regard, and so will the young man, for Liszt has declared, so many come to him with letters of recommenda-

tion, that it drives him to distraction; as he cannot possibly receive all who come so introduced, he offends the introducers, and he does not like to be taxed by everybody."—What was I to do? I gave him back the letter, since he said he would not on any account be guilty of any *faux pas* towards Liszt. Fye! shame on you, ye Liszt-ians! ye are the most servile, slavish-hearted people in the world! What has this man done for you? What has this Liszt done for the world, for Art, that ye reverence him and worship him like a king, and bow down before him as if he were a god?" Nothing, except that he is an amiable man, who fascinates and chains you by his personal qualities, his mind and his *arrogant modesty*." This last phrase is used by Robert Schumann in his musical writings, for example: When a young or unknown composer says: "Such or such a Symphony, which I composed some time ago, I have thrown into the fire, because it did not please me,"—it is a sort of modesty which compels you at least to say: Ah, what a pity! you should not have done so!—Somewhat such modesty has Liszt. I will not explain it farther. His newest hobby is to esteem himself the greatest living genius for composition; this he has ridden now about two years; his latest compositions, to be sure, his "Nine Symphonische Dichtungen," and his great Mass for chorus and orchestra, I do not know, but I esteem it a hobby nevertheless; for it is well known that Liszt, when Paganini appeared and excited a *furor*, had wholly retired from virtuosodom; but Paganini's playing so excited him, that he began anew in Paris, and for three years practised so energetically, till he became the great hero of the keyboard that he now is. Just so when Richard Wagner struck off into his new dramatic and really remarkable direction, his works so inspired Liszt that he too sat down over scored paper, and lo!—he has conceived and brought forth—what? one can only tell who has himself heard it.

One cannot in these days rely upon the musical judgment of those who are otherwise most reasonable men; for all the musicians in Germany just now are crazy; everybody screams and scribbles, criticizes and composes; every one thinks he knows what he will, every one storms and makes a noise, and no one knows wherefore. I often get confused myself, so that I ask myself, to what does all this lead? Is this true, which you say and think, or is it but a momentary illusion, or the influence of a strange element? Frequently I hear something (of course I speak only of more modern compositions) and I am pleased comparatively; I hear it again and I find it really miserably made. I hear in Schumann* and Wagner the harshest dissonances, and it makes a monstrous, shudderingly sweet, mystical impression on me; and I hear a simple little melody of Mozart and am moved almost to tears. Then there are times when I am seized by an irresistible desire to ridicule the illogical harmonic sequences of the one and the sheer tediousness and sentimentality of the other. . . . But enough of this digression. To come back to facts: Instead of two letters of introduction I had now not one; yet I shall set out this evening.

MAY 12. Arrived here to-day in Weimar. Called first on some pupils of Liszt, and on his secretary. Learn that Liszt is unwell and not to be spoken with; with regard to an introduction

* Why couple Schumann with Wagner?—Ed.

and presentation to him, what I heard in Berlin was confirmed. I have also met here a singer, with whom I was at the Conservatoire in Leipzig. With him I passed the rest of the day, taking a view of Weimar and its environs.

MAY 13.—Called on Liszt's secretary, inquired about Liszt's health, and explained my object. The secretary was friendly enough to tell me, that he would prepare L. for my visit, and bring me word when he would receive me. Actually he came two hours after to my hotel and said, that Liszt would see me that very day between three and four o'clock. With beating heart I made my toilet as elegant as possible and was soon on my way. After all that had been told me it cannot be wondered that I found myself in a state of most feverish agitation; but I manned myself with recalling my good mother's words on such occasions: "He won't bite your head off!"—Liszt received me in a very friendly manner in his study. After the first greetings we sat down; I told him about my studies, about his friends and my friends in Berlin, gave him their greetings as a sort of legitimization of myself, and concluded in about these words: "Yes, Herr Doctor (he has received the title from a university), ever since my arrival in Europe it has been by my most earnest wish to come here, and I believe that I can nowhere complete my studies better than here, where your influence is so friendly and so elevating. Might I then hope, provided you are not displeased with me and my acquirements, that you will occasionally give me your kind advice about my studies? O do, pray do," I said in the most coaxing manner. He bent his head. There was a pause. I knew not what to make of his answer, which, diplomatically enough, was *no* answer. At last he began: "You know, the Princess (with whom he lives and to whom he is privately married) is now very ill; it looks very gloomy here in the house; besides, I feel quite unwell myself. But come and see me again in a few days and play me something. Next Sunday I have a *Matinée*, a few friends and pupils come, I hope I shall see you then. Do you remain here so long?"—"I shall go meanwhile to Leipzig, and pay my respects to you again on Saturday,"—"Very well, I shall be glad to see you. *Au revoir!*"—And so the long expected audience was ended. What should I do the next days here? I will set out in the morning for Leipzig, which is only two hours distant, to see my teachers and friends once more.

MAY 14.—This morning at 5 o'clock started for Leipzig. As I entered the place, a feeling almost of melancholy crept over me, the houses seemed to nod to me like old acquaintances, reminiscences of my first period of study came back again, which had made Leipzig dear as a second home to me. All my old acquaintances and teachers appeared very glad to see me once more, and yet all seemed changed—or was it I? But here too the old unrest came upon me, which had accompanied me on my whole tour; and the uncertainty about my fate in Weimar made me impatient till I got back there on Saturday.

MAY 16.—As soon as I arrived again in Weimar I went to Liszt; he was not to be seen; I must wait till the morrow, at the *Matinée*.

SUNDAY, MAY 17.—To-day then, on my birthday, it will be decided: will this bring me good luck? At eleven o'clock I went to the *Matinée*. Liszt received me again very friendly, introduced

me to those present, friends, and pupils of his of both sexes. Music was made; pianists played; Liszt sat over them at the piano, directing in some sort, encouraging them, and giving here and there a hint during the performance; new compositions too were tried over; it looked more like a practising hour than like a *Matinée*.

There was very good, indeed masterly playing, in a technical point of view; but much was not according to my taste; it was too French, too far-fetched, too much of contrast and striving for effect. At last he said: "Herr S. do *you* play something." I begged him to make allowance for me, since I had played almost nothing for eight days, and seating myself at the piano, I played the B minor Scherzo (op. 20) of Chopin, according to my previous conception of it. Liszt and those present applauded me; he said: "Bravo! very well played, only I should wish some little things differently rendered." Thereupon he sat down at the instrument and played me a portion of the middle movement; it was in the manner already described, strong lights and shades, with which I had been so much struck in the other piano-players. As he said nothing further, I now asked him quite decidedly whether I might hope to be his pupil. He said: "You see, I have already a great many pupils, and otherwise a great deal to do; and I am going to travel now for three months; but—come here in August and be sure to call on me then." With that he took leave of me, vanished into another room, and the guests were left to themselves.—His answer seemed to me not definite enough; but as all the scholars congratulated me and told me I was accepted, that one can never get any more definite reply from Liszt, that this is his manner, his court manner, I shall return here in August.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, AUG. 20.—As everybody knows, London is divided by the river Thames into two great sections, and one of these sections, the lesser one, lying to the south, is known as the "Surrey side." In this part of the city, and not far from the famous Blackfriars' Bridge, is the Royal Surrey Theatre; and by the way I might remark that almost everything in London is "royal" in some degree; for instance, you can buy a half-pound of crackers of an individual who announces himself as "Royal Biscuit Baker to her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent." The prefix is applied to most of the London theatres, and as the Queen is an indefatigable play-goer, I believe most of them have some claim to the title.

The attraction that drew me to the Royal Surrey Theatre, was the announcement of *Lucia* and an act of *Trovatore*, with LUCY ESCOTT as prima donna. The building is comfortable and ugly, being in fact rather shabby than otherwise; the auditorium is ungraceful in shape, though admirably adapted for commanding in every part a full view of the stage, and the proscenium is a perfect eyesore. The tariff of admittance ranges from sixpence to half a crown, and the audience are chiefly composed, especially in the sixpenny department, of the working classes who attend the opera in shirt sleeves, and who according to an announcement on the staircase, are not allowed to bring bottles with them. Instead of the pestiferous cries of "Op'ra book, book of the op." which we hear at our own opera-houses, the Royal Surrey between the acts resounds with such cries as "Porter, ginger beer, penny a bottle," "Here's your good old porter, porter, p-o-r-t-e-r!" Yet during the per-

formance the audience is as attentive, and appreciative, as any of our more delicate snobs at the Academy of Music, or Boston Theatre, and woe be to the unlucky female whose babe in arms begins to cry during the prima donna's cadenza, as babes in arms at the opera always do.

Lucy Escott is, I think, an American lady, and hails from Springfield, Mass. She appears to be a favorite here, to judge from the enthusiasm with which she is always received, and possesses many claims to popularity. Her histrionic powers are fair, and she sings with considerable taste and sweetness, though I do not think her voice is powerful or of extensive compass. In *Lucia*, by far her best performance was the andante aria in the mad scene, which was exquisitely given. In the concluding air, known in the Italian version as *Spargi d'amaro*, she took great liberties with the score, entirely altering the last half dozen bars, and introducing instead a series of brilliant but meaningless cadenzas. In *Trovatore* and in *Traviata*, in which I subsequently heard her perform, she exhibits also evidences of taste and cultivation, and should she visit America, I think she will be found to be, if not a great, yet a very agreeable and enjoyable lyric artiste, and one of whom we may, to use the old newspaper phrase, well feel proud.

The company at the Surrey is strong in what all the English opera companies I have heretofore heard in America, are particularly weak—in the department of first tenors. This troupe has two good tenor singers, Messrs. HENRY HAIGHT and HENRY SQUIRES. The former gentleman, a *tenore robusto* of good compass and method, I was told was an American, though like the unlucky Hafed in the Pacha of many Tales, *I very much doubted the fact*. My informant, who appeared to be quite communicative and well versed in the history of the Surrey theatre, also informed me that a couple of seasons ago, Messrs. Cramer and Beale, who are also the proprietors of this English troupe, had attempted a season of Italian opera, which failed, although they had with them *Monna Gasseer*!

"By the way," said my friend, "he was a great fellow; did you ever see him?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Why, *Monna Gasseer*," said he. I answered in the negative, and wondered who *Monna Gasseer* might be.

"Never heered *Monna Gasseer*," continued my friend in a deprecatory tone; "that's too bad, for *Monna* is a capital chap. And perhaps you've never heered *Ky-u-gly-ny*?"

I assured him that I never had had that pleasure; and a glimmering dawned upon my mind that he might be referring to some of the members of a company of Choctaw Indians, that I had heard were exhibiting themselves in some part of the city. So I inquired at a venture if he had ever seen *Monna*, and *Ky-what's his name*, do their national war-dance. This puzzled my worthy friend, and he eyed me doubtfully, and then remarked that he did not before know that Italian opera singers had any particular national war-dance. Then it was that there fell from my mental eyes as it were scales, and I suddenly perceived that *Monna Gasseer* was but an Anglo-Saxon's pronunciation of *Mons. Gassier*, and that by the same process of reasoning, *Ky-u-gly-ny* was happily resolved into *Ginglini*, the tenor, who lately appeared with such great success under Mr. Lumley's management.

As to Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, the other first tenor of Beale and Cramer's English company, I have a vague idea that he too is an American. His voice is pleasant, but he strains frequently in his upper notes; yet on the whole he is the best English tenor I have heard, and is I believe the best on the stage excepting SIMS REEVES. He delivered the malediction scene of *Lucia* better than I have heard it

done even by more celebrated Italian singers, and his concluding air was a very fine performance. He should visit the United States, and indeed I am inclined to think the troupe would do well there. The baritone, Mr. DURAND, is a careful, pleasing singer, and the contralto, Miss LANZA, possesses more ability both vocally and dramatically than most seconde donne on the operatic stage. The conductor is Mr. J. H. TULLY, well-known in the musical world as a composer of ballads and dance-music.

The Italian opera companies that have lately been delighting London opera-goers are now dispersed throughout the provinces, and I notice that Mr. Lumley's troupe, or a fragment of it, comprising BOSIO, VICTOIRE BALFE, GRAZIANI, Mme. DIDIER, TAGLIAFICO and NERI BERALDI, are to appear next week at Birmingham, their repertoire embracing *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *Fuor'ia*, *Sonnambula*, and *L'Elisir*. Mr. Gye's troupe, comprising GRISI, PICCOLOMINI, MARIO, &c., are shortly to appear again, at low prices, in the Princess's Theatre, London, where a superb performance of *Norma* will be given, with Grisi in her own great role, Mme. GASSIER, who is a very great favorite, as Adalgisa, and Mario as Pollione. On the off-nights of the Opera, these artists, with ALBONI, may be heard for a shilling, in conjunction with Jallien's band and displays of fireworks, at the Surrey Gardens, which, by the way, must not be confounded with the Surrey Theatre, though these two establishments are in the same part of the city. TROVATORE.

WORCESTER, (ENG.) AUG. 29.—The one hundred and thirty-fourth meeting of the Choirs of Hereford Gloucester and Worcester Cathedrals has taken place in the Cathedral at Worcester during the week just closing, and though these meetings were originally attended only by the members of the three choirs, they of late years have employed so much additional musical force, as to fairly merit the title of Musical Festival. Indeed all the Musical Festivals that so frequently take place in the English Cathedrals, were originally mere meetings of the choirs for the purpose of practising together; but at present the highest vocal and instrumental ability in the country is added to the local talent, and the Festivals now present to the lover of music one of the most attractive features of old England.

Were it not somewhat out of place, I would like to speak at length here of the many interesting features of this noble old Cathedral—of its varied styles of architecture, from the Norman to the Italian—of its wealth of monumental statuary—of its kingly tomb and princely chapel—of its graceful and elaborate tower, a landmark for miles around—of its dark and dismal crypt, where have lain for centuries the bones of Christians that have lived and died when their faith was new among the religions upon earth—and of the wondrous architectural restorations that are progressing, and disclosing to light beauties that have been hidden for ages. But at present I will confine myself to the musical performances that have just taken place within its venerable walls.

The grand nave was the only portion of the Cathedral devoted to the Festival, and the performers were allotted their position on a rising platform, that gradually ascended from the floor to a level with the organ-loft, the gilt pipes of the large organ forming a fine background to the vista as seen from below; a corresponding platform at the opposite end of the nave ascended to the great western window, and was used for the accommodation of visitors, while the body of the nave, and the side aisles, were filled with chairs for the same purpose. The view of this immense space, crowded as it was with elegant and intelligent a body of listeners as I have ever beheld, was truly impressive. There were all the accessories to make it an imposing scene, viewing it merely in an artistic light. There were the

stained glass windows—the sculptured monuments—the high o'erspread arches—the massive pillars—the marble effigies of dead knights reposing on their tombs—and mingled with these, the gorgeously attired audience, composed chiefly of the ladies and gentlemen of wealth and title from the surrounding district. And here I might as well state, that excellent as these festivals are, and serving a worthy charity as they do, they cannot be at all considered as diffusing a musical taste throughout the masses of the people. The charges of admission are too high for this; on the present occasion they were fifteen and ten shillings to the nave, according to the location of the seats, and three and sixpence, or about a dollar, to the side aisles, whence little could be seen, though the music could be heard equally as well. This latter price is lower than last year, when the charge to the same part of the house was five shillings.

The Festival, which lasted four days, commenced on the 25th inst. The three choirs previously mentioned were present in full force, assisted by a numerous chorus, some of whose members came from distant towns, London and Liverpool giving their share. The orchestra comprised many of the best musicians in the country, whose names I insert below, and most of whom will be recognized at once as men of deserved reputation in their profession:

Violins.—Mr. Sainton, Mr. H. Blagrove (Principals), Mr. Willey (Principal Second), Messrs. Bannister, Blagrove, W., Carrodus, Chipp, E., Clementi, Cousins, W. G., Dando, D'Egville, J. H., Elgar, Griesbach, Hill, Hopkins, Jones, S. Kelly, Mellon, Mori, N., Newsham, Perry, E., Priehard, Reynolds, A., Spray, Thirlwall, Tolbeque, Watson, Zerbini.

Violas.—Messrs. R. Blagrove (Principal), Alsept, H., Elgar, H., Glanville, Thomas, W., Trust, Webb, Westlake.

Violoncellos.—Messrs. Lucas (Principal), Phillips, W. L. (Principal Second), Aylward, Chipp, H., Guest, Hancock, Reed, Waite.

Double Basses.—Messrs. Howell (Principal), Castell, Edgar, Mount, Pratten, F., Reynolds, Severn, Winterbottom, A.

Flutes.—Messrs. Pratten, S., Card, E.

Oboes.—Messrs. Nicholson, Horton G.

Clarinets.—Messrs. Lazarus (Morning Principal), Williams (Evening Principal).

Bassoons.—Messrs. Anderson, Waetzig.

Trumpets.—Messrs. Harper, T., Irwin.

Horns.—Messrs. Harper, C., Mann, Rae, Standen.

Trombones.—Messrs. Cioffi, Horton, J., Winterbottom.

Double Drums.—Mr. Chipp.

Mr. ARNOTT, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, presided at the organ, and Mr. TOWNSHEND SMITH of Hereford at the piano forte. Mr. DONE, organist of Worcester, officiated as musical conductor during the Festival, wielding the baton with ability. Of the organ-playing of this gentleman, and of the choir over which he presides, I hope to speak at another time. Through his kind attention I was enabled to get a complete insight into the system of a cathedral choir and its arrangements, and hope to have an early opportunity of writing a few lines in regard to that perfected system of ecclesiastical music, the full choral service, as performed in the English cathedrals.

The solo singers engaged were Mme. CLARA NOVELLO, Miss DOLBY, Mme. WEISS, Mrs. CLARE HEPPWORTH, Miss LOUISA VINNING, Miss PALMER, Sig. GARDONI, Sims Reeves, Mr. MONTM SMITH, Mr. WEISS, Mr. THOMAS and Herr FORMES. At the evening concerts, that were given in an adjacent hall, M. SAINTON, violinist, W. G. CUSINS, pianist, and Mr. R. BLAGROVE, concertinist, appeared as soloists on their respective instruments.

The rehearsals occupied the whole of Monday, the 24th, and on the 25th the Festival fairly commenced, with an imposing religious service, held in the nave, which the mayor and city authorities attended in state, arrayed in their robes of office, and bearing swords, maces, and other incomprehensible concerns, the uses of which are not quite obvious to an American, unaccustomed to such emblematic demonstrations. The service, according to the prescribed liturgical form, was intoned, as is usual in the English

cathedrals, the *Venite* and *Jubilate* being sung antiphonally to that simple yet grand chant, known to all choirs in the United States and in this country as "Tallis." The Psalms for the day were sung to a chant composed by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, a composer well known in the United States, and especially familiar to our Episcopal choirs. Mr. Havergal is a resident of Worcester, occupying the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, and for many years it has been his custom to compose chants for the religious services of these festivals. The *Dettingen Te Deum* was next performed, the solos by Misses Dolby, Gilbert and Palmer, and Messrs. Weiss, Montem Smith and Thomas. An old choral tune, "Gloucester," in which the congregation joined, was selected for the metrical psalm, and Mendelssohn's anthem, "Hear my prayer," in which Mrs. Hepworth sang the principal solo, was next performed. Rev. Mr. LEWIS, one of the canons of the Cathedral, then preached an appropriate sermon, and the interesting exercises concluded with an anthem, "Sing, O heavens," composed for the occasion by Dr. ELVEY, the organist of the Queen's Chapel at Windsor Castle, whose organ-playing I had had the pleasure of listening to a few days before. His anthem is a very superior one, opening with a full chorus, followed by a contralto solo, "The Lord will comfort Zion," to which succeeds a chorus, "Joy and gladness," a tenor solo, "Instead of the thorn," two brilliant choruses, and a concluding and elaborated "Amen."

I wish that instead of this meagre skeleton, I could give you some adequate idea of the effect of this imposing religious service. Imagine, if you can, the noble nave overflowing with the tide of melody, supported by a powerful organ, a full orchestra, and a large chorus—the officiating priests in their surplices and gowns—the choristers of the three cathedrals in their white robes—the municipal authorities glittering in gold and purple—and a numerous and attentive audience, now intently listening to the anthems, now responding to the prayers, and now joining in the familiar chorals. It was indeed an event to be remembered.

On Wednesday morning, a still larger audience was assembled to hear Mendelssohn's "Elijah."—Seated in a side aisle, whence I was unable to see the performers, I received no intimation of the commencement of the oratorio, until a noble bass voice, that of Herr Formes, was heard throughout the cathedral, and in an instant the rustling of dresses and the hum of conversation ceased, and every auditor gave his or her attention to the performance. The sacredness of the building prevented any demonstrations of applause, but it was easy to tell from the delighted glances the hearers gave each other at times, which selections were most generally admired. Sig. Gardoni, a tenor, who though old to the stage, as he sang with Jenny Lind in opera, during her first engagement in London, still has a very youthful appearance, delivered the air, "If with all your hearts," with great taste, pronouncing the English words quite correctly. The duet between the widow and the prophet was one of the finest performances of the day, Mme. Novello and Herr Formes assuming their parts in a finished style. The lady has a clear, full soprano, and sings with genuine feeling; she is a truly intellectual singer, and I have heard none so fully competent to sing oratorio music. In the air, "Hear ye, Israel," the effect of her noble voice, filling the entire nave with its thrilling tones, was really wonderful. The quartet, "Cast thy burden," was admirably performed by Mme. Novello, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni and Mr. Montem Smith; but that which gave most pleasure to the audience, and the only piece encored [by request of the Dean], was the lovely unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," in which the voices of Mme. Novello, Mme. Weiss and Miss Dolby blended in the most perfect and entrancing harmony. Every listener held his breath, and

for the moment was as motionless as the cold stone effigies that lay on the tombs around him. The choruses were superbly given throughout, especially the striking invocations to Baal, and it was in the passages connected with these choruses that Herr Formes particularly distinguished himself. This singer has the most powerful and yet melodious bass I have ever had the pleasure of listening to.

On Thursday morning a selected programme was performed, including Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and selections from Costa's "Eli," and Handel's "Israel in Egypt." The most successful piece of this day's performance was Sims Reeves's rendition of the war-song in "Eli." This oratorio is already popular with the majority of music-lovers here, but educated musicians complain of its plagiarisms. "Were some half dozen previous works blotted out of existence, 'Eli' would be a really great oratorio," observed a musician of eminence in my hearing the other day. Mr. Costa himself admits that his composition requires the most powerful aid and the very best performers to be effective: "it is not," he says, "intended for country bands."

The selections from "Israel in Egypt" were judiciously made—if it can be considered as judicious under any circumstances to split up such a work into fragments—and included the following:

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "Now there arose a new king."

Solo and Chorus, "And the children of Israel."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "And God sent Moses."

Chorus, "They loathed to drink."

Air, Miss Dolby, "Their land brought forth frogs."

Chorus, "He spake the word," "Milestone chorus," "He smote all the first-born," "But as for his people," "He rebuked the Red Sea," "He led them through the deep."

Duo, Herr Formes and Mr. Weiss, "The Lord is a man of war."

Chorus, "The depths have covered."

Air, Sims Reeves, "The enemy said."

Air, Mme. Weiss, "Thou didst blow."

Air, Miss Dolby, "Thou shalt bring them in."

Chorus, "The Lord shall reign forever."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "For the hosts of Pharaoh."

Chorus, "The Lord shall reign."

Recitative, Sims Reeves, "And Miriam the prophetess."

Solo and Chorus, Mme. Novello, "Sing ye unto the Lord."

So much for the present. The Oratorio of the last day, the evening concerts, and some closer description of the principal singers will occupy another letter.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 19, 1857.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

II.

It is not enough, then, to say that Music gives pleasure, or can occupy the mind agreeably. Pleasure is the satisfaction of a want. And the question is: what *kind* of pleasure does it afford? What want does it satisfy? There is pleasure in the gratification of an appetite—but there is a nobler pleasure which all men have in seeing or hearing expressed their own inmost deepest feelings and aspirations, in the simple utterance of those instincts and sentiments, which are eternal, and whose language therefore must be beautiful. We delight in any thing that appeals to the holiest and best there is within us,—anything that realizes, typifies, reflects that something which we cherish ever, but cannot express, until the Beautiful in a scene of Nature, a poem, a work of Art, or a song surprises us as being the fit expression of our very feeling, so that we cannot help thinking that we long ago and always had anticipated it, and should have produced it ourselves if we

bad only learned the craft of rhyming, or of coloring, or of composing harmony.

Music is one of the Fine Arts, which all minister in various ways, through various physical organs and senses, to the soul's everlasting want of the Beautiful. No soul is wholly contented with the actual. The Beautiful is all it finds in this world to soothe its discontent. There is something it can love; there is something it can trust; it can go out without reserve to meet it, for it is an emblem at least of all that in its deepest faith, in its silent longings it had cherished. The Beautiful in Nature, or in a work of Art corresponds to that deepest want of ours, to which the actual world so seldom corresponds. The sight of Beauty makes us more conscious of this inner want, of this ideal capacity of ours for something better, even for perfection; and it is chiefly this which prevents us from settling down into a mechanical, unprogressive, animal routine. But for the Beautiful, we should not know that we are meant for anything better than we are. It may well be doubted if even Conscience would tell us; that might stand over us as a task-master to warn us to do right; but we should neither love it nor own its authority. The Beautiful makes us yearn to be perfect; it makes us feel that Heaven is our home, and cast about to make to ourselves a heaven. The Beautiful, come in what shape it will, is something we can take home to us; it speaks to our heart of hearts. There is a certain mystery in it which we feel concerns us; we always are the ones spoken to just as some portraits look at every one who comes into the room. No one who is completely entranced by a landscape, a picture, or a song, can doubt for a moment that here he is in his place; these things converse with his ideal nature. In this is the origin and the final cause of Poetry and the Arts, Music among the rest. This is the secret of its spell. It reveals to the ravished listener so much within him, it whispers to him the possibility of embracing so much of the infinite world without him, that he owns the right of the sweet, albeit the severe, influence to control him, follows the voice in the air through whatsoever thorny paths below, and evermore aspires to something nobler.

This ideal tendency in man, from time immemorial, created Music along with Poetry and all the Fine Arts. Music has this in common with them all, that they are all *beautiful*, and that they are all a *language* of thoughts, feelings, aspirations and ideals. It differs from Poetry in being vague, while Poetry calls up more definite images by words. It differs from Painting and Sculpture in the same particular, and also by its being often a direct expression of emotions, feelings, which they never are. Music through feelings calls up the objects with which those feelings are associated; Painting and Sculpture through objects call up feelings. Music appeals at once to the feelings; these set the imagination to work recalling or supposing scenes and images. Painting and Sculpture appeal at once to the imagination; the scene or the form before us, then we feel. Music moves us, in order to describe. Painting and Sculpture describe, in order to move us. A song draws tears of gratitude and fondest recollection, and instantly we think of the old cottage and the family circle. The painter paints us the old cottage, and instantly our hearts yearn to other days, and the tears of gratitude start to our eyes.

Let us now therefore consider Music as to its power of expression.

Music is one way of expressing ourselves. It is a language—as much so as words. Through it alone can we communicate to other minds much that we feel, enjoy, suffer, when words fail us. It is eminently the *language of the heart*, of emotions too delicate for verbal utterance. It is quicker understood than words. Words are more or less arbitrary, and require to be learned before they mean anything—only fellow-countrymen can talk together. Music is a universal language:—the same tones touch the same feelings the world over. Spoken languages address the understanding: when they would interest the feelings, they pass at once into the province of Music—then it matters not so much *what* is said, as in *what tones* it is said. When an emotion would utter itself, words are nothing, tones are everything.

"For our divine Affections, like the Spheres,
Move ever, ever musical."

We instinctively recognize the peculiar notes of joy and anguish, triumph and despair, consolation, pity, and entreaty—they need no words to interpret them. These uniform and instinctive tones, modulations, cadences, rhythmic movements, smooth slides and abrupt starts of the voice are the original elements of music; Art only uses its privilege to add to them beauty, or rather to combine them always with reference to a beautiful effect, and then they become Music. Out of the natural, spontaneous utterances of human feelings and passions, combined with the love of the beautiful, Music grew. There is a fine illustration of this truth in a passage from Carlyle's "French Revolution":

"Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? how their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their kaiser: Bread! bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond* time."

For further illustrations of the fact that all our natural expressions of emotion range through regular musical intervals, greater or smaller according to the nature and intensity of the emotion, we may refer to that gossipy and somewhat superficial, yet suggestive look, "Gardiner's Music of Nature," where this observation is fully verified by a great deal of ingenious research and extended to the sounds of the whole animated world. He gives us the songs of birds and the cries of animals written down in musical notes. The minor mode in music is but a copy of the plaintive tones of grief, which through lack of energy falls ever short of the note it would reach.

The expressive power of Music is as remarkable in instrumental music as in song—indeed in some respects more so. Instruments, having greater compass and flexibility, and compared with average voices, greater purity of tone, can wind through the most subtle labyrinths of mel-

ody. Instrumental music, too, is freer. Unconfined by any verbal application to definite thought, the heart and the imagination revel in most adventurous excursions upon the "vast deep." The feeling which is not fettered by a thought, is most likely to be universal, and if expressed in music, without words, will meet perhaps the widest response. Some of the Sonatas of Beethoven, as we learn to appreciate them, fill us with the most profound emotion; they have all the mystery of some of the most thrilling poetry; they seem to express the deepest undefined yearnings of the soul; if we cannot readily and certainly conjecture their meanings, we instinctively catch their spirit; they win us to the mood in which they were written; the feelings they express are not of time, so that hearts in all times and places and circumstances are not excluded from a full response. It has been said that Beethoven in some instrumental Quartets written during his deafness, "anticipates the feelings of a future age."

For the same reason, in pathetic songs too much should not be unfolded in the words. In the union of Poetry with Music, the effect is lost, if the poetry be not the simplest possible—if it be more than a single thought, a mere theme, just hinting the explanation of the curiously complicated melody, but no more, it clogs the free movement and deadens the charm of the music. Music claims always to be principal, or nothing. Out of a few words it can unfold infinite meaning, but where the words are a discourse in themselves, there is more thought than feeling, and music is not at all in place. The charm of those old melodies, the songs and ballads of which we never weary, consists in the simplicity of their words, as much as in the beauty and pathos of the strain. In the songs in Handel's "Messiah," we witness the same. In that song of songs: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a few familiar lines, a single verse, just expressing the thought and no more, are expanded into several long strains of music. Hence the air is one unbroken outpouring of triumphant faith and gratitude and serene joy, the richer and the fuller, that it has not to adapt itself to changing thoughts, but is left at liberty to follow the natural course of fervent feeling, and to cling with fondest repetitions to the one ever dear and holy theme. In these few simple words are contained all the deepest and most private feelings of the devout heart. What tender associations, what fond anticipations, what hopes and bright imaginings do they not represent? Those words would cease to be the signs of so much, were they multiplied—but music weaves around them an inexhaustible commentary, never offending by a too particular expression, but faithfully cherishing the mystery which may not be explained in words for the very reason that it means so much, and no heart would be satisfied with the explanation. Our heart's secret lies in words like these, so connected with our earliest religious feelings, and we dare not entrust it to the coarse, prosaic exposition of mere words, but thank the artist who has opened to us this more delicate vehicle of feelings, this sweet music, in which the heart may freely, truthfully confess, yet not expose itself. No less expressive and delicately true to all our associations with the words, is the air: "He shall feed his flock," and "Come unto him all ye that labor." What consolation does not that exquisite strain whisper

to the anxious mind! When we open ourselves to that song, we are perfectly happy; it glides invisibly into the profoundest labyrinths of the breast, and unlocks all the fountains of joy and peace within us; it changes the whole aspect of things around us; everywhere we are met with smiles; we feel that we are no longer alone in the world, and yield ourselves with sweet resignation into the arms of Providence. Then we discover, perhaps, for the first time, how chaste, and pure and serene a state is that happiness, which we seek with such mistaken struggles of unhalloved, unquiet desire. All the preachings in the world may do less to teach us Christian resignation, than this song, which gives us a foretaste of the very feeling.

From my Diary, No. 12.

Sept. 12th.—The New York *Evening Post* of to-day in its article upon the opera last evening, says:

The tenor, Signor Scola, as stated by the bills, had kindly undertaken at a moment's notice and without preparation, to fill the place of Signor Labocetta, indisposed. It was very kind of Sig. Scola to throw himself in the breach in this desperate way: we can only pray, devoutly, that no circumstances may ever induce him to do it again.

This reminds a friend of a similar case some years ago. Salvi, it seems, had taken a pique against Maretzek, and at the last moment refused to sing. No other opera could be substituted, and there was no one to take his place. The consequence was that the management was on the point of returning the money taken and dismissing the audience. It happened that one member of the troupe had learned the part for his own satisfaction, and, this coming to the notice of the manager, he was persuaded to take Salvi's place. A short apology was printed and distributed in the audience, begging indulgence for the tenor, as only by his appearance was it possible for the play to go on. The man appeared and did the best he could—not very well, certainly. Now for a man conscious of his inability to do more than just keep the part alive, and knowing that he is constantly subjected to fatal comparison with such a tenor as Salvi, to be willing, rather than disappoint a whole opera-house full of people, to leave his place in the chorus, and undertake a difficult and prominent part, seems to me to exhibit a most commendable spirit of self-sacrifice. I honor such a man. Well, the next morning every New York paper had its joke upon the poor fellow, and ridiculed him without mercy. Was that right? was it honorable? was it just?

Now here is poor Scola—not much of a singer, but willing, for the sake of enabling the public to enjoy Frezzolini's, Vestrali's and Gassier's singing, to go through as well as he might with Labocetta's part;—and instead of finding something praiseworthy in this, the writer in the *Post* says that no circumstances may ever induce him to do it again. It is a hard thing to sit out a poor singer—but why ridicule him, when he, knowing his deficiencies, is compelled by the force of circumstances to appear. Is it reasonable to do so?

Musical Chat-Chat.

An amusing account of the "pursuit" of LISZT under "difficulties" will be found in the extracts on another page from the diary of a young New Yorker, who has been for some years studying music in the country of his fathers. It affords, too, a pretty clear peep into the actual status of musical clanship and party war in Germany. The young man relates what doubtless has been and is the experience of many a piano-forte student in like circumstances. . . . A friend gives us an interesting article about WEBER; he writes as an appreciative and sincere admirer (and who does not admire "Oberon" and "Freyschütz"?), but is, we think, unnecessarily sensitive about some limitations and discriminations stated by another contributor in a cooler and more critical estimate of

the same great composer. Dr. Zopf, we are sure, did not intend to disparage Weber.

Our HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, are preparing to follow up the good work of last season in the best way, by studying that grandest of oratorios, Handel's "Israel in Egypt." Their vigilant President has already imported the music of that, and of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," for the use of the society, and it is now in contemplation to give at least four concerts, commencing with the "Messiah" at Christmas; to be followed by Mozart's "Requiem," with the "Hymn of Praise"; then "Elijah," and then "Israel in Egypt." This programme may be varied in some particulars, but the new features will stand; and any of the four concerts may be repeated—that depending on the will of the public legitimately expressed through—the ticket office. . . . Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, it will be seen, has made arrangements for a series of concerts at the Messrs. Chickering's saloon.

. . . Some of our best resident musicians propose soon giving a concert for the benefit of Sig. GRINI, the singer, whose sufferings and those of his family (now at Chiocinatti) from sickness and poverty, give them strong claims upon the sympathy of the musical public.

By a card below it will be seen that Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, who is one of our most accomplished pianists and most ind-fatigable and successful teachers, has returned to the city and is ready to resume her classes and form new ones. Here is an excellent opportunity, especially for quite young pupils, to learn the piano on a thorough system. . . . Mr. S. B. BALL's Singing School will commence on Monday evening next, at the Vestry of Rev. A. A. Miner's Church in School St. Mr. Ball is a very earnest and experienced teacher of music in the popular form of singing classes, and ladies and gentlemen will find this a good opportunity to learn to read music. Mr. B. will be assisted by Mr. H. WILDE. For terms inquire of Mr. Ball at the Church, or at his residence, 104 Myrtle St.

VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG have already given two concerts in New York, and with such success that they now purpose to remain there some weeks before coming to Boston. They have been assisted by a new singer, Mlle. CANTOLI, and by Signors LANCETTA, GASSIER and ROCCO, and the orchestra of the Academy. . . . At the Academy Mme. FREZZOLINI seems to have been gaining ground, and the opera goes on successfully. The *Sonnambula* was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trocatore*; and for last night was announced Mme. LAGRANGE in *Norma*. This new acquisition gives Mr. Ullman two great prime donne; and the advantage is trumpeted with sufficient promise in the newspapers. Lagrange and Frezzolini are to appear alternately in a great variety of operas. When to these, with their present associates, Labocetta, Gassier and Rocco, shall be added ROGER and FORMES, they will be enabled, say the managers, to bring out "new operas, and the masterpieces of Mozart, Meyerbeer and Rossini." Heaven be praised, in these dull Veril times! We have now a hope of hearing the *Nozze di Figaro*—that is if the opera hold out long enough to come to Boston. We are sorry to see no further signs of the proposed coalition with Messrs. Marshall and Barry's troupe.

CATHOLIC CONCERT.—A sacred concert, complimentary to Mrs. M. J. MOONEY, was given at the Tremont Temple last Sunday evening, by the united choirs of the Cathedral and other Catholic churches in and about Boston, under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and the crowd sat somewhat listlessly through some fair performances of Mass choruses, such as the *Gloria* from Haydn's No. 1, the majestic *Credo* from Beethoven's, in C, the *Domine* and *Hostias* of Mozart's *Requiem*, (by no means the most taking selection that could be made from it); but listened with more eager sympathy to solos like Cherubini's *Ave Maria*, sung by Mrs. WERNER; "Consider the Lilies," a very commonplace and secular sort of melody, by Topliff; and Schubert's "Wanderer," which was finely sung by Mr. POWERS, who has a most musical and sonorous bass voice, and who improves his gift.

Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER

Has the honor of announcing to the citizens of Boston and vicinity his intention of giving a Series of SIX CHAMBER CONCERTS, at the Rooms of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS.—The programmes will embrace only the VERY CHOICEST MUSIC. The Concerts will be given once a week, commencing Saturday, Oct. 17.

Mr. Satter has the pleasure of stating that he has secured the valuable assistance of Miss JENNY TWICHELL, Messrs WM. SCHULTZE, HENRY JUNGKICKEL and others. Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, \$4. Single tickets \$1. Subscription lists will be found at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' Rooms and at the Music Stores.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have in press, and will issue early in October:

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Several other valuable works in preparation, of which due notice will be given.

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For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

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THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall.

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The Second Exhibition will open WEDNESDAY, July 15, with a new collection of Pictures, among which will be found, The Visitation, by Page; The First N. E. Thanksgiving, by Edwin White; additional pictures by Allston; and other works by New York and Boston Artists.

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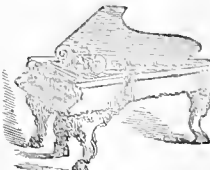
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Concert Italo-Americain.

[Under this title the *Courier Franco-Italian*, of Aug. 6, describes a private concert given by a wealthy young American during a short stay in Paris. Partly as an amusing specimen of the lively way in which the Parisian critics and feuilletonists serve up such tempting subjects, and partly because of the mention of two young American prime donne, in whom so many of our readers take an interest, we translate the entire article.]

The scene represents a magnificent *salon*, white and gold, splendidly illuminated and opening in the rear upon a balustraded terrace. On the right, in the foreground, a large door, the entrance to a delicious *bouloir*. In the background, a fire-place metamorphosed into a *jardinière*; over the mantel an enormous plate glass, showing through it the *foyer* of the artists. On the left, front and rear, doors leading into a waiting room. Gilt furniture. A Pleyel piano. On the walls, pictures by masters. You remark there the Roman Peasant Girl, by M. May. Vases, baskets, flowers everywhere. Through the windows at the bottom of the room you perceive the trees of the boulevard Malesherbes and the colonnade of the Madeleine, vividly illumined by the full moon.

The hall is filled with invited guests. All countries have there their representatives: the majority are French, Italians or Americans. The ladies are seated, brilliant as well by their toilet as by their beauty; the men circulate about. Among the former you remark the two queens of song, Mmes. FREZZOLINI and BORCHI-MAMO, chatting as amicably as two sisters, or rather as two cousins, — Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, for example.... Farther on, a group of admirers surround and completely snatch from curious eyes a very petite lady in pink, with lively and

eloquent eyes, an animated physiognomy, dazzling teeth, and the smile of a fairy. This is Mme. DE WILHORST, the young *Américaine*, who has a form somewhat more slight and much more voice than Mme. Piccolomini. On the opposite side, Mlle. HENSLER, another conquest which Europe has just won from America, in revenge for the carrying off of our best artists and the death of Mme. Sontag, — Mlle. HENSLER, I say, is in white, her robe trimmed with little figures of black velvet. She has a dreamy air. Her beautiful eyes have that vague look of vignettes in keepsakes. She is thinking perhaps of Venice and of Genoa, where she is soon to go, and where brilliant ovations probably await her... or she is thinking of — another thing. Two Italian ladies, Mme. REBUSSINI, her skin slightly browned by the sun of the tropics, and Mlle. CORBARI, seem to rejoice to have quitted, one Brazil, the other Portugal, for a temperature less *torrefying*. So much for counting on the perfidy of latitudes! They have found here ninety-two degrees of heat... in the shade!

Near the piano, a group of artists: the tenors LABOCETTA and BALESTRA GALLI, the baritones ARDAVANI and CIMINO, the basses DIDOT and LOLIO. MM. GIULIANI, BRAGA, LUCANTONI, MODERATI, &c., masters or composers, encourage or congratulate their pupils, who might themselves upon a pinch be excellent professors. In the background, near the terrace, M. Fiorentino with his tall stature towers above another group, where you distinguish M. Achille Jubinal, the deputy-Mecænas; M. le marquis du Hurray-Coëtquen, the representative of French chivalry; M. Montanelli, the author of *Camma*; the sculptor Lanzarotti, author of the *Pensierosa*; M. Craufurd, who plays, for our benefit, a part the very contrary to that of the *Manche*: he unites France to England; M. Tony Révillon, of the *Courrier de Paris*; M. le docteur Declat, of *L'Union*; MM. Paulin and Héquet, of *L'Illustration*; Count Federigotti, of the *Rabelais*; M. Cottrau, of the *Gazette Musicale* of Naples; M. Carini, of you know what journal, and some who write a little everywhere. Some officers adorned with crosses spangle with their gold epaulets the crowd of black coats. M. Paine, the amateur director, the gentleman impresario, rubs his hands with satisfaction. M. Calzado, the Monte-Christo of the *salle-Ventadour*, rolls his director's eyes, glancing first on Mme. Borghi-Mamo and then on Mme. Frezzolini; then, and as if to console himself, he asks his son Adolphe which of the two, Mlle. Piccolomini or Mme. Wilhorst is the largest — or the smallest. Adolphus answers wittily, that he will know when he hears. Mme. de Wilhorst sing.

Mr. HILL, the master of the session, a young man (*grand garçon*) of twenty-three years, of princely form, frank and open physiognomy, finds a charming word for everybody, and multiplies himself,—among the ladies especially,—without having the air of it. At every instant he draws from his pocket a fan and gives it to one just arrived. I saw him give as many as fifty, which was as far as I counted.... What pockets the Americans have! — Mr. King, his inseparable friend, imitated him with all zeal.

A graceful prelude makes itself heard. It announces the rising of the curtain. It is a vague, aerial, undecided sort of music; one would say that all these myriads of flowers which enamel the apartment had taken voice and were singing. Why not? They can dance in *Orfa*!... Apropos of *Orfa*, M. Torre, the lyric poet, the happy husband of Mme. Ferraris, leaning against the side of a door, watches from time to time the clock. He has the air of asking himself what *pas* Mme. Ferraris is dancing at this moment at the Opéra, or rather for what *tour de force* she is applauded. He literally has his head under the feet of the Italian *sylphide*; which is by no means inconvenient: you know those sort of feet touch nothing, they only graze and pass on.

The little overture continues. After it will come the five Italian masters, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante and Verdi. Of the five, two are dead, and two have gone to sleep. The fifth is awake, and no mistake! More than that, he keeps his imitators from falling asleep. You see that the programme has been made by an intelligent man, and above all by a man of taste. Is it you, friend Carini? You have added there perchance, by way of epigraph, these two lines from Beranger:

" Mais on recommande
Goût Italien."

Twelve pieces of music, like twelve scenes of a phenomenal opera, scenes now bright and animated, now tender and delicate, now impassioned and dramatic, succeed each other at short intervals. One breathes an atmosphere of perfumes and melody; one is intoxicated with harmony and song.

The heat has been unable to obtain a little card of invitation. It has staid at the door. The thermometer has been put under arrest with Tom, the little black dog of the *logis*; the one reduced to immobility, the other to silence. They rage. Beware of to-morrow morning!

A colossal buffet, a *buffet monstre*, (on the plan Danaïdes) is charged with utilizing the entr'actes—and there are eleven of them! It lavishes its thousand sugar trifles, its thousand beverages,

of different temperatures, from burning chocolate and tepid Bourdeaux wine to frozen Champaigne.

Mlle. Hensler and the tenor Balestra open the concert with the duo from *Roberto Devereux*, that famous duet of the *addio*, one of the most dramatic pages of Donizetti. Mlle. Hensler sings like a Neapolitan and pronounces like a Florentine,—I think I said as much last winter;—Balestra sustains her with his powerful organ, and those fine, vigorous notes, of which he has the secret.

Then Didot, the bass, an excellent voice, robust as possible, sings the air from *Les Vêpres*. I have never been able to learn whether M. Didot is French or Italian. He speaks both languages without the slightest accent. I thought to assure myself of his nationality by his choice between the words of M. Scribe and the translation by M. Caimo. He prefers the Italian translation; he must be a Frenchman.

And now see, Mme. de Wilhorst moves towards the piano; she has nothing great but her eyes and the volume of her voice—ah! I forget her talent! She sings the air from *I Puritani*. It is a voice at once velvety and metallic, and above all of a biting, penetrating quality. Its *timbre* is one of the most sympathetic. She phrases and accentuates to a marvel. M. Calzado père is all ears; his son Adolphe is transfixed. She has sung *Vien diletto, c'è in ciel la luna* with an exquisite taste; the moon, on whom weighed the responsibility of the *mise en scène*, impressed her silvery disk just then upon the window. The director of the *salle Ventadour* made a note of it for the next resumption of *I Puritani*.

I believe I am one of the first who spoke of Mme. de Wilhorst. If I register this detail, which appears so puerile, it is because I remember to have been the first also to speak of the debuts of Mlle. Piccolomini in Italy, and that proved not very fatal to her. Ask at London, where she shines star-queen; ask at Turin, at Vienna, at all the cities in Italy where she has sung. Observe I have only spoken of her débuts; she was then sixteen years old! . . .

Labocetta, with his sweet and tender voice, sighed out the melodious romance from *Il Giuramento*; I could have believed I was hearing Basadonna in his finest moments. Perhaps because Basadonna was his master. Braga, the pupil of Labocetta on the violoncello at the Conservatoire in Naples, accompanied the charming tenor. Formerly they both played the violoncello; both were first prizes. Braga is now a composer, entering the world by the golden door of success; Labocetta, a tenor of the most distinguished, who expects to go out of it by the not less golden door of rents; that will be in a year or two.

But silence! here is Mme. Borghi-Mamo, who, changed back to an Italian, sings us one of the most melancholy of Neapolitan airs. Alas! when the Neapolitan public is sad, it is no half-way matter; you all know that deliciously plaintive song: *Fenesta che lucive e mo non luce*. MM. Fiorentino, Cimino, Cottrau, and a fourth whom I need not name, all born at Naples, looked at one another while Mme. Borghi sang. You would not believe it, but, God forgive me! they were moved. The piece finished, M. Fiorentino went to congratulate the great artiste. M. Cimino got to talking about Naples and the Neapolitans with Braga, who had accompanied the little song;

M. Cottrau heaved a sigh. . . . then went and took an ice to cheer his spirits.

After this song, the illustrious pensionnaire of the Imperial Academy of Music sang the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and taught us

Il segreto per esser felici.

It was malicious, on my word! Whenever she sings and whatever she sings, she tells us the secret of being happy.

Again we have Mme. de Wilhorst. So much the better! This time it is the duo in *La Traviata* which she sings with the baritone Ardavani. That artist's voice is marvellously adapted to the tender and impassioned *scena* of the father of Alfred. Mme. de Wilhorst rendered, among other things, the phrase: *Dite alla giovine*, with a profound melancholy, a heart-rending truth; she has plenty of tears in her voice!

Mlle. Hensler comes, to coo the air from *Rigoletto*. She attacks the final trill with an astonishing purity, an irreproachable accuracy, and softens it by one of the most suave and exquisite *smorzandos*.

Then the three men's voices, Ardavani, Balestra and Didot, put us into ecstasy with the grand *pièce de résistance*, the capital piece of the concert, Trio from "William Tell."—Oh! Rossini, how great you are! Are you silent because this opera is the last word of mortal music, or because your task is finished upon earth? . . . M. Balestra had bursts of voice of exceeding beauty, and excited unanimous bravos. The grave notes of the other two artists married themselves admirably to the fine organ of the Italian tenor.

It was for Rossini to rest us from Rossini. The goddess advances. *Incessu patuit*. A murmur of admiration rises under her footsteps. Mme. Frezzolini is going to sing the romance of *Willow*, the queen of romances, the sufferings of Isaura as sobbed forth by Desdemona. Oh! you are mistaken, madam, or Shakspeare has lied. Desdemona never sang with voice so pure and irresistible; Othello would not have assassinated her.

But the crowd begin to slip away. . . . *Non satiata recessit*. Already three o'clock! already to-morrow morning! I begin to be reconciled to eternity, for they sing, 't is said, in Paradise.

M. Cimino, ever courteous, is reminded that the concert is given in Paris, that there are French people in the room; and so he does the honors of French music with a ballad by Victor Massé. It is the romance of *Le Muletier de Culaubre*, accompanied by cracks of the whip, and *cliq, claq! hop là!* M. Cimino sang it in a swaggering manner, making us admire his fine organ, and his talent as a perfect musician.

This melodie piece of fire-works required a dazzling bouquet. Mme. Frezzolini undertook it. She sang us her adieux. To-morrow the steamer will carry her away, away. . . . Why then are the United States so fond of music?—The *diva* has selected the two most beautiful and largest pages from Verdi, the Quatuor in *Rigoletto* and the *Miserere* in the *Trovatore*. All the genius of the master of Busseto is there! One of these two pieces alone would suffice to place the author in the rank of the first composers of the age. Mme. Frezzolini was pleased to sing them both. One is very rich when one breaks up housekeeping. M. Balestra, M. Ardavani and Mlle. Corbari seconded her. Never has she sung this piece with more *entrainement* and dramatic vehemence. Then, suddenly, without a moment's

rest, Gilda becomes Leonora, and the *Miserere* fills the hall with its lugubrious and solemn notes. Mme. Frezzolini draws from the pain she feels at quitting our continent, the theatre of all her triumphs, those heart-rending notes, those sobs that freeze your veins. All the guests, artists and amateurs, formed the chorus, and I assure you it was not very bad.

Adieu, madame, *partez!* We shall preserve the memory of this magnificent soirée and of your farewell song. New York awaits you. No matter, we retain as hostages Mme. de Wilhorst and Mlle. Hensler. It is so much captured from the enemy.

And now, if you ask me why Mr. Hill has given this musical soirée, and why he has given it during these dog-days, I will tell you that he had no choice. M. Hill adores the arts in general, music and painting in particular, and he is as fond of artists as of art. He was at New Orleans; he had three months before him; he said to himself: "I will take one month to go to Europe, and one month to return; forcing the allowance a little, I will pass four or five weeks in Paris. There I will hear good music. And if the *salle Ventadour* is closed, *eh bien!* I will invite the Théâtre Italien to come to my own lodgings, beginning with its director."

And he did it so effectually that the Brindisi, the romance of "Willow," &c., to which Mmes. Borghi and Frezzolini treated M. Hill, have cost him something like thirty thousand francs. . . . counting the flowers in the expenses of the voyage and the installation. *Eh bien!* frankly, it was not dear, in my opinion. . . . and even in the opinion of Mr. Hill, which is much more significant.

So much so that he will resume the sport next year. From New Orleans to Paris, it is only the desire of an excellent concert. That does not frighten Mr. Hill; O, quite the contrary!

ALDINO ALDINI.

New Monumental Statues—Goethe's Birth-day.

(German Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.)

HEIDELBERG, AUG. 29, 1857.

Yesterday the memory of Germany's greatest poet was refreshed by the anniversary of his birthday. A quarter of a century ago the nation was in mourning—for Goethe had departed. More than a century ago a great genius came into the world, a very king amid the nobility of intellect, born to rule millions; the lifting up of whose pen-sceptre brought the world upon the knees of homage. The weeds worn at the funeral have been flung aside; monuments have arisen, whereon the poet's wreath rests unfading forever. The nation, forgetful of the death-hour, but proud and jubilant over the birth-hour; conscious that a great mind, once among men, is among them forever, gives evidence of its gratitude through memorials and anniversaries.

Last night Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris* was presented in the theatre at Frankfort, his native city, with unusual splendor. The house in which the poet was born seemed conscious of the attention and respect paid it by the people, and looked, as all such houses do, exceedingly knowing. Of course, in these anniversary displays, heroes who have worn swords have all the advantages of banners, cannons and military companies ready for another turn-out; but, doubtless, when our progressive race has passed the barbarous war-period, the heroes of Peace will have their turn. There are those in the world who would withhold from Goethe, probably, any unusual attention. A celebrated historian, his countryman, has within three years called the author of *Faust* "a refined heathen." That he was not a saint, every moral man will deplore. That he has written what were better unwritten, most will acknowledge. But at

the same time it is something to enrich and beautify language; something to give imaginations "form and substance," that shall grace the halls of Art through all time; something to ascend the very Mont Blanc of thought, though it be amid ice and clouds, to show the human mind its capabilities.

In Munich a few days since, there was an exhibition of three bronze statues, just completed, of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland. They are all from Müller's foundry. The first two are from models by Rietschel, of Dresden; Wieland's is by Grasser, of Vienna. They attracted large crowds of visitors on the day of exhibition. It was a significant sight, and one which cannot fail to touch the German heart, to see those two sublime geniuses, rivals in fame, but friends in life and heart, thus brought together. It is something more than a monument of each; it becomes a memorial of their friendship—an impersonation of a beautiful fact. The material itself is of superior quality, and the design more than ordinarily worthy the subject. As a German critic said: "The mien of this immortal poet-pair shines through the splendor of the metal with radiant light." Goethe, of benign countenance, extends the wreath with his right hand to Schiller, while his left rests familiarly upon Schiller's shoulder. The latter stands, with the lofty air and elevated head which artists love to give him, stretching out his right hand toward the wreath and holding a scroll in his left. The novelty of the design, and the spirited execution of the group, place it among the finest works of the kind. The artist attempted, however, rather a hazardous experiment in the matter of costume. One would judge the dress of that time not so suitable and permanently impressive in the monumental art as the flowing robe. Goethe wears the frock, Schiller a long coat; and both with short hose and stockings. The Germans think this more life-like, "true to Nature," and at the same time sufficiently ideal. Schiller has his neckcloth tied loosely, giving the figure a certain air of freedom that is agreeable.

Wieland's statue hardly equals the others in any respect. It is ordinary in conception and characterized by little spirit either in attitude or expression. He holds a half-open book in his left hand, while the right is out-stretched as in recitation. But, if life-like reality is to be carried "unkempt and unshorn" into art, then it is quite right and a real triumph. For Wieland can never stand on the level of Goethe and Schiller.

Speaking of monuments, reminds me that the one commemorative of Victory, erected upon the Drachenfels, has just been unveiled with the usual ceremonies. It stands upon the verge of the precipice, near the ruin, looking down upon the Rhine, the Castle of Roland and the island of Nonnenwerth. It will add another link of attraction to draw travellers up the rugged steep of the Siebengebirge. It is commemorative of a victory—not that of Siegfried over the Dragon, but of the Germans over an enemy noted for dragonic devastations. The orator of the occasion made a stirring speech, with frequent allusion to the Fatherland, its oppression and freedom, concluding with the following solemn vow: "In all the relations of life, in good and evil days; yes, even to death, show yourselves brave German men, with inviolable fidelity to our king, Friedrich Wilhelm; but especially remain true to the Fatherland in every danger, whenever it may threaten. Firm and immovable, as the rock that uplifts this monument, be our pledged devotion." After a spirited ratification of this by the auditory, the orator closed by reciting a short poem, which had been pronounced at Bonn, in 1826, on a similar occasion, in commemoration of the last decisive battle of Belle-Alliance. One stanza ran something as follows:

"Not empire, nor revenge's brutal might,
Ah, no! but Virtue's aims and deeds of right,
The after world, with joy devout, shall praise;
While Truth's undimmed and ever-quickened fire
Shall flame from heart to heart—the world's desire—
Forever dear through Time's advancing days."

Vieuxtemps and Thalberg in New York.

When Mr. THALBERG himself will fill a concert room evening after evening, what wonder that on Tuesday, when he and Mr. VIEUXTEMPS appeared together, there were nearly twice as many persons desired to get into Niblo's Saloon as that pretty room will hold. The concert was rich and complete: the success of all who took part in it must have satisfied even that cormorant's stomach—an artist's hunger for praise. Mr. Thalberg can afford to let us pass him by with the mere recognition of his supreme perfection. He was the same absolute, all satisfying, unimpeachable artist that he has always shown himself. Mr. Vieuxtemps is his twin brother in art; and possesses the same qualities in the same degree. He is endowed with that complete knowledge of the resources of his art and of his instrument, and that finely balanced and delicately constituted organization without which a musician, even although he is great, must needs be extravagant. His style may be justly called classic—a term much abused in art, and constantly used merely as a synonyme for 'good.' Symmetry, grace, a serene expression of power, singleness of purpose, a sparing use of ornament, and the highest finish even of the minutest detail—these are the characteristic traits of Mr. Vieuxtemps' style, both as a composer and a performer. We sometimes, even when hearing very good violinists, find ourselves questioning the supremacy of the instrument. But such a doubt never arises while we listen to Mr. Vieuxtemps. In his hands the instrument possesses all its traditional dignity and grandeur. Its tone—as equal throughout the entire compass of the instrument as it is possible to make it—loses all of that quality which suggests a squeak, and becomes pure music in its noblest and most touching form. Exquisite delicacy is a necessary concomitant of great and highly disciplined power; and therefore in calling Mr. Vieuxtemps' style massive, we imply no limitation of its variety or flexibility. As to executive excellence, we do not intend to be so superfluous as to offer him the poor compliment of praise for that; and yet his performance is in that respect a marvel. The body of tone which he produces and the quality of it, and the large and simple manner in which he makes his instrument vocalize, are hardly more admirable to the musician than the absolute mastery of all the mysteries of bowing and fingering which he constantly exhibits. He will cut out eight square-edged notes in a second with the point of an up-bow, and not move his wrist half a finger's breadth. Thus it is ever with a supreme master; he is as unimpeachable in detail as he is admirable in design; always illustrating the axiom that the greater includes the less. Mr. Vieuxtemps' success with his audience was complete.

No small element of the pleasure of the evening was the singing of Mlle. CARROLL, a young prima donna heard here on this occasion for the first time. Her voice is not so smooth or so rich as she deserves it should be; but her vocalization is so beautiful, so correct, and of such a fine school, that we soon forget that nature has not given her everything. Her voice is of the most serviceable quality,—a mezzo soprano, and is fresh and firm. Her singing of the principal cavatina from *La Traviata*, richly deserved the unanimous and hearty tokens of approbation which burst from all parts of the room. She is a great acquisition to our available musical material.

The concert was throughout of a high order of excellence, and the satisfaction of the audience complete.—*Courier & Enquirer*, 16th.

PRIZES AT THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.—The Paris Correspondent of the *National Era*, under date of Aug. 30, writes:

The concourse of the distribution of prizes at the "Conservatoire de Musique" closed this year with strong expressions of indignation. Monsieur Auber, the well-known composer of "La Muette de Portici," and director of the Imperial *Conservatoire de Musique*, although at the respectable and sober age of seventy two, seems still to be too strongly influenced by the pupils of the fair sex

to do justice. But his predilection for that class of artists was never before so manifest as this year, when the prizes were mostly given to the friends of certain young artists who had won the seared heart of the old composer.

All passed off quietly, however, until the prizes allotted to the performers on the violin were announced. The first was given to a boy eleven years of age—a prodigy so far surpassing anything ever before heard on the violin, that it was thought an extraordinary prize would not be a sufficient reward for the infant Paganini. The second prize was given to Miss Hummler, causing some expressions of astonishment and dissatisfaction from the violin performers of the Conservatoire and of the grand opera; but when the third prize was awarded to another of the young ladies, the audience burst into a general expression of disgust; hissing was heard on all sides, and continued until the police interfered and closed the ceremony.

The ability of the fair sex is too well established to be contested; but I must acknowledge that the error committed in awarding the 2d and 3d prizes to ladies, for their performance on an instrument strictly the prerogative of men, is too palpable to be doubted—besides its being an unbecoming and graceless instrument in the hands of women, and requiring more muscular strength to draw out its finest tones in an allegro than they are possessed of. Had I any influence at the "Conservatoire," it would certainly be exercised to exclude that instrument for women, and confine them entirely to the harp and piano—two of the finest instruments, and best suited to their sex and attire.

The competitors for vocal music were numerous, and those to whom the prizes were allotted were neither remarkable for school or voice. The classes, as usual, were composed of pupils from various countries and climates—Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, and French. Soul-stirring voices are as rare as comets, and the best French voices come from the south of France, where the human organ is softer and more pleasing, even in conversation, than at the north. Auber is much disliked, and is said to be an old miser, elated with the idea that he is the best and only French composer worthy of renown: he is a member of the Institute, master of the Imperial Chapel, Counsellor of Education, besides numberless other dignities heaped upon him. Another prodigy, a youth of twelve years, took the prize for harmony, and his competitors were all men grown.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21.—At home once more, after a long season of summer wanderings; of fresh mountain air, of grass, trees and bushes fresh and green, this year, in September, as in early June; of meetings with dear friends, of every country enjoyment, but alas, very little music. So that, thirsting for this life-elixir of the soul, I am willing at last to give up rural pleasures and advantages, and return to the realization of all the pleasant prospects which this winter's campaign holds out. In such a mood I found myself, a few evenings ago, in Niblo's Saloon, prepared to listen to a "Miscellaneous" concert, in which VIEUXTEMPS was, to me, the chief attraction. I had not heard him during his previous visit to this country, for the reason, which I am now quite ashamed to confess, that I was at that time so full of enthusiasm for Ole Bull, that I quite resented the preference which some more sensible people had for Vieuxtemps, and, from a sort of spite, would not hear the latter. But that was long ago, and I have grown wiser since. Of the concert on Thursday night, I must say that I enjoyed it more than any concert of that kind which I have ever attended. It was, indeed, excellent in almost every particular, as far as the performance went, and though the quality of the music was not altogether what I admire, the fact of its being so well rendered in a measure made up for that deficiency.

After not having heard THALBERG for six months, the perfection of his execution stood forth unmoved by any weariness of its sameness. He gave us *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia*, *Don Pasquale*, a very pretty barcarole (which was also a novelty), and, in answer to an encore, "Home, sweet home," which it was really refreshing to hear played by him, after listening for half a year past, to its execution by all the young ladies in the Republic.

The male singers were, Sig. Rocco, an old acquaintance, who has lost none of his buffo-tricks and grimaces, and Signori LANOCETTA and GASSIER, (or *Monks Gasseer*, as "Trovatore's" friend has it.) Labocetta has a fine, sweet voice, though not over powerful, but spoils what there is good in him by affectation. He also appeared to be rather wheezy, which was either owing to the remains of his cold, or to his *embonpoint*, which is considerable. But whatever unpleasant impression these two singers might have made, was completely done away with by the delight with which I listened to Gassier. A full, pure baritone voice, with a tenderness and softness in it which seems more to belong to a tenor—an excellent school, and a truth of feeling and expression such as I have not often met with. His voice is perhaps not as powerful as Badiali's, but it is fresher and sweeter. It is a voice that "has a tear in it." Signora CAROLI, (I beg her pardon for allowing the gentlemen to precede her, but I wished to give the more space to her,) who comes to us from Rio Janeiro, is a modest, amiable looking young lady, apparently very young, and rather timid. Her execution is very fine; indeed, she sang her *floriture* and her high notes with an ease which I found difficult to reconcile with the slight veil by which her voice is rendered not quite agreeable. This latter circumstance may, however, have been accidental, as I noticed that she coughed slightly several times. Altogether, she makes a very agreeable impression.

Like children, with their sugar-plums and sweetmeats, I have reserved the best to the last, and now I hardly know how to express my admiration of Vieuxtemps. He is certainly the best violinist who has ever been heard here. His tone, from first to last, is like that of an organ, rich and full, and there is something noble and grand in his playing, such as it has rarely been my good fortune to hear. Added to this, there is in him such an utter absence of all humbug and seeking after effect, that one cannot cherish a moment's doubt as to his being one of the truest of artists. He played, on this occasion, only his own compositions, but these are worth listening to. An Adagio, particularly, was very beautiful, and in the Tarantella which followed, he showed all that he *could* do, without the slightest apparent effort. He ended the concert with a fantasia on *Lucia*, and words cannot describe his exquisite rendering of the death-scene. It was beyond anything I had ever imagined of the power of expression in the violin. I cannot describe it better than that it reminded me of Mario's singing of the same scene, and made me feel, as I did then, that this would almost reconcile me to Italian music.

Mr. Vieuxtemps was accompanied on the piano by his wife, a most agreeable looking lady, of very unassuming demeanor. She is a faultless accompanist, and must be, to judge from what she played, a very fine pianist. It is hardly just to her merits that no mention whatever should at any time be made of her.

A third concert was announced for last Saturday, but, on account of the violent rain-storm, was postponed at the last moment. Messrs Thalberg and Vieuxtemps made, however, a great mistake in so doing, for quite a large number of people had assembled, (many having come in carriages,) and as the concert-givers were seen walking about in the ante-rooms, no one could understand why the audience should be disappointed. This is taking too great an

advantage of the good-nature of the public, and I have some fear that they will rue it.

Speaking of Vieuxtemps recently with a European friend, I was told, what I have not seen mentioned elsewhere, that two young sisters, violinists, were making a great sensation in Germany now. This is a repetition of the case of the Milanollos, and of these two gifted beings my friend told me some interesting particulars. You are aware that Maria, the youngest, died several years ago, the victim, indeed, of her father's avarice, as he obliged her to travel and give concerts when already quite ill. Theresa, the survivor, who until quite recently has appeared in public, winning all hearts by her wondrous playing, is now very happily married, I think in France. S told me that he was living in Brussels when the young sisters made their first appearance there. They were then mere children, Theresa being eleven or twelve, and Maria only eight. They were quite unknown then, and their concert was anticipated with ridicule and disgust of musical prodigies. S., with some friends, however, happened accidentally to hear them rehearsing, in the large, empty concert hall, with a candle apiece to read their notes by, and were so fascinated by them, that through their influence a large audience was secured for the next night, which was only the beginning of a triumphant career in that city and subsequently in all Europe. My informant said, also, that Theresa was then already very serious and precocious, while the little vivacious Maria, away from her instrument, was a perfect child, and as wild as a sprite. He remembers that she would often, when her part was done, run out into the hall, and play at soldier with the little son of the doorkeeper, who would be lurking about there with his drum and sword. When called back to the concert room, to play again, she would pout and struggle, but at a glance from her sister, and as soon as her violin was in her hand again, the genius would regain the mastery over the child, and her playing enrapture all her hearers. Of Theresa's playing a year or two ago, in Berlin, another friend wrote me that it was "as if a maiden's soul had taken up its abode in the strings." —t—

WORCESTER. (ENG.) AUG. 30.—Friday, the last, was the most successful day of the Festival. The "Messiah," as is well known, is a great favorite here, and invariably attracts a crowded house. Before the cathedral doors were thrown open, numbers were waiting for entrance, and the side aisles, the only part of the building which could be entered at a charge coming within the means of the majority of people, were filled immediately. The tombs of defunct knights were quite buried up in black hats, and canes and umbrellas were lain thoughtlessly across the upturned faces of sepulchral effigies. Several reverend bishops, whose marble forms lie in niches around the walls, were used as seats, and as most of them were hopelessly damaged as to noses, and generally flattened as to faces, the "dome of thought" was one of the most comfortable places they afforded. The nave was also crowded by an audience gorgeous in silks, feathers and jewelry, and as the sunbeams poured in through the great end window, they fell upon a scene of dazzling brilliancy. The "Messiah" was given *entire*, even including the choruses which are generally omitted in the performance of the oratorio in America. Not a note was passed by unheeded; most of the audience being provided with the score, and following the performers with eye as well as ear.

The overture, which is often accused of being uninteresting, was given with great precision and effect, especially the fugue movement. To Mr. REEVES's rendition of the opening recitative, it is quite impossible to do justice; it was by far the finest performance of this beautiful gem that I had ever heard.—Mme. NOVELLO particularly distinguished herself in

the "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. WEISS sang most of the bass songs extremely well; he has a fine bass voice, and pronounces English with the purity of a native, which by the way I suspect him to be. Herr FORMES, on the contrary, sang his only air, "The trumpet shall sound," very indifferently; he was careless and ineffective. Miss DOLBY, however, pleased me more than any other solo performer. To a noble contralto voice, she adds a deep expression and a refined taste, and sings with correctness and real feeling; such another performance of that wondrously touching air, "He was despised," I can hardly hope to hear again. Miss Dolby is a singer who can scarcely be surpassed by any living contralto, and it is to be hoped we can hear her some time in America. The choruses were as near perfection as possible. Every singer appeared to, and undoubtedly did, know them by heart, even to the row of little chorister boys in the front of the band, who were selected from the ranks of the Catholic choirs, and rendered most efficient aid.—During the choruses: "Hallelujah," "Unto us a child is born," "Glory to God," and "Worthy the Lamb," the entire audience rose to their feet, and never can I forget the thrilling impression produced by the stupendous harmonies of the "Hallelujah," as they reverberated through the arches of the great cathedral. The effect of the phrase, "King of kings," in unisons, with the full power of voices and trumpets, was overpowering, and it appeared as if in this entire sublime composition the highest musical conception was imaged forth, and in its performance on this occasion it received the most perfect embodiment that could ever be given to it—a glorious result worthy the glorious idea.

Of the three evening concerts, I have little to say. They were given in the college hall attached to the cathedral, an interesting old room that formerly served the monks in days of yore for a refectory. The selections were very miscellaneous indeed; probably my report of the Festival would not be complete without the programmes of these concerts, which may therefore be found below.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th:

PART I.

Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn.
Duet: Mme. and Mr. Weiss, "Paolo e Virginia,".....Weiss.
Romance: Herr Formes, "Dal cor per isacciare," (L'Etoile du Nord).....Meyerbeer.
Aria: Miss L. Vinning, "Tacea la notte placida," (Il Trovatore).....Verdi.
Song: Mr. Sims Reeves, "I arise from dreams of thee,".....H. Glover.
Fantasia, Violin: M. Sainton.....M. Sainton.
Canzonet: Miss Dolby, "The Spirit's Song," Haydn.
Romanza: Sig. Gardoni, "Disperso il crin," (L'Etoile du Nord).....Meyerbeer.
Grand Finale: (Loreley) Solo, Mme. Clara Novello, and Chorus, (by desire).....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Cantata (Robin Hood).....J. L. Hatton.
Maid Marian, Mme. Weiss; Robin Hood, Mr. Sims Reeves; Little John, Mr. Montem Smith; Sheriff, Mr. Weiss; Chorus, Forest Maidens and Outlaws.

Ballad: Mr. Montem Smith, "A dear old melody," MS.
Song: Miss Dolby, "Three Fishers went sailing," (Poem by the Rev. C. Kingsley) J. Hullah.
Trio: Mme. Clara Novello, Mme. Weiss and Sir, Gardoni, "Con il vov," (Conte Orv)....Rossini.
Aria: Herr Formes, "Non piu andrai," (Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.
Ballad: Miss L. Vinning, "Home, sweet home," Bishop.
Overture (Egmont).....Beethoven.

On Wednesday evening, the 26th:

PART I.

Selection from the Opera of Der Freischütz...Weber.
Overture.—Chorus, "Victoria,"—Scene, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Through the forests,"—Bacchanalian Song, Herr Formes, "Life is darkened,"—Scene, Mme. Clara Novello, "Softly sighs,"—Trio, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Mme. Weiss, and Mr. Montem Smith, "Oh! does thy heart,"—Air, Mme. Weiss, "Thn' clouds by tempests,"—Bridesmaids' Chorus, Solo, Mrs. Clara Hepworth.—Huntsmen's Chorus.

Recit. and Aria: Miss Dolby, "Parmi les pleurs," (Les Huguenots).....Meyerbeer.

Canzonetta: Sig. Gardoni, "La donna è mobile,"
(Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. W.G. Cusins, Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony (No. 8).....Beethoven.
Recit. and Air: Mr. Thomas, "O ruddier than
the cherry," (Acis and Galatea).....Handel.
Song: Miss Palmer, "The Arab Maid," J. Barnett.
Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims
Reeves, "Amor! possente nome!".....Rossini.
Song: Mr. Weiss, "The Village Blacksmith," Weiss.
Cavatina: Miss L. Vinning, "Ah fors'è lui,"
(Traviata).....Verdi.
Quartetto: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby,
Sig. Gardoni and Herr Formes, "Un, di se
ben rammentoni," (Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Grand Finale: "La Benedizione de Pagnali,"
(Gli Ugonotti).....Meyerbeer.

By the way, a curious incident is that of the song by John Barnett in Part II. of the above programme. It was composed as long ago as 1827, and handed to Barnett's London publisher, who however, not finding it convenient to publish it, laid it by for a few years. In 1847 he took it up, and sent it to the composer, asking if it needed any revision before publication; Mr. Barnett revised and returned it; and ten years after that, in the present year 1857, it was published, and first produced at this Festival, no less than thirty years after it was composed. The critics however treat it rather slightly, notwithstanding its venerable age.

On Thursday evening, the 27th:

PART I.

Selection from the Works of Mozart:—
Symphony in E flat major.

Quartetto: Mme. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem
Smith and Mr. Weiss, "Placido e il mar," (Idomeneo.)

Aria: Herr Formes, "Madamina," (Don Giovanni.)
Aria: Mme. Clara Novello, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri,"
(Idomeneo.)

Duetto: Mme. and Mr. Weiss, "Cruel perche,"
(Nozze di Figaro.)

Aria: Sig. Gardoni, "Quando il pianto," (Il Seraglio.)

Aria: Miss Dolby, "Quando miro."

Sestetto: Mme. Clara Novello, Miss L. Vinning, Miss
Dolby, Sig. Gardoni, Herr Formes and Mr. Thomas,
"Sola, Sola," (Don Giovanni.)

PART II.

Overture: "La peste di Firenze," (MS. Opera.)
Frank Mori.

Cantata: "May Day," Solo, Miss L. Vinning,
Macfarren.

Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims
Reeves, and Chorus, "Miserere," (Il Tro-
vatore).....Verdi.

Song: Mr. Weiss, "The Reaper and the Flowers,"
Balfé.

Air: Mme. Weiss, and Chorus, "Daughter of
Error,".....Bishop.

Solo, Concertina: Mr. R. Blagrove,.....R. Blagrove.

Song: Mr. Sims Reeves, "Come into the gar-
den, Maud,".....Balfé.

Irish Ballads: Miss Dolby, "O Bay of Dublin,"
and "Katey's Letter,".....Lady Dufferin.

Duetto: Mme. Clara Novello and Sig. Gardoni,
(Traviata).....Verdi.

Finale: "God save the Queen."

The song by Balfé in the second part of this programme is very much admired, and the words, by Longfellow, are also considered as extremely beautiful. I referred in a previous letter to the popularity of the American poet in this country, and daily meet new proofs of his happy celebrity. His "Evangeline" is extensively read here, and is instantly quoted as his best work, while poor "Hiawatha" is fearfully and wonderfully snubbed. The English get so frightened at the Shawondassees and the Paupuke-wis, and the other long names that they have not courage enough to read farther and appreciate the beauties of the "Famine," or the "Departure" of the Indian hero.

During the last day of the Festival, my seat was near the orchestra, enabling me to observe closely the manners of the performers, and perhaps a little gossip about the personal characteristics of those whose names are nearly as familiar to lovers of music in the Western as in the Eastern hemisphere, may not be inappropriate. There is first of all Madame CLARA NOVELLO, who is as unlike a conventional prima donna as possible; with a frank open English countenance, easy and lady-like manners, and a very simple style of dress, she at once prepossesses the

beholder. You would suppose her to be a private lady quite unaccustomed to appear before large audiences, and have her name about the streets in the largest of black letters on great yellow posters—for though never embarrassed, she is entirely destitute of the mannerisms or affectations that so often cling to opera or concert singers. Mme. Weiss has what Tennyson calls a "little head sunning over with curls," and arch, sprightly manners; yet there is a little affectation in her deportment before the audience. She has a delightful clear, though light soprano, and would, as far as *physique* goes, make a charming Rosina or Adina, while her vocal abilities would be by no means inadequate to the task. Miss DOLBY is a lady of commanding presence, though not at all masculine in appearance; she has very little affectation about her. SIMS REEVES is a man with a bronzed cheek, and you would at first suppose him to be "one of the marines." He has jet black hair and moustache, and does not look like an opera singer. Mr. WEISS does; he has a splendid personal appearance, and seems expressly made to 'do' the kings of the operatic stage, and withal has quite a youthful air. Herr FORMES is a stout yet very active man, wears his hair long, like a North American Indian, and somewhat resembles the pictures we see of Liszt the pianist, though he does not appear so deeply intellectual. He has a quick eye, and a voice and a half. The other solo singers at the Festival, though without other than local fame, did their parts very satisfactorily. A Miss PALMER, a pleasing young lady with a beautiful contralto voice, made her first appearance at this Festival, deservedly creating a very favorable impression.

It should be borne in mind that every person that took part in the Festival, whether as soloists or chorus singers, or orchestra performers, were liberally paid for their services, according to the usual custom, and were provided with refreshments between the parts of the performance. They numbered altogether three hundred, and the greatest number of auditors present on any single occasion was about two thousand, and this is considered a very large assembly for these festivals.

Yet notwithstanding the great success of the Worcester Festival in a musical point of view, it has by no means paid the expenses, which amount to over £3,000 sterling, while the receipts are officially announced as £980 12s 7d., which is however exclusive of the receipts of the evening concerts, which will probably amount to £500 more. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, the charity, for which these festivals are held, will this year receive therefrom £1,000; and this seeming inconsistency is explained from the fact that the financial concerns of the Festival are managed by thirty stewards, gentlemen of wealth residing in the vicinity, who agree to make up from their own pockets whatever deficiency may arise; and the bulk of the receipts is always put aside for the noble charity before alluded to—the fund for the relief of the widows and children of the deceased clergy. The entire affair concluded with a grand ball on Friday evening; and as it will not interest you to learn the names and costumes of all the titled personages there present, I shall close my lengthy report.

TROYATOR.

Miss Juliana May—Her Debut in New York.

A first appeal of a young feminine vocalist to the public has always a special interest, and in this instance there was a very extraordinary desire felt by many influential persons to witness the most promising lyrical curtesy possible on the part of the young lady. There are two ways of judging of an artist: by the highest and ripest standard, and by the qualifications which are attached to youth, and more or less inexperience. It is fair to judge Miss May by the latter standard. Nature has given her a fine voice, extensive compass, purity of tone, and what is to be so much

prized, strength in the lower scale. Her voice is a positive soprano. The first impression on the hearer very much favors the cantatrice on account of this radically fine quality. In regard to execution, the power to throw forth a tide of notes with a dazzling rapidity and a real or apparent spontaneity that hides all the methods of art, we cannot praise Miss May as a ripe artist. She has much to learn before she can rank with the great mistresses of the art. In these degenerate days, when the greed for money has taken the place of the religion of art, and so few learn to sing at all, Miss May may compare favorably with certain artists who are listened to; but the rank she should aspire to is not one of doubts or qualifications, but of distinct eminence in all the grades and shades of superiority. We think her extremely promising, and we believe she has the good sense to work hard in seeking to attain the supremest place. As to dramatic ability in an artist, no judgment can be formed from a hearing in a concert-room. The dramatic artist may be out of his element in a concert-room, and the reverse. What may be Miss May's ability on the lyrical stage can only be learned from actual fact, and we trust the ambition which, if we are not misinformed, she has of appearing at the Academy, may be gratified. The Academy of Music, according to its charter, is designed especially to encourage American efforts in art, and hence young native artists have claims on it.

The pieces which Miss May sang last night were all dramatic—by Rossini and Verdi and Meyerbeer—demanding the best qualities of the most experienced artists for the stage, and to give them full effect, action, idealization and the foot-lights are all necessary. If we were to hear Miss May with all these accessories, we could judge of her readings better.

The success of Miss May last night was flattering. She was called back after her pieces; and what the Italians denominate 99 parts out of 100 in a singer, namely, the voice, much admired. Now, let her toil until she gets thoroughly to the satisfaction of people the hardest to please, the 100th part.

Mr. Tafarielli, after a long absence from New York, appeared last night and sang, with his original boldness and sureness, several baritone songs, amid the loud plaudits of the auditory.

Mr. Brignoli gave us some tenor songs, showing constant improvement in a voice truly worthy of cultivation. He was loudly encored.

Mr. Kyle, after several years of retirement in the Custom-house, where he officiates, appeared last night amateur-wise, and gave his friends a souvenir of his old musical career, in the shape of a brilliant flute solo, admirably executed with his rich tones.—*N. Y. Tribune*, 23d.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 26, 1857.

NEW VOLUME.—The *Twelfth* half-yearly volume of our "Journal of Music" commences with the number for next Saturday, October 3d.

It is just the opening of the musical season, and we hope our friends will remember us and send us in the names of many new subscribers.

We must also jog the memory of many subscribers who are still delinquent in their payments. In times like these, a Journal that lives by what true love of Art there is in the community, needs all the little that is pledged to it.

The Spiritual Worth of Music.

III.

We have spoken of the expressive power of Music; and certainly *expression*,—especially of the emotions, the deep sentiments, the holy aspirations, in a word of what is most human and

immortal in us, is its grand function and chief title to esteem. But the expressive power of Music is not all. It is inexhaustible in *description* also. In some of the most graphic specimens of orchestral music, hearing and seeing become as it were one; we begin to doubt almost if the eye is necessarily the organ of vision, so analogous are sounds with colors and forms the moment we cease to hear them superficially, and become excited and enraptured listening to them. How natural to describe one by the other! How often do we hear the highest, purest, brightest tones of a Lind or Sontag likened to points of light, stars dancing in the air. Every thing which intently occupies the mind, the mind paints to itself again in images—it translates all its notions into vision, and that so rapidly as almost to fancy that it *sees* them in the first instance. By some such law of the mind as this it is, that music becomes descriptive.

But it does not *directly* describe, like Speech or Painting. It interests the feelings first; these quicken the imagination; and then come up the scenes, the forms, the faces, with which those feelings are associated. Our emotions have all a creative power. Our passions are artists; they surround themselves with the fit landscape: they people the void with forms and faces, and all objects familiar or fantastic, or radiant with divine ideal beauty. Music too is vague; and therefore describes even the more powerfully. It wakes the feeling, which is one in all, but it leaves each individual heart to illustrate its feeling with its own hues and forms.

Music too is partly imitative. It borrows many sounds from nature—and the resources of the art are gradually enlarging, and seem capable of indefinite enlargement, by a diligent observation of the sounds which pervade the air. The wind, the ocean, the rustling grove, the murmuring brook, the hum of insects,—the rush, the start, the crash, the slide, the roll, the impatient bound, all appear in new qualities of tone, and new species of rhythmical motion. The reed stop in the organ reminds you at once of the mysterious, soul-like music of the wind sifted through the tiny needles of the pine grove. In Handel's *Messiah*, at the words: "Suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God," the air is filled with the quick undulations of wings, by the stringed instruments of the orchestra. At the words: "I will shake the heavens and the earth," the whole mighty mass of sound seems to quiver to its base. In such music the orchestral accompaniments form the dark background, or the dim undefined distance, the world in shadow, whence the voices emerge into a distinct light, like the prominent figures in a great painting.

But Music never copies nature literally—if it does, it fails. It uses the privilege of Art to idealize whatever it represents; it views all things in a picturesque light; the harshest sounds, in the description of a battle or a storm, are as if heard from a distance, where they are blended in with all other sounds and harmonized. If it use a discord, it is only to prepare an ensuing concord with the more beautiful effect. Beauty, beauty, is the object of all the arts. They may copy nature, but always they do something more—they create—they impart to every picture something of their own. They contemplate nature from a loftier position, and impart a spiritual unity and beauty to that which seems deformed and contradictory to the actual observer. It is a

remarkable fact, however, that Nature herself idealizes. She gives the first hint to the artist. As, seen at a distance, the most vulgar and incongruous objects make up a sweet picture, so all sounds, however harsh and jarring, singly, become blended into the general music of the air, so that one ground-tone pervades them all and swallows up their discords. The tremendous roar of Niagara is musical and pleasing, because it so completely pervades the air; every thing for miles has adopted its vibration, and the effect is one deep, soul-satisfying harmony—it does not disturb but fills and delights the ear, lifts and tranquilizes the soul. So it is with the roar of the ocean; particularly on a beach, where there is grand rhythm with the harmony. But the sharp petulant prattle of smaller Falls, like those at Trenton, forbids all music, and distracts and crazes one whose ear is at all sensitive. The moment an object becomes vast enough to be called sublime, it is beautiful. So with sounds—the moment they become grand enough, not to check, but to swallow up all other sounds, they become Music. The most complicated wonders of musical art, therefore, have nature for their authority.

The orchestra seems a world in itself. In Symphonies and Overtures it reveals inexhaustible wonders to one who has learned how to listen. It needs but a word or two for all interpretation. A mere title gives the mind a clue to the mysteries we are about to hear, and then we may give ourselves up to the composer, and see displayed before the imagination all that is interesting or wonderful in nature or in life. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony explains itself to us by its name. Then we listen, and are soon lost in soft summer sensations, and the hum of insects, and the tinkling of bells, and the murmur of little rills is all around us. To enjoy and appreciate a Symphony requires preparation, as much as the reading of Shakspeare. At first it is all dark and confused before us, like one of those old thick-shaded pictures, which seem to be steeped in night. Gradually one shape after another comes out from the gloom; here and there some light silvery instrument lets in a ray, which is soon darkened over again by rolling massive clouds of Bass, but again is light poured in, till the whole seems beautiful and instinct with life.

Such effects we feel in music purely instrumental. Add now the vocal element, as in some grand Mass, or Oratorio. Voices people the scene. Song interprets what the instruments suggest and vaguely intimate. There is not wanting the simple air, to express the joys or sorrows, the gratitude, love, contrition, or alarm of the individual breast; nor choruses which seem echoed back from the far vaults of heaven, to sound a nation's triumph, or lift a people's prayer.

The whole resources of Music are combined in an Oratorio. For expression and description, this highest form of the Art employs all the known powers of voices and of instruments. The master compositions of this denomination summon up before the soul all that is most stirring and intense in its own existence. By the varied qualities of tone, now soft and soothing, appealing to our gentler sensibilities; now wild and thrilling, inspiring us with awe; by its endless varieties of movement, now light and airy, now majestic, measured, slow; now fluttering, like the breeze; now swelling and subsiding in full ca-

dence, like the ocean-wave; now sweeping, like the blast; now instantaneous and vivid as the lightning; now sinking into gentle undulation, as if the Power that raised the storm had lulled it to repose;—and by its combinations of harmony, expressive of commingling emotions; or the introduction of occasional discords, struggling with and at last absorbed in the harmony—(fit image of the triumph of Virtue):—the mind may be filled with a sense of all that is sublime in the material or moral universe. Lifted in imagination to the Alps, we acknowledge the Creator in his power and grandeur; or again, transported to soft Italian summers, we feel his presence as the Spirit of the Universe, breathing love. It is then that our feelings tend from earth to heaven; it is then that the fire in our inner temple burns free; it is when filled with the same emotions, as when looking on the vastness of his works, that we kindle with devotion to the Omnipotent. There are moments in every one's life, when he feels the Divinity with more intense reality than at ordinary times. Whatever calls up these moments may be called a devotional influence. There are subjects of wonder in the most common things about us—there are wonders in ourselves. Could we always *feel* them, we should always feel the presence of the Supreme Being. But habit intervenes; customary forms blunt our sense of them; we want something to lift the veil, to remove the dull consciousness of habit, to transport our thoughts to the more extraordinary and striking manifestations of power and love, to melt the coldness of every-day consciousness, and set loose our warmer sensibilities;—and then we do not have to *try* to feel devout. The Sublime and the Beautiful are *revelations* to us.

In the Oratorio we *feel*, perhaps for the first time, what we so often vainly strive to realize in our church choirs, the true religious power of Music.

NEW METHOD OF TEACHING SINGING.—The London *Musical World* of the 5th inst. notices a great meeting of the "Tonic Sol-fa Association," which took place at the Crystal Palace, attracting marked attention to an alleged new and *only* "philosophical" method of teaching children to read music. Nearly 3,000 boys and girls, assisted by between 200 and 300 male adults, performed a variety of pieces to the great delight of 30,000 auditors. The most active teacher of the method, Mr. JOHN CURWEN, of Plaistow, in a pamphlet describing its plan and tendency, takes care to state that the "Tonic Sol-fa" system is "not so much intended to supersede the recognized notation, as to lead to its more easy acquirement." This is indeed "consoling," as the *Musical World* says; for all the thousand and one specifics for doing away with all the difficulties in writing and reading music, and for conforming the whole complex musical literature to a new notation, have only served more to confuse the matter. The plan of proceeding is simple enough, to-wit:

All the ordinary means and appliances used in the received musical notation are rejected. In their place we have the initial letters of the Italian musical alphabet—*do, re, mi, fa, &c.*—with arbitrary signs to determine the length of notes, to signify the occurrence of accidentals, and to suggest the rhythmical division into bars. The great feature—the "philosophical" feature—of the system consists in the fact that "*do*" is always

regarded as the tonic note, and starting point, no matter what the key. Relative, not absolute pitch is considered. The tone in which a piece is to be sung being indicated before commencing, the same nomenclature is always employed; and thus a melody will be written in the same manner, whatever its actual pitch. Something of this kind was invented by Rousseau, who employed numbers instead of letters; and the scheme has been reproduced over and over again in variously modified forms. But its inapplicability to anything beyond the very simplest kind of vocal music is just as evident now as it was a century ago, and those who dream of the "Tonic Sol-fa" ever being universally adopted as a system of musical notation are more likely to injure than benefit the excellent object to which it is now directed, without moreover the remotest probability of ultimate success.

Now what is here put forward as the "great philosophical" feature of the plan—that of regarding *Do* always as the tonic or key-note—is nothing new at all. In this country it is in use in schools and choirs, in musical conventions and institutes,—wherever in fact the system introduced by LOWELL MASON, as the "Pestalozzian system," is in force. It is a curious fact, that here in America the innovators wage war against the use of *Do* for every key-note, as against the popular and settled prejudice, while in England the relation between reformer and conservative in this matter is precisely the reverse. But new systems of notation can do comparatively little harm, when we consider that they are for the most part only applicable to the simplest exercises in singing, and that it would be hardly possible to write out a complex composition, say a fugue of Bach, according to any one of them. And meanwhile, at any rate, the "Tonic Sol-fa" professors are doing England and the world a service, if they can inspire thousands of children with a true zeal for learning to sing.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Those of our citizens who owe pleasant recollections to the tenor singing, in opera and concert, of Signor GUIDI, now in distress, with loss of voice and health and means, will have an opportunity to return somewhat of the debt this evening, by attending the Benefit Concert arranged for him in a semi-private way by some of our best artists, at the Chickering saloon. Tickets at 50 cents may be had at the music stores and at the door. Mrs. WENTWORTH, the sweet singer, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, and Mr. LANG, pianists, Mr. SCHULTZE, violinist, JUNONICKEL, violoncellist, and RYAN, clarionettist, will contribute to the programme, which contains a choice variety of pieces.

We have received a copy of the new Biography of HANDEL, by VICTOR SCHÖLCHER, reprinted entire in a cheap and handsome duodecimo of nearly 600 pages, by Mason Brothers, New York. It is altogether the most complete and interesting account of Handel that exists, and every page of it bears evidence of the earnest thoroughness, enthusiasm and modesty of the author, who is a French refugee in England. We shall speak more fully of the book, which meanwhile we advise every lover of Handel's oratorios to buy. Mr. J. R. Miller, the Boston agent for the publications of Mason Brothers, has it for sale, at 229 Washington street. Mr. Miller also announces a couple of new musical works of a popular character.

The orchestra at our Boston Theatre is particularly good this season. There, between the acts of fine Shaksperian plays, with young Booth's beautiful and noble acting, the opera dilettanti may hear

served up in potpourris sweet reminiscences of 'Tell,' *L'Etoile du Nord* and the *Traviata*, besides voluptuous waltzes, and occasionally a bit of Beethoven.

Among the passengers by the *Canoina*, which arrived at this port yesterday, were Signors RONCONI and TAGLIAFICO, engaged for the Marshall-Marczek opera troupe. The rival companies are not yet fused exactly into one, but a treaty of "amicable" alliance is announced between them, whereby there will be an interchange of singers, and the whole force of both troupes will appear in turn at the N. Y. Academy, and we presume in Philadelphia and Boston. The treaty has already been ratified in New York by the announcement of GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI and AMONIO, under the Ullman flag, in that most wonderful of novelties, the *Travatore*. The great operatic event, however, of the week has been the performance of Rossini's "Barber," with Mme LAGRANGE, LAROCETTA, GASSIER and Rocco in the leading characters. . . . VIOUXTEMPS and THALBERG gave their first concert in Philadelphia last evening. . . . In the same city the famous Ronzani Ballet troupe draw crowded and delighted houses by the ballet of "Faust," which is said to be of unprecedented splendor for this country. The principal dancers are said to be truly artists, the performance an artistic whole, complete in all details, and bringing 200 persons at once upon the stage. CARL BERGMANN conducts the orchestra.

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THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB intend on their arrival from Europe giving their usual series of Concerts. All business matters for the services of the Club for public or private concerts, can be arranged by addressing THOMAS RYAN, Secretary, 131 Harrison Avenue.

MR. GUSTAVE SATTER

Has the honor of announcing to the citizens of Boston and vicinity his intention of giving a Series of SIX CHAMBER CONCERTS, at the Rooms of Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS.—The programme will embrace only the VERY CHOICEST MUSIC. The Concerts will be given once a week, commencing Saturday, Oct. 17.

Mr. Satter has the pleasure of stating that he has secured the valuable assistance of Miss JENNY TWICHELL, Messrs. Wm. SCHULTZE, HENRY JUNONICKEL and others. Tickets for the Series of Six Concerts, \$4. Single tickets \$1. Subscription lists will be found at Messrs. Chickering & Sons' Rooms and at the Music Stores.

NEW WORKS IN PRESS.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. have in press, and will issue early in October:

THE CHURCH AND HOME. A Collection of Sacred Music, comprising Anthems, Motets, Extracts from Oratorios and Masses, Canticles, Chants, &c. Selected and adapted by GEORGE LEACH.

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Several other valuable works in preparation, of which due notice will be given.

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For the benefit of those members of the class of last year, who may wish to continue their practice, the lessons will be resumed in the course of October.

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THE Fifth Term of the Boston Music School will commence on Monday, the 5th of October next, at Mercantile Hall.

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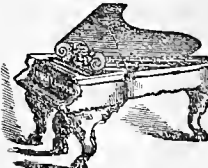
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Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Piano Compositions.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

From the German of ROCHLITZ.

You ask if I will laugh at you, because, in spite of the best will, you cannot relish the piano works of Bach? Do not believe it, my dear A. Good things require time. No tree falls at the first stroke. Remember: there was a time, too, when we found much in Homer tedious; when we scarcely endured the mixture of the comic and the tragic in Shakspeare, and read Goethe's "Tasso" only to copy out beautiful sentences. And we had as good a will about it as you have here, and possibly more zeal. But commonly there is as little done with what is lightly termed good will, as there is with what is lightly called sound human understanding. To such good will, which is the result of various influences of the moment on one's mood, there must be added earnest, persevering and well-ordered effort. This is what I am now to write about. Side by side with your will I will place my patience, and when we have united this respectable but rather faint-hearted pair, I will call up, instead of the former, your sense or feeling for Art, and, with your leave, will introduce to him my experience. A more vigorous pair! Here we may hope a staterier marriage, which, with God's blessing, shall not be without fruits.

In the first place let me repeat to you some propositions, in the way of marriage contract, which we all know and confess, but which, when it comes to the application, we are very apt to forget, like other marriage contracts.

Art is certainly a play, but no child's play. It is meant for recreation, but not for frivolity; its aim is to please, but not to please the low.

Diamonds do not lie in the streets; nor under thin earth, like potatoes; but in deep mines. And when they are brought to light, and even polished, you must still examine them closely, to distinguish them from Bohemian stones or British steel.

Lessing says: No painter can draw a nobler head than his own; and, rightly understood, the statement is unobjectionable; we may add to it, and say: No one can understand and enjoy a nobler. It presupposes not a little, therefore, if one can really understand and enjoy works so unique in their kind as the works of Bach. It requires still more, if one belong to an age when all are nourished upon works which seek the goal by the very opposite path. There is no help for it; one must confess, I am not made for this branch of the beautiful, and cannot appreciate it—which is passing a severe sentence on his own love of Art—or he must form himself for it; that is to say, he must carefully excite, faithfully nourish, and skilfully use, whatever in him lies for such an end.

How so? you ask. There are two ways here: one leads from above down to the centre, the other from below up to it. The former is the theoretic, the latter the practical way. Will you choose the first? No, you say; that is too long and dry for me. If I can reach it by the second, I'll take that.—I have no objection. We remain then on the practical way, as being the correct one and at the same time more pleasant. Only we are not to promenade at leisure through a garden of roses.

You smile, and intimate that my precautions are designed to hide my desperation in pointing out this way to you. It divides itself, to be sure, into many footpaths; and who will dare maintain, that mine is the surest? Or must it necessarily suit you, as well as me? I will describe to you how I arrived at an understanding and reverence of the works of Bach; and I am certain, I shall remain my life long not less true to them, than to the quite heterogeneous works of other really great masters of the past and present time. You may then follow me, or turn occasionally from my path; only do not begin what you are not resolved to finish.

While a boy at school, I was obliged to help perform the eight-part motets of Bach: this prejudiced me the more against the master; I was shy of him and of his works. Heaven knows, I only learned to read them firmly through fear of severe punishment; therefore I thought of nothing but to bring out correctly what I found there written; I felt no satisfaction in it, except joy when it was well over, and I often sighed for a new song, or that the Spirit would help me in my

infirmities. Only when I reached the years when a new world gradually opened upon me and closed up my voice for the soprano, was I at times carried away by: *As a father pitieth his children*, and: *Glory and honor*; by the former with devout emotions, by the latter with lively enthusiasm.* But as to closely analyzing what this influence was, or as to reflecting how it was produced,—I was not moved to do it. Enough for me, as for almost all young persons, (and for most, all their lives long,) was the total impression; I had no outward occasion to come nearer to Bach; I was contented with a timid reverence for him.

Then Mozart came to Leipzig. I was often about him, and an eye-witness of his behavior toward Bach's works, as I have before related publicly.†... That inflamed me. I got together all of Bach's compositions I could hunt up. With zeal I fell to work on them. It would all go at once, right off—as one thinks in his nineteenth year; but nothing went—as one finds by experience in his nineteenth year. I set before me Bach's Motets, and also some of his Cantatas; by far the greater part of it seemed to me like a fermenting chaos, and I saw, in my haste, no more than one sees in the show-box of the hurdy-gurdy man at Rag Fair:

How all four elements
Are mingled and confused—

* "Sing to the Lord a new song," and "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities," are two of the most difficult of Bach's motets. "As a father pitieth his children," is one of the most humbly pious, and "Glory and honor" one of the sublimest movements among all Bach's works of this kind.

† Anecdotes from the *Life of Mozart*, in the first year of the *Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung*. The following words refer to our present purpose. "At the suggestion of the then cantor of the Thomas-Schule, Doles, the choir surprised Mozart with the execution of the eight-part motet: *Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied*, by Sebastian Bach. Mozart knew this master more by hearsay, than by acquaintance with his works; at least, his Motets, then unprinted, were entirely unknown to him. The choir had scarcely sung a few bars, when Mozart started; a few bars more—when he cried out: What is that? And now his whole soul seemed in his ears. When the singing was over, he exclaimed, full of joy: That is something once more from which something may be learned! They told him that this school, in which Bach had been cantor, possessed and guarded as a sacred treasure the entire collection of his Motets. That is right! that is good! cried he. Show me them!—But they had no score of these vocal pieces; so he had the copied parts handed to him; and now it was a delight to the silent observer to see how eagerly Mozart sat down, placed the parts all around him, in both hands, on his knees, on the nearest seats, and, forgetting all else, did not get up till he had carefully looked through all there was there of Sebastian Bach. He begged a copy, which he prized extremely."

That was vexatious. I tried to help the understanding through the ear, and took out the piano pieces: I was not more fortunate. Modern piano-forte concertos I could play, but not such pieces for one pair of hands. That was still more vexatious; and what I brought out tolerably, would not sound at all well to me: that was the most vexatious of all. I threw away the whole collection, and exclaimed, like St. Jerome, when he had the same luck with Lycophron's Cassandra as I had with Bach: *Si non vis intelligi, non debes legi!*—Not until several years later, when I was invited to work publicly for music by editing a journal especially devoted to it, did I return to my collection, less from inclination than because I held it a duty to know the most excellent in every kind, before I undertook to speak about it. But, not to make another vain attempt, I be-thought me of a plan, as well for my study, as for my execution of that master's works.

What was Bach's main object in his labors? I thought it best to understand that first of all. His leading purpose is not hard to discover, since scarcely any composer has ever pursued his purpose so strictly, putting all else aside. I found the following:

1. If you consider Bach's works in themselves, in their internal structure, it is clear: The artist will not only combine the greatest unity with the utmost possible variety, which every one should; but he will rather sacrifice somewhat to the last than to the first. Look at his best works, my dear A.: for only by the best a man does, only by that in which his will expresses itself the clearest, and in which he comes the nearest to what he has willed, ought we to judge him—look at these works of Bach: for each one of his pieces he chooses only one main thought, with which he then associates one or more accessory ideas, which, however, correspond so perfectly with that, and attach themselves to it so naturally, that it seems for the first time to come fully out and perfectly express itself when in their company. These ideas now he brings, with inexhaustible depth, into ever new and extremely various relations to one another; he separates, unites, turns and twists them in all conceivable ways, and even till they are exhausted; so that one may maintain of many of his works, as of those old German church architects, that it would be impossible for the most practised eye of a fellow artist to perceive all, until he had carefully examined every part, and made himself intimately acquainted with it. Hence everything in Bach's most perfect works seems necessary, (as if it could not have been otherwise without injury to the whole,) and yet at the same time all seems free, each part as it were only self-conditioned.* This obstinate economy, this tenacious and extremely sparing use of material, must seem like poverty, meagre monotony and dryness, to those who cannot keep hold of the inner form, but would fain be interested by multiplicity of masses and varieties of outward forms and manners of expression.

* Both of these excellencies the master—strange to say—accomplished in the most different kinds of his art, from compositions with the greatest number of real parts ever conceived by any artist, down to pieces for a single violin, to which it is impossible even to put a bass; nay, he did it not only with melodies of his own invention, but with the most difficult given melodies, as those of the old church chorals in his Cantatas, &c.

2. If we consider Bach's works with reference to those who hear them and are to feel their effect, it is clear: Our artist makes his appeal, as all true artists do, to the whole man; but he reverses the order which the most mark out for themselves, or which they, following their individuality, adopt instinctively. He is *very* seldom what we commonly call agreeable, or flattering to the outward sense and to what passes over unconsciously from sense into feeling. Least of all is he so in his best known compositions, in those for the piano and the organ, as well as in those for the voice alone. In the works for voices and orchestra he employs indeed for this end not unfrequently the peculiar charm of this or that instrument, and herein he is at times as tender, as peculiar, as strange and piquant, as he must have been (according to Hiller's testimony) in the use of the various stops when he played the organ.—Bach, then, gives little in the way of sensuous charm and excitement. He offers indeed rich matter to the imagination, but seldom by direct appeals to it, always rather through the medium of thinking. He often takes hold of the feelings, but for the most part on a side where most men are not very susceptible, and where even the most capable and best cannot at all hours follow him: namely, on the side of the sublime and grand. But when he has once taken hold of this feeling, he holds it powerfully and unalterably up to the very climax. But mostly he excites and occupies the understanding; not the cold and dry, but the living, glowing and all-penetrating intellect. Hence to one, who cannot think during his artistic enjoyment, his works are very little; such an one will never take home to himself their most essential excellence, nor will he even find it out.

[Conclusion next week.]

Disputed Points about Handel's Music.

(From the Athenæum, July 4.)

Dr. Crysander, the German gentleman entrusted by the Halle Committee with the task of writing the biography of Handel, to be ready for the centenary performances of 1859, and to accompany the new German edition of Handel's works advertised—is now in England in quest of materials. The old sources, the old lives, and the old errors, lie, we know, within a small compass, and are ready at hand. It seems like offering a piece of Job's comfort to a willing laborer to say, that the difficulties of clearing out new channels of information, and of really settling the disputed points which belong to the music of this greatest of musicians, demand the devotion of twenty rather than of two years if they are to be completely met. Yet we must hope that they will not be lost sight of; since if sources of inquiry are only indicated, musical antiquaries of 1959 perhaps may be found willing to explore and to admit what is now left unsearched and unquestioned. How loth the world is to receive testimony and to examine evidence, we are reminded by the new Preface written by Mr. Macfarren for the authorized work of "Israel" put forth by the Sacred Harmonic Society. In this, we find the puzzling discovery years ago announced and verified by the *Athenæum*, of the identity of the Kerl *Canzona* with the chorals "Egypt was glad," acknowledged for the first time, by any writer unconnected with this journal. Along with this are other admissions and acceptances which are no less remarkable.

"The First Part [of 'Israel,' writes Mr. Macfarren] contains two appropriations of inconsiderable importance from the composer's 'Six Fugues for the Harpsichord'; there are in it also four prominent ideas derived from an Italian 'Serenata' for three solo voices and orchestra of Alessandro Stradella, of which M. Schœlcher possesses a manuscript, and, what is

much the most remarkable, an adaptation of an organ fugue (or, as the author defines it, a *Canzona*), by Johann Caspar Kerl, with whose writings, as with those of all his contemporaries, Handel was familiar, and who, according to Sir John Hawkins, was at the height of his career as a writer for and performer upon the organ at the time of Handel's infancy. The Second Part includes many more adaptations of very great importance from an unknown work of which it is here necessary to give some brief account. This is a 'Magnificat' with Latin words, of which a copy (most likely the original) in Handel's handwriting is in the collection of his MSS. in Buckingham Palace. The copy is defective of the last three pieces; but there is a complete transcript of the work in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which supplies the deficiency. For the collation of the transcript with Handel's MS., and the proof this affords of the work being Handel's composition, the musical world is indebted to the researches of M. Schœlcher, whose biography of the composer affords most copious particulars upon this interesting subject."

By the above we now have "four prominent ideas" in the first part of "Israel" given to Stradella. Yet the *Magnificat*, which is described in one manuscript as "by" Erba, is once again unhesitatingly attributed to Handel, because an incomplete copy of the work exists in the handwriting of Handel, who was known to have copied music by "Kerl, Fröhberger," &c. &c., and who is here further admitted in "Israel" to have quoted four prominent subjects from another Italian master. Ours is not quibbling, under the notion of making a stir by keeping alive a paper war; but a sincere effort to encourage all who deal with a subject of its kind as difficult as Shakspeare's text, to take some pains to get at the truth, whether it makes a concord or a discord with their own particular crotchets!—Meanwhile, to turn from what is grave and tedious (however it be necessary), let us mention an illustration of Handel's procedure at this moment trudging up and down London streets, which is about as quaintly-picturesque a thing to see (however bad to listen to) as we have been often treated with. This is the *Zumpagnatore*, who plays on the Italian bagpipe, with his comrades. We met him last under the trees in the Champs Elysées at Paris. In that fantastic place no curiosity nor exotic man, woman, or child looks misplaced. Here, beneath the leaden sky of London, these bright-faced, dirty, picturesque shepherd folk, who apparently wander about with a craving to find any creature that will endure their music and look kindly on themselves, is a sight a little sad and strange. Suspicious and comforting prudence whispers that, after all, these Southern peasants may not be genuine—any more than were the Bohemians who, some twenty-five years ago, were got up in Whitechapel to rival "the original Tyrolese" at the West-End of London. But experience replies that the music of our *Zumpagnatore* and his assistant pipers is as shocking and crude as if it came from the *Campagna*; and thus, it may be feared, the party is a real thing. Nevertheless, this curious group, that emits such execrating and droning sounds is linked with Handel's "Messiah" and Corelli's "Nativity Concerto,"—since any one who, with cottoned ears and close-buttoned pocket, can have patience to follow them and endure the appeal of their mute yet merry faces, down "all manner of streets," will hear, in its turn, the *Motivo* of "The Pastoral Symphony" and the well-known phrase which was wrought up for the orchestra by Cardinal Ottoboni's guest (the Roman violinist) in their flesh, if not pure, state, and played with a true piper's gusto. Never was the alchemical power of Genius to transmute and perfect the rudest ware, more clearly brought before us than while we were abiding the coarse, screeching indications of that which the world has been made to love as a strain of perfect and celestial melody—under the blaze of a fierce noon, on a London causeway.

Dr. Marschner's Music.

From the London Athenæum.

The quality of the music by Dr. Marschner presented at the late concert claims a word of retrospect,—due to one who gained a good name more than a quarter of a century since, and who has continued to work indefatigably,—of later

years, we suspect, more indefatigably than hopelessly. Three of Dr. Marschner's operas, "Der Vampyr," "Der Templer und die Jüdin," and "Hans Heiling," have a place in the universal German repertory. The first two made it evident that their author entered on his career with that instinct for the stage which no study can give. It is true that throughout "Der Vampyr" the influence of Weber is to be traced, as clearly as the influence of Signor Rossini in Signor Pacini's "La Schiava in Bagdad"; and it is true that to this resemblance, possibly, the opera owed such popularity as it gained at once. Traces of a resolution to fling off Weber's influence are discernible throughout Dr. Marschner's later and best opera,—that on the "Ivanhoe" story: which may be called the "Euryanthe" to his "Der Freischütz." There is a rich and real color—something oriental and Jewish—in the trial scene. Friar Tuck's song is jolly and English,—a ditty to be sung and chorused beneath the shade of oak trees; and the "Templar's March," though built on curiously few notes, is a characteristic march,—as such to be classed with Weber's gipsy tune in "Preciosa." But from this point in Dr. Marschner's career, his vigor—not his willingness to produce—seems to have failed him; and without his having established a manner of his own, as Dr. Spohr did in his early works, our late guest has followed the law of a similar career, and has since thrown off much music (if the truth must out) apparently without reality or enjoyment, or success in any respect commensurate with his industry. That the system of life establishment for musicians has helped at producing such results, we cannot but think: observing that no such progress is to be traced among the second-rate composers of Germany, whatever be their fecundity, as marked the lives and operas of the Donizettis and Bellinis of Italy;—men buffeted about, compelled to attempt here, to concede there, to educate themselves up to the conditions and requirements of the public by whose enthusiasm or condemnation they were to live or to starve. Too many of the German composers who wrote subsequently to the great period of creation—let us instance Lindpaintner, the Lachners, Gläser, Löwe, that we may not be thought invidious towards one man alone—seem to have become languid, tame, undecided; and the majority of them, we must add, (seduced by a few brilliant examples,) have fallen into their "solemn drowsyhead" without having won the right to sleep by previous academical labor. So far from this, as a body of opera-writers, they have been curiously unlearned. Because Beethoven despised his singers,—because Weber (natural melodist though he was) had never mastered the science of vocal writing,—these gentlemen, appealing to such high precedents, produced operas so unpleasing for the voices, that they have done their part in paving the way for the men of the present, who declare that a voice is only good when it does not sing, but declaims. There is a *finale* in Dr. Marschner's "Falkner's Braut" which lives in our recollection as the most ungrateful musical piece for every singing creature concerned in it to sing in tune, and, of course, to get by heart, that we ever came near,—without one phrase to redeem the ungraciousness. The inevitable counterpoise to this vocal torture is a triviality and triteness of melody when a tune is wanted. Let us consider what manner of melodies have come from Germany since the days when Schubert's songs were unearthed after his death—*Lieder* by Küken, Proch, Speyer—a faded phrase or two by Conradin Kreutzer—and such specimens as Mendelssohn has left us. It may be observed as a universal fact in the career of all the estimable men—of whom Dr. Marschner is one—that a time has come when grimness and mystery have been rated at their proper value, and at which the tune-chase has begun.

The foregoing remarks are forced on us by the music given the other day; which was not bad, not ugly, not altogether ill made, but not new—and how flat! There was the overture to "Hans Heiling," which is an overture in a minor key and an agitated movement, such as could be turned out of a kaleidoscope, full of vapid phrases;

—less real and excellent than the flimsiest bit of French nonsense, timed by a triangle, and vulgarized by the tune being scored for cornet-à-piston. There was a dancing duet for two sopranis, which never came to an end—and heavy was the dance, and trite was the tune. There was a *Lied* about a "kiss" (encored), in which the tune was as common-place, but not so sweet, as the transaction to which it was devoted. In Dr. Marschner's long piano-forte trio, again, the triteness of phrase, and the absence of interest and style, must have been felt by every listener as depressing. To ourselves, the other day's experience, conjointly with remembrance of other works from the same hand that we have encountered abroad (an Oriental cantata, "Klänge aus Osten," among the rest,) suggested the "rotteness" in the state of German art and ambition, which has rendered such a maturity of mediocrity not merely possible, but frequent too, with persons whom modest study (and a little struggle) might have ripened, and freshened. It is not pleasant to say this: but having been obdurate to the sorceries of Herren Wagner and Liszt,—having spoken of them as delusions,—we cannot receive such an impression of such a cause of such an effect,—not touch such a seed of such a fruit, as this concert made us do,—without pointing out how the present German frenzy is ascribable, partly to the former too facile acquiescence of the public,—partly to that German antagonism to a real and universal knowledge of music, which may be dated from the moment when some mighty men began to set themselves up in opposition to what Herr von Raumer has perfly called the "sing song" of Italy,—otherwise to the idea of beauty, omnipresent, if not paramount, in an art which is nothing if not poetical, symmetrical, harmonious.

(FROM SCHÖLCHER'S Life of Handel.)

Perversions ("Adaptations") of Handel's Songs.

In spite of their reverence for Handel, the English will only see in him the composer of sacred music; and, outside of a certain musical sphere, there are many persons who will be very much astonished to hear that Handel ever wrote an opera. They will go to the theatre to listen to such rubbish as *Rigoletto*, but no manager dares to risk such works as *Otho*, *Admetus*, *Alcina*, or *Julius Cæsar*. Meanwhile, they sing with admiration the religious air of "Lord, remember David," which, like the "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," is, after all, only a secular air disguised—nothing but "Rendi'l sereno al cielo" of *Sosarme*; "He was eyes unto the blind," is made out of "Non vi piacquero" of *Siroe*; "He was brought as a lamb," of "Nel riposo" of *Deidamia*; "Turn thee, O Lord," of "Verdi prati," a sublime air of *Alcina*; "He layeth the beams of his chamber," of "Nasci al bosco" of *Ezio*; and "Bow down thine ear, O Lord," of "Vieni, o figlio" of *Ottone*.

I have only cited here the best known examples of these transmutations, but there are a multitude of others, many of which have been printed over and over again, while the original airs have remained buried in the old editions of Walsh, and are known only to amateurs. The Italian repertory of Handel has been sanctified (as it were) in this manner, and almost always fraudulently; that is to say, the source has been concealed. The smallest vice in these pieces of scrap work is to render unnatural, and consequently to spoil the most beautiful things by putting them into dresses which were never made to fit them. Nothing can be said against a translation when it is executed with ability, and preserves the spirit by changing only the words of the original; but to adapt a cavatina of the theatre to a strophe from the Bible is almost invariably tantamount to an entire change of the composer's idea, since there is no analogy in the sentiments which it is made to express. Music is not "a horse for every saddle," and although it is not a precise and determined language—although it can frequently express diverse ideas, it can not adapt itself indifferently to every description of words. It is known that Handel himself wrote four choruses

of the "Messiah" out of "Chamber Duets." He has taken a phrase of a chorus in *Acis*, "Behold the monster," in which the expression of fear and horror is admirable, from another chamber duet, of which the sense was not at all analogous. "Let old Timotheus," of "Alexander's Feast," is perfectly similar to the first part of the chamber trio, "Quel fior che al alba ride." Many similar examples might be quoted. But although an air which has been composed for one subject may sometimes be suitable for another, such is not always the case. Music is an excessively delicate art; it is the most sensitive of all the arts; the slightest modification—even the alteration of a note—is perceptible; the acceleration, or the prolongation of the time often entirely changes the character of a song; and it is the composer only who has a right to effect such transformations, for he alone can judge of their propriety. There may be different ways (and all excellent) of singing the same thing, and yet all ways may not be good. There are a hundred thousand plaintive melodies which will very well express *I wish to die*, and some of these may be very well applied to *My grief is great*; but some of them would not agree with the latter phrase, and if you applied them to *I wish to dance*, the result would be horribly incongruous.

The acrobats who give themselves to this kind of trick are still more culpable, when they do not inform the public of the fact. For example, in the "Holy, holy, Lord," which is usually printed as "by Handel," the word "holy" occurs *thirty-one times over*. But it never falls together oftener than twice, although the text invokes God as thrice holy. Surely Handel would not have been so prodigal of this word, and he would not have altered the biblical text, which repeats three times, "Holy! holy! holy!" He knew that the number three was a sacred number in the Bible, like the number seven. Still less would he have clothed the invocation of a praying people—"Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty!" with the accents of a man who is calling upon his love, "Dove sei amato bene," "Where art thou, my beloved treasure?"

And, besides, many of these adapters have not even respected the music which they have meddled with. Corle, in his substitution of "Turn thee, O Lord!" for "Verdi prati," has not contented himself with transforming the Italian air into a duet, but he has found it useful to change certain passages of it. And what could be worse than to apply a melody which breathes of "Green meadows, lovely forest," to "Turn thee, O Lord?" Arnold has, indeed, preserved in all its integrity the air of "Verdi prati," while he adapts it to "Where is this stupendous Stranger?" (*Redemption*.) But it is easy to imagine what would have been the anger of the choleric Handel, if he could have heard his ideas about green fields applied to any stranger, be he ever so stupendous.

The mania for putting every thing into their prayers has betrayed the English into some most unworthy actions. If Handel had written a "Vive l'amour!" or a "Here's to wine!" they would have made a canticle of it. In 1765, they had the audacity to introduce into *Israel in Egypt* a dozen such things as "Great Jehovah, all adoring," fitted to the music of "Di Cupido impiego i vanni" ("I borrow Cupid's wings"), from *Rodelinda*; thus daring to set Cupid's quiver upon the shoulders of Omnipotence itself—an act which seems to me monstrous, in an artistic point of view, and I am astonished that the English, generally so religious, do not regard it as positively blasphemous.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when he was reproached with similar practices, wittily replied: "But the devil must not have all the good tunes." A man of wit can always extricate himself by a joke; but that does not satisfy the question of propriety, and it is astonishing that churchmen do not regard this more seriously—for to sing a psalm to an air taken out of an opera seems like decorating the altar with the detested rags of the theatre, or dressing up a bishop in the costume of "the comic man."

Even those who have inherited Handel's own books have left in them traces of similar profana-

tion. Thus, in the copy of "Deborah," which Handel himself used for a long time, and which contains a number of notes, and even entire pages in his own hand-writing, the original air of Jael, "To joy he brightens my despair," is folded down as if to be suppressed, and is replaced by three new pages, with "To joy he brightens" set to an air from *Siroe*, "Sgombra dell'anima"! Many other examples of this might be cited; for really some persons seemed to think that they might take the most incredible liberties with music. In the eighteenth century there were editors who had the barbarous audacity to correct Shakespeare, in order to "render him fit for the stage;" but no one has dared, in imitation of these musical arrangers, to put the description of Queen Mab into Othello's mouth, or Hamlet's soliloquy into that of Falstaff.

Even while Handel was living, this adulteration of his compositions was practiced. All collections of songs about that date are full of things "by Mr. Handel," but of which he was certainly guiltless; and these are always airs from his operas, and even from his oratorios, adapted to English rhymes. The *Thesaurus Musicus*, for example, contains "A bacchanal—Bacchus, god of mortal pleasures," by Mr. Handel; which is simply a gavot from the overture of *Otho*, out of which the adapter has manufactured a toper's duet. And not only did they distort the great master's music by marrying it to words which bore no sort of relation to the ideas which he had intended it to express, but they even degraded it by coupling it with low comedy matters. In the British Museum there is a song, "On the Humours of the town," a dialogue between Columbine and Punch, to a favorite air of Mr. Handel's, "O my pretty Punchinello!" It is an air from *Rodelinda*, "Ben spesso in vago prato," which is here lent to Columbine and Punchinello for the interchange of their amenities. Harry Carey, the original profaner, had at least the good faith to point it out; but Bickham inserted "O my pretty Punchinello!" in his "Musical Entertainer," merely observing, "The musick by Mr. Handel."!!!

* * * "Comme avec irrévérence
Parle des dieux ce maraud!"—*Amphytrion*.

The Humble Confession of a Tenor.

(From Dickens's Household Words.)

I live in a suburban village, which fast begins to be a town. London bubbles up here and there all along our line of railway. We have improvement commissioners, gas-lamps always a-light when there is no moon, and postmen with red coats. We have our squabbles about church-rates, and boast a newspaper, which, by the way, is quite able to boast for itself. In summer we have our cricket-club, (the match between little Toddlecombe and Ourselves is a marked era in the history of cricket;) we have our boating, too, for we live near the river; now and then we have dancing and evening parties. Still, I required in the winter something more; when behold Hullah, like a ripe plum, jumped into my mouth; a music-class was formed A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

I am a shy man, and I understood, from a very reliable quarter, that ladies were about to join the class. I drew back. How was I to stand up and to be looked at, worst of all, to be *heard* by those fair creatures? However, I ventured. In my first attempts at harmony, our master stood beside a large black-board—we were ranged on benches row behind row; and I confess that I ungallantly left the ladies to bear the brunt of his observations and corrections, myself shamefully retiring behind the tallest and stoutest of the lovely singers. Other gentlemen followed my example; and, for some time, we were left to ourselves, although now and then alluded to, rather than addressed by our teacher. Often have I felt that his eye was upon me when I forgot for a moment my fears, and ventured a little way from my shelter. Sometimes he said that he could not hear the gentlemen's voices. This simple but too true observation filled me with trepidation. At last we were obliged to come forward, dragged into the light with all our false notes and bad time; and it is impossible to

describe the agony of our situation. Mr. Batten, (Mr. Hullah's deputy,) our able and kind master, exhorted us to make mistakes, rather than not sing at all. "Gentlemen," he said, "I wish that you would make some mistakes." In this respect I soon became his best pupil.

Miss Sophia Lute was, from the commencement, a member of the Hullah class; taking her place at once among the soprano voices. I do not know why she joined us, for she knew music sufficiently well before. I believe that she did it out of pure good nature. Sometimes, when I made abortive attempts to reach G—a note to which I have a fixed dislike—the other ladies of the class smiled. One young lady even laughed, and I hated her. Two other tenors, who confided their dislike to me, also hated her; but Miss Sophia always looked at me in a manner so kind and encouraging, that, although I never properly reached G, I felt pleased with my mistakes for bringing out such a look. G, indeed, has never been attainable to me.

There is always more shyness among the gentlemen than among the ladies. Several gentlemen on the stock exchange, a lawyer, and a Greek merchant, have successively come to our classroom with the intention of joining us; but have never summoned sufficient courage; Jones Smith (brother of Smith of the Admiralty, our best bass) actually ran away one evening, after knocking at the door.

We have three facetious members; one of whom, instead of singing, imitates all the others, one by one, in a ludicrous and covert manner, between the pieces. They give us, in addition, puns, conundrums, and witty observations. Miss Sophia does not like this. She says that it interrupts the singing. The humorous gentlemen were on the *qui vive* a few days ago in consequence of an observation made by a very sharp solicitor, who, seeing G-8 at the beginning of a piece of music, (to indicate that there were six quavers in the bar,) could not imagine what it signified. He thought that he had seen the figures somewhere else, written in a line, but could not distinctly remember where.

There have been several jealousies. Those who live on the common looked down on us whose houses are not so stylish. They were quite angry when we called them the common people; but harmony was soon restored.

We have formed a Hullah madrigal club. Simpkins is secretary, and the committee meet every month. Hence, several most delightful parties. Besides, we have a Hullah picnic, and a Hullah boating association. And from the formation of that society I date my present ecstatic state of happiness.

It was on a Thursday in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, (I was brought up to be very careful about dates,) that we had our first picnic. Jones—the bass Jones—who sometimes comes to our practicing and *réunions*, has a villa on the Thames, between Teddington and Twickenham; a very pretty place it is, but more favorable to bass than to tenor voices in winter. I am told that a catarrh quite improves a bass voice; but, at the same time, Nature seems to have settled that the tenor requires more care, and, being scarcer, is the more valuable. So I could never live so very near the Thames as Jones.

It was arranged that there should be four boats—one respectively for the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses. Of course the sopranos and altos did not row themselves—four gentlemen of the tenors rowed the soprano boat, four gentlemen of the basses the alto. I was stroke-oar of the sopranos, and sat just opposite to Miss Sophia. It was agreed as soon as we had made a little way, to sing "Since first I saw your face," a very pretty madrigal. But it all went wrong in consequence of my unhappy self-consciousness and my intractable G. In the second verse, at

"No, no, no, my heart is fast, and can not disentangle,"

I broke down completely. The words were so true, and the notes so false, that there was no help for it—the madrigal was a failure through my mischance, and I felt such a tingling and blushing all over me, that I believe my very oar would have tingled and blushed if it could.

We arrived at our destination without any further misadventure, and found the hospitable Jones anxiously awaiting us with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, whom he had invited to his house for the day; and certainly we had come to a lovely spot. A smoother and greener lawn was never seen, very gradually sloping to the water's edge. Here and there a willow dipped its branches into the river, while at one end of our friend's property was a little harbor into which our fleet was taken, and where it was safely moored. The house is a long building with verandahs; although glistening in the sunshine, still suggestive of coolness.

Either the sunshine, or the music, or something else, drew Miss Sophy and myself together, and made us take great delight in one another that day. The words of each song had a new meaning. Then I did not fully know who the kind interpreter was; now I do know, and he has since made a translation of my whole life, turning the dark into the bright, the bitter into the sweet, the miserable into the happy, the silent into the chatty, the lonely into the sociable—in fine, the bachelor into the Benedict.

This small and ubiquitous dragoman was particularly busy as we were singing Mendelssohn's "Winter, early Winter." I felt deeply the melancholy feelings intended to be conveyed by the first part, which is in a minor key—I was *minimus*; but, when the words "Summer, joyous summer," burst forth in the major, I was *maximus*. I was something beyond *maximus* when we came to "Beside her daily I stray," and "I press her close to my heart."

We were ranged on the lawn in our usual order—Mr. Batten before us. I have heard since, that Captain Coppercap, R.N., was all the time making a caricature of us, which he did in his best style. There was Smith of the Admiralty, who looked as if he were a disconsolate widower trying to cry. There was Robinson, too; he wrote a celebrated pamphlet on the currency, (it was very kind of him to send me a copy, and I mean to read it.) He has a way while he is singing of staring up at the roof or the sky, as if he were looking out for an eclipse. There were three others, all of whom have contracted a habit of jerking out their hands at each note, not unlike hens pecking at a grain. These were represented with fatal fidelity. Coppercap caught also the expression of my face just as I was standing with my head somewhat aside, gazing sentimentally at Sophy.

What a delightful afternoon that was! Most especially delightful toward its close, when I won from the lips of Sophy herself the tenderest of all avowals in the sweetest of all tones. The magnificent cold collation, during which Jones proposed the health of the tenors, and I answered in a manner which drew applause from everybody—tears of sympathy from some; the archery, all but fatal to a stout gentleman fishing from a punt in the middle of the river. Smith has always been suspected of having shot the poor man on purpose: as he is only one step above Smith at the naval department of the Circumlocution Office. All faded from my memory—wholly concentrated on one blessed moment, a few precious words.

Our return home was by moonlight. Calcott's "Mark the Merry Elves of Fairyland" was a signal success. To me every thing breathed enchantment. The moonlit river, the dark trees, the murmur of the distant weir, the measured plash which marked our progress, the light drip of the suspended oar—nay, the appearance of a deputation from the elves in any impossible bark, from a nutshell to a leaf of the Victoria regia, would not have astonished me at all—nor did I astonish Mrs. Lute (what a mother-in-law she makes!) the next morning when I spoke to her about Sophy. She had seen it all from the beginning, and was sure that we were well suited to each other.

Our wedding was the most splendid that had been seen in the neighborhood for many a day. The whole Hullah class attended—Mr. Batten also gave us the pleasure of his company, and conducted us to church.

My dear wife and myself still continue members of that admirable conductor's class, and find

that our love for music increases steadily with our love for each other. It was only last week that Yawhaw, of the twentieth Dragoon Guards, to whom I had lent, in a moment of unsuspicious friendship, five pounds, repudiated the debt in the most audacious manner. I was very angry at first; but, on my return to Tottleton in the evening, Sophy asked Smith, Barker, Matilda Long, and May Burgoyne—and after two catches and a madrigal, I utterly forgot the existence of Yawhaw, the twentieth, and that such things as five pound notes ever existed.

What can I recommend better to the inhabitants of small towns and villages in general, than a Hullah singing-class. Although the case of the Parish of Twiddledum *versus* the Rector is very important in the eyes of the world; although the present beadle of Hoggleton-cum-Poggleton is an outrageous despot; although the curate of Talkum Parva does take snuff; although Mrs. Fitz Urse de Courcy Vernon de Vere is much to be blamed as the daughter of Sir Augustus de Tadpole, while Mrs. Figgins is still more to be blamed as the daughter of old Bugginson—although all these matters ought to worry all our lives and make us all hate one another—I wish that a Hullah class were established in each of these great centres of thought and intelligence; for peace and harmony are heavenly gifts.

GOETHE'S SMALLER POEMS.—The singular facility with which Goethe's poems were produced, resembling improvisation or inspiration rather than composition, has contributed in some cases, no doubt, to enhance their peculiar charm. "I had come," he says, "to regard the poetic talent dwelling in me entirely as nature; the rather that I was directed to look upon external nature as its proper subject. The exercise of this poetic gift might be stimulated and determined by occasion, but it flowed forth most joyfully, most richly, when it came involuntarily, or even against my will.

"I was so accustomed to say over a song to myself without being able to collect it again, that I sometimes rushed to the desk, and, without taking time to adjust a sheet that was lying cross-wise, wrote the poem diagonally from beginning to end, without stirring from the spot. For the same reason I preferred to use a pencil which gives the characters more willingly; for it had sometimes happened that the scratching and spattering of the pen would wake me from my somnambulist poetizing, distract my attention, and stifle some small product in the birth. For such poetry I had a special reverence. My relation to it was something like a hen to the chickens, which, being fully hatched, she sees chirping about her. My former desire to communicate these things only by reading them aloud renewed itself again. To barter them for money seemed to me detestable."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1857.

The Want of Concert among Musicians.

No one of our social interests seems to suffer more from want of organization than what we may call the musical interest. There is no unity, except the most ephemeral and uncertain, among the musical materials. If you hear a good orchestra, or a good opera company, or a good church-choir, or a good oratorio, *once*, you have no certainty that you will find the same inspiration in the same place when you visit it again; the rarest combination has all exploded or crumbled away after the few first successes.

In no branch of activity do interests diverge more hopelessly than among the professors of this divine art. Devoted to the fairest type of

spiritual and social harmony, to a science which is the most perfect actual illustration of the laws by which the Primal Love distributes itself in infinite ascending and descending series of discreet, but yet harmonious varieties; devoted to Music, the all-reconciling, in whose universal utterances there can be no antagonisms, no opinions, sects, or parties,—these men, by some most cruel fatality, seem thwarted in all their efforts to co-operate as ministering priests of Beauty and of Order to the rest of us poor, anxious, jealous, irritable members in the general dislocation of humanity.

A cruel thing it is, this universal necessity, this *inverse* providence, of competition. It upsets all harmonious designs, gives the lie to well-meaning instincts, balks the heavenly economy of means and forces, robs society of the best fruits of its choicest talents, tantalizes mankind with the sense of a possession never realized!

Surely, one of our most heavenly inheritances is Art, and especially Music. It is a dispensation not to be *dispensed* with; a revelation, far above sectarian constructions, of the Divine love and wisdom; a permanent awakener of the emotions that connect us consciously with the whole universe and with its Source.

Such is Music. The passion and the talent for it are thickly strewn among the multitudes of civilization. Every city now is full of skilful musicians, many of them truly *artists*. It is astonishing how much talent can be counted up in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and even smaller cities. Germany sends over colonies of her Bach-Beethoven-Mendelssohn-inspired violinists and pianists; Italy of her opera singers; England of her organists, bred up in the school of Handel, with the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" at their fingers' ends. Whole orchestras come over on the wave of revolution, excite their audiences to rapture, and soon disperse to seek out poor individual livelihoods by teaching and by drudging in theatres and balls, still multiplying copies of the "Pegasus in harness."

There is a plenty of this talent, but how unavailable, either for its own material support, or for the gratification of the hunger for good music, which no doubt exists much more widely and more deeply than appears! There has been too little union among artists. They too have had to *compete* for a livelihood. Each depends upon an individual reputation. He must be *the* star, eclipsing all the rest, or he is eclipsed in the public favor. The solo-playing *virtuoso* will not combine his talents with other talents on any condition but that of making his own instrument at all times paramount and central. He stands between you and his music. Catch him, if you can, condescending, like a true artist, who studies only how to bring out the soul and meaning of a composition of Beethoven or Mozart, to play the *second* violin, or anything of that sort! No—he must be first, be all in all; he knows that if he lose his *prestige*, he will never win another audience; for, with the public, the last comer is always the best, and all that came before are naught, are quite neglected and forgotten.

Now Music is essentially the art that calls for combination. Its true effects are only known where numbers and varieties of talent are organized to one end. The orchestra, the Sym-

phony, is the true type of harmony. But what a fatality has almost everywhere attended orchestral experiments! The elements could never be kept for any length of time together; as soon as there got to be some unity of feeling and of purpose among them, some common consciousness of what they were expressing, some *style* and character to their performance, they would break up; the ideal, once approached, could not be reproduced a second season. The civilized necessities of trade and competition had sapped the little musical republic and disorganized it utterly; and still the music-loving public, whose appetite had grown by what it fed on, complained of lack of music, when there were plenty of excellent artists, drudging on and starving without concert, within a stone's throw of each other.

One is tempted to the conclusion that there can be no genuine production of music, no steady, unadulterated supply of the musical want, no such thing as a good permanent orchestra or choir, in the present phase of social progress, where competition chokes all confluent vibrations, and stuns all finer sensitiveness with profane clamor. We may have to wait till a true organization of all industry shall have worked out this crazing discord, this *wolf*, as the tuners call it, from the vexed strings of the social harp, and realized a peaceful, cordial unity of interests and occupations; till all persons shall be placed beyond physical want, all brought into their natural spheres of chosen and attractive labor, and all educated and refined;—we may have to wait for *this*, before society can have the means, the organized economy of forces, for producing the great compositions of the masters, frequently enough and well enough, to make them really available for the delight and edification of mankind.

One who should go much among the low places of music, and look into the orchestras of theatres, where so many plod obscurely on, for the amusement of the sovereign people and a poor minimum of personal support, would be astonished at the amount of genuine musical feeling and even genius which has there shrunk into itself, living a dull and moody life of habit. Art is so poorly appreciated as Art, that hundreds of good artists are reduced to this servitude. The humbleness of their position somewhat shelters while it disguises the artist soul within.

The reigning favorite, the star, that shines successfully until another star eclipses it, the solo-singer, the Sontag, Ole Bull or Thalberg, suffers quite as much by it. They have to prostitute their higher nature in repeating old tricks to procure applause. Their sphere is always that of exhibition of individual prowess, before great crowds, pampered to excess with feeding upon novelties and prodigies that yield no sustenance. It is not so much *their* fault; it is the tendency of the age. It is the form into which the musical genius of the age is forced. It is a form in which genius cannot thrive. It becomes necessarily dissipated. Its creations are restless, fragmentary, wildly aspiring, and without repose. It is the intense *individualism* of the times, as it affects the sphere of Music. It is indeed a sad time for all artists. In such a restless period of transition from an old exhausted life to an order of society that shall do more justice to man's wants, genius of all kinds beats the air with random wing, like the eagle in a storm. Competition and Individualism have

done *one* good for Art as for all things: they perfect and refine to the highest pitch the elements which are hereafter to form harmony. So in Music, this solo-playing is wonderfully developing the powers of voices, instruments and fingers. When shall we have them all combined in a true Unitary Concert? Is it not a strange anomaly that you can hardly get two great players to play together, to meet as equals, and merge *themselves* in any common effort to bring out the meaning and the glory of a great composition? On the contrary, each requires to stand alone, and dwarfs the rest to mere accompaniment. He had rather use the orchestra to set off his concerto with variations, than loyally and heartily conspire with them in rendering justice to a symphony of Beethoven. The higher aspirations of artists can create only *dissipated* music in this sphere. When worldly interests shall harmonize, when fit sphere shall be open to the education and the use of every inborn taste and talent in each member of the social body, when Unity shall be the law of society, there will be orchestras and choirs of genius, and all this labor now expended in an ill-requited drudgery or in vain show, will be inspired to work together *con amore* to the highest ends of Art and of Humanity. This is a hope respecting Music which perhaps only the believers in a better Social Order have the privilege of entertaining.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The TWELFTH half-yearly volume of our Journal commences with the present number. It is just the opening of the musical season, and we hope our friends will remember us and send us in the names of many new subscribers. We must also jog the memory of many subscribers *who are still delinquent in their payments*. In times like these, a Journal that lives by what true love of Art there in the community, needs *all* the little that is pledged to it.

The concert for the benefit of Sig. GUIDI is necessarily postponed. Due notice will be given when it takes place.

Mr. JAMES C. D. PARKER has been appointed organist and pianist to the Handel and Haydn Society, in the place of Mr. MUELLER, who has gone to Albany. We congratulate the Society and the lovers of Oratorio music on this appointment. Mr. P. is a young Bostonian, of liberal culture, in whom the love of music prevailed over professional tastes and interests, and drew him to Leipzig, where he earnestly availed himself of every means to make himself a sound musician. And that he *is*; very much at home in the great works of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and the other classic masters, and especially in their oratorios and other sacred works. He is a quiet, modest gentleman, as well as a musician, full of zeal for Art, and constantly improving himself in knowledge and in practice. Success to him and to the old Handel and Haydn! CARL ZERRAHN, the conductor, was to sail from Europe on the 1st of this month, and will doubtless be here in a couple of weeks, when the rehearsals of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" (the oratorio of all others which our music-lovers should hail with joy) will be commenced in earnest. . . . The Italian opera season at Paris commenced Sept. 15. Among the stars announced were Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Graziani and Lablache, who it appears "still lives." . . . Verdi's *Arolo* has had what is called an "immense success" in Rimini, Italy. The composer was called out thirty times the first night, and so was the librettist once. After the performance, the whole theatre, audience and all, with the orchestra at their head, and with flaming

torches, marched to Verdi's hotel, and made a noisy glorious night of it. . . . On the Austrian emperor's birth-day a concert was given at the Imperial Lunatic Asylum in Vienna. STRAUSS, the great basso, whose melancholy infirmity has made him there an inmate, attended, and gratified a party of friends after the concert with Schubert's "Wanderer," which he sang with "such a depth of feeling and expression that not a dry eye remained in the circle." . . . Bronze medals, of the size of a five shilling piece, have been distributed among the performers at the late Handel festival in London. . . . VIEUXTEMPS and THALBERG are still vibrating between New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, &c., and are expected here some time this month, stopping to give concerts by the way at Bridgeport, New Haven and Hartford.

ALBERT D. ALLIN, a young man of musical promise, and an occasional contributor to this Journal, died last week in Springfield, Mass. He was the only son of the Master Armorer at the U. S. Armory, and is deeply lamented by all who knew him. The Springfield Republican says:

Young Allin had just attained his majority, crowned with the fruit of an industrious and well-spent boyhood. We all knew him, and loved him. He was a genius. Since we have been connected with the press, he was the boy-publisher of a newspaper, and, in connection with other boys, wrote the articles, set the type, and engraved the cuts. Since he was ten years old, he has been passionately devoted to music, and it would be hard to mention the number of instruments he could play upon. For some time past, he has been the organist at Christ church. He was a writer of little operas and oratorios, which were performed by chosen companions to delighted audiences. If music was to be arranged for an occasion, his was the ready and skilful hand to do it. For some time past, he has been engaged in the work of draftsman at the Armory. The last time we met him in the street, he said he was accumulating funds with which to visit Germany for the further pursuit of his musical studies. In fact, life was opening upon him with the full flush of golden promise; and the eyes of many friends were fixed upon him with high hopes. He is gone, and the dream is over; but he went with the Christian's character and the Christian's hope. The family which has been thus sorely bereaved have the sympathy of our whole community.

Our Boston School Committee did a good thing in passing the following Orders for the further introduction of music into the public schools:

Ordered, That the study and practice of vocal music, as a part of the system of public instruction, be authorized by this Board; and that two half-hours each week in the Grammar Schools, and such time in the Primary Schools as shall be sufficient, be devoted to it.

Ordered, That the pupils shall receive the same credits for proficiency and undergo the same examinations in this as in other studies pursued in the schools.

Ordered, That singing constitute a part of the opening and closing exercises of each session of the Primary Schools; and that in the Grammar Schools the morning session be opened and the afternoon session be closed with appropriate singing; and that in addition to the instruction already given by the music teacher to the first and second classes, musical notation, the singing of the scale, and exercises in reading simple music, be practiced twice a week by the lower classes, under the direction of the teachers.

Ordered, That it shall be the duty of the Music Teacher, for the time being, at the Girls' High and Normal School, to give such instruction to the pupils of that institution as may qualify them to teach vocal music in our Public Schools.

A contemporary has the following tribute to one of our most accomplished native soprano singers:

Mrs. J. H. LONG, of Boston, has recently been taking a part in the State Musical Convention, held at Waterville, Me. The press and those present at the Convention speak of Mrs. Long's delicious voice in the most enthusiastic terms. This reminds us that a gentleman of this city, who is considered the best authority, recently stated to us, in remarking upon music in England, that there was not a singer among the resident vocalists of England who possessed a more pleasing voice, or was a more acceptable vocalist, than Mrs. Long, of Boston. The gentleman has just returned from England, and is familiar with musical matters in Europe.

The Masonic Temple, that seat of the Muses, now occupied as Piano-forte warehouses by the Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and redolent of pleasant memories of the best chamber concerts, has been purchased by the U. S. Government for a Court House! That is indeed a profanation. . . . The New York Philharmonic Society announce their sixteenth season. The first day rehearsal, open to associate members, takes place on the 10th inst., Mr. EISFELD conductor. The pieces will be Spohr's descriptive Symphony: "The Consecration of Tones," Beethoven's "Leonora" overture and Schumann's overture to "Manfred." The number of performers is now *eighty-one*, and of associate members *eighteen hundred*; five years ago these numbers stood at 67 and about 500 respectively.

The New York Courier & Enquirer has a quaint correspondent at Cape Ann, a dear lover of good music and good poetry, who has been put upon quite country fare in the way of reading. From a popular book of Psalmody, which he found there, he extracts the following delightfully fresh and verdant bit of history, regretting that he cannot also give the music to which it appears as appendix:

History informs us that Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at Vienna in 1791. There is something strikingly touching and beautiful in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sung—the "REQUIEM." He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it his last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his cyrenian strain, he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emelie awoke him. "Come hither, Emelie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my Requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him as tears stood in her eyes, "You must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love!" said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid in this, my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment. Emelie; take these, my last notes; sit down by my piano, here, sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother; let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emelie obeyed, and with tenderest emotion sang the following stanzas:

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun," &c., &c.

As she concluded, says an account before us, she dwelt for a moment on the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features."—From the "American Vocalist" Collection of Tunes, &c.

History, it seems, (adds the letter-writer) kills Mozart one year sooner than biography. His wife and two sons outlived him, and he had no daughter and her name was not Emelie. The only thing true about the above is the "suthin refreshing;" "Cyrenian strain" is not in my dictionary. But the sentiment!

The French Opera season in New Orleans promises as well as ever, to judge from the following list of artists engaged:

Messrs. Delagrave and Julian, first tenors grand opera; Junea, first basso grand opera; Villa, first basso comic opera; Maillet, second basso of comic and grand opera; Holtzorn, first tenor comic opera; Debrinay, second tenor comic opera; Rouche, first barytone; Venkel, second barytone. Meses. Paola, soprano; Bourgeois, contralto; Colson, chanteuse legere; Latouche, dugazon. Mr. Roux, stage manager. For drama and chorists, Messrs. Vankel and Maillet, Mrs. Vankel, Mme. Deligne, Miss Marie Leider. The new members of the troupe are now on their way, having sailed from Havre on the 4th September.—Picayune.

The opera, they say, goes on swimmingly in New York; great merchants, factories, banks "suspend," but that holds out; its notes are not protested. This

week they have had *Ernani*, with LAGRANGE, Mlle. VESTALI (in the character of Charles the Fifth, baritone!) Sig. MACCAFERRI, tenor, and GASSIER; and *I Puritani*, by LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and COLETTI, (the last three of the Philadelphia troupe.) To-night Mme. FREZZOLINI sings in *Lucia*, and on Monday in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. So it goes on, the old story—not a word of Mozart yet, or Weber, or Beethoven. But they have had "The Barber"!... Last evening Frezzolini sang in concert, with THALBERG, VIEUXTEMPS, &c. To-morrow (Sunday evening) under the same auspices, a "Grand Oratorio," Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, is announced at the Academy, when Lagrange breaks the ice in oratorio, aided by Vestali, Mme. Strakosch, Labocetta, Gassier, Rocco, &c., with large orchestra and chorus. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the March from the "Prophet" fill the programme. It is stated that Messrs. Ullman & Co. have made arrangements with the Sacred Harmonic Society (conducted by Mr. BRISTOW), to unite the opera solos and orchestra with their chorus, and give eight oratorio performances, including the "Messiah," "Creation," "Elijah," &c.... Miss JULIANA MAY announces her second and last concert, before going to the South, for next Tuesday.

On Monday evening the Italian Opera succeeds the Ronzani Ballet at the Philadelphia Academy. Mr. Marshall announces his stars, engaged for him by Maretzek, with much skill of rhetoric; the novelties are,—

Signor RONCONI, acknowledged as the greatest Lyric Artist of the age.

Signor TAGLIAFICO, the great Basso, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London.

Signor STECCHI BOTTARDI, favorite Tenor from her Majesty's Theatre, London.

Signora RAMOS, Prima Donna from Turin, and Signora TAGLIAFICO, from the Theatre Royal, London.

To which galaxy add the old favorites: Mme. GAZZANIGA, Signors BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, ASSONI and COLETTI; with a gleam of coming glory beyond all, for the manager "is proud" to announce that TAMBERLIK, the tenor, is engaged to come after the termination of his engagement at St. Petersburg.—When will it be our turn? Next week, answers Rumor, but we know her not.

The London Committee, who managed the concerts, readings, &c. given "In Remembrance of the late Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD," address a statement of results to the *Musical World*. They say:

They have considered their personal responsibility a sufficient refutation of any untrue and preposterous statements that have obtained circulation as to property asserted to have been left by Mr. Jerrold, and they now merely add, that unless they had thoroughly known, and beyond all doubt assured themselves that their exertions were needed by the dearest objects of Mr. Jerrold's love, those exertions would never have been heard of.

The audited accounts show that the various performances, readings, and lectures have realized, after the payment of all expenses, a clear profit of £2,000. This sum is to be expended in the purchase (through trustees) of a Government annuity for Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, with remainder to the survivor.

We are happy to add, in conclusion, that, although we have been most generously assisted on many hands, and especially by members of the musical profession, we have never consciously accepted a sacrifice that could not be afforded, and have furnished good employment and just remuneration to many deserving persons. We are, sir, your faithful servants,
CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.
ARTHUR SMITH, Hon. Secretary.

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.—In entering upon a new volume, in these hard times, we do not see why we may not do like others (though it has not been hitherto our weakness), and produce a few of the good words of encouragement and commendation that have come to us spontaneously from our contemporaries. The first is from the Worcester *Paladium* :—

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.—The twelfth half-yearly volume of this journal commences Oct. 3d. To those familiar with the manner in which it has always been conducted, we need say nothing of its excellence; but to those who have the misfortune to be strangers to its pages, we would say that it is the best musical paper published in this country, and probably has few equals in the old world. This may seem high praise; but it is the result of many years' close acquaintance with its columns, and will be echoed by all who have been its faithful readers. Its contributors are among the best musical writers, and its news items are always carefully made out. Its editorials are the productions of a deep-thinking, earnest mind; and the translations which it has given with lavish hand, have always been of rare worth.

We also feel honored in being associated with a journal as excellent as that of *Dwight's Journal of Music*. From the first day we saw the journal we have read each issue with profit and constantly increasing admiration, and the more experience shows us what is required in conducting a periodical, the more are we impressed with the taste, and judgment, and literary ability with which this journal is edited. An increase in its circulation would be a matter of as much pleasure to us as an increase in that of our own journal.—*Crayon, New York*.

Mr. Dwight, the conductor of this excellent journal of music, announces its sixth year. During its existence, he says, it has never once failed to make its appearance punctually every Saturday, and has earned, he thinks, a right not only to continue to live, but to begin to remunerate, much better than it has done, the incessant, anxious care and brain-work which have thus far kept it up to its first promise. It will live on, (says Mr. Dwight,) if we live. Long life, say we, to both!—*N. O. Picayune, April, 1857*.

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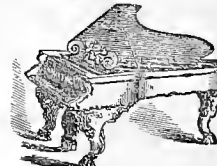
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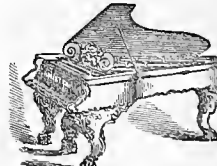
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WHOLE No. 288.

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Translated for this Journal.

Bach's Piano Compositions.

From the German of ROCHLITZ.

[Concluded from p. 210.]

3. If we consider Bach's works in relation to the means, which he employed to reach his end—leaving out of the account those which he has in common with others—we find this peculiarity (and even Handel is inferior to him in this respect): that with him each and every part or voice is treated as a free (technically termed, a *real*) and melodious part; each as it were sings its own song, and yet all together form one closely interwoven whole. Therefore one must be extremely attentive in these works to hear not the whole alone, but all parts in the whole, and the whole *as such* at the same time with the parts. That is to say: one must so concentrate and collect himself, as that he may follow each part in itself (the separate movement of the voices, &c.), and yet not let the whole escape the ear, or even escape the mind and heart.

These were the most considerable results of those inquiries as applied to Bach. You must now test them for yourself.—With less presumption, but more earnestness, than before, I attacked the works of Bach anew. Now, thought I to myself, you know what you have to expect; now it will not be your own fault, if your expectation be not satisfied. My expectation really was not satisfied, and yet it was my fault that it was not. I saw and heard now, to be sure, much that was grand and beautiful, of which I had no conception in my more youthful experiments; but I saw and heard *too much*—I could not, either by sight or hearing, take it all in as a whole, could not comprehend and master it and make it mine. The works not only developed their parts before me, but they

completely disentangled and exposed them; and I had a most profitable and instructive intellectual exercise: but nothing more. But I already recognized too much, and had an obscure intimation of too much more, to leave off now. On *this* way, however, I was not to continue, unless I would be contented to reap nothing from it but a certain knack for learned seeming criticism. You must go farther, said I: but you must *go back*!

I took up now in the first place Bach's Chorals, which are known to you. Here too is Bach *himself*; but the given church melody holds him back. Here I could easily perceive the progress of his voices, each by itself and all together; which I did the more readily, since I was familiar with the leading melodies at church. While I followed the master here, while I learned the *rationale* of things which at first sight seemed strange, if not even faulty—(as for example, his frequent crossing of the parts, his many alternation and transition notes, &c.), but still referred all to the whole and heard it sing itself as such in my mind: I gradually acquired a clear and positive impression, image, feeling, of what before had been but mere reflection in me. To hold this more firmly and impress it on myself more deeply, I tried to render the Chorals as perfectly as possible upon the instrument, so that every peculiarity and beauty in them should be expressed. Then I discovered, how the delivery of the other works of Bach should be managed; why I had found it so difficult and unsuccessful. I accustomed myself more and more to this manner of delivery. I must tell you something about it. That I may not have to return to this hereafter, I anticipate what I learned only later to abstract for myself in the rendering of Bach's freer works.*

The thoroughly melodious movement of all the parts is, as we have seen, a leading characteristic of the works of Bach. In performing them, therefore, this must be brought distinctly before the ear and impressively before the mind. Especially, as is self-obvious, must the principal theme, wherever it lies, stand out always prominent, and its every entrance must be sharply marked—without disturbing at the same time the other voices in their flowing course. To ensure this latter point, you must be very careful to observe the many *ties*; and, since the middle voices often in one flow of melody pass over from one hand to the other, the thumbs particularly must stand in a very close and tender bond of

* I strike out this passage, since the reader will find what I have written now more fully treated in Forkel's little treatise on the life and works of Bach. (See Vol. viii. of this Journal, pp. 25 *et seq.*) I only retain some particulars, which have not so much occupied the attention of that writer.

friendship. All this is doubly necessary in the Fugues and figured pieces of Bach. His less strict compositions, which he calls Fantasias, Preludes, &c., facilitate this; but they require the strictest attention to be paid to the *fundamental harmony*: for what does not Bach sometimes introduce upon one and the same ground-tone, and where do not his figures, which relate to that tone, run! And now the delivery of the figures must be so rounded off, by increase and diminution of force, &c., that the hearer not only shall never lose that fundamental harmony, but shall even clearly apprehend the gradual departure from and gradual return to the principal accord, without having to calculate it.

All this indeed is very hard to execute, partly in the nature of the case, partly because we, especially in what concerns the middle parts, are not accustomed to it. But do you control yourself and persevere in your control, and it will certainly succeed. To return now to my course.

I passed from the Chorals to "The Well-tempered Clavichord."* Here, too, it was a long time before I could satisfy myself; and the fault was partly, but not solely, owing to my far from entire success in the aforesaid manner of delivery. Whether the cause lay in the thing itself, or in my being accustomed to an entirely different kind of music, or in the limitation of my faculties, I still often lost the thread, and ere I was aware of it there I sat and reckoned. You need still, said I, a preparation. I fell upon Handel.† He writes

* "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, in all the keys, for the Piano." A nice edition of this invaluable work has just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—Ed.

† Of the little exercises, which Bach wrote for his scholars, and which are now (1830) newly printed in the Leipzig collection, I did not know. They might answer the purpose, but may in part appear too dry. With more confidence I recommend the fifteen short pieces, found in the same collection, under the title of *Symphonies*. These are easy, and yet have very beautiful passages. Handel's piano compositions were for a long time almost unknown in Germany. Herr Nägeli, in Zurich, has the honor of having prepared a beautiful edition of several of them. The second volume of his collection of "Works in the strict style," contains such beautiful piano "Suites" by Handel, that there is nothing to be said to the musician who throws them aside as antiquated rubbish. Even one who is not in earnest in the art of music, but who has a sense for what is best in various forms and styles, will not go away empty from them. I have often made the experiment of playing pieces from them—such as the Variations in E major or D minor, the Largo with the fugue in F sharp minor, the Fugue in F minor, &c.—before persons who, without any school ear, I have purposely concealed from them that the pieces were by a great master: and yet no one listened to them without pleasure.

also in the strict style, I thought; but less artificial and difficult. If many of Bach's piano pieces have more depth of mind, Handel's have more fullness of soul. Since he approaches more the popular style (in the best sense of the word), he is easier to follow; his works too are more easy to perform. I sought out therefore the dusty so-called Organ Concertos and Piano Suites of Handel; and I cannot tell you, with what delight, increased with every repetition, I went through the most of them. My hand, too, almost imperceptibly, accustomed itself to their sure and exact rendering.

I now returned to the "Well-tempered Clavichord." As I had no idea of exercising merely my understanding and my hands upon Bach's works, I marked the pieces which seemed best adapted to me, (without any special reference to their learnedness, their ingenuity, &c.) with the purpose of confining myself to them alone. They now afforded me a great deal of delight whenever I returned to them, not to while away a vacant hour, but with collected mind. Frankly confessed, among the considerable multitude there were not many pieces which I thus distinguished. I did not allow that to concern me, for I had not now to do with seeming, even before myself. On a repetition, however, after some time, of the whole work, I necessarily made a respectable addition to the number of marked pieces. I had made progress, and become more at home in this kind of music. In the sequel I could not refrain from singling out more and more, so that now in the first part about half, in the second part perhaps two thirds of the pieces had their marks in the margin. For your use and edification I will name to you the pieces, with which I found myself on friendly terms during my first and second course, particularly since I count them even now among the more excellent ones, without, however, placing several of the rest below them. I name them according to their keys, that you may find them in any edition you may chance to have.

FIRST PART.—Prelude in C major (to be performed on the piano for the most part with the dampers raised); Fugue in C# minor; Fugue in D major; Prelude in D minor (again partly without dampers); Prelude in E# minor; Prelude and Fugue in F# minor; Fugue in A major; Prelude and Fugue in B# minor; Fugue in B major; Prelude in B minor.

SECOND PART.—Fugue in C major; Fugue in C minor; Fugue in C# minor; Fugue in D major; Fugue in D minor; Fugue in E# major; Prelude and Fugue in F# minor; Fugue in G minor; Fugue in A# major; Fugue in B# minor; Fugue in B major; Prelude and Fugue in B minor.

I could now proceed with confidence to the polyphonic compositions of Bach for voices and orchestra. I went to work with earnest inclination, not without industrious perseverance, and, as I had the opportunity in Leipzig, I heard several of them performed repeatedly; but I never approached them without first collecting my mind. I soon remarked, that it now no longer required any special preparations, to understand and to enjoy the most of these works. But without this collectedness of mind, my dear A., one is lost for them, as he in fact is for all the nobler works of Art. Therefore I advise you: If you feel a certain languor or impatience overtake you on the way, let the following movements out of Bach's Motets, the same that are above named, be sung

to you: *As a father pitied, &c.; Be praise and glory, &c.; Ich lasse dich nicht, &c.* Your choir can do that, since they are not hard to execute. Then you will feel yourself strengthened, I am sure, and cannot fail to keep on with true zeal and perseverance. That Bach's works now afford me very high enjoyment, you may well infer from the fact that I write you such a long letter, to help you on toward the same enjoyment.

"Yes, that is all very well," you say in a sort of despair, and the forefinger of your left hand slips behind the left ear—"but does the man not think, when he stakes out roads here, like a surveyor, that his road is by no means a short one, and not agreeable either, especially at the beginning, where the hedges by the wayside only bear hips and thorns, but no roses?"—But no; you will not say that. You know well, that we mortals can bring nothing of any consequence to pass without earnest and persistent labor; nothing out of ourselves, how much less in ourselves.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Christening of Bells, at Bonn on the Rhine.

(From my Journal, July, 1849.)

The market-place of this city would be a very fair right-angled triangle, were not one extremity truncated by the town-house, and the hypotenuse somewhat curved. The Brücke gasse (street) pierces the hypotenuse about the middle, and at the opposite angle is the opening from the market into Wenzel and Bruders streets, as you go down to the Flying bridge—or ferry-boat. In Bruders street stands the church of St. Remigius, and in the church, over the grand altar, is a very good picture of that saint, in bishop's robes and paraphernalia, baptizing Clovis, King of the Franks. Well, yesterday forenoon, July 29th, the Bruders gasse people were all in commotion: indeed to some degree all the people were, who dwell in the streets leading thence down to the flying bridge. I thought I had seen a street decorated before, as in Boston on occasion of some great procession; but I gained new ideas on the subject yesterday. The street—not a very long one, to be sure—was dressed completely with branches of trees, garlands and wreaths; Prussian and other German with Ecclesiastical flags were suspended over it in such numbers as entirely to shade it: in two or three places long wreaths extended across the street, with bells formed of wicker work and green leaves suspended from the centre; and the population, rich and poor, was crowding back and forth as in an avenue leading to Boston Common on the evening of the 4th of July. The two little bells upon the church, which was trimmed inside and out with flags, wreaths and the like, were jingling and jangling—and, upon the whole, a foreigner could not but feel that some extraordinary excitement prevailed. What could be the cause of it? The parish of St. Remigius had purchased three new bells for the church, the largest weighing about a thousand pounds, and they were to make their triumphal entry at two o'clock, P. M. All the trouble and expense of the "demonstration" were to welcome the arrival of these three little bells. At two o'clock I plunged into the crowd and made my way towards the ferry. Soon there was firing of cannon, and the broad boat swung from her wharf on the opposite shore of the Rhine, crowded to repletion with people, and,

like the church, decked in flags, garlands and flowers. In six or eight minutes another discharge announced its arrival at the wharf, and soon the procession approached, but turned up another street, to the great disappointment of the good ladies who dwelt in that in which I was standing. Making my way back to the church, I found a house opposite its entrance, into which the plea of being a stranger and an American gained me instant admittance, and a good stand at an open window. By and by along comes the procession, but turns down Wenzel gasse, so we must fain wait a spell longer. However, in time virtuous patience is rewarded. Down the street, which curves a little, we see a flag or two advancing and opening a way through the dense crowd; then a band, not all of brass, and with abundance of bass, follows, playing lustily that opera chorus by Balfe, "In the gypsy's life we read," &c.; then come the boys of the schools with their teachers, or at least so many as belong to the parish; then come a few members of the citizens' guard, dressed uniformly *but not in uniform*; then four splendid red horses, drawing the bells in a long wagon, all decorated, wagon and bells, in the same style of flag and garland; and, finally, gentle and simple, rag tag and bobtail, rich and poor, wise and foolish, male and female, in a dense mass, bringing up the rear. And now I had a fair view of the bells; they looked so small, that I involuntarily repeated to myself: *Montes parturiunt et nascitur ridiculus mus!* Why do not the priests apologize, like Scholastikos, who expressed his shame at making so much funeral over such a little child! So after winding through the streets for an hour they came to a stop at the church gate, and singing was heard from within, but what ceremonies were performed I know not.

This morning (July 30th) I went to the church. It was fitted up very tastefully with garlands and wreaths, and in the choir—that part of the church wherein stands the high altar—was a great number of plants, most luxurious in their growth, showing as plainly as yonder fat priest, the advantage arising from a living in the church. A host of elegant shrubs in large tubs, on the floor, on the steps of the altar, and indeed high up that structure, with large bunches of white lilies interspersed, did make the choir very beautiful. Just in front of the few steps which lead from the main floor to the choir, was a beam, resting upon two stout posts, to which were suspended the bells, both frame and bells covered with evergreens and flowers. And now it is eight o'clock. All who are to take part in the ceremonies are in their places. Directly in front of the bright, flower-decked bells, are the bishop and several priests, with reading-desks and missals, standing with their backs to the crowd, which covers the tessellated pavement. Beyond the bells, upon the upper one of the choir steps, is a line of little girls dressed in white, with wreaths upon their heads, and all except the central one, who bears a bright crucifix, holding a stalk of the brilliant white garden lily in their hands. Behind them, on the floor of the choir, stands a chorus of some twenty-five or thirty male and female singers. And now all, save the sound of the feet entering and departing, a sound which never ceases in foreign catholic churches—is still, and from the choir streams forth a six-part hymn, with Latin words, composed by Orlando Lasso some 300

years ago, and sung with no instrumental accompaniment whatever. It was simply this in English: "In dedicating the bell, let the people sing praises, and let sweet sounds resound from their mouths." And how sweetly did it sound! The long-drawn tones held by one part while the others were making cadences—now all combining in a burst of the most delicious yet, to me, strange harmony—now dying away, till a few, perhaps a single rich female voice continued the strain, and then the others came flowing in—now in fugue and now in plain song—the hymn drew to a close, like the soft voice of an Æolian harp.

Then followed the blessing of the salt and water which were to be used in the baptismal ordinance. This took a long time. Latin psalms were recited in a manner which put me in mind of a class at school reading together aloud; bishop and priests went through with—I suppose they know how many prayers; then taking the salt, the bishop sprinkled it into the water, being careful that it fell in form of a cross, saying, in Latin still: "I mingle the salt and the water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Then followed another prayer, after which the washing. The bishop dipped a bunch of herbs—at a distance it looked like box—into the salt water, brushed the bells a few times with it, and passed it to a priest who finished this operation by going thoroughly over them all, inside and out. I could not hear whether during this ceremony the names were given, but they did receive, sometime during the ceremonies, the names, Remigius, Mary and Joseph. The washing through, the chorus again sang; it was also a Latin psalm, in ten parts, composed by Gabrielli, a contemporary of Lasso—"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my prayer come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me, in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me in the day when I call; answer me speedily."

Would that you, whose souls can enjoy music of the highest order, could have heard those ten parts beseeching the Lord to hear their cry! Such pleading tones—the effect uninjured by any sounds other than the human voice—the combinations so singular yet so sweet and touching. I begin to see now that I am in a Catholic country, where Mendelssohn found that style which is so sublime and tender in "Elijah."

Now followed the recitation of sundry other psalms—a ceremony with a bunch of thyme and sundry other herbs, which I lost—and then a five-part hymn, by Palestrina. It was a hymn in praise of the Trinity, indescribably beautiful:—"Let all creatures laud thee, adore thee, glorify thee!" Had the singers been votaries of Jupiter, you would involuntarily have bowed and adored.

A psalm followed, chanted by men's voices responsively, as the psalms have been chanted in the Catholic church for a thousand years—not melodious, but solemn—to me strange and quaint. Another prayer—the passage from Luke—a sermon—and a repetition of the composition of Lasso, by the chorus—and the ceremony of consecrating these three rather insignificant church bells was complete—and high time too, those little girls must have thought, who had been standing there in the face of all the people nearly two hours with the lilies in their hands!

All this took place in Bonn, the seat of one of the principal German universities, on the great highway of European travel, the Rhine, and on

the 29th and 30th days of July, 1849, the middle of the nineteenth century. If at this time and place the ceremonies I have described could awaken such interest as was manifested by the successive crowds which filled the church, how abiding and powerful must have been the impression made upon the mind of the peasant or humble mechanic of the dark ages! A. W. T.

The State of Music in England.

BY V. SCHÖLCHER.

(From the Critic, June 2, 1856.)

Those who have never lived in England usually deny that there is in that country any taste for or knowledge of music. Never was there a greater mistake. Without excepting either Germany, or France, or Italy, there is no country where classic compositions are more eagerly sought for, listened to, and appreciated, than in England; there is no country where one may hear better music, or where it is executed on a more magnificent scale.

England, it is true, has not produced a single great composer. Purcell, who lived about the end of the seventeenth century, was, with all his high merit and his boldness, only a man of the second rank. We may say the same of Dr. Arne, who was a true composer; for, although little known out of England, and scarcely appreciated even in his own country, he had one great quality of genius, namely, an individuality of style. Handel was a German; he arrived in London ready-made, as it were; and his style remained, after fifty years' sojourn, precisely what it was when he arrived. England has never created a school, or a style peculiar to itself. The *Glees* of the sixteenth century will always charm, just as the Irish melodies do; but they are mere fragments of the simplest kind, and have nothing in them tending to high eminence. The English know this; and they prove their good taste by never playing their own music, and by only playing the best music of other countries.

Another fact, little known on the Continent, is, that the cultivation of music is of very ancient date in this country. It is not even known when the Doctorship of Music was instituted, a degree still conferred in the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; but we find mention made of a man named Hambois who bore that title in 1470, (Busby's *Dictionary of Music*). That wild beast called Henry VIII. composed glees which deserved to survive him. In the reign of Elizabeth it was part of a gentleman's education to be able to read at sight the music of any song which might be presented to him. Among the subscribers to some of Handel's operas, which were published by subscription, may be found the Apollo Society at Windsor; the Musical Society at Oxford; the Ladies' Society at Lincoln; the Salisbury Society of Music; the Musical Society at Exeter; and at London, the Philharmonic Club; the Philharmonic Society; the Monday Night Musical Society; the Wednesday Musical Society; the Society of Music at the Castle, in Paternoster Row; the Crown and Anchor Musical Society; the St. Cecilia Society. Mr. Townsend enumerates the following societies as existing in Dublin in 1741, the year in which Handel went there: The Charitable Musical Society in Fishamble-street; the Charitable and Musical Society in Vicar-street; the Charitable Musical Society on College Green; the Charitable Musical Society in Crown Street; the Musical Society in Werburgh-street; the Academy of Music, and the Philharmonic Society. The name of this last seems to indicate that it occupied itself more particularly with instrumental music. The Dublin journals of the same period make mention of similar societies at Cork, at Drogheda, and other places. Their names prove at the same time their noble purpose; for nearly all were destined to succor some particular misfortune.

The England of to-day has not degenerated from this brilliant past. She can number more musical societies than we know of elsewhere.—

There are—The Sacred Harmonic Society; the London Sacred Harmonic Society; the Union Harmonic Society; the Hullah Society; the Cecilian Society, whose existence dates since 1785; the Amateur Musical Society, directed by Mr. Henry Leslie; the Society of British Musicians; the Madrigal Society; the Bach Society, whose object is to reproduce and popularize the works of the great man whose name it has assumed, etc. All these societies, with orchestras of from 200 to 600 members, meet every year from twelve to twenty times, and find a public willing to support them. Their choruses are composed of amateurs and professional singers. The Philharmonic Society of London, founded in 1813, served as a model to that celebrated French *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*, which only dates from 1827. It was the Philharmonic Society which purchased the *Choral Symphony* of Beethoven, and purchased this immortal work for one hundred guineas! Many of Haydn's delicious symphonies were composed in London in 1790; and Haydn often observed that "it was England that had made him celebrated in Germany" (*Dictionary of Musicians*). The New Philharmonic Society, organized only three years ago by Dr. Wilde; the Orchestral Union, conducted by a very able leader, Mr. Alfred Mellon;—give, each of them, twelve concerts yearly, in which grand symphonies are performed. The Quartette Society, and the Musical Union, which devote themselves religiously to the instrumental chamber music of Boccherini, Haydn, Pleyel, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Onslow, etc., can also adduce their existence for many years in proof that there is no lack of amateurs. All this is exclusive of the Opera-houses, Italian and English, and two or three special concerts which occur every day during those three months which are called "the season." That this is no exaggeration, may be proved by the advertisements of a single day of "the season." The list is really curious; for, so far from having collected it with difficulty, it has been taken bodily from the *Times* of Monday, the 14th of May, 1855:

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—On the 25th of May will be repeated Haydn's "Creation." The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of nearly 700 performers.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall. May the 21st, Haydn's oratorio "Creation," preceded by the Royal Birth-day Cantata, with band and chorus of nearly 800 performers.

MUSICAL UNION.—To-morrow, May 15, at Willis's Rooms, Trio in E minor, piano-forte, etc., Spohr; Quartet No. 2, in G, Beethoven, etc.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mozart's "Requiem," Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, etc., will be performed under the direction of Mr. John Hullah on Wednesday evening, May 16.

HARMONIC UNION, Hanover Square Rooms.—May 30, Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—The Annual Series of Morning Concerts will take place at Willis's Rooms on the 25th of May, and 4th and 11th of June.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Fifth Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms this evening, the 14th inst. Programme:—Sinfonia in E flat, Mozart; Concerto piano-forte in E minor, Chopin; Sinfonia, Pastorale, Beethoven; Overture, *Preciosa*, Weber.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—On May 23, Symphony in B flat, Beethoven, &c.

MR. WILLY'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The Third and last Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on May 18.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will give her Two Annual Matinées of Piano-forte Music, at the Beethoven Rooms: the first on May 19.

MR. H. COOPER'S Second Soirée of Violin Music will take place at 27 Queen Anne street, on May 16.

MME. CLARA NOVELLO will sing in "Immanuel," on May 30, at St. Martin's Hall.

MME. PUZZI'S Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place on May 21, at Willis's Rooms.

MISS DOLBY and **MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S** Annual Grand Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on June 13.

CHARLES SALAMAN'S Musical Lecture and Entertainment, illustrated by his own performances on the Virginals and Harpsichord, etc., to-morrow, at the Marylebone Institution.

MR. BENEDICT'S Annual Grand Morning Concert will take place on June 15, at the Royal Italian Opera.

SIGNOR MARRAS'S Annual Grande Matinée Musicale will take place on May 20.

SIGNOR and **MADAME FERRARI'S** Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on May 16.

SAPPHO GLEE CLUB.—Southwark Literary Institution, Borough Road.—This evening a Concert will be given by the members of the above Society, comprising Glees, Madrigals, etc.

Surely it will be admitted that the country in which so much music is to be found, in one single day, must be musical.

The societies which we have made mention of above occupy themselves with the highest and most difficult class of works. In 1854, the Bach Society (with an excellent musician, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, at its head) executed twice the *Passion* of the great fugnist of Leipzig; and the Sacred Harmonic Society played twice, and with admirable development, about the commencement of last year, Beethoven's colossal Mass in D. The New Philharmonic Society has produced Cherubini's Mass in C. Where but in England can you hear these exalted productions? Where but in England can you depend sufficiently upon the public to risk the outlay of producing them? And what proves still more the elevated taste of the English is, that these works belong to the sacred music of the Romish Church, of that Popish religion which the majority of them dislike; in deference to which feeling Cherubini's Mass is called a "Grand Choral Work," and Beethoven's is advertised as "Beethoven's Service."

We may go so far as to say that the English have a passion for music; and this is all the more striking, because, in spite of the facility with which they become infatuated, they are, after their American descendants, the people of all others who have the least enthusiasm. A gentleman met Haydn in the middle of the street, stopped him, stood opposite to him for some time, examined him, and said "You are a great man!" having said which he passed on (*Life of Haydn*, by Stendahl). This is not a French enthusiasm, but it is enthusiasm nevertheless; and music has occasionally inspired the English to manifestations quite French or Italian. A beautiful lady, carried beyond herself by a cavatina of Farinelli, rose up and cried out, "There is but one God and one Farinelli!" (Hawkins, p. 887.)

The English have always sung, and still sing, much more than is generally imagined on the Continent. There belong to this country several collections of from one to six volumes in octavo, in quarto, and in folio, consisting of songs and ballads. It is something alarming to see. The *British Musical Miscellany*, published from 1735 to 1737, would be alone enough to turn the head of the most fanatical of Italian melomaniacs. It contains not less than 900 pages in quarto, closely covered with music, which howls uproariously the pleasures of Bacchus, and sighs out the amours of an innumerable band of Phillises, Chloes, Nancies, Damons and Corydons. To speak the truth, the English even abuse music: they seem unable to do anything without it, and mix it up with everything less discreetly than befits so delicate an art. If you go to the annual floral exhibitions you are deafened by the red-coated bands of such and such a regiment blazing away in all the pride of brass; if you go to a panorama, or to an exhibition of Turkish costumes, or to hear Mr. Gordon Cumming, the lion-slayer, recounting his exploits, or to a wax-work, everywhere you find a gentleman who pianofies away in a corner, with his nose in the air. Even the Crystal Palace has a permanent orchestra.

"Aimez vous la muscade? On en a mis partout."
Boileau.

It is also a fact worthy of notice, as proving this extensive and popular taste for music, that at the Middlesex Sessions held in October, 1856, out of 100 applications made to the magistrates for licenses to play music (without dancing) 51 were granted, and these were in addition to the old list of 305 licenses which, with one or two exceptions, were renewed. If we consider the licenses granted by the magistrates of the city of London and for the county of Surrey, it is certainly not too much to say that there are from five to six hundred places for the performance of music alone (without dancing) in the metropolis. What other capital in the world can boast of a similar fact?

[To be continued.]

The Prince de la Moskowa.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

On the 25th July, died in Paris, of a neuralgic affection, the Prince de la Moskowa, son of Marshal Ney, who gained his title of Prince at the passage of the Borodino.

Born in the year 1803, he witnessed, as a boy, the splendor of the first Empire, and remained, as a man, true to the political principles and views required by the grand reminiscences bequeathed him by his father. In the year 1828, he married the daughter of Jacques Lafitte, and assumed an important position in the military and political world. Richly endowed by nature with mental qualities, he combined, with a thoroughly serious yearning for the arts and sciences, an extraordinary facility in comprehending and mastering the most opposite subjects, so that it would not be an easy task to find, in the higher ranks of society, any one who combined so varied an education with so much profundity and such practical experience, as the Prince de la Moskowa.

We cannot here enter upon what he did in his military and political career: we dedicate these lines only to the service he rendered music, for which his death is a real loss.

He received from Nature a great aptitude for music. This was manifested very early, and its development accelerated by an uncommon partiality for the art. When no more than thirteen years of age, he had already composed a mass, performed at Lucca, and favorably received, even by good judges. What was considered particularly striking and unusual, was the fact of a boy studying the old sacred masters, and uniting with this a happy imitative talent.

This tendency for the old Italian sacred-music the Prince followed up, fostered and cherished, from his earliest youth all his life; and, by collecting, performing, and diffusing this music, did a very great deal to advance it. In spite of his predilection for this style, in which, also, he tried his hand in several original compositions, his musical taste and exertions were not at all one-sided. He appreciated the Beautiful in every kind of composition, and even labored himself in the most opposite style, since he subsequently turned his talent to comic opera.

Even while yet a youth, he devoted a great deal of money, time, and trouble, to collecting the autograph compositions of the great masters of the sixteenth century, and soon had one of the richest libraries existing, as far as old sacred music was concerned. He was not, however, contented with merely collecting, but exerted himself, likewise, to make public many of the treasures thus dug up by himself, and endeavored to restore them once more to life for the lovers of art at the present day. For this purpose, he founded, in conjunction with Adolphe Adam, the Société des Concerts for sacred and classical music. The performances of the Society attracted the most select members of the musical world in Paris, and tended very much to purify and awaken a taste for sacred compositions. He had, it is true, to struggle most, in this respect, with the Parisians' love of novelty and change, as well as with the horrible state of sacred composition and organ-music in France generally; but he followed up his object with indomitable perseverance, and his efforts are far from having proved ineffective. Besides, we must appreciate such efforts for art more by the will than by the deed.

That such a man, so highly gifted and educated, artistically speaking, and holding so high a position in society, was distinguished for advancing, supporting, and patronizing artists and art, is a fact which scarcely requires to be mentioned. He devoted his sympathies, both verbally and practically, to the cultivation of music in its entire scope, but more especially to that branch of it to which he was especially partial. Hence it was that historical concerts, such as those got up by Fétis, in Paris, in the first place, and afterwards those started by Delsarte, were particularly favored with his patronage. The founding of the Conservatory for Sacred Music, by Niedermayer, too, met in him with a strong supporter.

In the midst of his archæologico-musical labors,

he found time and inclination for composing comic operas—a rare occurrence in the case of a musician with so serious a turn of mind, but which was formerly often to be met with in Italy. As an instance of this, we may mention Pergolese, who gained as much praise by his comic opera, *La Serva Padrona*, as by his *Stabat Mater*. The Prince de la Moskowa produced his opera, *Le Cent-Suisse*, in June, 1846, at the Opéra-Comique. It met with an equally favorable reception from the critics and the public at large, and ran a hundred nights. Mlle. Darcier, one of the most pleasing and clever singers of Paris, made her first appearance in it. His second opera, *Yvonne*, was given, at the same theatre, in 1855, but was not so successful, although it is said to be rich in melody. According to a Paris newspaper, the Prince was employed, during the latter years of his life, on a grand dramatic composition, which, according to report, is nearly completed.

As a literary man, the Prince first tried his hand on a subject perfectly unconnected with music, namely, a pamphlet on the amelioration of the breed of horses, for among his favorite pursuits was that of horse-racing, in which he played a principal part in 1828 and 1834. The opinions of one of the first sportsmen in Europe could not fail to produce a sensation, and procured him a reputation of a very different kind and in very different circles to that which he enjoyed in musical matters. At a later period several articles, mostly of an artistic nature, written by him, appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, the *France Musicale*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the last-named journal especially was published a very attractive series on Algeria, describing, in a characteristic, acute and clever manner, the impressions produced on him by his journey through the French possessions in Northern Africa.

Verdi's New Opera

(A STORY OF RIMINI.)

Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aroldo*, was produced at Rimini for the first time on the 16th of August. We must, however, state that the opera was not altogether new, a part being adapted from one of the master's previous scores. The theatre was crammed in every part with the townspeople and foreigners, assembled to witness the work of the master so impatiently desired, and which was to close the season, one of the most brilliant ever known. Before the rising of the curtain, before the termination of the overture, the impressions of the public were manifested in such a manner as to leave very little doubt as to the result of the representation; several outbursts of applause denoted the enthusiasm of the audience during the progress of the overture, and at its close the *maestro* was unanimously recalled three times before the curtain. The execution of the overture, under the direction of the Cavaliero Mariani, could not have been more perfect. In fact, from the beginning to the end of the opera, Signor Verdi obtained a continuous succession of legitimate triumphs. He was recalled after each piece, and this was done so frequently, that we cannot state the number of times he was obliged to appear before the public. These manifestations were displayed not only at the theatre, but in the street, after the opera was over, and before his house at a late hour in the night. The interpreters of this new opera all did their duty. Madame Lotti played the part of Mina, Signor Pancani that of Aroldo, Signor Ferri that of Egberto, Signor Cornago that of Briano, and Signor Paggiali that of Godvino. They all highly distinguished themselves. The highest satisfaction was repeatedly expressed towards Signor Mariani. The costumes and decorations were magnificent, and in good keeping with the plot, and the character of the parts.

To give some idea of the value of this opera, and of the principal pieces introduced by the composer, we shall merely confine ourselves to stating that this new work is in every respect worthy of the author of *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata*. We may, however, remark, that with the exception of the symphony, the duet between the soprano and baritone, and the *largo*

finale, which first appeared in the opera of *Stiffelio*, all the rest is new in the first act; all is new in the fourth act, which contains a very effective village chorus without accompaniment. The libretto contains many good situations. The name of the poet is Signor Piave.

On the succeeding nights, the enthusiasm of the public was still greater. On the 26th instant the theatre closed, with the benefit of Madame Lotti. The following inscription in honor of Signor Verdi will give some idea of the enthusiasm which this new opera has excited. It is, we believe, written by Signor Casaretto.

"Hail, Giuseppe Verdi. Rimini rejoices that thy sublime *Aroldo*, which appeared for the first time on the stage of its new theatre, has contributed solemnity to its inauguration. To thee, modest and great, may the gratitude which we shall ever feel for so much honor be more acceptable than the tribute of our praise. 17th August, 1857.

"Beloved son! glory of our Italy! we applaud thee for the splendor thou hast shed on the name of our mother.

"Thou hast vanquished envy, and thou hast taught foreign nations that the light of our sun may still inspire and produce great minds.

"For harmony in thy hands is as the brush, the chisel, and the compass, were in the hands of Michael Angelo. We salute thee as a brilliant ring, destined to unite our past glory with the glory which shall be as long as Italy exists.

"And even as real beauty cannot die, so thy great name will be immortal, O mighty creator of sweetest melodies. So that posterity will perhaps envy our present age, to which Providence has granted so great a genius."

[The above glowing apostrophe, and the not less glowing record that precedes it, are translated from the *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan, the proprietor of which paper is also the publisher of Verdi's opera.—ED. M. W.]—*London Musical World*.

Moving Music.

The "Calliope" has hitherto held a very low rank as a musical instrument, and although we may hope for much improvement hereafter in its construction, still there are certain obstacles to its ultimate success which we think will baffle all the refinements of art. Rapid motion in a musical instrument interferes with its performances in three different ways. Changing distances modify the force of sound, and changing velocities modify both the key and the time of a musical performance. Whoever has had the misfortune, while riding in the cars, to meet another train with its whistle in full blast, may at least have had the consolation of a curious phenomenon in acoustics. As the whistle passes it suddenly changes its pitch, falling quite perceptibly in the scale. This fact might have been anticipated from well-known principles of sound; for the pitch of a note depends upon the interval between the pulses, and if the musical instrument and the ear, by a motion of either or both, approach each other, the pulses of sound come to the ear in more rapid succession, and consequently the pitch is raised; and if, on the other hand, the instrument and the ear recede from one another, the pulses are delayed, and the pitch is lowered. Thus in the meeting of two trains of cars, the ear and the whistle approach at first, and after meeting recede by the sum of their motions. Hence the pitch of the whistle falls. The effect is the same as if the velocity of the sound were increased and then diminished by the relative motion of the trains; so that, knowing the velocity of sound, it is easy to compute the effect of this motion on the pitch.

If the trains, for instance, are each moving thirty miles an hour, the change in the pitch of the whistle is a little more than one note of the scale.

While the relative motion of the ear and the musical instrument is uniform, the melody of music is not affected, since all the notes of the music are raised or lowered in the same proportion; but any change in this motion changes the key, so that the "Calliope" on the locomotive or the steamboat, beginning a piece of music as it approaches, and ending the piece after it has passed, will "flat out" most lamentably to the ear

of the listener who is so unfortunate as to be a-foot.

The time of the music is affected in the same manner by this change of relative velocity, for, as the interval of time between the pulses of a note is diminished or increased by the approach or recession of the musical instrument, so the intervals between the notes themselves are shortened or lengthened in the same way and in the same proportion.

This change of time tends to add solemnity to the lugubrious wail of the changing key. To some ears the change of time would perhaps be the more painful, while other ears would be more keenly alive to the change of the key. These changes of the force, the key and the time of the musical performance are unavoidable, however perfectly the "Calliope" may be constructed. The Muse is essentially sedentary in her habits, and she will never endure the migratory steam-whistle, even if art should cure its wheezing and soften its tones for her service. The only remedy is to take the bull by the horns and ride with the music; or else to keep at a safe distance, where the change of relative velocity is not so abrupt.—N. J. *Evening Post*.

A Finger in a Sling.

Do you know who *Bessy Bodkin* is? Ask the first young lady under five years of age, whom you may meet. She will tell you that *Bessy* is the sister of *Billy Wilkins*, *Long Hester*, and two others, and will point her out to you as the third finger of your hand. Well, somebody has discovered that when *Bessy* was made, nature utterly forgot the noblest use to which the human hand can be applied, namely, the playing on the pianoforte, and, in her negligence, so tied up *Bessy* with ligaments and tendons, that she cannot come down on the keys with the *aplomb* of her brothers and sisters. And somebody, aforesaid, has contrived a thing called the *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast*, which is to be affixed to *Bessy*, and is to enable her to acquit herself better than nature intended. The profound ingenuity displayed in the title of the invention is as preternatural as the thing itself. What *Tritons*, *Dactyls*, or *Gymnastics* have to do with pianoforte playing we do not affect to know, but we are just as much delighted as if we did. What a wonderful age we live in!

What miracles of perfection our artists ought to be! What a great creature Mendelssohn would have been, had he only had a *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast*! We always felt that there was something wanting, even in his most exquisite compositions. It was the want of *Trito-dactylo-gymnastic* treatment. We are intoxicated to hear, however, that Mr. Ella has patriotically undertaken to go through all Mendelssohn's works, with a *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast* on both hands, and write up the music to the mark the composer would have attained, had he known of this unutterably important invention. A new era in music is at hand—or at least at third finger. Moreover, we observe that "medical testimony" to the merits of the machine is proffered. To be sure the name of the proposed medical witness is one that would not infallibly insure the insertion of his advertisements in a respectable paper, but that is a trifle. *Trito-Dactylo-Gymnastics*. We linger over—daily with such a poluphlossboyothalassesetic name, and mildly recall the deep wisdom of the venerable J. P. Harley, who quaintly remarked with a grimace of disfavor directed at some polysyllabic puff, "the more Greek the more —." —*From Punch*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 10, 1857.

Organ Concert.

The beautiful organ just erected in the Hollis Street Church (Rev. T. S. King's) by Messrs. Simmons & Willcox (late Simmons & Fisher) of this city, received a formal opening last Saturday

evening. The church was crowded with the members of the parish and invited guests, including a large representation of our most musical people. A number of our best organists tested the powers of the instrument in turn, in various styles of organ music, from grave to gay, from fugue to favorite melody and variations, according to the following programme:

- PART I.
1—Opening Voluntary, performed by Mr. A. U. Hayter.
2—Quartet by the Choir of Hollis Street Church:—
Miss Franklin, Mrs. McFarland, Mr. Low, Mr. Upham.
3—Organ—Selections, ending with Fugue in E flat, Bach
Mr. S. A. Bancroft.
4—Song—"With verdure clad," Haydn
Mrs. Fowle.
5—Reminiscences of Rossini, by Mr. Baumbach.
6—Extempore Performance, by Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
7—Quartet—"Where are thy bowers," Rossini
Mrs. Fowle, Miss Humphrey, Mr. Low, Mr. Wright.
8—Chorus—"Gloria," from the Twelfth Mass, Mozart
- PART II.
9—Extempore Performance, ending with Fugue on Bach, Rink
Mr. J. H. Willcox
10—Sextet—"As pants the hart," Spohr
Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Coverly, Miss Washburn, Miss Humphrey,
Mr. Stone, Mr. Wright.
11—Andante, with Variations, Rink
Mr. Wm. R. Babcock.
12—Quartet by Choir of Hollis Street Church.
13—Chorus—"The Lord is great," Righini
14—Flute Concerto, Rink
Mr. B. J. Lang.
15—The "Old Hundred," in which the audience are invited to join.

We lost the doubtless excellent performances of Mr. HAYTER and Mr. BANCROFT, and got but an indistinct impression (owing to our bad seat at first) of Mr. PARKER's improvisation upon a well known Russian air, well suited to the organ; so far as we could hear it, his work seemed musician-like and solid. We were afterwards more fortunate, and really *heard* the organ from a favorable position. Mr. WILLCOX, always one of our most accomplished organists, who has a peculiar talent for putting an organ through its paces, and weaving a fair display of all its peculiar stops and combinations into a free and rambling, yet well-connected and expressive fantasia of a taking character, is now a partner in the firm who built the instrument. His performance gave especial pleasure, eliciting equal admiration for itself and for the power and beauty of the instrument. He has an easy, graceful mastery of the stops, meeting the character of each half-way with an appropriate musical intention, letting each sing a fitting, characteristic melody, and combining several or all to just the right harmonic coloring. Rink's fugue on a theme represented by the notes B A C H, which is the German for what we should write B, A C B, (Bach himself also used the same theme,) was played with consummate neatness, clearness and distinctness, and proved that a Fugue can interest a general audience.—Mr. BABCOCK, whose earnest and high-toned devotion to the pure, classical models of organ composition is worthy of all praise, especially in a young American who has not been abroad, gave an excellent rendering of the ingenious and well-contrasted variations by Rink.—Mr. BAUMBACH'S reminiscences of Rossini were brilliant and gracefully rendered; but a less serious and church-like set of motives could hardly have been selected even from Rossini, they consisting mostly of the most secular and also hacknied melodies from the opera "Moses in Egypt."—Mr. LANG'S rendering of Rink's Flute Concerto was an exceedingly neat and fluent performance, exhibiting the beauty of the flute stop to great advantage.

Every one regretted not to hear among the rest the organist of the church, Mr. TRENKLE, who is one of the most accomplished, sound and classical, as well as singularly modest of the Ger-

man musicians, who have made their abode in our city. But he has other opportunities, and he loves those of service better than those of show.

The singing was for the most part excellent, the fuller choruses, such as that especially by Righini, (sung by twelve voices of uncommon power and richness,) having much the best effect of any. Yet the Sextet by Spohr, and Mrs. FOWLE's solo were much admired.

The Organ, which has a very tasteful and unique exterior, the case being of rich mahogany, and the displayed pipes of a grey or leaden color illuminated with gold, is remarkably effective for its size; rich, euphonious, well balanced in the ensemble of tone, and the several stops finely voiced and characteristic. It has three Manuals, each from CC to G, 56 notes, and Pedal, two octaves and two semi-tones. The Great Organ has eleven registers; the Choir Organ, eight; the Swell, ten; and the Pedal, two; there are also eight mechanical stops (couplers, tremulant, &c.) The diapasons have a rich and lusty quality of tone; the pedal bass is full and grand; the finer stops are very musical and sympathetic; the trumpet speaks with remarkable promptness and vigor; the Cremona sings a baritone melody with admirable tone; and the mixtures are sufficiently *criant*, without making the pyramid of sound top-heavy. The mechanical action seems to be singularly perfect. Altogether, it is an organ in which the Society, if they have music in their souls, must feel much satisfaction. With such an organist as Mr. Trenkle, and a pastor who so well appreciates the religious ministry of music, it must add not a little inspiration to the worship in that place.

Orpheus.

Such is the name, as many of our readers know, of the German *Männer-Gesang-verein*, or Glee Club in this city; for we have but one, while New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, &c., count such clubs by the dozen. But this one is a noble one, and bore away the palm at the last great congress of part-song singers in Philadelphia. Their concerts were among the purest and most inspiring of last winter's musical occasions. Since then, all summer they have met two evenings every week for practice, in their cozy club room, (naturally, by old traditional Teutonic affinity, under the same roof with a *lager-bier* saloon,) hung round with banners, trophies, pictures, and divers emblems, musical and patriotic, Orphic and Germanic. A very genial and friendly, very German, very tuneful, and in truth very smoky atmosphere pervades the place. There is freedom without rudeness, conviviality without excess, familiarity without vulgarity. There is a fine blending of the social element with the artistic, of recreation with improvement. Music is the bond of union—music and that German sentiment of brotherhood and freedom, to which so many of the beautiful and stirring songs of Deutschland owe their inspiration.

It is an exceedingly pleasant, free and easy, friendly place to drop into of an evening, sure of hearing some of the best of music, while the sight and clink of foaming glasses, even if you are not disposed to taste the national beverage "which cheers but not intoxicates," does much to place all parties upon easy, equal terms, and dispose you to drink in music at every pore. Indeed it is only in such easy, free conditions that one is truly open

to the charm of music; your stiff concert, fashionable dress opera or music party, is nothing to it.

We never drop in at the "Orpheus" without thinking, what a sensible way, for young men, aye and older men, of passing an evening! When will Young America learn to do anything so sensible? Not perhaps until we are as truly musical a people as the German; not, at least, until we *love* music as earnestly, love it *as Art*; above all, not until we come to have some sense of what is meant by *geniality*. Observe it is not a question between having a good time of an evening or not, between convivial and serious hours. Pleasure, society, excitement of some sort the young men do and will have. The only question is: shall it be of a sensible, truly social, inspiring and improving kind—a happiness that does not hurt but help the growth of what is good in us; or shall it be stupid, vulgar, sensual, idle, uninspired by any generous, beautiful ideal? The Germans seem to us in a good degree—remarkable, compared with our own people, who know not the art of amusing themselves—to have solved the problem. We forgive them the thick envelopment of smoke, for the sake of the pure bright flame that glows within; we positively think well of the beer accompaniment (waiving the physiological and dietetic question—as also the æsthetic) for the moral good it seems to do by way of social stimulus, so innocent compared with those in vogue among more Puritanic races. Better the wholesome moderate indulgence, than the terrible reaction of our sanctified and theoretic abstinence. Why will not our young men form singing clubs, uniting the practice of fine, noble music with such cheap and innocent material stimulus, instead of lounging about bar-rooms, stultifying and brutalizing themselves with the coarse and dangerous expedients of idle, sham society? They have in the average better voices than the Germans; they have a certain love of music; why will they not exercise it on something higher than negro songs, and the poor, stale, vulgar convivial choruses, which so often ring in street and tavern? What so simple and sensible as to unite in circles of twenty or thirty, employ a good musician-like teacher and leader, take a room, and make it the business of an evening or two each week to thoroughly learn some of these noble German part-songs, or English glees, or choruses from the best operas, thus cherishing the artistic and the social element at once? Most of the members of the German clubs are plain mechanics, clerks, &c., by no means artists, who find in the club meetings their best means of refined and elevating culture. With them mingle not a few, who are men of means and culture, some who are artists, and the occasion is a good one for all. All feel better for it, and better fitted to enter with a cheerful spirit, and with a sense of self-respect upon the serious cares of the next morning.

We are led into these remarks, by thinking of a delightful entertainment at the Orpheus room this week. It was one of their reception nights, or parties, to which they sometimes invite their room full of friends and in the usual dishabille of beer and smoke, treat them to a programme of their choicest and best learned pieces. The room was divided midway by a fine Chickering Grand Piano, and closely packed at one end, (seated all at tables) were the singing members, to the number of some thirty, while the other end was equally packed with listeners, smoking cigars, or

smoked, also around tables. The excellent KREISSMANN presided and conducted. There were three of our best pianists present, Messrs. DRESEL, TRENKLE and LEONHARD. The former played the accompaniments to such pieces as require it, viz. songs, trios, opera choruses, &c. The proper German part-song needs no instrument. The singers rose, the conductor waved his stick, and forth rolled in rich, full, organ-like harmony, from thirty manly voices, the sublime chorus of priests: *O Isis and Osiris*, from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. We were at once struck with the improved collective quality of tone of the Orpheus; the voices blended into a richer and more euphonious whole, than they did last winter. They have gained some fine accessions, particularly in the tenor. And the fruits of practice were quite obvious.

Next came the *Scena* from *Freyschütz*, "Thro' the forest," &c., sung with much spirit by the younger of the brothers SCHRAUBSTADTER, who has some admirable high tenor notes, and whose voice and talent are a great addition. A Trio with chorus, from Weber's *Euryanthe*, was superb; it only needed a larger room. Delicious, too, was the Trio (Kreissmann and the brothers S.) from Mozart's "Seraglio." Such selections are not heard at any of our concerts; perhaps they will be this winter. These were interspersed with part-songs by Mendelssohn, a sentimental one by Kücken (whose compositions are clever imitations of the Italian); a ballad or two by Schumann, with quaint accompaniment and melody; a singing *waltz* (!) by the whole club, with introduction and all, quite droll and graceful; comic songs and choruses; a piano-forte Romanza, by Schumann, delicate and rare, and exquisitely played by Trenkle; and a sparkling bravura Mazurka, by Schulhoff, finely executed by Leonhard.—The music gave unqualified delight, and warranted the most agreeable anticipations of the next series of Orpheus Concerts.

We have a letter from CARL ZERRAHN, who was to sail from Hamburg in the steamer Borussia on the 1st, and will be among us in a few days. Then, in spite of the hard times, nay all the more, by necessary reaction from the soul-consuming gloom, we may look out for inspiring concerts of orchestral music. Mr. Z. has had a delightful time, revisiting his home, and travelling on the Rhine, in Switzerland and France and England, hearing fine music, making the acquaintance of Richard Wagner, who seems to have made the pleasantest impression on him, &c., &c.

In such blue, suspicious times, when "money," "credit," are the themes of all our music, when "panic" sets the key and tempo, concord is put off by unendurable "suspicion," and the whole orchestra is one sulphurous Freyschutz "tremolo" of terror and misgiving, it is pleasant to hear one sweet snatch of wholesome, human re-assuring melody steal in amid the murky chaos. We cannot resist the temptation to quote one of the *pleasing* incidents in the dark times, which has already found extensive circulation and been read with a thrill of new confidence in human nature. Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS, the extensive piano-forte makers, employ about three hundred mechanics and many laborers, and have a large pay-roll to meet, of course, each week. Saturday before last, in consequence of the non-arrival of remittances here from all parts of the country, and with business paper maturing which required all their available funds, this perfectly solvent firm were unable to pay off their hands. The workmen met, and without a dissenting voice, passed resolutions expressive of sympathy and confidence in their employers, and of their ability and willingness to wait till better times, and even tender-

ing them a loan of six or eight thousand dollars out of their own earnings. That was noble, and speaks volumes in praise of the relation that has existed between employers and employed, a relation alike honorable to both parties.

The New York Academy of Music will be closed for a fortnight, to give time for the preparation of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, &c. The new season will probably open with *Semiramide*, in which Madame D'ANGRI will make her debut on the stage as Arsace. Herr FORMES is now on his way to this country.

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA.—Lumley's company gave some extra performances of Italian opera in the last part of September; among other pieces, *Don Giovanni*, with Mlles. Piccolomini, Spezia, Ortolani, and Signors Giuglini, Beneventano, Belletti, &c. The *Traviata* and the *Trovatore* of course followed, to show the progress art has made since Mozart.

The following notices of new music, in the *Athenæum*, show how seriously the art is cultivated by some Englishmen and English women:

Symphony, No. 1. (in E flat, for Orchestra, by Joseph Street. Op. 4, Score—[Symphonie, &c.] (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Härtel; London, Ewer & Co.) A first Symphony, by an Englishman, published in score at Leipzig, is an appearance which appeals to bystanders as a sign of production such as has not been made, we apprehend, since Professor Bennett's "start" in Germany. Though no perusal will represent to us how far our countryman is successful in the management of orchestral combinations, the eye can gather from this published score the satisfactory assurance that its writer is not among those who have "eaten nightshade"—otherwise, who have been infected by the new doctrine, the tendency of which is to de throne idea, so far as clearness of form, pleasantness of melody, and symmetry of structure are involved in it. The Symphony is obviously clearly imagined and intelligently wrought out. In the introduction, however, there are more silences than can be effective, let the plea of suspense be urged ever so strongly. By a less timid employment of counterpoint, the phrases might have been tied together with some filament of sound, destroying the apparent formality of the movement, not impairing the curiosity of the listener. The *allegro* seems to us too long drawn, though well conducted in its middle portion. The *adagio* and the *scherzo* apparently exceed it in interest. Echoes of Beethoven may be heard, we imagine, from the beginning to the end of this meritorious Symphony, but they are echoes of Beethoven's beautiful and not his crude phrases. A composer only at his fourth work is permitted to show his models, and pardonable if he even fall into quotation without knowing as much, since, if he have anything to say, emanation and originality are pretty sure to come later. We shall look with interest for future music signed by the composer of this symphony.

Six Pedal Fugues, of which five are upon English Psalm tunes, and Eight other Movements for the Organ. By Elizabeth Stirling. (Novello.) We have here another reminder of the amount of serious musical thought and knowledge which exists among our countrywomen. The remarkable organ playing of Miss Stirling will not be forgotten by any one who heard it some years ago; and while some of our men have been frittering time over *divertimenti*, *bagatelles*, *opera-airs* spoiled, and other trumpery calling itself music for the piano-forte, the lady seems to have been not only playing on, but also thinking steadily for, her instrument; and the fruits of her labors here put forth may be placed on the same shelf with most of the modern music produced in England for the organ. The Fugues are ingeniously treated, with a fair amount of variety and enterprise. To be new in fugue-writing at the present time is almost as hard as it would be to produce new combinations *alla Palestrina*. Thus Miss Stirling's invention will be best studied in the "Eight Movements," which seem to us so sober and solid (as organ music should be), but not stupid, clear in design, clever in construction, and giving scope to considerable executive power, a little natural timidity in the claims made by the lady on the pedal-board allowed for. To sum up, this is a book to which Englishmen as well as English women may appeal with pride when the soundness of their musical accomplishments is inquired into. Here we may mention (though by no means classing the two publications at the same figure of merit) *Two Movements for the Organ—an adagio non troppo*, and an *andante pastorale*, Op. 3, by Charles Edward Stevens.

PARIS.—The *Africaine* is again spoken of. Does this mean we are to have the *Africaine* once for all? Not a bit of it. Meyerbeer is doubtless a great mu-

sician; but he is also the greatest diplomatist of our times. He possesses the art of stimulating public curiosity, of raising expectation, of keeping managers on the alert, of monopolizing dramatic and musical glory, and all the while he is quite at his ease. The *Prophète* followed the *Huguenots* at an interval of fifteen or sixteen years, during which time, every trip the composer took from Berlin to Paris, or *vice versa*, caused the greatest possible excitement. The *Africaine* was in existence even then. We must feed upon hope.

Rossini is better pleased than ever with his stay at Passy; he is not afraid of music now—quite the contrary; he has even taken to composing music again. The celebrated maestro has written several scenes; amongst which we may mention the *Titan*, for Levasseur, and an *O Salutaris*. Let us hope that these are symptoms of a musical resurrection.

A monumental tomb has just been raised to Zingarelli in the church of St. Domenico Maggiore, in Naples, by his friend Benedetto Vita, by means of a national subscription. On the day of the installation, high mass was executed by a hundred and fifty instrumentalists and chorists, under the direction of Mercadante, who succeeded Zingarelli in his situation as director of the Academy of Music.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique, *Euryanthe* has been produced with questionable success. Weber wrote *Euryanthe* after *Der Freischütz*, and before *Oberon*. At the onset it was coldly received, and obtained little more than a *succès d'estime*. This is, however, explained on reading the *libretto*, which is ill-constructed and devoid of interest. MM. de Saint-Georges and de Leuven have remodelled it. The story of the old novel, the point of which consists in the fact that Euryanthe has a mark on her bosom resembling a violet, is retained. A recreant knight contrives to gain admission to her bed-room, and, having discovered her secret, makes use of it (like Iachimo with Imogen, in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline") to damage her reputation. Euryanthe (according to the new version) has an affianced lover, a knight named Odoard, and is also loved by Reynold, who resolves to supplant his rival. The prince, Euryanthe's guardian, has fixed the marriage day, and commanded the necessary festivities. On his return from Palestine, Odoard has brought over a sorceress, called Zara, who is in love with him, but, in spite of her charms, fails to win his regard. She persuades Reynold to make a wager with Odoard that he will obtain from Euryanthe an irrefutable proof of her favors. Odoard accepts in presence of the Prince and the whole court. Reynold is at a loss how to proceed, when Zara relates the story of a Babylonian princess, who had a flower of eglantine imprinted on her breast. She then waves her hand, and the wall opens and discovers Euryanthe in a deep sleep. Reynold, thus enlightened, presents himself at court, states the circumstance, and claims the bet. Odoard leaves Euryanthe without explanation, while her knights overwhelm her with reproaches. Odoard, however, returns, declares himself Euryanthe's champion, and defies Reynold to single combat. Zara then presents Reynold with a sword, which no armor can resist. The combat is about to take place, but Reynold loses confidence, when the prince orders the champions to exchange weapons. Zara, who still loves Odoard, now repents, and confides the whole secret to the prince. The combat is suspended, Euryanthe's innocence is proclaimed, and with this clumsy catastrophe the curtain falls.

The *romanza* of Odoard has been reduced to two couplets, there being three in the original scene. An air and a duet of the second act have been transferred to the first. The third act has been almost entirely changed. Among other interpolations are the march from *Preciosa*, and the *Invitation à la Fête*.

The piece is well got up, both as regards the scenery and dresses. Mlle. Rey, from the Opéra-Comique, is Euryanthe; Mlle. Borghese, Zara; M. Michot, Odoard; and M. Balanqué, Reynold—mediocrity on all sides. The orchestra, under M. Delloffe, did its best, but that was not superlative. The audience was cold and apathetic.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

Advertisements.

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In connection with

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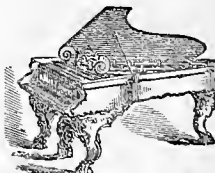
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From a Lecture on Bells.

BY A. W. THAYER.

We Americans have at home little opportunity to know the grand effects produced by bells of a large size, as they roll forth their tones of an indescribable dignity and solemnity—a deep bass to all the varied sounds of city life. The only large bells I know of in America, are: that on the city hall of New York, said to weigh 21,000 lbs., and two at Montreal, one upon the Cathedral weighing some 30,000 lbs., which is the largest ever cast in England, unless the new bell for the Parliament clock, be larger, the weight of which I have not seen. The largest bell in England, except perhaps that just mentioned, was cast in 1845 for York Minster, and weighs rather more than 27,000 lbs. The most noted of the other English bells are the "Great Tom," at Oxford, 17,000 lbs., that at Lincoln, a little more than 11,000 lbs., and the principal one on St. Paul's, a little less than that.

But the bells on the continent of Europe far surpass those of Great Britain. At Erfurt in Germany is a very famous bell, weighing over 27,000 lbs., which was baptized by the name of Susanne, and is distinguished for the excellence of its metal, having the largest proportion of silver. It was cast in 1497, while Columbus was still exploring the Antilles, and Martin Luther was a child at school. As I stood by this noble bell, I thought, how often a few years later, with his exquisite sense of musical effects, must the future Reformer have listened, delighted with its deep tones, as he went from house to house begging bread for himself and his brother monks. And what recollections must its voice have awakened within him, when he stopped at Erfurt and

preached, while on his way to Worms; or towards the close of his life, when he came thither, the great apostle, honored and beloved by the third part of all Christendom!

The principal bells at Paris, Vienna, and Olmutz, weigh respectively, 340, 354, and 358 cwt., or 38,080, 39,648, and 40,336 lbs. [Some doubt as to the correctness of these figures.] The disciples of the Greek church, especially in Russia, have however paid the greatest attention to bells, and theirs cast all others into the shade. A quaint writer informs us that the amount of saving grace obtained by presenting a bell to the church depended upon the size of the offering; and thus successive Czars and Czarinas vied with each other in casting them of extraordinary size, until Empress Anne, in 1730, caused one to be founded, which, like the Vicar of Wakefield's picture, could not be moved from the spot of its construction. Whether the church in this instance took the will for the deed, the patriarch has not informed us. Allow me to quote a passage from Clarke's Travels, a book now read but little if at all. He is speaking of Easter week in old Moscow, before its destruction in the wars of Napoleon.

"The numberless bells of Moscow continue to ring during the whole of Easter week, tinkling and tolling without harmony or order. The large bell near the cathedral is only used upon important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the belfry of St. Ivan, beneath others which, though of less size, are enormous. It is 40 ft. 9 in. in circumference, 16½ in. thick, and it weighs more than 57 tons. The great bell of Moscow, known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. The history of its fall is a fable, and as writers continue to copy each other, the story continues to be propagated: the fact is, the bell remains where it was originally cast—it was never suspended. The Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first rate line of battle ship with all its guns and stores. A fire took place in the Kremlin, the flames of which caught the building erected over the pit in which the bell yet remained; in consequence of this the metal became hot, and water thrown to extinguish the fire fell upon the bell, causing the fracture which has taken place. . . . The bell is truly a mountain of metal. They relate that it contains a very large proportion of gold and silver, for that while it was in fusion the nobles and the people cast in as votive offerings their plate and money. . . . I endeavored in vain to assay a small part. The natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off; at the same time, it may be said, the compound has a white, shining appearance, unlike bell-metal in general, and perhaps its silvery appearance has strengthened, if not given rise to a conjecture respecting

the richness of its materials. On festival days the peasants visit the bell as they would a church, considering it an act of devotion, and they cross themselves as they descend and ascend the steps leading to the bell."

Mr. Clarke gives an amusing description of his visit to the deep, dark pit in which the bell then lay, but I will not quote farther from him, as the huge object no longer remains beneath the surface of the earth. In the spring of 1837, the Czar Nicholas caused it to be raised and placed upon a massive pedestal of granite, near the tower of Ivan Veliki, where it now is exposed to the astonished gaze of every visitor. The Czar Kolokol—the Monarch, as it is named—bears the figure of the Empress Anne in flowing robes, beneath which is a border of flowers. It has been consecrated as a chapel, and the fracture, near which stands the piece which fell out, serves as the door. But this chapel is not so very small—it is 21 ft. 3 in. in height, and 22 ft. in diameter! Certainly a fair sized room or dome. The weight is above 443,000 lbs.,—more than 200 tons!

Iron, brass, steel, gold, silver, glass, and even wood have been used in the construction of bells—though the more precious metals of course have never been formed into the large class of bells of which I am speaking. One or two ancient wooden bells still hang in European towers; having never heard one of them, I am unable to describe the tone they make—doubtless wooden. Compounds of metals seem to produce the best effects, and the compound of copper and tin in about the proportion of 100 lbs. copper to 23 lbs. of tin, gives the substance which, in considering excellence of tone, cost of material, and liability to injury, is best fitted for the purpose. By adding a small quantity of the precious metals to the compound, the tone is thought, probably with no good reason, to be improved; I have often speculated whether the sweetness and purity of the tones of old European bells were owing to superiority of construction, to their centuries of service, or to the gold and silver thrown into the fused mass, when cast, by devotees. As our bell-metal has stood the test of long experience, so also has the form we give to bells, especially to those of large size. The dish form, which molten lead allowed to cool in small quantities in hemispherical vessels assumes, has been found to impart sonorousness to that sluggish metal, and from this hint we derive the form of bells in clocks, and those which are attached to locomotives and station-houses upon German railroads, and which are struck by small hammers. To my ear, however, the peculiar richness of our church bells is wanting in these. My impression is, that owing to that form the vibrations give a simple note

only—though the material may have some influence. At all events a great proportion of the cost is saved, as we get an equally loud sound from a smaller quantity of metal. The worst form I take to be that which approaches nearest to flatness; from the Chinese gong we get but a hideous roar. The celebrated bells of Nankin, now destroyed, were barrel-shaped—one was 12 feet by $7\frac{1}{2}$, and weighed 50,000 lbs. What its tones were I do not find recorded. Others at Pekin reach the size of 120,000 lbs., but being struck with mallets, the effect is poor. I doubt, however, if their tones would be found equal to those of our common form.

The State of Music in England.

BY V. SCHÖLCHER.

[Concluded from p. 220.]

In fact, not only is England a more musical country than is generally supposed, but it is a country in which music has been cultivated to a very high pitch for a long time past. To this is due the idea of those great musical reunions called Festivals. At the Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, was assembled, *for the first time in the world*, an orchestra of 526 artists, singers and instrumentalists.

In the present century, when the spirit of association communicates to every thing colossal proportions, it was reserved for England alone to surpass herself. That which took place at the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham on the 10th of June, 1854, will doubtless be recorded. Upon that occasion Great Britain not only showed that she could create the most magnificent utilitarian institution of the nineteenth century, but also that she could arrange a musical spectacle upon unparalleled proportions. Three hundred and eighty-seven instrumentalists, and twelve hundred and forty-eight choral singers, organized by the Sacred Harmonic Society, executed remarkably well, after a single rehearsal, "God save the Queen," the Hundredth Psalm, and the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah." Although almost every body in England knows those three pieces by heart, it is none the less extraordinary that such a mass as sixteen hundred and thirty-five performers could be brought to execute them well together after a single rehearsal. The next Handel Festival, announced for the month of June, 1857, will number two thousand five hundred performers! The entire musical arrangements also are undertaken by the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose ordinary orchestra of seven hundred performers will be the nucleus of this colossal display. It is a new title for this Society to the esteem of all friends of art. These things appear to indicate not so much an accidental increase as a progressive law, the result of scientific labor in connection with the extension of buildings; for it will remain, as an honorable fact in the musical history of England, that

In 1784 there were 526 artists brought together.	
In 1791 " 1068	"
In 1854 " 1635	"
In 1857 " 2500	"

But it is not in London only that music is thus cultivated. Every year there are in the provinces two or three festivals, for each of which the locality in which it takes place pays not less than three or four thousand pounds sterling. There is not one town of any importance in the kingdom that has not a building more or less specially destined for these feasts of art. The Music Hall at Manchester is one of the finest modern edifices in this country, and will contain 4000 persons; the concert rooms in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, the Philharmonic Hall in the same town, and the Music Hall at Bradford, are admirably adapted for great musical displays. In 1854 I attended a festival at Norwich, given, according to custom, for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the county. The artists who executed these pieces, under the direction of that able conductor, M. Benedict, were three hundred in num-

ber. The receipts of the five concerts amounted to £4000. A perusal of the programme will serve to give some notion of the style of music which, even in the provinces, is considered most likely to attract a crowd: Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and "Messiah"; the overture to *Leonora*, the Symphony in A flat, and the Grand Mass in C, by Beethoven; Haydn's "Creation"; several morceaux from Mozart and Weber, and selections from Guglielmi, Festa, Stradella, Cherubini, etc. About the same period Manchester and Gloucester had festivals of quite as high an order.

Last year, in the month of September, the Birmingham Festival, with M. Costa at its head, held seven meetings, and collected £11,537 from 13,038 auditors. Extraordinary as they may appear, these figures are authentic. In this town, which seems to be entirely devoted to manufactures, where you can see no other colonnades but the chimnies of factories and steam-engines, where the sun can scarcely penetrate the black canopy of smoke—these great solemnities are always performed with equal success. In 1852 the sum collected was £10,638. It would be puerile to cite a more extraordinary proof of the power of music than these great inroads upon the purse of a community. At the same time it should be recorded that in these festivals the neighborhood always supplies amateurs capable of taking part in the chorus and the orchestra, and everywhere there are critics who really understand the science, and who criticize the performances in the public journals. And so interested is all England in these matters, that the principal London journals usually give some account of these musical doings in the provinces.

The English press undoubtedly puts forward strange opinions upon occasions: as, for example, we are told that Haydn's "Creation" is weak and small!! (see the *Times* of the 11th of December, 1855); that "the music allotted to the soprano in 'Elijah' is of a far deeper meaning and a far loftier beauty than anything Haydn ever imagined," (*Times* of Dec. 18.) But apart from these eccentricities (and where is it that there are no incendiaries for the Temple of Ephesus?) it is certain that musical criticism in England is more serious, and, above all, more learned than the French.

There is another proof that England loves music, to be derived from the great number of books published upon that art, and the high prices which are set upon them. The four volumes of Dr. Burney cannot be purchased for less than £4; a second edition of the five volumes quarto, by Hawkins, has been published by Mr. Novello; and, nevertheless, there are five or six more Histories of Music, by different authors. If, on the other hand, it is urged that a portion of the English public runs after bad music—and we are reminded of those concerts at which the pit, transformed into an open arena, is filled with men who walk about, hat on head, and conversing with women—we reply that these facts prove nothing. Classical music is a thing so delicate, so beyond all other, that it requires a certain culture to appreciate it. Among people of the highest civilization, it is appreciated only by those who are endowed with artistic taste, and necessarily the mass of the population acquires it last; but even in this respect England appears to me to be the most advanced. Nowhere do the masses get better music, which is as much as to say that nowhere are the masses more enlightened with respect to music. At Mr. Hullah's concerts, where the prices of admission are one and two shillings, only the highest class of works is performed, such as the "Requiem" of Mozart, the "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, and Handel's Oratorios; and these great works are performed with the greatest taste and exactness. In the programme of a concert given at Canterbury, where the prices were the same, we find the names of Handel, Haydn and Mozart. In what other country in the world can shillings purchase such exquisite delicacies? In France, as in Germany, the happiness of listening to a symphony is a sort of privilege reserved exclusively for the rich. The history of the art must assign to England the

honor and the merit of having brought that noble and beneficent pleasure within reach of the poor. And here let us do honor to a modest, but really useful man, Mr. Hullah. Music is not only a pleasure, but it is one of the most healthy kinds of nourishment for the mind. Consult the criminal statistics, and it is extraordinary how small a number of musicians are to be found there. Of all the professions, it is incontestably this which furnishes the smallest number of recruits to the prisons and the hulks, and the smallest number of victims to the scaffold. Every thing, therefore, which renders good music more attainable to those who are destitute of wealth, is a real moral service to society, and the efforts of Mr. Hullah in this direction deserve the greatest respect.

But what we have said proves not only the good direction given to music, but also the progress of the people. These *chefs d'œuvre*, requiring a numerous and able orchestra, necessitate great expenses; and therefore the speculator who risks his money upon such undertakings must have certain confidence in the taste and spirit of the nation.

By dint of searching among the remotest villages of the Germanic Confederation, a man may be found who does not know the name of Mozart; and perhaps it would not be impossible to meet in the Pontine Marshes with a goatherd who never heard of Rossini; but the Englishman does not exist who is not familiar with the name of Handel. The admiration felt here for him is really universal; his name has certainly penetrated deeper into the population than those of his rivals in their own countries. Far more English have heard the "Messiah" than Germans the *Don Juan* or the Symphony in D, or Italians the *Il Barbiere*.

France is very far indeed from having made equal progress. Classical music is there confined to a very restricted circle; and the works of the great masters are forgotten, or at least neglected, with the exception of the symphonies and such music as may be connected with theatres. Since the death of the austere Baillet, there have been none of those instrumental quatuors and quintets, which form one of the most exquisitely beautiful branches of the art. An amateur has given, in a too short series of concerts, some music of Palestrina, Orlando Lassus, Pergolese, Allegri, etc.; but this laudable experiment did not spread beyond the walls of a private house. As for oratorios, nothing but the "Creation" has been heard since the Directory, with the exception of "Judas Maccabeus" and the "Messiah," feebly executed a few times before an audience of subscribers by a society of amateurs. France, it must be confessed, is, in this respect, unworthy of herself; she has done nothing to emulate the annual festivals of Germany and England, where imposing choral and instrumental masses are used to render fitly the epic poems of music; and let us add, that in England they are executed in the highest style of excellence. The choruses, consisting of from three to four hundred voices, are good, when they are well conducted; the orchestras are powerful; and for the solo parts they have Mesdames Clara Novello, Lockey, and Dolby, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lockey, all genuine artists, and all natives of England. Ever since the now remote era in which the admirable Garcia and Pelligri, Mesdames Pasta and Piesaroni flourished, I have heard all the singers who have been celebrated; and, without asserting that Mme. Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves are equal to the most illustrious of these, I am not afraid to say that they are only second to them. Neither do I hesitate to state that whoever has not yet heard an oratorio executed in London, or at one of the provincial festivals, has not tasted the full amount of delight which music is able to give him.

Thus, then, it seems that the bad reputation which England has on the Continent as a musical nation, arises from a prejudice; and it may be that these few words will do something toward dissipating it—not because I have the vanity to suppose that my voice is powerful, nor because I have stated anything particularly new, but be-

cause I have stated material and undoubted facts. Nor have I done this to flatter England (for I have lost any such desire), but simply to record the truth.

On the other hand, the English entertain some prejudices with respect to the French. Out of contempt for French music, none of the charming works of Monsigny, Catel, Grétry, Daleyrac, Mehul, Boieldieu, or Berton, has appeared upon an English stage for nearly a century. M. Halévy's *Juive* has indeed been given, but without (what is generally considered to be of some importance in an opera) the music! *Richard Cœur de Lion*, when translated, could win no admirers. Burney himself, in spite of his excellent taste and his fine judgment, has not escaped that patriotic prejudice. His enthusiasm for Gluck is very moderate, because his genius was "Frenchified." "Gluck's music is so truly dramatic," says he, "that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect upon the stage are cold and rude in a concert (!). The situation, context, and interest gradually excited in an audience, gave them force and energy." He reproaches Piccini and Sacchini with having had "a complaisance for the ancient musical taste of France" in their operas for our stage. To his eyes, Grétry himself, "who brought with him to Paris all the taste of Italy, in compliance with the French language, has been frequently obliged to sacrifice it, in order to please his judges, and he has, at least, improved our taste as much as we have corrupted his." (p. 624.) After which, he adds in the most serious manner: "If good music and performance are ever heartily felt in France, it must be progressively; a totally different style of singing must be adopted; otherwise it will be in vain for the greatest composers, with the assistance of the best lyric poets in the universe, to attempt the reformation." Burney did not perceive that all his criticisms against the French school actually prove the individuality of that school; that it has a style, which must be something after all, if "in spite of the language," that style has produced Gluck's *Armide*, Piccini's *Didon*, Sacchini's *Œdipe à Colonne*, Salieri's *Tarare*, Spontini's *La Vestale*, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, Monsigny's *Le Déserteur*, Champen's *La Mélomanie*, Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, Lesueur's *La Caverne*, Catel's *L'Auberge de Bagères*, Steibelt's *Romeo et Juliette*, Nicolò's *Cendrillon*, Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, Mehul's *Joseph*, Berton's *Montano et Stephan*, Daleyrac's *Maison à Vendre*, Della Maria's *Le Prisonnier*, Devienne's *Les Visitandines*, Boieldieu's *Ma Tante Aurore*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Herold's *Le Pré aux Clercs*, Halévy's *La Juive*—in fact, all the old *répertoire* of the French *Opéra Comique*, in which Mehul shines conspicuously, with his style so vigorous, so strong, so eminently French. The best judges declare that it cannot be denied that the music of Rameau is a creation, that that of Philidor, the author of *Le Sorcier* and the *Marchal*, is remarkable for the novelty of its forms, and they speak of Gossec as a composer of the first order. Is it not also to the French school that the following singers belong? Carat, Martin, Lais, the Nourrits, (father and son,) Mme. Branchu, Mme. Rigant, Mme. Damoreau, M. del Sarte, M. Ponchard, and, finally, the greatest of all modern singers, M. Duprez.

Since I have adventured upon this ground, let it be added that France has not taken up a position in musical history only to-day. From the fourteenth century to the end of the sixteenth, the French and the Flemish were the sole cultivators of that divine art. At that time Italy produced nothing, and only performed the works of the composers of France and Flanders. In the catalogue of Petrucci, the inventor of music printing, (at Venice, 1502,) nothing but French and Flemish masses are to be found. It is also a French composer, Claude Goudimel, who had the honor of being Palestrina's master. The Pope's chapels were at that time served only by French and Flemish singers. The old French school began to decline under Henri Quatre, and expired in the reign of Louis XIII., because Richelieu was not fond of music; but it flourished anew after Louis XIV. attained his majority, and the

Opéra Française was founded in 1761. Although this was inspired at first by Italian taste, it quickly assumed its own colors, and we have already seen what it produced. It should not be forgotten that Gluck and the Italians who have written for the French, have written in the French style. Rossini himself, in spite of his characteristic individuality, has not escaped that powerful influence. No one will say that the wonderful author of *Il Barbiere* and the profound author of *Guillaume Tell* are not two different kinds of genius in the same man. Choron, in spite of his Italianomania, confesses that Lully, the creator of the French opera, formed a style for himself—"composed as much French as Italian melody." But even this opinion reflected some of his prejudices; for Lully was brought to France in 1647, when only fourteen years old, and his style is thoroughly French. But this would carry the discussion to too great a length for my present purpose, and therefore I will here conclude; hoping, for the future, that the two countries will henceforth render each other more justice in matters appertaining to music.

Parisian Gossip.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1857.

That solemn event, the opening of the Italian opera season, which, beyond anything else in which people are slightly interested, enjoys the privilege of text for waste talk and newspaper writing in the capitals of all civilized communities, takes place in this town at eight o'clock in the evening of the 1st of next October. Mario, Grisi, Alboni, Steffanone and other celebrities in E and I, the high priests and priestesses of the dilettanti idolatry, are paraded in large capitals on the walls of the temple in the place Ventadour. Mario receives 15,000 francs per month; the season is to last seven months; that is one hundred and five thousand francs, or \$21,000, for uttering his notes some sixty nights. Then to cap the climax, Lablache, whom I interred in a former letter, forbidden by his physicians to fulfil his engagement at St. Petersburg, and just now seeking health from the soft Italian air—Lablache the Great, whose death one would say must leave a hole in the world, may possibly be able to sing three or four times. And it is also rumored, a new composition by Rossini, which, if anything, is probably a revision of one of his several earlier operas, never performed at Paris, and scarcely known to the present opera-going world, is to be brought out. The following little morsel of statistics may be relished:—The composers whose music has been oftener performed at the Italiens since 1849 are Rossini, whose different works have been played there 237 times, Verdi's 141, Donizetti's 132, and Bellini's 107 times. Meyerbeer surpasses them at the French Opera with 306 performances of his *Huguenots* and 216 of his *Prophète*.

This composer's annually-beralded *Africaine* is announced, as it has been any time the last three years, to be brought out next season. It is said that he has recently really sold the MSS. to the Grand Opera. The cause of its delay to appear before the public is supposed to be the want of that rarest gift of God to man, a sound tenor voice of sufficient pulmonary powers. A tenor, equal to the requirements of the modern opera, is as rare a phenomenon as a comet or a good country tavern. And when one is vouchsafed to our ears, he can rarely "save his chest," in his nightly five hours' struggle against the waves of harmony surging over him from the orchestra, for more than five or six years. If he comes to something nearer deification than other mortals, and gets higher wages for his service than poets, statesmen or saints, he gains his fortune and short-lived glories at a complete sacrifice of himself as tenor, and deserves much indulgence for his arrogance of capitals and salary. "The tenor," as Mery wittily says, "is the modern Pan. Under the circumstances in which the music of the day has placed the tenor, his exacting demands seem to me quite just. We do not go now-a-days to the circus to see a gladiator fight with a tiger, but to applaud a tenor struggling with a note raised a thousand feet

above a human throat. The tenor is the gladiator, the note is the tiger. After five years passed in the circus, the gladiator—the tenor I mean—utters his last cry, and dies a martyr; he is killed by the orchestra, the composer and the public; and the Attorney-General does not recognize it as his duty to interfere and prosecute the guilty. Why, then, quarrel with a tenor, that *rara avis*, if, knowing the brevity of his life, he puts forth all his efforts to acquire a fortune in five years, so as to live honorably as a silent citizen when he is dead as a singer?"

Meanwhile, Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, which was written and performed more than twenty years ago as a comic opera, is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, the dialogue changed into recitative, and new music added. A similar operation was successfully performed on *Fra Diavolo*, with an Italian libretto, in London last year.

Meyerbeer has also completed a comic opera, which cannot be represented at present, owing to an agreement he made some time ago with Scribe, the distinguished dramatist and librettist, that he would have no work performed at Paris until after the appearance of the above and frequently before mentioned *Africaine*. And M. Scribe holds him to his bargain, with all the more tenacity that he has recently had a law-suit with the manager of the *Opéra Comique*, to force the latter to put on the stage a posthumous work of Adam, for which Scribe wrote the words. The Court has decided that Adam's notes and Scribe's words, must be rehearsed and said and sung, or else Manager Perrin must pay heavy damages, although Manager declares the public won't hear them, and adds that the public will show their taste by their refusal. There is no class of men in Paris who give more occupation to lawyers and courts of justice than theatre managers, dramatic authors and actors.

Speaking of tenors and the honors that do befall them, His Holiness the Pope, Pius IX., has lately made Antonio Poggi and Domenico Donizelli, tenors, both on the Italian theatres, knights of the order of Saint Sylvester; and yet these Europeans laugh over the inaptness of honorary demonstrations in favor of sweet singers by New York firemen!

Rachel is going to pass the early autumn and winter at Cannes, already celebrated for its mild climate, olives and anchovies, the landing of Napoleon on arriving from Elba, and for having an estate of Lord Brougham in the neighborhood.

Ristori has gone to Spain, where she has an engagement for two months, at Madrid and Barcelona.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Henri Vieuxtemps in 1843.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser and Patriot, Dec. 22, 1843.)

The arrival of this young artist, is perhaps the greatest musical event, which has yet occurred for Bostonians, (always excepting those associated efforts which, persevering in an humble way with such means as we had, have partly succeeded in domesticating among us Beethoven's Symphonies and Handel's "Messiah.") Solo-playing virtuosos, with their marvellous feats of dexterity, have too often raised here an excitement, which their no less marvellous vanity and superficiality have since made us blush for. They used the divine art to attract attention to themselves. The music was made subordinate to their performing of it. Honorable exceptions to this, like Knoop the violoncellist, have had to play to bare walls. It is a sacred duty, then, to record a calm and earnest word of deep-felt acknowledgment, when, amid all these dazzling "lights that do mislead," the genuine artist comes, modest, demanding nothing, and therefore possessing all. Or perhaps the true reception of the artist now were sacred silence, leaving words to those who, more easily than deeply moved, multiply them on every occasion,—had we only faith enough to refrain from speaking and trust that he has his reward without our spoken thanks. The concert of the great violinist on Tuesday night, before a not crowded audience, called forth a degree of enthusiasm seldom, if ever, witnessed here before;—and such an enthusiasm as the chastest worshipper of what

is truly Art in music could indulge without shame at the thought that Beethoven and Handel might see what he was doing. We did not feel that *Music* was insulted by this involuntary homage to a performer. Our pleasure in listening to him was akin to that deep, still, soul-occupying pleasure which we have when we muse upon a great musical composition, a great poem, or the face of nature; it is one of those pleasures which is stored up in our hearts forever; something more than the charm of surprise; there seemed nothing strange about it, it was so perfect; the means employed, the skill seemed nothing, but the effect upon the mind who can express or forget? It is so with all true works of genius, with all that is properly Art. The artist and his instrument and his skill retreat behind his own divine creation. It is the first time we have clearly felt all this of the great performers who have visited us. This time, thank Heaven, it was beyond a doubt.

Of the peculiarities of Mr. Viouxemps's playing we cannot, and we need not speak. Indeed there seemed to be so little peculiarity—was not that the very virtue of it? Such tones too must be heard; they defy description;—so pure that there seemed to be no intervention of strings, no resistance offered to the bow and hand that wooed them forth. Yet it was not a merely sweet and characterless tone; it came out as nervous and as strong, as it was sweet and willing. We felt more than ever that we had heard the violin. He did not seem, like so many who polish their tones away to nothing, to wish to get rid of the violin sound, as if he were ashamed of the nature of the beast. There are those who prefer the sugary softness of a flute or flageolet; these tones had parted with none of their manliness, their sharp and racy *violinity*;—while at times they could be as glossy and limpid as water itself.

Viouxemps's compositions, too, have ideas in them; they are not empty variations of mere finger-work. This agrees with what we said before of his artist-like subordination of his own personality to the musical spell which he weaves around both us and him. He does not thrust himself between his music and the hearer. His perfectly modest and unstudied, slightly awkward bearing, his fine ingenuous countenance, the deep sensibility of face, form and manner, controlled by the ideal music brooding over him, not by any tact or calculation of his, were full assurance to every one that there was no possibility of trickery here. Here was a public performer, whom the public could not spoil. So young too, only 23; and yet so self-possessed, betraying no wandering glance of the superficial aspirations of youth. His style is the most chaste we ever heard. The playing was so perfect that it seemed not wonderful. Every piece was classic in its character;—and only at the end, when insatiable *encores* drew him back for one more parting strain, did he sport any of those wild dexterities, which are the fame of Paganini and of Ole Bull. Then he showed how easily such things may be done by one who can exercise the higher and less dazzling mastery, with which he had honored us all the rest of the evening. Why has he not drawn the greatest crowd in New York? Because, from his youth, his fame is not yet at its climax; because he does not trumpet his coming beforehand and travel in state with two secretaries: because he does not stoop to low arts of managing and "preparing the public" as it is called, but means to owe what welcome he gets to the intrinsic charm of his music and his unsullied fidelity to his Art. D.

Mendelssohn and his Critics.

(From the London Musical World, Sept. 26.)

We have inserted elsewhere two articles upon Mendelssohn—one from the pen of Dr. Hermann Zopff, of Berlin, the other by the editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston). The first professes to be a general view of Mendelssohn, both as a man and a musician; the other is simply a critical analysis of his "Elijah." We are much mistaken if our English readers do not at once appreciate the hearty enthusiasm of the American writer, and as quickly see through the shallow sophistry of the Berlin "philosopher."

Dr. Zopff's rhapsody (written expressly for Mr. Dwight's paper) is a curious example of what now passes current on the banks of the Spree—no less than at Weimar, Leipzig, and other infected towns—for profound criticism.

You may examine it from end to end, and, with wits as subtle as those of Herminogenes, make nothing out of it—at least nothing that induces any better understanding of Mendelssohn's claims to consideration as a musical composer. Greater nonsense was never uttered than the sentence which affirms that the public recognize Mendelssohn through the medium of the "Oriental series of tones," which he employs in all his writings; or than that in which the *Lobgesang* is pronounced an "off-set" to the Ninth Symphony; or than that where a distinction between Beethoven and Mendelssohn is derived from the supposed partiality of the one for the *ascending* and of the other for the *descending* scale. One would have thought that only the brain of a *Zukunft* critic could have given birth to such strange chimeras as these and twenty more to be found in the same essay.

It would be waste of ink to argue seriously with such a writer as Dr. Zopff, who belongs to a class of visionary speculators with whom, in the present dearth of inventive genius, Germany is teeming. These gentlemen have a *theory* for everything; and it is astonishing how they differ in their æsthetic appreciations of the same subject. On one point, however, they are all of a mind. Mendelssohn *must* be depreciated, and the best way to do that is to patronize him. Thus he is caressed and patted on the head, while the process of undermining his reputation goes on. All sorts of fantastic reasons are produced to account for his defects. He was a Jew, and economized his musical ideas, or lent them out at usurious interest. He was a pet of the ladies, and this gave a half-dandified, half-melancholy air to his music; or he belonged to a coterie of professors, and hence assumed a certain tone of pedantry. He was a passionate devotee of Bach, and wrote *Paulus*, with the "chorals," in imitation of that master. Steeped to the soul in the Ninth Symphony, he slavishly worked at a parody of that colossus, and gave the world a *sinfonia cantata*. What resemblance these word-splitters can detect between the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven and the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn is wholly beyond conjecture. Now the "Jew" was aimed at his acquirements as a contrapuntist and master of figure, the greatest since Mozart; the "ladies' pet" typified the author of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and so many exquisite little songs; the copyist of Bach and Beethoven meant the ardent and honest reverer of the mighty masters who had preceded him. So that the virtues of the man and the noble qualities of the artist were alike tortured into pretexts for arraigning him.

Not to advance further into the morass of sophistry, it is as well to lay bare the origin of all this deterioration of the foremost musician of his time, and *the last of the race of giants*. Most of our "critics" and "philosophers" began life as musicians themselves—unsuccessfully. They could forgive the dead Beethoven; but not the living Mendelssohn. His triumphs everywhere, and especially in England, afflicted them with sleeplessness; and, as one after another their own attempts at composition failed to interest or amaze the public, they built up a theory to prove that abstract music had ended with Beethoven, and that there was no reason why Mendelssohn should succeed better than themselves. Either we must go back to Beethoven, or go forward with Schumann, who pointed the way to some stage of art, the nature of which has never been intelligibly described by any of these *illuminati*. When Wagner came he ignored them all, and boldly set up on his proper account. But Wagner—to use his own definition of Beethoven at a certain epoch in that great man's career—is a "genial madman," just as amusing as the pedants of the Zopff school are dull. His impudence is as charming as his egotism is stupendous, while his notorious want of real musical knowledge furnishes him with a wholesome contempt for those who just know enough to turn critics, and con-

struct theories out of the muddy materials that choke up the stream of modern German thought. Wagner's abuse of Mendelssohn is extremely diverting, and if he had no other claim to consideration he must still be esteemed as the phenomenon which scared away the Schumannites, and reduced poor Robert to his normal insignificance. The men of the future, it is true, instead of King Log have gotten King Stork, and we wish them joy of the exchange. As for poor Franz Liszt, he can only be likened to Sinbad the Sailor, at that crisis of Sinbad's life when he was compelled to carry the Old Man of the Sea on his back. Depend upon it Wagner won't lose his hold until the *Niebelungen* shall have swamped *absolute music*, and Germany has followed at the funeral of her musical reputation.

A passage in the paper of Dr. Zopff has given us real pain. We allude to the citation from "one of our most intelligent critics," which bears reference to Joseph Joachim and the violin concerto:—

"It was remarked of Joachim, that he played the concerto with *disinclination*—something like *displeasure settled on his features*. His powerful genius felt constrained within the narrow, precise forms of the *conversazione* style," etc.

Now the "powerful genius" of Herr Joachim being "constrained" within the limits of an intelligence so inferior to his as that of Mendelssohn, and forced to be the interpreter of such mediocre music as the violin concerto, is a pretty pleasantry enough; but it behoves one who owes so much as Joseph Joachim to the deceased master to express publicly his disapproval of such an insinuation against his own heart and judgment. His friends will expect this of him; and if he allows the opportunity to pass, we in England at least shall be compelled to infer that silence implies consent.

CHAOTIC RHYMES.—A Mr. Haydn Wilson favors the readers of the London *Musical World* with the following extraordinary version of what Haydn intended to describe in the introduction to his "Creation."

HAYDN'S REPRESENTATION OF CHAOS.

Before this master set down to compose
The music to his work "The Creation"
Inspir'd, he let not his calm mind repose
Till he pray'd to God for inspiration.
Impress'd with a just sense of his subject
To carry out, a task laborious
He weigh'd well in his mind its great object
So noble, sublime, and so glorious.
Commenc'd with Chaos so far fetch'd in thought
With full band parts rang'd numb'ring twenty-three
In strains with slow crude combinations fraught
Describing confusion, not yet set free.
The first note *forte* played in unison
Then learned, abstruse, unresolved chords,
Conveying ideas by comparison
Suspensions, harmonies and strong discords.
Amidst this mass of instrumental sounds
The bassoon strives itself to extricate
In phrases intervals of thirds resounds
Mists, masses trying to disintegrate.
The basses, tenors, violins succeed
Each other, rising softly into space
The clar'inet next from abyss gets freed
Some order promis'd on this gloomy face.
Next an eruption as from vaulted cones
Low in a cavern deep in the dark space
A crash, convulsion on the three trombones
With transitions which seem it to replace.
Then a still sound like muffled thunder's hum
From the dark space around so gloomy crude
Made by a soft roll on the kettle drum,
While all is "without form and void" still rude.
When order strives to rise, then to assume
Describ'd in phrases, transitions resolv'd
String'd and soft wind kind, each its place resume
To represent, each phrase becomes evolv'd.
Then strains with gravest accents, unity
In closer form,—presum'd hypothesis;
When God from heav'n descends in Trinity.
Performs the record in book Genesis.

From the literary works of Haydn Wilson, in three books.

September 24th, 1857.

We do not wonder that the editor of the *World* is impatient to procure a copy of Mr. Haydn Wilson's literary works.

M. Jullien in trouble—His Speech.

The Royal Surrey Gardens, London, where Jullien has been enthroned all summer at the head of his great orchestra, are closed, the company having become bankrupt. Jullien loses £2,000 by his shares, and all his salary. One can fancy the impassioned eloquence of the conductor at an indignation meeting of the shareholders. His speech is thus reported.

M. Jullien, in a very excited manner, addressed the meeting at some length, and in the course of his remarks said that Mr. Beale, at the first meeting of the committee of directors retired in disgust, as he would have nothing more to do with the concern. Mr. Chappell has lately done the same. Those of the committee who remained—viz., Mr. Coppock, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Barnes—he saw it was their intention to break up the affair as soon as possible; they wanted to be rid of it. It seemed to him that their object was to sell these gardens for £14,000, which were offered to him (M. Jullien) for £12,000, and then for £10,000. The building upon the grounds had been put on at the expense of the shareholders; it was then mortgaged, and was now to be sold for nothing. He had been at every meeting of the committee, and such was the difficulty of transacting any business, that if he wanted to put a nail up in the gardens, they said, "Wait till the committee meets, and you will get authority to do it." They were often very much divided, and there was no executive power among them to execute what was decided. The committee did in these gardens what was done in the beginning at Sebastopol—there were too many generals. What he wanted was some executive power—even in the American Republic they have a President to sign what is wanted. "Mr. Coppock had," said M. Jullien, "so much power in the committee, that the others were sitting round him like mouses (A laugh) and trembling; they never decided anything; and he says, 'I vote for that,' 'I vote for that,' and it is done. Some day I give some objections, but no use, and then I say, 'You don't understand public amusements—I could better trust you to make members of Parliament than for amusements.' There was the same system of opposition to everything I proposed. I show you how I made the orchestra pay. Mr. Lumley pays £350 for my orchestra, but I never paid before more than £250 or £270 in the season. Mr. Gye was spending £400 and £500 for an orchestra, and was making money fast when I was with him. The conclusion, I have to say, is that Mr. Beale retired, as he saw it was impossible to go on. Mr. Chappell had some more patience, and I should have retired too if I had not given £2,000 by my salary, and £400 by a cheque on the Bank of England. Since these gardens were open I never received anything for my salary, although my nominal salary was very great. But I was working very hard. The only part they accept of my proposition was the musical festival. I came back to my home satisfied that day, and say, 'They begin to take my advice.' I said the expenses will not be more than £1,200, and they will take £3,000 or £4,000. I engaged all the artists and everybody for this festival, and I asked the committee to vote me £1,200, and I never passed that sum. The receipts came to a little more than I said—£3,400 (Cheers), and left a clear profit to the company of £1,000. The receipts were taken away every night, and the artists who made the money came were not paid (A laugh). All the money disappeared. I lose £2,000 by my shares, and £2,000 for my salary, a great deal of which I paid for repairs and fittings, and money which I advanced to the artists, and I took a house in the neighborhood, that I might be near. All these things cost me a loss of £6,000 altogether and twelve months hard work, for I never work so hard in my life. If the place is not shut, it is because Mr. Beale and Mr. Chappell have come forward to help me. This year the directors have only paid me a £500 bill, which was dishonored, and a cheque for £250, which was dishonored too (Shame). I put up all

the counters for the supply of iced champagne, and the second row of chandeliers, as the musicians could not see to read their parts, and when I told the directors they had no light, they said, 'If you want more light put it up yourself' (A laugh). As to the gardens, if 10,000 people were to go in every night, they would not pay under such management. I have seen 2,000 people myself go in without paying, and there was no check upon the money received (Cries of "shame, shame").

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 17, 1857.

M. Vieuxtemps and the Art of the Violin.

Our readers just at this time will be interested to read what one of the most eminent musical writers and critics of Paris has to say of the remarkable violinist who now, after an interval of fourteen years, makes his second visit to America. We translate from *La Musique Ancienne et Moderne*, being a second collection of miscellaneous papers of musical literature and criticism, by P. SCUDO, (Paris, 1854.)

"The art of playing the violin is contemporary with the art of singing, and has shared all its vicissitudes. The great violinists have been almost all of the same country which has produced the great singers, that is to say, Italy, the cradle of vocal melody. With Corelli commences the chain of famous violinists which extends to Paganini, and of which Geminiani, Locatelli, Vivaldi, Tartini, Nardini, Pugnani and Viotti are so many marvellous links. The French school connects directly with the Italian school by Somis, who was a pupil of Corelli, by his nephew Chabran, above all by Leclair, who had studied with Somis, and successively by celebrated virtuosos who came to settle down in Paris, and of whom the most illustrious was Viotti, the last representative of the fine Italian school. The history of the art of violin playing may be divided into three grand epochs, each marked by a celebrated artist who expresses its character. The first epoch commences with Corelli and extends to Tartini; the second extends from Tartini to Viotti; and the third from Viotti to Paganini. Corelli, Tartini, Viotti and Paganini:—here we have four violinists of the first order, in whose style and compositions is summed up nearly the whole history of the violin from the seventeenth century to our days. Each of these epochs of the art of playing the violin corresponds to an evolution of vocal music and of what is the most complicated form of it, the lyric drama.

"Before the birth of lyric drama, and until the first half of the seventeenth century, the violin, like almost all the other instruments, except the organ, had neither style nor music proper to itself. It followed and it imitated the human voice, and never passed beyond its compass. Corelli emancipated the violin from this servitude by composing for this instrument his charming Sonatas, in which we find the style and delicacies of the vocal music of that period. Tartini, who was a man of genius and a great harmonist for his time, made great progress in the art of the violin. He increased its difficulties, and applied himself particularly to developing the power and delicacy of the bow, on which he wrote a treatise, which is still the best thing we possess upon this interesting part of mechanism. In the hands of Tar-

tini and his numerous pupils, the violin acquired a power of sonority, a richness of melody and harmonic combinations, and a propriety of style, which it had not before this master. Still following the traces of vocal music, of which he must not lose sight for a moment, the violinist of the Tartini school multiplies the ingenious traits, the complicated and arduous ornaments, and his imagination, served by a more learned mechanism, displays a marvellous fecundity. We may affirm, that all the difficulties of the art of playing the violin are found in the germ in the music of Tartini. Pupil of Pugnani, as the latter had been of Tartini, Viotti, who died at London, March 10, 1824, at the age of 71, develops in his admirable Concertos all the properties of the violin, of which he makes an instrument of the first order. It is no longer a virtuoso who plays the violin to make all the world admire the suppleness of his fingers; it is an inspired artist who transmits the transports of his soul in a severe and touching style. Viotti occupies in the history of the violin the place which Clementi has made for himself in the history of the piano, that luminous point which is perceived in all the directions of the human mind, and which seems to indicate the limit of the beautiful and true. Genius impetuous and eccentric, born at an epoch full of audacity and of vicissitudes, Paganini impresses upon the art of the violin the boldness and powerful singularities of his imagination. A prodigious virtuoso, he plays the violin like a juggler who fascinates and lures the credulity of the public. It is a magician that laughs, that weeps, that sings, to draw you into that fatal circle where he accomplishes his mysterious incantations. In the playing as in the music of Paganini, you find the vigor, the individuality, which characterize all the productions of the age in which he lived.

"M. VIEUXTEMPS was born at Verviers, in Belgium, on the 20th of February, 1820. The son of an old soldier, he manifested his musical instinct very early. From the age of four years he was entrusted to the care of a good professor, M. Leleux, who developed the happy dispositions of his pupil. The progress of the young Vieuxtemps was so rapid, that at the age of eight years he was taken to Brussels, where he made the acquaintance of De Beriot. Struck by the rare talent manifested by his young countryman, De Beriot gave him lessons which have had the happiest influence on the future of M. Vieuxtemps. In the spring of the year 1830, M. De Beriot led his pupil to Paris, where he was heard in a concert given at the hall of the Rue de Cléry. Vieuxtemps there produced a very great effect, and from that time his reputation has done nothing but increase.

"One of the qualities which is first of all remarked in the talent of M. Vieuxtemps, is the power and purity of the sounds he draws from his instrument. When he proudly and nobly places the bow upon the string, you would say that it was a whole orchestra directed by the intelligent hand of a sovereign artist. One loves especially to hear him disengage the deep notes of the lower register, which fill the ear with a sonority full of charms. No hesitation in the attack of the sound, no vexatious grazing of the bow upon the string which it caresses, even when the artist ventures into the upper regions of the sonorous scale. At the most, one may reproach M. Vieuxtemps with occasional abuse of the super-

acute harmonics, of which he is fond of surmounting the sterile difficulties. We should pardon the virtuoso these tamerities of mechanism the more willingly, if they had better motive in the nature of the piece where they are produced, if they were a luxury of fancy abandoning itself to the hazards of improvisation; for it must never be forgotten that the greatest *tours d'adresse* can only find excuse in the idea they serve to manifest. M. Vieuxtemps has made a patient and victorious study of the mechanism of the violin; he knows all its resources, all its inmost secrets. His bowing is full of vigor, his style ample and severe, and his left hand accomplishes the most difficult turns without betraying any effort.

"It is plain that M. Vieuxtemps is preoccupied with a lively impression of Paganini, whose characteristic boldnesses he has endeavored to appropriate, such as the frequent employment of the harmonic sounds, the use of the double and the triple string, simultaneous action of the bow with *pizzicato* effects, produced by the left hand, and then those grand arpeggios which unite the two extremes of compass in so brusque a manner, and a multitude of other melodic details which enter into the tissue of style, like those minute ideal flowers which are sown along the border of a precious tissue. All that M. Vieuxtemps, has not been able to snatch from the Italian artist, is the fluidity of genius; it is the power of imagination and the poesy of the heart. M. Vieuxtemps lacks a little sensibility, a little of that profound sentiment which absorbs the vanity of the virtuoso and charms the deeply moved public into such forgetfulness that it shall seem to hear a poet and not an admirable violinist."

This article is dated November 1851. It is followed by another paper, dated February 1853, in which the merits of Vieuxtemps are well compared with those of another great violinist who has given concerts in this country. It is as follows:

"VIEUXTEMPS AND SIVORI.

"Two celebrated violinists, MM. Vieuxtemps and Sivori, are just now in Paris. M. Vieuxtemps, whose merit we have already appreciated, has given two concerts, which have been well attended, since which he has been heard twice at the Opera, where he has produced less effect than in the *salle Herz*, a room better suited to the nature of his talent, which is more energetic than tender. In fact, M. Vieuxtemps, who is unquestionably a virtuoso of the first order, possesses the rarest qualities of a severe violinist, a grandiose style, a powerful sonority, a remarkable exactness and a perfect neatness in the most arduous difficulties. The stroke of his bow is magistral; he marches with an air of nobility over the shuddering chord, which always sings and never cries. The effects of the double chord accompanied by *pizzicato*, the most acute harmonic sounds, the grand arpeggios which embrace simultaneously two or three octaves, in short all the artifices of mechanism seem mere play under this artist's fingers.

"In the midst of these prodigies of execution, one regrets not to find in M. Vieuxtemps a sensibility more expansive and more penetrating, an imagination more colored, some rays of that divine spontaneity which is the sign of superior vocations. The compositions of M. Vieuxtemps, without attaining, as some have ventured inconsiderately to affirm, to the height of the music of the masters, are nevertheless remarkable for solid qualities.

The Concerto in D minor which he has played at his two concerts, contains excellent portions, the *Andante religioso*, and the *Scherzo*; and we may say that in M. Vieuxtemps the composer and the virtuoso support and complete each other in a manner quite remarkable.

"M. SIVORI is an Italian. He is from Genoa, from the same city which gave birth to Paganini, of whom he is a pupil. Thus, of all the violinists who have rushed upon the track of the admirable virtuoso, M. Sivori is the one who approaches nearest to his model. Fire, impetuosity, *brío*, passion, an exquisite sensibility, an extraordinary bravura, and all with a truth, a finish, a *désinvolture* quite incredible:—such are the principal qualities of M. Sivori's talent. He sings, he weeps, he laughs on his violin like a very demon. One should hear him play the great Concerto in B minor of his master Paganini. What charm, what good humor, what frank and naïve gaiety! There is something of the poet in the imagination of M. Sivori, something of that luminous and childlike *estro* which we find in Ariosto or in the *fabbe* of Gozzie. M. Sivori is a born violinist, and he plays quite as well the music of Mozart and of Beethoven as that of the Corellis, the Tartinis, the Viottis and the Paganinis. MM. Vieuxtemps and Sivori are at present the two most able and most celebrated violinists that there are in Europe. A young German, by the name of JOACHIM, who came to Paris in 1849, who lived for a long time in Leipzig, and who now resides at the court of Weimar, will not be slow also to launch himself on that career, where it will be no easy thing to beat him and dispute with him the first rank to which his ambition aspires.

"Although born in Belgium, M. Vieuxtemps is a violinist of the French school, and possesses its most salient qualities, while M. Sivori could not deny Italy for his mother, who has nourished him upon her fruitful breast. If we were asked to characterize in a few words these two artists and the two countries which they represent, we should say that the one plays the violin like a great professor and a consummate musician, the other like a spoiled child of nature, who has endowed him with the most precious gifts. Intrepid wrestlers, both, and masters of their instrument, they each employ a different manner. M. Vieuxtemps never lets you forget that he plays the violin, that the wonders of mechanism which he accomplishes under your eyes are of the greatest difficulty and have cost him great pains, whereas M. Sivori has the air of being ignorant that he holds in his hands one of the most complicated instruments that exist, and he sings to you like Malibran, or like a *fanciullo*:

"Che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia."

The First Concert.

VIEUXTEMPS, THALBERG AND LAGRANGE.

We have had a concert. We hardly dare to call it the first concert of the season. It remains to be seen whether we are to have a season. This was but an episode, a cheerful one indeed, in the unrelieved "suspension" and unmusical *agitato* of the times. For one evening at least, for a few hundreds of people, there was good cheer and solace in the shabby-looking little temple of the Melodeon. It seems in sad harmony with the pinching times, that we leave our splendid halls and go back to the narrower, homelier haunts of music in our earlier days of progress. The

Melodeon is small, but on Wednesday evening, it was not crowded,—just comfortably filled. It is old, and bare and dilapidated; but light, and good company gave it a cosy, pleasant aspect (*air* we cannot say, for it is shockingly ill ventilated) and it was always good for sound, particularly for a concert of solo pieces.

Such a concert was that of Wednesday evening; entirely solos—nothing like overture or orchestra, or any manner of concerted music, saving one duet. It presented us three artists, virtuosos, of world-wide celebrity; three unsurpassed in their respective spheres. It is the talent of execution, the perfection of bravura, the consummate mastery of an organ, whether violin, pianoforte or voice, which alike constitutes the distinction of VIEUXTEMPS, of THALBERG and of Mme. DE LAGRANGE, and hence we call them virtuosos. For the only foil to this triple lustre we had a clever artist, Signor ROCCO, (the buffo of the SONTAG troupe), who opened each part with Italian comic extravaganzas, accompanying himself at the piano, somewhat in the John Parry and Hatton style, but with far less variety of humor. These were the Signor's own productions and were called "The Family Party," (*Ballo di Famiglia*), and "The Drum,"—the latter approaching very near to the climax of wit and fun, if that lies at the anti-climax of Art.

Next—to take the artists in the order in which they emerged from the curious little hen-coop behind which they were huddled, half-hid, on the stage—came THALBERG, who moved to the piano with the same cool, quiet, gentlemanly air as ever, and played in the same cool, perfect way, the same Fantasias which have served as frequent samples of his stock in trade ever since he became famous. These were the "Prayer of Moses," the "Masaniello," (containing the Tarentella,) and the "Lucrezia Borgia," (containing the Trio); with the "Last Rose of Summer" for an encore. We need not tell how these were played, upon a Chickering Grand of surpassing richness and beauty of tone. From the frequent repetition of these Fantasias, as well as from the superficial nature of the kind of composition in itself, we anticipate weariness when we see them again announced. Yet we found ourselves enjoying the thing for the time being;—a pleasurable excitement, to be sure, which is over with the hearing, and which does not feed the memory and the imagination afterwards. But there is something in such clean, bright, perfect execution of a graceful idea, though it be not a great one, which is always enjoyable; and in these troublous times, when the mind is filled with vague, indefinite, intangible intimations and suggestions of things, in the chaos of the business world, there is something really refreshing in the sight or sound of anything so sparkling, clean-cut, jubilant, and at the same time so fluid and so graceful, as these tone-figures under the pianist's fingers. It is a comfort to meet somewhere a tone of certainty—to meet it somewhere in human endeavors, as we do in stars, and autumn leaves and shells and pebbles. But the same certainty, with a far deeper meaning, out of a far deeper experience, would speak to us just now with a peculiar and wholesome power from the tone-poems of a deeper kind of Art. If the virtuoso could refresh and re-assure us, what could not Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart do! Their word would be as the everlasting mountains and the sea itself, compared with the pretty leaves and shells.

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Translated for this Journal.

Roger at the Grand Opera.

(SEPT. 1850.)

From the French of P. SCUDO.

M. ROGER, who returns to us from Germany, laden, certainly, with all sorts of triumphal crowns, has made his *rentrée* at the Opera in the rôle of Fernando, in *La Favorita*. This rôle, which was created by Duprez six years ago, is one of the most agreeable and perhaps the easiest of all that form the series of that great artist. One would think that, finding himself more at ease in the music of Donizetti than in that of Meyerbeer, M. Roger would at least realize the hopes which his friends have conceived of his future. Has M. Roger gained all that his courage promised? Has he repaired somewhat the check which his ambition had to experience in the part of Jean of Leyden, and can the Opera at length flatter itself to have found in him the tenor who shall bear the burden of its grand *répertoire*?

It is full fifteen years since M. Roger made his début at the Opéra Comique. An agreeable *physique*, a charming voice, understanding of the stage, and a good taste won for him a most honorable reputation. Without possessing the distinction of Elleviou, nor the vocal skill of M. Ponchard, M. Roger was very good in that class of works proportioned to his means, and made for himself a good and solid fame in that time.

But who is contented with his lot in these times? When one may become a minister by rushing out of the back-room of a demagogue newspaper, can we be astonished that an artist of talent, who is the first in the Alps, should think himself destined also to occupy the first rank in Rome?

The friends, the *complaisant* journals who see from further off, the crowd of blind admirers who talk the language of the fine arts as the socialists talk that of Bossuet, have so often told Roger he was a great singer, that he has taken them at their word, and has foolishly left a theatre where he reigned master, to come and display the spectacle of his impotence on the first lyric stage in Europe. What then does M. Roger lack, to raise his talent to the height of his ambition?

In the first place his voice has already suffered the irreparable outrage of years! Its texture is damaged in the extreme chords, where he is obliged to force its emission, to cover up the holes: his respiration is too short for the ample expression of phrases of imperious accent, which obliges him continually to retard the movement indicated by the composer and the situation. These defects, imputable to nature, might easily be palliated, if M. Roger had style. Style: what is that? *It is the man*, says Buffon. There are several sorts of style: there is the noble, the temperate, the low, the trivial style, as there are different species of characters. The great difficulty in the arts is, to have a style which belongs to you, which is the revelation of the qualities of your soul and intellect. * * * * *

There is a good taste in music, which is neither Italian, nor French, nor German; a taste which consists in feeling and in rendering the true relation of things, in siezing on the wing the laws of reason by means of the phenomena of sensibility. A bad singer is of no school. He can argue from no principle, which authorizes him to allow tricks of vocalization to be heard in the midst of a pathetic scene.

It is a great error to believe that the famous Italian singers of the eighteenth century permitted in themselves the monstrosities which we are condemned to hear in our days.

M. Roger wants style: that is to say, character and individuality. Determined at any cost to aim at grandeur and produce heroic effects, he set himself to imitating Duprez, whose pauses and inflexions of voice he exaggerates. So what happens to all imitators has happened to him: he has taken the material receipt of his model without comprehending its spirit, and the phrases with which Duprez thrills the public, come out inanimate from the mouth of M. Roger. He sang very badly the beautiful romanza of the first act: *Un ange, une femme inconnue*, and he knew not how to render the expression, full of serenity, that is found in that of the fourth act: *Ange si pur!* which Duprez exhaled like a last sigh of the ideal. Ah! monsieur Roger, it is not enough to raise the heels of one's boots and magnify one's voice, to reach the height of an artist who has

passed his youth in the bosom of a celebrated school where one is nourished on the spirit of great masters. It is not at the Conservatoire that one learns the art of phrasing and of giving to his tones the purity, the largeness and the *horizon* that constitute the lofty style. Of the final duo of *La Favorita*, one of the happiest inspirations of the lyric drama, M. Roger and Mme. Julienne made a patriotic song, worthy of the provisional government.

Can one imagine that this last burst of passion, this radiant transport of love was intoned (chanter) by M. Roger and Mme. Julienne, like a strophe of the *Marseillaise*, or like the *Chant des Girondins*, of fabulous memory! And so the Gauls of the pit, who ought to know what they are about, in the matter of barricades, were transported by those dramatic howls which recalled the great days of February, 1848! . . .

Chimes.

From a Lecture on Bells, by A. W. TRAYER.

One of my first observations in Bonn was that the bells upon the tower of the old cathedral, where for more than a thousand years the mass has been regularly celebrated, are not rung as with us, that is, thrown up into a perpendicular position, and there balanced—but simply swung from side to side, as when an alarm is rung in our steeples. The ropes of these bells hang down through the ceiling into the body of the edifice, and it used to afford me much amusement when the hour of high mass approached, to see the janitor and his assistants clutch them, and in the midst of the congregation tug away as for dear life, to make a noise in the world by the booming and clatter, "the wrangling and jangling of the bells." I have found this mode of ringing general wherever I have been on the continent of Europe. In England it is otherwise. Bells are there hung with yoke and wheel, a fashion we have followed, and when several bells are placed in the same tower, they are carefully tuned to each other—which is not so often the case in musical Germany. A set of bells thus tuned to each other is called a "peal of bells." Thus we say a "peal of five," a "peal of six," or of whatever number. The phrase, a "chime of bells," though in very common use, is incorrect. The term chime seems to be properly used only in relation to the music made upon a peal of bells, by the striking of hammers moved by machinery, or by striking the members of the peal without setting them. The term "peal" has two significations, that just given, and one implying all the changes which can be rung upon a peal of bells. The phrase, "ringing of changes," implies the striking of all the bells in regular and rapid succession a great number of

times, but without in any case repeating the order in which they have followed each other. The impossibility of producing any true musical effect upon so small a number as six or eight bells, the number of notes in such a case not being sufficient to allow of harmonies, or any other than the simplest melodies of very limited range, is probably one great cause, that in England bell-ringing is confined almost entirely to the ringing of changes. There is hardly anything more monotonous and wearying to a musical ear, than to hear an old choral, confined within a compass of an octave or less, hammered slowly out, every time the clock strikes, from one year's end to another; while the ringing of well arranged changes two or three times daily, becomes connected with most delightful associations, as we see in the whole body of English poetry.

At first thought it might seem as if these changes would soon be exhausted; but apply the simple arithmetical rule of permutation to the matter, and a moment's reflection will show that there is little danger of this. For instance, with a peal of three bells, you can change thus: 1,2,3, 1,3,2, 2,1,3, 2,3,1, 3,1,2, 3,2,1, giving six changes. To four bells are 24 changes; to five, 120. In England each peal has its name. The 120 changes which form the peal upon a peal of five bells, is called a Grandsire. The Plain Bob, or Grandsire Bob, or Single Bob minor, implies the ringing of the 720 changes of a peal of six bells. The 5,040 changes of seven bells, is the Grandsire Triple. In Hone's Table Book, an inscription copied in an Inn at Bromley records the ringing of this peal in three hours and six minutes by a company of ringers in that town, as a great feat—such indeed it was.

A full peal upon eight bells is a Bob major; on nine, it is called Caters; on ten, Bob royal; on eleven, Cinques; on twelve, Twelve-in, or Bob Maximus. The number of changes in this last, the Bob Maximus, reaches the satisfactory number of 479,001,600. Suppose the twelve ringers strike ten changes to the minute, that is, each man two strokes per second, and that they ring without interruption to eat, drink, or rest, day and night, and they will finish their peal in 91 years. Add two bells to the number, and at the same rate the fourteen ringers will close their peal at the end of some 16,575 years. Make the number twenty-four, and the peal will at the same rate last one hundred and seventeen thousand million years. None of us will probably live to hear this peal rung. Without attempting, therefore, upon a peal of an octave of bells, to play regular melodies, it is clear that the charming succession of tones is to all intents and purposes endless.

But, as the tones of bells are compound, (that is, each tone accompanied by its *harmonics*;) the simple striking of the successive notes of the musical diatonic scale, up and down, produces a very sweet and beautiful effect, and one involuntarily attaches words to them. Five hundred years ago Bowbells in London were but six in number, and the runaway apprentice heard them distinctly calling, as the scale ascended,

Turn again, Whittington,

and as they descended,

Lord Mayor of great London.

When Panurge had exhausted every art of divination as practised by the ancients, and which

could be tried in a Christian land, in hope of obtaining a decisive answer to the question, whether he should marry, as he had exhausted the yeas and nays of Pantagruel, he turned to Friar John of the Funnels. "Hearken," quoth Friar John, "to the oracle of the bells of Varennes. What say they?" "I hear and understand them," quoth Panurge; "their sound is, by my thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's great kettles in Dodonæ. Hearken! Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry. For if thou marry thou shalt find good therein: here in a wife thou shalt find good; so marry, marry. I will assure that I shall be married." By and by they are nearer the bells. "In good faith, Friar John, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry. Hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: Do not marry, marry, not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not. If thou marry, thou'lt miscarry, thou'lt repent it, resent it, 'sent it!'"

Southey quotes a similar story from an old Dutch author, where a widow consults her confessor upon the knotty question, should she marry. He refers her to the bells, and she heard them distinctly say: "Nempt een man, nempt een man,"—take a spouse, take a spouse:—and his own Doctor says, on that happy morning when he made himself a whole man by uniting to himself the rib until then wanting, he heard from the eight bells of Doncaster, as distinctly as Whittington or the Flemish widow,

"Daniel Dove brings Deborah home."

New York Philharmonic Society.

(From the Fifteenth Annual Report.)

The continued vitality of our Institution has been attested by another brilliant season. This is gratifying evidence of its soundness. In Art, as in Nature, there can be no legitimate or healthful growth which is not based upon an interior life and energy. The sunshine may visit the tree, and the air and the showers; but if the root be not sound, these exterior influences prove, eventually, more a blight than a refreshment.

It is the belief that the Philharmonic Society is sound at the root, which causes the friends of Art chiefly to rejoice in its success, and to believe in its future. The root of our success is *not* fashion—although this animating exterior sunshine, we admit, very lavishly has visited us; it is not the spirit of clique and nationalism—are not our ranks open to all nationalities, and have we not already the representatives of many such among us?—it is not private or individual interest—we are an Art-Democracy, in constitution as in spirit; it is not self or annual dividend—our increasing numbers and expenses holding very much in check the individual dividend from an increasing pecuniary success; a dividend at best too moderate for any man's ambition; but it is *Art*—as we sincerely believe. It is the pure love of a pure object of pursuit which combines us, which constitutes our vitality, and which causes us to live and thrive. When there is any change in this, when Art dies out at the root, the natural and inevitable decay of our Institution will commence—and not necessarily till then.

Unsustained, then, by State patronage, or by the purses of an opulent few, the New York Philharmonic Society has completed its fifteenth season, as an outgrowth from internal resources; self-existing, self-sustained, self-controlling, and in these respects, perhaps, a salient instance of success among similar musical institutions.

But we do not shut our eyes to the admitted perils of success. One of these perils is the engraving upon us of a certain amount of popular preference, which may be based, perhaps, less on

a sincere love of Art than the musical fashion of the hour.

Now, no foreign graft can be undesirable or unwelcome to a sturdy tree, where there is prospect and expectation that such will not remain a dead graft, but will eventually be pervaded with its own vitality. The Philharmonic Society finds nothing undesirable, of course, in the fact that it may have become the fashion; there is nothing to fear from this for the best interests of Art, provided it succeed, as it has already to so great an extent succeeded, in infusing its own musical nature into this external graft, and incorporating it with itself. The Philharmonic is, or should be, an *educating* institution; and, indeed, it is not too much to say, that during the period of its existence, it *has* succeeded in educating and securing a large public for itself, from among the most varied classes of the community, quite independent of that more variable number attending the performances from the mere caprice or whim of the moment. This permanent public is constantly experiencing transfers to it of the more variable one. It is only while the process of assimilation is going on, that such an outside influence is unfavorably felt.

This influence may be manifested in two ways, either by tending gradually to swerve us from our high aim in Art, or by a virtual indifference to this aim, an indifference which makes itself uncomfortably felt. Our difficulties would seem to resolve themselves, in fact, into what may be termed *music and manners*.

Touching the former, we cannot think that in our choice of compositions for performance, our lofty and true aim will ever be lowered to an *ad captandum* and less worthy style. Indeed, we believe we have shut ourselves off from the possibility of this, by having educated our really permanent public beyond it. They would hardly assent thereto, should we ever propose it—leaving, perhaps, but little danger after all, to be apprehended from this source.

But with the latter difficulty, we are having now to contend, as regards a minority of our audience. Due allowance of course must be made, and is cheerfully made, for youth and vivacity; for the long period of attention required; for the exciting attrition of so many elements of beauty and attractiveness. But the interests of Art are positive and insistent, as to the degree of order and attention required. We must, necessarily, insist upon musical *good manners*. The inattention, and heedless talking and disturbance of but a limited number of our audience, are proving a serious annoyance at our Philharmonic performances. The remedy for this, after all, lies rather with the audience itself, than the Society authorities. If each little neighborhood would take care of itself, and promptly frown down the few chance disturbers of its pleasure, perfect order would soon be secured. We hope this will be done. In foreign audiences it is ever effectually done. But may we not rather hope that those to whom these remarks may refer, appreciating the delicacy and difficulty of our position, will relieve us of all *onus* of discipline—a thing so obnoxious, and so foreign to the purposes of our assembling—and very competently and sufficiently, as they are able to do, take care of themselves.

During the past season, many good musicians have been examined for performing-membership. It may be stated, that our arrangements in this matter are of such a character, that none but thorough-bred and capable musicians can well find a place among us. Of the number applying for membership, seven have been admitted the past season, nine having been admitted the preceding season.

As showing the gradual increase of the Orchestra, it may be mentioned, that while the number of performing members during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth seasons was sixty-seven, during the fourteenth it was seventy-three, and during the fifteenth and last, eighty-one.

The following is a table of increase of other members, Associate and Professional:—

Associate Members.—11th season, 489; 12th do. 555; 13th do. 747; 14th do. 1091.

Professional Members.—11th season, 58; 12th do. 116; 13th do. 144; 14th do. 166.

The last, 15th season, 1773 Associate Members.
" " " 213 Professional do.

The number of *subscribing* members, so called, is gradually diminishing. This is a favorable omen for the cause of Art, when it is recollected that these are members who obtain tickets only for public performances, and not for rehearsals. These persons are gradually being merged into the more desirable number, who value the rehearsals as well as the more formal concerts, for purposes of musical culture.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held on Saturday, May 9th, 1857, the annexed accounts of the Treasurer, Secretary and Librarian were read and adopted, after which the following members were elected to constitute the board of Directors for the ensuing season:—

H. C. TIMM, *President*.
THEO. EISEL, *Vice President*.
L. SPIER, *Secretary*.
D. WALKER, *Treasurer*.
C. PAZZAGLIA, *Librarian*.
C. BRANNES, } *Assistants*.
J. NOLL, }

General Fund.

Balance on hand from last season.....	\$634 10
Received by Scharfenberg & Luis	6,648 50
" " C. Breusing.....	1,877 50
" " L. Spier	5,521 25

Total Receipts..... \$14,681 35

Disbursements, as detailed in Secretary's Report.

Amount of Dividends.....	\$10,246 50
Rent.....	606 00
Professional Aid.....	231 00
Music and Copying	145 58
Printing.....	416 13
Advertising.....	118 89
Salaries, Appropriations, &c.....	715 75
Testimonial.....	145 75
Sundries.....	329 49

Total Expenditures..... \$13,955 09

Recapitulation.

Amounts Received.....	\$14,681 35
" Paid out.....	13,955 09

\$726 26

Surplus belonging to the Sinking Fund 00 44

Leaving in hands of the Treas'r a balance of \$726 70

Sinking Fund.

Balance from last year's accounts.....	\$799 94
Interest on this amount from May 10, 1856, to Feb. 10, 1857, at 5 per cent.....	29 50

Total..... \$829 44

The moneys of this Fund are invested as follows:—

In the Seamen's Savings Bank, No. 78 Wall st.	429 00
In the Savings Bank, No. 57 Bleeker street..	400 00
In the Treasurer's hands*	00 44

\$829 44

* By depositing the Sinking Fund in two different Savings Banks, this sum was not accepted.

Statistics of European Theatres.

The *Musical Review* translates the following items from a *Guide for Theatrical Statistics*, by Kustner, former manager of the Royal Theatre in Berlin.

There are one hundred and thirty-six French, and sixty Russian companies of actors. In Spain they have one hundred and twenty; in Portugal, twenty; in England, forty; in Sweden, ten; in Denmark, eight; and there are one hundred and thirty-four Italian troupes. Germany has thirty-seven theatres, of which, fifteen are "court," and twenty-two "city" theatres. If we add to these all the German theatres and acting societies in foreign lands with exception of America, we should find two hundred companies, consisting of twenty-three court theatres, one hundred theatres of cities and communities, and about seventy-seven travelling companies. All the German court theatres receive support from their respective governments. Of the twenty-two city theatres, only eleven have subventions, consisting generally in free use of the theatre. The theatres at Breslau, Cologne, Hamburg, Stettin, etc., are heavily taxed by rents and per centage to the poor. The

amount of money transactions in the largest German theatres varies from 100,000 to 400,000 Prussian dollars; with second rate court and city theatres, from 50,000 to 100,000; with smaller theatres, from 18,000 to 50,000 dollars; and with travelling companies, from 6,000 to 18,000 dollars. The receipts have generally increased for the last three or four years. This increase amounts for the Royal Theatre at Berlin to between 40,000 and 50,000 dollars; for the Royal Theatre at Vienna, 50,000 to 60,000 florins; for the Grand Opera at Paris, 100,000 to 150,000 francs; and for the Royal Theatre at Dresden to about 20,000 dollars.

As to the expenses, the Burg Theatre and the Royal Opera-house in Vienna have to pay \$590,666 a year; the Royal Theatres in Berlin, \$400,000; in Dresden, including the Royal orchestra, \$200,000; in Munich, including orchestra, \$176,000; in Hanover, also including orchestra, \$147,000.

The expenses for the theatre at Hamburg are \$80,000; for the Royal Theatre at Stuttgart, \$102,857; for the theatre in Frankfurt, \$89,142; for the Thalia Theatre in Hamburg, \$80,000; and for the theatre at Leipzig, about \$72,000. The expenses of the Imperial Theatre at Petersburg are \$1,102,026; for the Academie Imperiale de Musique at Paris, \$501,333; for the Comedie Francaise at Paris, \$270,666; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, \$369,333; for the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, \$135,000; and for the one at Copenhagen, \$215,000.

The subventions are as follows:

The Burg Theatre at Vienna receives 100,000 florins, (about \$50,000;) the German Opera of the Royal Opera, at the same place, 123,000 florins; the Royal Theatre in Berlin, \$140,000; the Royal Theatre at Dresden, \$30,000 to \$40,000, and for the orchestra, \$40,000; the Royal Theatre in Munich, 78,000 florins—for the orchestra, also 78,000 florins; the Royal Theatre at Hanover, \$87,000; at Stuttgart, \$125,000; at Karlsruhe, 100,000 florins; at Mannheim, from the State, 8000 florins—from the city, 31,500 florins; at Frankfurt, 8000 florins; at Weimar, \$44,000; at Koburg and Gotha from the State, 15,300 florins—from the Duke, 22,800 florins. The subvention for the Grand Opera at Paris, amounts to \$181,333; for the Comedie Francaise, 240,000 francs; for the Opera Comique, to \$64,000; for the two theatres at Marseilles, to 120,000 francs; for the two theatres at Bordeaux, to 90,000 francs; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, the subvention amounted till 1848, to \$73,333; but now the government has taken the theatre entirely in its own hands. *La Scala* at Milan receives 300,000 Austrian liras; the Royal Theatre at Stockholm has \$30,000; and the one at Copenhagen, \$50,000 subvention.

Several German theatres are, as we stated before, heavily taxed instead of sustained, by the respective governments. The theatre at Breslau has to pay \$7900 for the rent of the house; at Cologne they must pay \$7000 for the same purpose; at Hamburg, 14,750 marks, (\$4000;) Stettin, \$6000; Bremen, \$4600; Konigsburg, \$4000, and two performances for the benefit of the poor, etc., etc. In Germany, the number of dramatic or theatrical personalities is about 6000; if you include the members of the choruses, the orchestras, and the different administrations, it will be about 10,000. This is four thousand more than in France, for there the whole number for the same personalities would not be more than 6000.

The highest salary at the Burg Theatre in Vienna is 7000 florins, with six weeks for recreation; at the Opera, about 12,000 florins. In Berlin, the salaries for the royal actors rise as high as \$5000, with two months' leave of absence; for the members of the opera, about \$6000, with from four to six months' leave of absence. The same can be said of the members of the Royal Theatre at Dresden. At Munich, the highest salary is 3600 florins; at the Grand Opera in Paris, 100,000 francs. Here the mere *Figurante* receives from 240 to 373 dollars! Mlle. Rachel received at the Comedie Francaise 72,000 francs. The highest salary for the members of the Italian Opera at

Petersburg, is 20,000 R. S.; for those of the French troupe, 10,000; and for those of the Russian troupe, 1143 R. S. An easy chair at the Italian Opera in London, costs seven (Prussian) dollars; the ticket for the pit, \$2.33. At Drury Lane, a ticket for the best seat is sold for \$2; a ticket for the pit costs \$1. The easy chair at the Italian Opera in Petersburg, costs \$8.66; at German performances, \$1.75; at Vienna, a ticket for the best seat at the Imperial Opera can be had for \$1.50; a ticket for the pit costs about 40 cents of our money. In Paris, at the Grand Opera, the best seats are sold for \$3; a seat ticket for the pit costs \$1.33. At Berlin, you have to pay for the best seat, one Prussian dollar; for the pit, only half a dollar.

As to so-called *tantiemes*, (copy-rights,) which are paid in Germany to authors of dramatic pieces and operas, the Imperial Burg Theatre at Vienna pays about \$6000 every year. Poets and composers at Berlin receive about 5000 to 6000 dollars. At Munich, this part of the expenses amounts only to \$2300, for, as in Vienna, they do not allow *tantiemes* to composers.

The author of these interesting statistics says not a word about the theatres in America, which is a pity, not only for the sake of the completeness of his book, but also on account of the importance which such statistics must have for any intelligent observer of the theatrical affairs in this world.

Church Organ.

The Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook have just completed, at their manufactory, on Tremont street, for the Beneficent Congregational Society, Providence, (Rev. Dr. Clapp,) a first class organ, which is deemed by good judges to be one of their finest productions; and in variety, power and richness of tone, to be unsurpassed by any instrument of its class in the United States.

It has 49 Registers, as follows:—

Great Organ, 14 Registers.

1 Clarion.	8 Quint.
2 Trumpet.	9 Wald Flute.
3 Mixture.	10 St. Diapason.
4 Sesquialtera.	11 Melodia.
5 Fifteenth.	12 Open Diapason.
6 Twelfth.	13 Bourdon Treble.
7 Principal.	14 Bourdon Bass.

Choir Organ, 8 Registers.

15 Viol d'Amour.	19 Principal.
16 Bassoon.	20 Flute.
17 Cremona.	21 Open Diapason.
18 St. Diapason.	22 Dulciana.

Swell Organ, 11 Registers.

23 Clarion.	29 Open Diapason.
24 Trumpet.	30 Gamba.
25 Hautboy.	31 St. Diapason.
26 Principal.	32 Bourdon Bass.
27 Fifteenth.	33 Bourdon Treble.
28 Cornet.	

Pedal Organ, 4 Registers.

34 Open Diapason.	36 Violoncello.
35 St. Diapason.	37 Trombone.

Accessory and Composition Registers.

38 Coupler Gr. to Pedale.
39 do Choir to "
40 do Swell " "
41 do " " Gr. Unison.
42 do " " " Super Octave.
43 do " " Choir.
44 Great Organ Separation.
45 Choir to Gr. Sub Octave.
46 Full Organ, }
47 Chorus, }
48 Diapasons, }
49 Bellows Signal.

Compass.

Manuals,—CC to g in alt, 56 notes.
Pedale,—CCC to Tenor e, 29 notes.

The Swell extends through the entire compass of 56 notes.

It has upwards of two thousand pipes, in the mechanism of which the Messrs. H. make use of several different compositions, some of them peculiar to their manufacture. An abundant supply of wind is furnished by two bellows of three-inch pressure. The Registers are arranged in triple rows, and are grouped for the separate departments, which brings them more within the scope of vision, and the control, of the performer. The stops are also so arranged as to facilitate the proper

grading of the combinations, ranking from below upwards,—the longest pipes being represented by the lowest Registers in the respective manuals. The key and stop action evince the highest mechanical skill, the Registers and keys working with the utmost ease and precision, the action of the latter seeming no heavier in the Great Organ, when all the Couplers are drawn.

We wish to mention two other particulars in the mechanism of this instrument, by which both the comfort and convenience of the organist have been consulted; and they the more especially deserve mention, from having never before been applied to any organ built in this country. 1st, The composition of the stops in the Great Organ may be effected by Registers (numbered 46, 47 and 48, in the above specification,) placed at the performer's left, in lieu of the common arrangement by pedal shifting—movements: by this plan, the organist has the Great organ at the command of his left hand, which can make the desired changes more readily, and can be better spared, than the feet. 2d, The Pedals are radiating, so as to converge to a point behind the performer, and they are concave both lengthwise and transversely. This arrangement is exactly conformable to the movements of the feet, and brings the pedals under their control, without forcing the point and heel into awkward and painful contortions; and as the short keys are heveled, all chromatic passages may be played with great facility and smoothness: it is, we believe, an improvement of Dr. Wesley's, and was first used in England, at his suggestion, in the immense organ built by Mr. Willis for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

The case is in Romanesque style,—beautifully proportioned, chaste and rich, and delights the eye with its graceful foliage, and the genial blending of its colors: it is an eloquent testimonial to the genius and skill which devised and executed it.

We have enlarged no more upon the external appearance and arrangements of this organ than truth and justice require. Its appeals to the ear, when its grandeur and variety of tone are displayed by a skilful performer, are charming and deeply impressive. The voicing of the whole organ evinces the skill of a long experienced master in the work. The Secondary and Compound Registers have been made to impart unusual brilliancy and vivacity to the full organ, and they are finely balanced with the Foundation Stops, which are characterized by great depth and body of tone, whilst the ear is delighted beyond measure with the skilful blending of that cheerful, ringing quality which we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of fine old English and German organs.

The many excellent points in manufacture which the Messrs. H. have acquired during an experience of thirty years in self-sacrificing devotedness to their noble art, and which have come to be considered as characteristic of their organs, are clearly seen in this, their latest production. The prompt yet silent working of the pedal and key action, the clear and sure intonation of the lower octaves in all of the Manuals, the great compass and effectiveness of the magnificent Swell, the melodiousness, depth, and grandeur of the Great organ, the subdued and placid harmonies of the Choir, are all conspicuous.

The several Diapasons are constructed and voiced according to their relative position; those in the Great Organ being bold, clear and sonorous; those in the Choir, of a sweet, mellow, singing quality; while those in the Swell are peculiarly adapted to give a rich, full volume to that department of the Organ; and it may be remarked that they are all free from that forced hissing sound which is so often heard in Organs less skilfully voiced.

The Solo stops evince that delicacy and sweetness of tone for which the Messrs. Hook enjoy an unrivalled reputation: each one of these stops, when played with accompaniments, stands out in bold relief, and maintains its distinct character, as if it were a separate instrument in the hands of an orchestral performer.

Among the Stops which deserve especial men-

tion, is the Pedal Trombone, a 16 foot reed Stop, made on an entirely new principle, in which the too frequent harshness is supplanted by a smooth, rich body of tone, prompt in speaking, and blending finely with the full Organ.

This organ is, we believe, the fourteenth that the Messrs. Hook have built for churches in the city of Providence,—a fact which speaks volumes in their praise, proving, as it does, the very high estimation in which they stand as builders, where their works are known, and have stood the test of time, the only sure criterion by which to judge of the merits of the instrument. In this connection, the following testimonial of the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, furnishes abundant evidence:

"PROVIDENCE, April 23, 1857.

I can most cordially and conscientiously give my testimony to the unsurpassed excellence of the Organs manufactured by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. I have never known an instance in which there has been any dissatisfaction with the workmanship, quality of tone, balance of parts, or the general effect of their instruments. The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an Organ from their Manufactory may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money.

THOMAS M. CLARK, Bishop of Rhode Island."

The organ was exhibited on Wednesday afternoon last before a large audience, many of them amateurs, and gave unbounded pleasure and satisfaction. It is now in process of removal to Providence. The lovers of music in that city will be pleased to learn that it will be opened there by Prof. Geo. W. Morgan, of N. Y. city. We hear of several who will be present, on that occasion, from Boston. We congratulate the citizens of Providence on their good fortune in possessing so noble a specimen of the grandest of all instruments.—*Traveller*, Oct. 19.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci.

The statue of Beatrice Cenci, by Miss HARRIET HOSMER, now open for public inspection at Mr. Cotton's rooms, has claimed our attention, and, so far as we could possibly afford it, our study. We have great pleasure in declaring our opinion, that it is a very beautiful, as it certainly is a very interesting, piece of workmanship. We have heretofore examined the several specimens of this young lady's skill in the noble art to which she has devoted her life, as yet so briefly reckoned by years, as they have been exhibited in the same manner in this city. We thought of them all, that, with obvious deficiencies to a practised eye, rather than absolute faults, they manifested unmistakable evidence of those peculiar characteristics in the sculptor, which indefinitely mark the difference between genius and talent. Her conception transcended her execution. But the germ of promise had developed its flower so clearly, that we might look with certainty, in due time, for the perfected fruit. Nor does it involve the least derogation from Miss Hosmer's success, in this particular effort of her art, to say, that we believe she will yet produce something still more creditable to herself, and which will contribute to elevate still higher the reputation of our country in this department of the Fine Arts. As it is, we should be proud to welcome this statue, as the production of a fair countrywoman, in any collection of the results of modern sculpture.

The subject of the statue is of all others the most interesting—a young girl. But this girl is Beatrice Cenci, a name which, even after the lapse of two centuries and a half, still excites in Italy a profound interest, similar, yet more tender and compassionate, to that which in more Northern Europe veils the imputed crimes of Mary Stuart, with that sort of palliation, conjured up by the imagination and warmed by the impulse of all our gentler feelings, in the contemplation of her beauty, her sufferings, and her wrongs. The terrible crime for which Beatrice was condemned and executed by order of the Pope, notwithstanding the most earnest intercession of the principal persons in Rome, was parricide, committed at her instigation, in concert with

her brothers and step-mother, against her father, Count Cenci. Scarcely another such fiend incarnate as this man is chronicled in the history of the world. He could have maintained his existence only under the shadow of such a court as that of Rome, at such a period as that in which he lived. He purchased exemption from the consequences of innumerable and often unmentionable crimes, by his powerful influence as the head of an ancient and noble house, and by means of his great wealth. He hated and persecuted his children with implacable hostility; but towards his daughter his demoniac violence and cruelty assumed another form of infamy, which finally induced the execution of the fatal deed for which she suffered. We must admit that the act of this young and lovely maiden, subjected as she was to indignities from which every instinct of nature revolts, and hateful to every principle of human and divine sanction, was not in conformity with the sublime requirements of Christian perfection. But on the other hand, her sufferings were superhuman, calculated only too surely to bewilder the moral sense, and to obliterate the very affinities and distinctions of nature. And then, too, in her times, escape from the persecution which overwhelmed her was impossible, and the hope of protection beyond the walls of her unnatural father's palace equally in vain. Perhaps those who at this moment acknowledge the force of that dreadful necessity, under which English officers in India have immolated wives and children, in order to anticipate and prevent a worse fate, will at least pity Beatrice Cenci. Indeed, reason about it with whatever casuistry we may, the story of this young, most beautiful and most unhappy lady has inspired the involuntary sympathy of every age in her favor, from her own to the present.

Beatrice Cenci went to her doom sorrowful but composed; and the legend is that Guido, access to the prison being denied, caught, as she passed in procession to the place of execution, the soft and mournful yet most impressive lineaments of those lovely features, which have endured upon his immortal canvas. According to other accounts, however, the great painter did obtain, at the prison, that more deliberate opportunity for his art, which such an exquisite creation as his portrait would seem to have required. Miss Hosmer has chosen the night before the execution for the idealization of her subject, and Beatrice appears recumbent and sleeping, upon a block of stone, to which the ring affixed reminds us, as far as well could be in the accompaniments of a statue, of the prison itself and the fatal condition of the condemned slumberer. Her attitude gives the impression of profound, yet of exhausted, rather than easy, repose. She reclines partly on her side, yet the upper part of her person is thrown forward and brought into such a posture, that her chest presses the pillow of her pallet. The elbow of the beaded right arm extends above the head, which rests upon the back of the hand beneath it, while the left arm falls easily across the body, the back of the open hand resting upon the base of the marble beneath; and slightly intertwined with the delicate fingers is the rosary appropriate to her religious faith. One of her lower limbs is drawn up, beneath its fellow exquisitely moulded, which is extended in a natural and graceful posture, falling beyond and beneath the upper line of the edge of the block upon which she reposes. And if we have any critical remark to urge in this respect, it would be that either the blocks of stone in the Papal prison were of altogether too brief dimensions to permit the enjoyment of natural rest, or else the block here represented should have been made more conformable to the length of the figure, even at the expense of depriving us of some variety in the attitude of the sleeper. And, perhaps, we ought to say, that we cannot get rid of the impression, that the position of the statue, in certain particulars, is somewhat constrained, and, as we are inclined to think, not anatomically correct. The drapery has fallen partly from the person of Beatrice, leaving some of the upper portions of it not immodestly exposed. Indeed, no idea could be conceived of the statue, except as that of an

innocent, sleeping girl. In representing the texture of her more closely fitting inner garment, we observe the marble has been skillfully made, as much as marble can, and in this particular the material is admirably wrought, so as to distinguish the fabric and fit of the garment in question from the looser drapery of the conch. The head is enveloped in those snowy folds which covered her golden hair in the bloom and purity of her maiden life, long locks of which, escaped from their confinement, fall about her neck. The face is of marvellous beauty, and pleases us most of all. It is copied, as it seems to us, with remarkable fidelity and success, from that famous portrait of Guido already referred to, of which the common engravings afford us such an inadequate conception. We shall quote a description of this picture from an eminent authority, in order that our readers may compare its details with those of the head of the statue, so far as they are applicable:

The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death could scarcely extinguish; the forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic.—Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwelt together, without destroying one another; her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries, in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

We have thus endeavored to point out some of the characteristic merits, as well as to indicate some of the defects of this charming work of art. Of a country woman, so young, and yet so distinguished, as Miss Hosmer, already taking a high position among the eminent sculptors, who make Italy their field of study and the theatre of their early successes, we may well be proud. Perhaps the truest point of inspection, from which to appreciate the general effect of the statue to the best advantage, is from a position in front, diagonal to a line crossing the top of the head. And although the lovely face is thus concealed from view, yet this will claim its own special and delighted consideration. Sorrow, and the sweetness of a sad yet not despondent spirit, are on its features; but the vision of that gentle rest is untroubled by any forebodings of the morrow.

ENGLISH MUSIC TO "FAUST."—At the late Festival at Norwich, England, a novelty was introduced in the form of music to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by Mr. PIERSON, composer of the oratorio of "Jerusalem." The Norwich *Mercury* says of it:

The selections for a festival should never be governed either by cliquism or a mercenary object, any more than the selection of a vocalist. In this instance the music of "Faust" has followed the fate of "Jerusalem," for it can be looked at only as the incarnation of an unhealthy and not an inspired imagination, and following as it did directly after Beethoven's immortal "Pastoral Symphony," it fell with heavier weight upon the audience. Whatever may have been the intention of the composer, the audience, even with the description before them, failed to comprehend, and in the course of an hour and a half many had taken refuge in the balmy oblivion of sleep, whose claims, even the most unwilling were scarcely able to deny. Mlle. Leonhardi was the Ariel, and although exhibiting much vocal capability, still it was only sufficient to show how much more it was necessary to accomplish. The music was intended to describe Faust upon a "flowery turf, weary, restless, and in an uneasy slumber, by moonlight." The elves hover round, and Ariel directs them "to guard him," and charm "his senses with the finest magic," and "entice him to the cheerful realms of day." A choral incantation and solo succeed, and the sun rises as they disperse. An instrumental

piece follows, which is intended to describe the effects of a dream upon Faust, who, "having discovered his ideal of beauty in the Grecian Helen, invites her to rest in a beautiful valley of Arcadia." Then comes a chorus in homage of poetry. The dream continues, in which Faust supposes himself to appear as a knight of the middle ages—a march and chorus descriptive of a procession of knights; and then an orchestral *intermezzo*, to express the return of Faust to "philosophic retirement," who, allying the aid of Mephistopheles, becomes a Christian. A scene follows in which Mr. Weiss, as a warder of the castle, sings a song descriptive of the "world as it lies," as shown to his spirit from the "skies, and their glory to surrounding nature." A Chorus of Anchorites succeeds, one of whom is supposed to show Faust the "confines of heaven." A Chorus of Beatified Spirits sing of mercy and comfort to the dying Faust, and the last chorus gives him "the palm eternally," and he is shown "the spirit of his love smiling from the clouds on him." This is the subject upon which the music of "Faust" was founded, and had the books not described what was intended, no one would ever have imagined the scenes. The Chorus of Anchorites and the Song of the Warder are the nearest in approach of sound to sense; but even these indicate the unsettled and irregular impressions of the composer's imagination, and possess no sufficient melody or rhythm to retrieve the rest. The whole, in fact, bears the impress of a brain without form, and the substitution of extravagant ideas, without regard to whether they convey any notion of what is to be described. The best proof of the effect upon the audience, where somnolence did not prevail, was the restlessness which increased as the music proceeded, and by the relief which their countenances expressed when it terminated. A very few personal friends near the orchestra applauded, and some of the auditory in the five-shilling gallery stamped, but in vain: the verdict was too decidedly pronounced to be mistaken.

From my Diary, No. 13.

Oct. 10th.—Somebody has given the *Tribune* to-day a long article upon Expresses and Express-men.—Speaking of Adams, founder of Adams's Express, he gives some musical historical information(?) which is worth saving! *Ecce*.

On arriving in Boston, Adams "after seeking in vain for some days such a situation as he wanted, offered his services to the proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, on Washington street, opposite Boylston." At that time that hotel had just been erected and named in honor of the Marquis, who was very popular in Boston. It was then the crack house, and held in high esteem, especially by the jovial members of that potential and numerous, but always harmonious body, the Handel and Haydn Society. This musical institution, from time immemorial the pride of Boston, was then, and still is, we believe, located in Boylston Hall, opposite the new hotel, and—as the members met several nights in the week, either for rehearsal or public performance of an oratorio—partly from patriotic veneration for the Marquis, and partly to recuperate after their musical labors, they visited the bar of the 'Lafayette' very often, and sometimes they would come in great numbers, rendering an assistant bartender very desirable."

Is n't this rich, exceedingly!

14th.—This is the book I have been waiting for, for many years—Schœlcher's Life of Handel. Not that it contains all. That is not easily possible. But it clears up so many points, which since the days of Hawkins and Burney have been stumbling-blocks. Droll that what no Englishman has undertaken to do, what should have been done fifty years since, at last a Frenchman has undertaken, and apparently with the best success—and that is, a thorough examination of the Handelian manuscripts. What light is at once thrown upon that mighty man's career! and how wonderful it was!

I ask not whether Mr. Schœlcher might not have improved the work in some particulars, in matters of style, arrangement, and the like; it is enough for me that the great labor has been performed, and that we know what the Queen's and other libraries possess of Handel, and what light those relics afford.

It is unfortunate that the author is ignorant of the German language, for some additions might have been made to the account of Handel's early life, which would be interesting, and some slight errors might have been avoided.

The book pleases me vastly; and now—can our musical people not be persuaded to buy and read it?

The melancholy fate which has thus far fallen upon attempts at laying the foundation of a musical literature in this country, is a sad commentary upon the professions of love for music which one is constantly hearing. The ignorance that is constantly manifested of the most common facts in musical history is a shame and disgrace to the profession.

Those who get their living by music should hang their heads in shame if they do not read this book and Holmes's Mozart. What would they say to a member of any other profession, who was as ignorant of its history as most of our musical people are of theirs?

All praise to Apollo! the time is coming, though, when Dogberry will not cry in vain, "Oh that I had been written down an ass!" when the music teacher must be a man of some culture at least!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 24, 1857.

The Musical Prospect.

Could it be more unpromising? The winter is upon us, and the orchestra have not even begun to tune their instruments for the usual six months' Symphony. So far no operas, no oratorios, no concerts, with the exception of a solitary one in a small hall by Vieuxtemps and Thalberg! This does not sound like Boston. This report is in quite another key from that in which we have usually welcomed in the season. Music hath pause, like every other occupation that depends on money. In the other cities there have been beginnings, with unusual promise and array of forces, but beginnings only. The singers, like the birds, fly southward; how can they breathe in a chilly atmosphere of panic and of poverty?

There seems to be but one topic for our usual musical editorial:—to wit, the total want of music,—the suspension of all musical industry,—the poverty and most prosaic dullness of the times. For want of a better, we accept the topic. Let us look around us, and see how bad it is. We take a grim satisfaction in enumerating the great and smaller signs of discouragement. Let us amuse one another, in this lack of something better to do, by adding up indefinite quantities of zeros.

In the first place the music-teachers, with whom our cities swarm, come back from rusticiating or from trips to Europe, full of zeal, and of all sorts of methods, approved or original, some for the voice, some for the piano,—enough of them to make the rising generation musical: but—there are no pupils! None for many—not enough for any, for the best of them. Our music publishers have opened their superb new stores, with everything on shelves and counter, from the fugues of Bach and oratorios of Handel to the last negro melody or polka:—but there are none to buy! Engravers are dismissed, presses are silenced, and the loud foaming stream of music-selling and buying contracts itself within a moderate channel, waiting better times. Musical instruments find few purchasers; half the hundred hands of every piano-forte-making Briareus are idle. For any music-lover, who is blessed with a few spare hundreds, it were a capital time to purchase at large

discount the best piano that our factories afford. (We offer our services to any of our subscribers to execute an order of that kind for them;—we dare say it would be for our interest as well as theirs,—you see, we are getting worldly—it is the humor of the times.) And as to musical journalism? If we knew how long we should have a subscriber left to ask the question, we might answer. Suffice it to say, there is nothing to journalize about, and nothing is the subject of this article. There will be no musical critics—no Sir Oracles—their occupation's gone—the world sinks into Cimmerian darkness in the article of taste. (It was a *simmerin'* darkness, Mrs. P. might say, before.) And then, most terrible of all, there will be no "dead-heads"! because no theatres, no concerts. Thousands of those respectable and useful members of society suddenly thrown out of employment! What a lamentable condition of the labor market does not that indicate! So far a goodly pile of minus quantities and ciphers have we added up. Pleasant, as blowing soap bubbles, or whistling to keep the courage up in these hard times! And now for music-making proper; now for that industrious army who coin the elastic air into significant sweet notes, to thrill the inmost soul with harmony. We count up the operas and concerts that we are (not) to have.

The grand Opera in New York, as we have seen, suspended operations for a fortnight—for the purpose, it was said, of mounting several new pieces, such as the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Robert le Diable*, &c. The fortnight has expired; no announcement as yet of a resumption; the prevailing epidemic made it no loss to stop; perhaps it would be, to go on again; and meanwhile appears this significant little hint in the announcement of Vieuxtemps and Thalberg's concert for Oct. 23: "Last appearance but one in concert of Mlle. ERMINIE FREZZOLINI, prior to her departure for the West and South"! This looks a little like indefinite postponement. Perhaps the Opera will resume when the banks do. So we must set down naught for Opera in New York—as things now look. Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch, however, have much machinery and raw material on hand; it is damaging to let the works lie idle; they will certainly get their steam up with the first indications of a market. Or, to change the figure, they lie ready to hoist sail with the first breath of favorable breeze, and crowd on all their canvas, of which they have a plenty furled, if they can get a chance. Let us pray for a wind.

Turning to Philadelphia, to the Marshall-Maretzek Opera Company, we find that they have been singing since the first of this month hacknied operas, like *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Lucia*, &c., to discouragingly thin houses, spite of the would-be cheerful crowing of the newspapers; for, to the surprise of every one, and after all the grand announcements of great "stars" coming and to come, Tamberliks, Rogers, &c., the present (only the third) week is proclaimed the last chance of hearing this splendid company, who are positively engaged to sail immediately for Havana! It is a sign of coming winter, when the wild geese fly southward. No doubt these tamer singing fowls regard their case as somewhat analogous, and mutter something about never being geese enough again to accept an operatic engagement in America. So much for Philadelphia; set down naught and carry one—to better times.

Here in Boston, the operas in prospect are indeed most charming, if it be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Far off we see the shining plumage of the song-birds dwindling to fine specks in the Southern sky. When fairer financial weather shall recall them to New York and Philadelphia, we too shall have our turn. Perhaps not.

Our noble Boston Theatre, itself, is it appears in danger; we hardly know if it stand there substantially, a bonâ fide theatrical brick and mortar structure, or whether it be anything more than an Aladdin's palace, a fictitious thing, like so many banks and speculative bubbles, so sadly has the financial panic shaken the faith of its projectors and stockholders. In their alarm, they have even held a meeting and voted to sell the property. We recall the meeting in which the grand scheme was initiated, and have not forgotten the glowing speeches of the leading men, who set forth its claims so purely on the ground of the artistic pride, the new attractiveness to strangers, &c., of our good city. Then no one thought of investing for the sake of profit; it was all for public spirit, patriotism, Art! Now, when it appears that the theatre has in no season met the current expenses out of the nightly receipts, (which some charge wholly to bad management, to the corporation having tied its hands by an unprofitable long lease, whereby the Manager says: "Heads, I win; tails, you lose"); now, too, that the times are dark, every body feeling poor, the financial aspect of the theatre looms fearfully into the foreground, to the overshadowing of the artistic, and to the dismay of stockholders. The theatre cost \$416,000. The debt is \$205,000, principally mortgages. The immediate sum to be paid, however, is but \$15,000. To get over the whole difficulty, the Committee have recommended, and a meeting of the stockholders have adopted, the following plan:

To authorize the Directors of the Corporation to make a sale and conveyance of all the real and personal property of the Corporation to such persons or associations as will become the purchasers thereof at the amount of the present indebtedness of the Corporation, say \$205,000; each of the present stockholders to be allowed, if he pleases, to take for each share one two-hundred-and-thirty fifth part of the property. In other words, to form a new Company, with a capital equal to the debts of the Corporation, and abandon the act of incorporation, vesting the property in Trustees. Each of the new shares, if the whole debt should be paid off, would cost about \$885; but as a large portion of the debt is not yet payable, and can remain on mortgage if desired, and as the Melodeon estate can be sold for at least \$90,000, so soon as we are well over the present crisis, it would probably be entirely safe to limit the par value of the new shares at \$500. Of this sum only \$100 per share need be paid at present, and perhaps only \$50, and an additional \$100 would be all that would be required for a year to come, and the residue need be called for only as the mortgages have to be paid off. The new Company, after the sale of the Melodeon estate, would own the Theatre with its furniture, wardrobe, and properties. The land alone would be worth the entire sum to be paid. After the termination of the present lease, say March, 1859, your Committee think the Theatre could be rented for at least \$15,000 a year; and if the rights appended to the shares are worth their present market price, \$30, the new stock would probably yield a sum equal to 18 per cent, on the investment. Of this, however, each shareholder must form his own opinion and estimate. As an additional inducement, each share might be vested with the right to free admission, and the selection of two reserved seats instead of the alternate privilege belonging to the present shares.

The original value of a share was, we believe, \$1,000. It is not probable that the property will be purchased for any other than theatrical uses;

the sale of the Melodeon adjunct will materially reduce the debt; under a new system of management, whereby the company may lease it by special contracts, now to Italian opera, now to a Ballet troupe, &c., it may yield a much larger rent; so that, after all, we have little fear that our grand Boston Theatre will take to itself wings and fly away. Nor will the Genii transport it elsewhere, if the public will be just to genius here.—But as for Opera, so far as we see at present, we must set down naught for Boston.

As with the Operas, so with the "stars" and virtuosos that had begun or were about to begin to give miscellaneous solo concerts. The VIEUX-TEMPS-THALBERG works are evidently put upon half time. Miss JULIANA MAY has vanished in the South. Mr. COOPER, the eminent London violinist, has returned to England, (partly on account of domestic affliction,) but waits a better season to return.

Happy shall true music-lovers be, and not quite inconsolable at the loss of Italian opera and other imported splendors, if we shall be able to fall back with less distracted interest and less spoiled relish on the plainer, sweeter, far more nourishing and more inspiring fare of good wholesome classical oratorios and concerts by our own societies. Our Handel and Haydn Society should have commenced rehearsals this week. But the Hamburg steamer, Borussia, of Oct. 1, which was to bring our CARL ZERRAHN, to conduct them, is reported to have put back to Hamburg on the 7th,—cause unknown. Hence nothing is yet sure of Oratorios. And for the same cause, nothing with regard to orchestral Symphonies, &c. The same steamer is supposed to have contained the brothers FRIES, and other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; which makes the Chamber Concerts count for nothing yet. Mr. SATTER has postponed; and of the "German Trio" we hear nothing more. There is good hope, however, from the German "Orphans"—and for all, let us believe, as soon as times grow settled, if not prosperous. But for things actually in sight, our telescope sweeps the horizon in vain; there is nothing!—In New York there seem to be enough wise men left to save the city—musically. Thanks to permanent organization, her best in music, her Philharmonic concerts, will go on. In Philadelphia, the retreat of Opera is covered by the announcement of Germania (Orchestral) "Rehearsal" Concerts, at prices for the million.

There—we have presented a beggarly account of empty boxes. It can do us no harm to contemplate the worst. Perhaps we all feel better now that we have looked it in the face. Now we may look round again, from a new and honest stand-point of no false hopes, and see if we cannot find some crumbs of comfort. Perhaps we may yet see our true musical good in all this. Perhaps we may yet save from the wreck what is really worth saving. Perhaps, now that the showier ones, the formidable armadas of the speculators are scattered, there will be the more chance for those who are modestly in earnest with their art. Perhaps, by some mysterious law of spiritual Calculus, we may yet be able to carry one or more units to the telling side of all these ciphers, and learn how he that loseth his life may find it!

Of this hereafter. Meanwhile, if our theme was nothing, our readers will at least admit that we have made nothing of it. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

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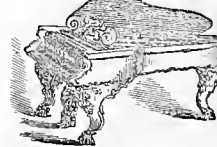
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HANDEL.

(From MATTHESON's "Grundlage Einer Ehrenpforte." Translated for this Journal.)

OCT. 25, 1857.

MY DEAR DWIGHT,—Nearly all the circumstances of Handel's early life, as they stand in the various sketches which have been written, rest upon the extracts made by Burney from Mattheson. With these extracts for three fourths of a century all the English writers seem to have been satisfied. I find not a man of them who seems to have taken the trouble to examine the original. But now that M. Schœlcher, a Frenchman, (1) has taken up the history of the great composer, he has had the good sense to go from Burney to the fountain. Unfortunately he does not know German, and slight inaccuracies—but great enough to mislead him—have crept into the translation of sundry passages. Burney was even more incorrect in passages which he selected.

Under the circumstances, it seems to me worth while, that Mattheson's sketch should be at last put into English entire, that the readers of M. Schœlcher's excellent book may be able to read the other also for themselves. Having had occasion for another purpose to translate a pretty large portion of it, it is no great labor to put the rest into English—and here you have it. No attempt has been made to be elegant—the original is not so—but perfect faithfulness to the original has been observed, so far as my knowledge of the language would permit. One date given by Mattheson is evidently wrong—that of 1709—when he makes Handel leave Hamburg for Italy. Schœlcher shows that it must have been in 1706 or 1707. Otherwise I put great faith in him.

It must not be forgotten that when Mattheson wrote (1740), Handel was not known, as now, by his Oratorios. He was then one of the great composers of operas—whether on the continent considered the greatest, I have my doubts—but very great.

There is to me something very interesting in reading such a chatty contemporary account of him, which I find nowhere else. I hope you and your readers will find the same to be true.

How Mattheson's account agrees with the facts

which Mr. Schœlcher has collected from other sources, I leave for the reader to see by reading the work of the latter.

A. W. T.

GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL, of Halle in Saxony, passed his fifty-sixth birth-day on the 25th of February last.¹ He studied composition and the organ with the celebrated Friedrich Wilhelm Zäckau, together with other sciences in the high schools there; the living languages, however, as Italian, French and English, he learned² thoroughly in his travels.

Anno 1703, in summer, he came to Hamburg, rich in talent and good will. He made almost his first acquaintance here with me, by means of which he was introduced to our organs and choirs, the opera and concerts, and especially into a certain house where all were in the highest degree devoted to music. At first he played second violin (*andre violine*) in the operatic orchestra, and appeared as if he could not count five, for he was by nature fond of dry humor.³ As there happened once to be no harpsichordist present, he allowed himself to be prevailed upon to take his place, and proved himself a man; no other person but myself having suspected it.

At that time he composed very long, long airs, and really endless cantatas, which failed of the true spirit and a true taste, though they were indeed perfect in harmony; but he soon became quite changed in this respect, through the influence of the high school of opera. He was strong on the organ; stronger than Kuhnau, in fugue and counterpoint, especially extempore; but knew very little of melody until he came into the Hamburg Opera. On the other hand all the compositions of Kuhnau were throughout melodious and singable; also those written for instruments. In the last century hardly anybody thought of melody; everybody aimed merely at harmony. For the most part at that time he dined with my deceased father, and in return taught me sundry peculiar contrapuntal effects. As I on the other hand did him no small service in the matter of dramatic style, one hand was made to wash the other.

We journeyed together, also, on the 17th of August, that same year 1703, to Lübeck, and made many double fugues in the coach, *da mente*, *non da penna*. I had been invited thither by the Geheime Rath's President, Magnus von Wedderkopp, as the future successor of the very able organist, Dietrich Buxtehude. I took Handel with me. We played nearly all the organs and harpsichords in the place, and formed the conclusion in regard to our playing which I have recorded elsewhere;—namely, that he should play only the organ, and I only the harpsichord. We heard also the above-named artist, in his church of St. Mary, with all due attention. But

as a marriage proviso was connected with the matter, to which neither of us had the slightest inclination, we departed, after having received many honorable attentions, and enjoyed many merry-makings. Johann Christian Schieferdecker aimed closer to the mark; after the father, Buxtehude's death, took the bride home, and received the fine situation, which at this present Johann Paul Kuntzen so famously fills.

Anno 1704, while I was in Holland, with the intention of going to England,³ I received on the 21st of March in Amsterdam such an earnest and impressive letter from Händel, in Hamburg, as to form a main inducement for me to start on my journey homewards. Said letter is dated March 18, 1704, and contains, among others, this expression: "I am often wishing for the enjoyment of your most delightful conversation, a loss, however, which will soon be supplied, as the time draws near in which nothing can be undertaken in the opera, without your presence. I pray you therefore heartily, to notify me of your journey, so as to give me the opportunity of showing my feelings of obligation, by coming to meet you with Mlle. Sbilens,"⁴ &c. &c.

On the 5th of Dec. of the year above-named, my third opera,⁵ "Cleopatra," being performed, and Händel being at the harpsichord, arose a misunderstanding between us, which with such young people, who are striving for honor with all their power and with little reflection, is nothing new. I was directing, as composer, and at the same time performing the part of Anthony, who puts an end to himself a good half hour before the close of the play. Now I had been in the habit hitherto, after this scene, of going into the orchestra, and accompanying the rest myself; which of course every composer can do better than another; but this time I was refused. Urged on by some other persons, after the opera, in the public market place, and in the presence of a multitude of spectators, we got into a duel, which might have turned out very sadly for us both, if God's providence had not so mercifully provided, that my sword, striking upon a broad metal coat-button of my opponent, snapped in two. No special damage therefore was done, and we, through the mediation of one of the most respectable city counsellors of Hamburg and of the then lessee of the Opera, were soon made friends again; for I on the same day, that is on the 30th of December, had the honor of having Händel to dine with me, and immediately after, in the evening, we both attended the rehearsal of his "Almira," and became better friends than before. Sirach's words, chap. xxii., therefore, were fulfilled exactly:—"Though thou even drewest a sword at thy friend, thou actest not so badly (as in railing). For you

may well become friends again, if thou dost not avoid, but talkest with him."⁶ I relate this affair with the real circumstances attending it, on this account, that it is not so very long since it has been wrongly related by wrong-headed people.

Thereupon Händel, Anno 1705, the 8th of January, successfully brought out his first opera, "Almira," above-mentioned. On the 25th of February followed the "Nero." Then with pleasure I bade the theatre farewell, after having performed the principal personage in the two beautiful operas just mentioned, with universal applause, and after having devoted myself to this sort of labor full fifteen years,—perhaps in fact a little too long; so that it was high time for me to be thinking of something more substantial and enduring; in which also, God be praised! I have succeeded. Händel, however, continued four to five years longer by the Opera, and had besides a great many pupils.

In 1708, he finished the "Florinda," as well as the "Daphne," which however did not equal the "Almira." Anno 1709, he composed nothing. Thereafter an opportunity occurred of a free passage with von Binitz to Italy; where he, Anno 1710, in the winter, at Venice, on the stage of Saint Giov. Crisostomo, produced his "Agrippine," in which, when it adorned the Hamburg stage eight years later, people, not unjustly, thought they could detect various passages exceedingly like imitations of originals in "Por-senna," &c.⁷

The other musical dramas from Händel's pen,—as "Rinaldo," 1715, "Oriana," 1717, together with the above-mentioned "Agrippine," 1718, "Zenobia," 1721, "Muzio Scevola" and "Floridante," 1723, "Tamerlane," "Julius Caesar," and "Otto," 1725, "Richard I." 1729, "Admetus," 1730, "Cleofida," (otherwise called by its proper title, "Porus,") and "Judith," 1732, finally, the "Rodelinda," 1734,—have been performed in his absence here in Hamburg, having been sent hither from abroad. This was the case also with the music to Brocke's "Passion," which he also composed in England, and in a remarkably closely written score sent hither by post. The following information in regard to this Oratorio was given in a preface, printed in 1719:—

"It is not a matter of surprise that the four great musicians,—who as such have gained immortal fame through the many and exquisite masterpieces which they have given to the musical world,—Herr Keiser, Herr Händel, Herr Telemann and Herr Mattheson,⁸—should take the greatest delight in setting such a text to music; in doing which they have been so uncommonly successful, that the most careful, accurate judge of beautiful music is forced to admit that he knows not what is left to be desired in sweetness, art, and the natural expression of emotion, or which he can place highest without exposing himself to the danger of making a false decision. Herr Keiser's music has been given several times with the highest approbation. That of Herr Mattheson,⁹ already heard twice this year, left with its hearers an undying monument to his *virtu*. But now it is the intention, next Monday (in the holy week) to perform the music of Herr Händel, and on Tuesday, that of Herr Telemann, &c."

In the mean time Händel's operas have been produced here, partly in the Italian language, in which most of them were composed; in part, however, they have been, through translation and

patching, exposed to the greatest changes. Such a course may with good reason frighten any composer from sending his works to such places, where men are governed only by their own notions and play the *absens carens*. Also a lesson! In all, nineteen or twenty of his dramatic pieces have been known here in Hamburg; in London perhaps several others, of which the airs have been engraved on copper there, and are pretty dear.

About the year 1717, Händel was in Hanover, and became, if I mistake not, Capellmeister to the then Crown Prince, now the King of England (George II.) I received also at that time, from the said Hanover, letters from him, in relation to the dedication of the second "Opening" of my "Orchestra," which is called the "Protected," and which was inscribed to him and others. In regard to that work he sent me his opinion still more fully from London in 1719, which has found its proper place in the "Critica Musica," pp. 210, 211, vol. ii. In that letter he promised to send me the most remarkable occurrences of his life; it is a great disappointment to me that this has never been done; on the other hand, in answer to another appeal to him, at the time when, as is well known, I dedicated my "Fingersprache" to him, the following came to hand on the 5th of August, 1735.

LONDON. JULY 29, 1735.

Mein Herr:—Some time since I received one of your obliging letters; and just now I have received your last and the fugues accompanying it.

I thank you, Sir, and assure you that I cherish all respect for your merits; I wish only that my position was somewhat more favorable, that I might prove to you how well disposed I am in fact to serve you. Your work deserves the attention of musicians, and so far as within me lies I will see that they do it justice.

As to the account of my life, it is impossible for me to execute it, on account of my constant labors in the service of the Court and nobility, which cuts me off from every thing else. In the mean time I am with perfect respect, &c.

Since that time, in fact Nov. 10th, 1739, as the Court and nobility, yes, the entire nation, had occasion to think more of the ill effects of war than of theatres and public amusements, and thus he was deprived of this excuse, my urgent request was pressed again as politely as reasonably, and with many reasons for granting my request; but this has proved just as fruitless as my former ones. It has been hinted to me in confidence(?) that this world-renowned man is so excessively occupied in the solution of a certain *canonis clausi*, which begins thus: *Frangit Deus omne superbum*, &c., as to let every thing else go. But I will not be in the slightest degree responsible for the truth of this report.

I record therefore nothing but what I know, and what I can with certainty recall by means of letters and diaries, and what I have seen with my own eyes, among which are several anthems or pieces for the church, especially a very celebrated *Te Deum*, &c., several times performed in London with applause. But this so far as I know has not been printed. On the other hand, among other things, he had engraved in London in 1770, "VIII Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin," which are very beautiful, and which have been since continued or increased in number. The high price of these compositions, however, together with the operatic airs above-named, has prevented me from sending for them all. In the

mean time a man, for whom I did so much upon his first rather feeble appearance before the public, to whom I have even, in addition to the deserved praises accorded him in my writings, not only publicly dedicated the "*Beschützte Orchestra*," but very recently an important engraved work, which I sent to him, not without cost, as to a prince in Art,—might have communicated, if not to me personally, at least to the admiring musical world, some adequate proof or other of his talents, or at least some notice of his honorable professional labors. For we were fellow members of the opera, comrades and companions, fellow travellers, and dined at the same table. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

There was a report at one time, that, owing to the knavery and persecutions of the Italians, matters were upon a very bad footing with him. That was just before the time that he, as noticed before, spoke of his *unfortunate circumstances*, in a letter.* And we received a letter from a trustworthy source, stating that if the royal purse even had not been opened for him, which took place upon the presentation of a new opera, the prospect would have been bad enough for him.¹¹ So far as I have been able to learn, excepting what he receives from the Princesses, he has no certain position or service at court; but covers his expenses, which are not small, by operas, concerts, and music upon extraordinary occasions, such as coronations and the like.

The King of England employs, as king, no foreigner as Capellmeister: but his church music must as a general thing be in the hands of natives. The Musical Chapel consists of one music master and twenty-three musicians under him, who wear a particular livery furnished at the king's expense. The following perfectly trustworthy notice was received by the Embassy here, dated at the Royal Chancery, Whitehall, 9th and 20th of August, 1729: "His Majesty has been pleased to command to be delivered annually, to John Eccles, esquire, Master of the Royal Music, and twenty-three other royal musicians, for their livery, so long as they remain in his service, 14 English ells of camelot, for a long priest-like overcoat, 3 Eng. ells black velvet for the seams and trimmings of such a coat; 1 fur lining of lambskin; 8 Eng. ells black damask for the undercoat; 8 ditto fine silk for the under-lining; 3 ditto velvet for the waistcoat; 3 ditto of fustian for the lining of the last."

Now as the English chapel is upon such a footing, it is easy to conclude that Händel can have no regular connection with it. Each new King of England, upon his elevation to the throne, or not long after, makes some provision of this kind, which is based upon an act of parliament, and in which, without the consent of that body, no material change can be made. Such a decree is thought to be of so much importance, that information of it is sent to all the English ministers resident abroad.

Händel, some years since, I think in 1729, at the time when, owing to the conduct of the Italians, he was without singers, made a journey to Dresden, &c., in search of good voices; he is said to have passed through Hamburg, as I have

* I believe that he had an idea that I was expecting some sort of a present from him. But he was wide of the mark! One can do me no greater favor, than when he is affording the public a gratification.

heard: Heidegger, at that time undertaker of the London Opera, went for the same purpose to Italy: but, so far as is known, did not accomplish much. Johann Gottfried Reimischneider, our best baritonist, at present Cantor in the Hamburg Cathedral, went, it is true, that year over to London, and sang there in Opera; came back again however in August, 1730.

At one time it is said that Händel has been made Bachelor, then Doctor of Music; and again, that upon his visit to Oxford, he with all due politeness refused this latter honor, &c. But in this matter, without his concurrence, nothing can be said with certainty. We have heard also that he is married; at all events it is high time:—this has been often mentioned in the English Court Journals, that some private persons have erected a marble statue to his honor in Vauxhall Garden; which is indeed something worth while. In this garden, into which any one can enter and enjoy himself, many concerts are given for money.

Finally, the never-too-extravagant praises of our world-renowned Händel, in my works, for instances in the *Musica Critica*, *The Musical Patriot*, *Kernel of Melodic Science*, *Perfect Chappelmaster*, &c., may be hunted up by means of the indexes, and found in great numbers; so that it would be superfluous for me to repeat them here. *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

FINIS.

As a curious and characteristic specimen of Mattheson's lugging in all sorts of matters which interested him, and which he thought would interest his readers, I will add here a note which is called out by the mention of Eccles.

"In the catalogue of musical works, issued by John Walsh, (Royal Instrument-maker, at the sign of the Golden Harp and Oboe, in Catharine street, near Somerset House in the Strand,) appears among other works, Mr. Eccles's "New Music for opening of the Theatre," and in his "Monthly Masks for August, 1706," a singular Lion song by the same composer, which requires a compass of fourteen notes. It is noticeable that on account of his office he has the title of Esquire, which implies something more than a common gentleman; although he was merely a citizen by birth. Just as I am writing this, comes a journal with the news that in Dec. 1739, the distinguished Gordon, professor of music in Gresham college, died, who it is supposed will be succeeded by Dr. Barrowby, Jun. A committee of twelve members belonging to the city of London has been engaged since the 22d of Jan. 1740, in selecting some person to fill the vacant chair. Of twelve candidates they first selected six; then of the six they chose three; two of whom, namely, Mr. Gore and Mr. Broome, were finally left as the only candidates; but as each received six votes, no decision was reached, but the matter was deferred until the 27th. There were three organists among the candidates, but they fell through. On the 23d of January of this year died at Westminster, in the 90th year of his age, Dr. Turner, Doctor of Music."

NOTES.

1 The "Ehrenpforte" appeared in 1740.—T.

2 (Note by Mattheson.) I am sure when he reads this he will laugh in his heart—for outwardly he laughs little. Especially in case he calls to mind the deaf pigeon-seller who rode with us that time to Lübeck by post, or the pastry-cook's son, who had to blow for us when we played in the Mary Magdalen Church. That

was upon the 30th of July, 1703, for on the 15th we had been out upon a water excursion. And a hundred such like occurrences float in my memory.

3 My wish was ever towards England; and lo! I found it fulfilled in Hamburg, much more comfortably.—M. [Mattheson refers here to the fact that he was secretary to the English Legation in II.—T.]

4 Mlle. Shülens—who was she? Not the future wife of Mattheson—for he married Catharine Jennings, of Wiltshire, Eng.—T.

5 My first complete opera, 'Pleiades,' I had already composed, directed, and acted the leading part, when I was hardly 17 years of age.—M.

6 "From we know not what great philosopher," says M. Scholcher. See "Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach," Mr. S. But Mattheson's quotation from the German Bible does not correspond with the English version.—T.

7 'Porsenna,' an opera composed by Mattheson, and first produced at Hamburg in 1702.—T.

8 To avoid all misconceptions, these names are given here in the order in which the compositions followed each other in the time of production. (These are the words of the writer of the preface.)—M.

9 Although mine was the latest composition, it was often performed, sometimes in private and sometimes in public, in the year 1718, before that of Händel; although that had long been here, as well as Telemann's.—M.

10 A dozen Fugues, with this queer title.—T.

11 See the preface to the "Kleinen General-Bass-Schule," p. 5.—M. The reference is to this passage: "The king throws out annually [i. e. into the Operatic fund] £1000; this year [1735] his Majesty has given £2000 toward the support of the Lyric Drama."—T.

Optical Study of Vibrations.

Among the Memoirs recently issued by the French Academy of Sciences, is one, of which the Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following abstract.

It is an optical study of vibratory motions, which was laid before the Academy of Sciences by M. Lissajous. Acoustics is that branch of natural philosophy which studies the production, qualities, and propagation of sound. It is by the sense of hearing that we discover the existence of sound and appreciate its different qualities. Nevertheless, the natural philosopher regards sound as existing independently of the sensation it excites; it is a vibratory state of ponderable matter, a phenomenon of motion whose laws it is his duty to determine. The qualities of sound certainly depend upon the particular phenomena which attend vibration, but these wonderfully various qualities give us directly no idea about the nature of the motions the sonorous body executes. For instance, *à priori* nothing could lead us to suppose that a sharp sound requires a larger number of vibrations than a grave sound, nor that the sort of consonance called octave is that of two sounds whose number of vibrations differ from the simple to the double. It is only after vibration itself has been studied by a method in which the sense of hearing has no part to play, that the ear can be appealed to with profit to compare sensation and number and deduce notions which have now become the most elementary portion of acoustics. In studying in this way the vibratory motion natural philosophers, instead of appealing to ordinary musical instruments, invented instruments which enabled them to determine the number of vibrations: such as the Syren, invented by M. Cagniard de la Tour, and the tooth wheel invented by M. Savart.

When the natural philosopher seeks to measure the sound furnished by any instrument, by one of these apparatus, he is obliged to take their unison, and consequently to rely on his ear. It is, consequently, clear that this numerical valuation of sounds is limited in its precision by the degree of sensibility of the natural philosopher's ear. M. Lissajous has invented a very different method, which enables him to effect, as he says, the optical study of vibratory motions. Does the natural

philosopher desire, for instance, to know how many vibrations the diapason gives—he experiments upon the diapason itself. He applies a small mirror to the exterior face of one of the branches, and directs a sunbeam upon it; this beam is reflected, and so long as the instrument remains silent the beam marks on a screen placed in a proper position a motionless image, which is concentrated by means of a convergent lens. But if the instrument be made to vibrate, the reflected beam vibrates in the same plane, and its extremity vibrating on the screen with rapidity traces a lengthened image, the extent of which is in proportion to the amplitude of the vibratory motion and to the square of the intensity of the emitted sound. It is not, consequently, necessary to hear this sound to know that it exists, that it swells in volume, or that it diminishes; the natural philosopher has but to glance at the screen, and follow the variations of extension of the figure traced by the reflected rays. But this is not all: the natural philosopher would know whether this diapason is indeed of accord with another diapason which is represented as being susceptible of vibrating in unison. This other diapason is provided with a second mirror, care being taken to make the two planes of vibration perpendicular to each other; the beam reflected for the second time will at last be thrown upon the screen of observation.

If both diapasons be vibrated in an isolated manner, the luminous image will be lengthened in one, or the perpendicular direction. If the first diapason produces a vertical elongation, the second will produce a horizontal elongation; and when both vibrate together, we shall have at every instant the figure which results from the combination, that is, two rectangular motions. This figure must be a circle or a straight line, or one of the intermediate ellipses. The two diapasons are shown to vibrate in unison by the figure (whatever it may be) remaining permanent, and like itself, while gradually diminishing by the progressive weakening of the initial motion. If, on the contrary, some difference exists between the two velocities of vibration, the experimenter will be warned of it by the deformations of the optical figure, which, passing through every possible form, will make a complete evolution during the time one of these diapasons will require to gain an entire vibration on the other. In this way, the eye detects differences which must certainly escape the ear. If, instead of being in unison, the diapasons are in octaves, the optical figure becomes a sort of S, which may degenerate into the summit of a parabola; and here, too, the constancy or change of the figure indicates that the octave is more or less exact. All the musical intervals which are represented by the commensurable relation of the number of vibrations have their curves, in which there are found, as it were, both terms of the fraction expressed in geometrical language. Mirrors are not necessarily required in this method, which consists in magnifying by optical means and composing together the vibratory motions of the two bodies which it is desired to compare, so as to attain (without consulting the ear) a precision which has no limit, except the irregularities of the mechanical phenomena, or its too brief duration. The modes to be employed in every particular case vary with the nature of the vibrating body. After having described all the experiments he has made with this new mode of observation, M. Lissajous devotes the second portion of his memoir to the mathematical exhibition of the generation of the curves observed. I cannot enter here upon this discussion. Those scientific readers it is likely to interest will find the whole memoir at length in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*.

Suspensions.

[From the New York Musical World.]

..... The musical portion of the world is so intimately blended and mixed up with the rest of the community, so absolutely dependent indeed—wherever music is followed as a profession or vocation in life—upon the very superabundance of the general prosperity, that it cannot but feel

with most sensitive acuteness any disastrous check to the common weal.

If an individual find himself involved in embarrassment, and under the necessity of reducing his expenditure, he naturally begins by retrenching whatever he considers a superfluity; especially every thing occasioning an outlay which can be avoided without making any apparent change in his domestic establishment, every thing which can be knocked off without diminishing his external respectability. In every such case, the music-teacher is invariably one of the first to suffer. He can be dismissed until better times; and accordingly he soon receives an intimation that his further services will be dispensed with.

Instances of this kind, even in the best of times, are of no very rare occurrence; and no great inconvenience results. A pupil or two lost in one family will be soon replaced by others found elsewhere. The teacher's annual income is not seriously affected.

But in a time of wide-spread distrust and monetary instability like the present, when the foundations of commercial credit are shaken as by an earthquake, when mercantile firms and enterprises, although supported by all the resources of vast nominal capital, are in danger of toppling over into shapeless ruins, and some such have actually yielded and fallen amid the terrible moral commotion, when men's hearts are failing them for fear and the help of friends is appealed to in vain because *they* also feel as though the ground on which they recently stood so firmly were sinking beneath their feet, the position of many a music-teacher depending upon his daily exertions for his daily bread, may well be imagined to be lamentable indeed. All his resources, at once dried up; all his means of living "suspended;" what is the poor fellow to do? what prospect has he before his eyes for the coming winter? what—but privation and misery?

Now mark! This extreme view of the case is founded upon the extravagant supposition, that, in the present state of alarm and apprehension, the music-teacher will be forthwith dispensed with by every family in the community. At the *worst*, however, we may presume the musical affairs will hardly assume so bad a shape as *that*. Yet there is reason to fear that the principle of retrenchment in this particular direction has already begun to operate *very* largely, and, we may also say, very disproportionately.

When a man, feeling the pressure of the times, looks around him to see which branches of his past expenditure he can best prune away, he does not select the *butcher* and the *baker*, and say he will have no further dealings with them. That may not be. He may, notwithstanding, retrench a little, even with regard to those important functionaries. He may inculcate economy in the selection of joints, as well as in the mode of culinary preparation for the table; and he may limit his consumption of bread to the wholesome, rather than the fanciful. He will not come to a resolution to employ neither a *tailor* nor a *hatter*, but he may find it expedient to order clothing less frequently than he did before, and to make a hat do duty for a longer period than usual.

He may put into requisition a similar principle with regard to all other details of his domestic economy, and thus a very considerable reduction of the aggregate expenditure of a household may be brought about without occasioning any unpleasant change in the general mode of living. There will be no painful revulsion, no domestic revolution; only a consciousness of the present expediency of avoiding all unnecessary disbursements. But how does the principle work when the head of the family comes to review the cost of the *education* of his children, more particularly of those branches of education which are styled *accomplishments*? Too frequently perhaps, under the circumstances supposed, they are lopped off altogether. The functions of the teachers are summarily *suspended*.

"The girls must wait awhile before they go on with their music lessons. Perhaps next year things will look better. Meanwhile they must keep up their practice as well as they can." So says the paterfamilias, and his word is law.

Now the painfully distressing effect of suddenly stopping the action of a large mill or manufactory, in which large numbers of industrious people have been steadily and laboriously engaged from day to day, and to which they had been accustomed to look as the source of supply for all their domestic comforts and enjoyments, is but too well known. When hundreds of families deriving their support from *one* such establishment are at one fell swoop bereft of their accustomed mode of earning a livelihood, the heart sickens at the scenes of woe and desolation which necessarily follow. But when, as now, not merely a single manufactory, but *several* such establishments have found, or fancied themselves compelled to suspend operations, by the cessation of which, *thousands* of families are exposed to the horrors of wretchedness and want, the imagination recoils from the contemplation of such accumulated suffering.

Some humane and considerate proprietors, however, notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of affairs, instead of totally suspending all manufacturing operations, have adopted the truly judicious and commendable course of working upon what is called "short time." It is a homely, exceedingly homely, but as true as homely, proverb, that "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Many a hard-working honest man will have occasion to bless God for disposing the hearts of those humane proprietors to pursue so liberal a policy. They will have their reward; and let us hope that their example will be extensively followed.

We should not have adverted to this topic, were it not to afford opportunity for the offer of a suggestion with regard to the treatment of those in whose welfare we are more immediately interested,—the domestic teachers of music, many of them highly respectable and truly estimable members of society, and parents of rising families.

If our voice could be heard amid the din of disaster now ringing in so many ears, we would say to those of our friends who may be contemplating the dismissal, or—what is equivalent—the non-renewal of the engagement of the parties who have been accustomed to instruct their children in music,—“Good people! be not too hasty in this matter. See if an arrangement may not be made, whereby you may reduce your music expenses by one half, or even more, and by virtue of which the teacher will yet derive some small revenue, and your children will continue to make progress rather than go backwards.”

There seems to be an idea prevalent, that music lessons, to be at all useful, must be given just twice a week. This is a mistaken notion. For young beginners, (who can accomplish nothing at all by themselves,) it is desirable that the lessons should be given more frequently; and for *very* young pupils, it is expedient that the lessons should occupy a much shorter period of time than the stereotyped duration of an *hour* on two days of every week. Whilst those who have made some progress may get along very well with instructions communicated at longer intervals. We remember the case of a young lady pupil, who took her lessons at the rate of one every *fortnight*, and continued the habit for several successive years. The reason, however, was, not that there existed any necessity for economy on the part of her parents, but, the fact that she had to travel for each lesson some four and twenty miles over an ordinary turnpike road.

The suggestion we offer then is this, that in cases where it is thought proper to curtail expenditure in this particular direction, agreements be made for lessons *once a week*, or even more rarely, as circumstances may dictate. This, at all events, will be much better for both the instructors and their pupils, than an abrupt termination of the customary course of tuition.

Let us now turn to a more cheering subject. Suspensions of banks, suspensions of manufacturing processes, suspensions even of music lessons, are not pleasant themes of contemplation. They are all productive of more or less melancholy results.

But how much more grievously melancholy, how incalculably more severe in its effects upon, not merely the causal comforts and enjoyments,

but the continued existence of the race of man itself would have been the suspension of the *laws of nature*, or rather of the action of the good providence of God, for but a single season, yea, for but a single *hour*!

There has been no such suspension as *that*. Seed time and harvest have not failed. The earth has yielded her increase, in even more than usual abundance; and instead of gloom and sadness our hearts *should* be filled with joy and gladness.

We intended to talk of *musical suspensions*; passages of harmony in which the ear is for awhile kept in suspense by the prolongation of one chord, or portion of a chord, after another, or part of another, has been introduced; and by means of which, combinations of sounds that would affect the ear as abominably discordant, if abruptly introduced altogether, are rendered not simply *tolerable*, but highly agreeable to the cultivated taste; and which by ultimately resolving into perfect concords enhance the enjoyment of the music: but we have insensibly been led into a rambling dissertation upon the troubles of the times. Musical suspensions may come in for notice hereafter; we have no room for them now.

Let us express our cheerful hope, that, as a suspended discord in music, when rightly managed, has but the effect of heightening the pleasure derived from the harmony which follows, so the present painful experiences of the community will lead to a grateful enjoyment of the season of renewed prosperity which we trust is in store for us.

II.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, OCT. 1.—The months from July to October are in Berlin and in most places the period of artistic ebb. It is vacation with the Royal Opera, which for whole months remains shut, and a time for pleasure journeys with our artists. Berlin during this time of greatest heat upon its dry plain of sand seems to have died out, for everybody flies from its intolerable atmosphere to the baths and other refreshing summer residences. By far the most of the music, heard by those whose mournful lot it is to be confined to this dense and unwholesome element, is made in the open air; especially our "Thiergarten," the far renowned park oasis of our sand plain, resounds with all sorts of concerts in its numerous *cafés*. This is the season of those unwieldy monster concerts of several hundred trumpets, drums and cymbals,—a palpable emblem of our Prussian military regime, under the direction of our General Director of all the military bands, Herr WIEPRECHT, who, being an excellent director of masses, is the more delighted the greater the military spectacle, and who actually sometimes, by way of alternation, treats his public to a sentimental sweetish lullaby with an accompaniment of some twenty drums(!), in which about as many trumpets and trombones, *castrati*-like, sing the melody in *pianissimo*. The several thousands of paying audience, amid the clatter of coffee cups and beer cans, are in raptures with this nuisance, which, to crown the intoxicating impression, is usually followed by a solemn piece of battle music, with brilliant illumination of the garden and fireworks; while outside of the enclosure many thousand families, nicknamed in Berlin "*Zaun-gäste*" (hedge-visitors), listen devoutly. Most of these monster concerts, however, have a charitable object. In the season of greatest heat occur the greatest conflagrations, and such calamities continually afford occasions for this favorite class of entertainments.

It is in this garden, too, that the famous LIE-

BIG'S "Capelle" exercises a wholesome attraction in the opposite direction, affording a sole opportunity to lovers of classical orchestra music. But meritorious as it is in our highly honored Liebig, to give to people of small means, among whom the greater portion of our musical world must be reckoned, so rare an opportunity for studying our classical Symphonies, yet he appears as a director to be already growing weaker with increasing age, and frequent complaints are heard about worse execution than formerly. It really seems as if the stimulus of competition were lacking here.

During this time, too, are the great singing festivals of our working men's unions, under the direction of FRANZ MUECKE. This man is peculiarly well constituted not only for the direction of great choruses, but also for imparting to them that spirit of cheerfulness and elevation which is suited to assemblies of the people. In his downright address he hits the true popular tone, which goes right to the heart of the working man; he wakes and cherishes in them the spark, which may one day, amid important commotions, contribute much to an advantageous overturn of existing relations. It requires great tact to do this unchallenged under the eyes of an anxiously suspicious government, which hardly tolerates such gatherings, as being echoes and products of the revolutionary time, and which has especially long sharply watched Mücke himself; this it proves by the fact that it lets the most desiring of these men starve and will not employ them. This year the festival, in which commonly six or eight hundred singers from all northern Prussia take part, and often make a further pilgrimage, was not held, as formerly, in the woody vale of Neustadt-Eberswalde, but in the ravine of the Rüdersdorf chalk mountains, which lie still more freely and picturesquely on the Spree. At such festivals the place is festively adorned with flags and laurel garlands; the choirs, as they arrive, are welcomed with choruses and speeches; each choir bears its own distinctive badges and colors, and the joyful feast is closed with a competition in song, to which throng many thousands of families from the capital and the surrounding country; while all day long there is an unbroken succession of extra trains arriving and departing by the railway, and the most picturesque groups are seated everywhere with their eating apparatus on the grass. Doubtless your German Männergesang gatherings in New York and Philadelphia give a true picture of our own.

Of Operas and Concerts proper there is little in this dead time worth notice. It is often used by beginners for their first appearance, because then criticism and the public are more weakly represented and more lenient. Thus at the Royal Opera, Fräulein WIPPERN made her trial in the part of Agatha in the *Freyschütz*, a lady gifted with a fine voice of good compass, and a very captivating exterior. She has already had the advantage of good school; she only lacks the art of uniting the registers, and experience in acting, in which she is yet very naïve and deficient; but we may hope, since she is engaged here, to find in her a good singer. The chorus, once so celebrated under SPONTINI, grows worse and worse, and made the most incredible blunders in this *Freyschütz* music, which is here so popular. . . . After the vacation a notable performance was that of Rossini's "William Tell." This genial creation appeared, at a time when the

maestro was supposed to have written himself out and to be resting on his laurels in Paris, as the fruit of studies, which nothing short of a rare genius could have mastered in so brief a time,—a wonderful mixture of three styles: Italian melody, French dramatic pathos, and in part German conception. If we consider the "Siege of Corinth" as a transition step, still the way in which Rossini knew how to adapt so unexpectedly and so skilfully the whole French orchestra to his mode of writing, was a surprise of genius. The performance left much to be desired. The best were Herr FORMES and Fräulein TRIETSCH as Arnold and Matilda. Herr FAHRENHOLZ was not in a condition to sing the favorite Barcarole with harp; it had to be omitted. Herr BOST as Melchthal was guilty of gross exaggerations; Herr KRAUSE, as Gessler, was tedious by a too church-like declamation, and Herr RADWANER lacks the necessary energy for Tell. The choruses, which in this opera are particularly beautiful and essential, went always badly; but orchestra and ballet, on the other hand, were excellent.

Our most admired singer, JOHANNA WAGNER, is so materially impaired in voice, that the mildest criticism can but advise against her further appearance on the stage. She appeared as Clytemnestra in Gluck's *Iphigenia*,—a rôle adapted to the genius and noble style of this great singer; and although she still succeeded always in deeply thrilling the public by the power and earnestness of her delivery, yet not once was the once rich middle register of her voice entirely pure. . . . As a first winter novelty, a light French opera, "The Cadi," by Thomas, has been rehearsed. Anything like a thorough, scientific groundwork of text and music was always foreign to French comic opera, which is true to the French nature; on the contrary, superficial show and striving to excite a little momentary entertainment, has become a stereotyped thing with it since Auber's time and even during his time. One consequence of these efforts was the predominance of the libretto over the music, which went so far, that the text became the essential and the music the dispensable element of the Opera. All these traits predominate in the "Cadi," which has amused the musical part of Paris more than one winter since 1849. The music of this opera shows on the part of the composer a clever reproductive rather than inventive talent, which in its unsophisticated *naïveté* and naturalness, often running to excess of freedom, is quite taking, and also does not lack a certain local coloring. Of individual style in the whole opera we find none, but a respectable routine, an off-hand knack of making up a whole out of Auber, Balfe, David, Verdi, Donizetti, &c. The manner in which the work was put upon the stage by the singer WOLFF was very skilful, full of comic effects, often running into the burlesque. Both Wolff and Mme. HERRENBURG were remarkably full of humor, versatility and charm in singing and in acting. As a general matter the powers of our singers are much better suited for such light comic wares. But it is a pity that such pieces should be represented in the far too great space of our splendid opera-house, instead of in our smaller, homelier play-house.

While for years past the other Berlin theatres have been obliged, after many unfortunate attempts, to give up Opera entirely, the Friedrich-Wilhelm-städter theatre has commenced the ex-

periment anew. Under the able music-director TELLE, it has so far been successful, and we may hope it will continue so, provided they will limit themselves to light and easy operas. Especially attractive was the star performance of the comic singer, DUEFFKE, in Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, Fioravanti's charming *Dorf-sängerinnen*, and Lortzing's *Waffenschmidt und Wildschütz*.

Just now we have here the once celebrated tenor, DUPREZ, of the Parisian Opera, who a few days ago brought out some fragments of a biblical opera, "Samson," of his own composition, in a concert of the Sing-Akademie, to which he had invited all musical Berlin. One could not but be again struck on this occasion with the great importance which we Germans, still so wanting in all national feeling, attach to everything foreign. It was truly comical to see how all thronged to "assist" or listen, how every one was happy who secured an invitation to hear or glorify a made up affair, which, although rising now and then to passages of deeper meaning, yet in general is composed of all sorts of reminiscences out of Duprez's rich repertoire, containing innumerable, often utterly unæsthetic absurdities, and presenting us a pack of solos which might be a great collection of the long published *Solfeggi* of Duprez. Almost everywhere it lacks the necessary seriousness for so sublime a theme as Samson. The often disagreeable staccato melody, with the most adventurous angles and sharp corners, was no compensation to our German ear for the want of deeper feeling. The execution, by our first singers and best chorus of dilettanti, was superior.

ff

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, OCT. 12.—Apart from its commercial importance, Glasgow has but little to recommend it to the tourist, and especially the tourist after Art—the hunter after the Romantic, as Jules Sandeau aptly expresses it. Glasgow is a reproduction of the best portions of New York or Boston; there are long rows of fine stores, splendid bank buildings, unsurpassed public edifices, wide avenues, glaring shop windows, and streets filled with a lively, bustling population, who speak the same language, wear the same clothes, and appear to be bent on the same business as the thousands that throng Broadway or Washington street. You might readily imagine yourself to be in some prominent American city.

I arrived at the place on Saturday night, the most busy and active of the week. The sidewalks were crowded with people making their market purchases, and Argyle street, the chief avenue of Glasgow, was radiant with the illumination from the brilliant store windows, from the innumerable fruit-stands, and similar private sources, which quite paled the ineffectual fire of the lamps provided by the municipal authorities. Everything was bustle and activity, rendering the contrast the next morning much more striking—for the following day happened to be Sunday, and there is probably no city in the world where the Sabbath is more strictly regarded, than Glasgow. Not a store was open when I looked out, and only a few persons were to be seen, as it was yet too early for the congregations to meet at the churches.

At the proper time I sallied forth on a church exploring expedition, and having asked for the principal Episcopal Church, was directed to St.

Mary's, a spacious edifice of freestone, in the perpendicular English style, and though comfortable, far from elegant. The interior forms a perfect square, around three sides of which is thrown a wide gallery, a portion of it, over the entrance, being used for the choir, and containing a very handsome organ. The services were opened with a pleasing voluntary, introducing on various stops a sweet air from one of Mozart's masses. Then followed the usual service, according to the liturgical form of the Church of England, the music presenting few features worthy of comment; the canticles were sung to plain chants, by a miscellaneous choir, apparently volunteers, aided by the majority of the congregation, and indeed I have seldom heard congregational chanting better done. The metrical selections were familiar to my ear, and I notice, by the way, that in all the churches and cathedrals of this country and England, the practice of playing interludes between the verses of the hymn is avoided. Sometimes, however, previous to the last stanza, the organist will introduce a voluntary of several minutes in length, as if to revenge himself for being debarred the pleasure of playing interludes. It is not customary to sing the doxology at the end of every hymn, as in the American Episcopal churches. From what I have heard of the music of the ordinary English churches, I do not think it of equal merit, on the average, with the music heard in the American churches of the Episcopal denomination. The cathedral music is, however, unique, and for ecclesiastical purposes, unsurpassed; coming to this country as I did, with all my prejudices arrayed against the "intoning" and the "choral" system, it is with humiliation that I confess my error, and acknowledge the vast superiority of the musical services of the English cathedrals. They seem to have attained the happy mean between the frivolity of the music of the Papal church and the insipidity of that of the more puritanic classes of Protestants. But of this I hope, after visiting a few more of the cathedrals, to write more fully.

In the afternoon I started for the two o'clock service at the Glasgow cathedral, which belongs to the Established Church of Scotland, answering to our Presbyterian Church. Passing through Argyle street, with its princely rows of mercantile palaces, I turned up High street, one of the oldest avenues in Glasgow, flanked by high old-fashioned houses, inhabited by the poorer classes, and bearing a strong resemblance to the famous Canon-gate of Edinburgh. At the head of this street, on an elevated part of the city, and indeed quite in the suburbs, stands the Cathedral, a sombre massive building of granite, much plainer in external appearance than any cathedral of its importance I have yet seen. If you are interested in old foggy statistics, it may be a gratification to you to learn that this cathedral was erected in 1133 or 1136 (authorities differ, you see, on this point) by one Achais, bishop of Glasgow under the reign of David the First. This David, you must know, was possessed of a hobby, and this hobby was the building of cathedrals, churches and monasteries; almost every ancient ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland can be traced to his pious monomania. To him we are indebted for Jedburgh and Kelso Abbeys, the latter being the first-born of his holy zeal, and above all, to that delicious remnant of early refinement—Melrose Abbey. He was canonized by the grateful monks, and though he impoverished the state to carry

out his designs, and won from James V. the title of "a sair sanet for the crown," yet I am sure all travellers from the New World, ravenous for ivy-crowned, gothic ruins, will bless in their hearts the good Saint David, who built the Abbeys of Scotland.

The Glasgow Cathedral has an additional interest from the fact of its being the scene of Osbaldistone's warning to Rob Roy. Sir Walter (they never call him by other than his first name here) thus describes the crypt:

"Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other churches, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The parts of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In these waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once doubtless 'princes in Israel.' Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passenger to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by these receptacles of the last remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer."

I too found a numerous congregation in the act of prayer—not in the "low-browed, dark and twilight vaults," but in the lofty, spacious and over-lighted choir of the cathedral. Service had just begun, and while waiting for the close of the prayer before entering, I had time to admire the nave of the cathedral; which, as is usual, stands in silent grandeur, empty, and bare, yet filled with an ineffable glory, that seems to hang around all these noble cathedrals. Every cathedral has a peculiar beauty of its own, and though resembling each other in general style, the infinite variety of detail gives to each an individuality of its own, so that seeing one you do not as the common proverb says, see all. This of Glasgow, though inferior in eloquence and finish, is still a truly glorious edifice, and is capable of affording a gratification to the beholder that cannot be expressed in words. How stupid it would sound to say that the triforia of Glasgow cathedral consists of triple arches, surmounted by double arches of the clerestory, the whole being embraced by a general arch, spanning all the arches of the clerestory, with its fluted columns reaching down to the base of the triforia! Yet these are the only words, that can give any notion whatever of the architectural arrangements, and yet, who can form therefrom any idea of the nave of Glasgow cathedral? Indeed to one fond of these noble ecclesiastical edifices, it is tantalizing to visit them unless you have sufficient funds to obtain either accurate engravings or correct photographic views of almost every pillar and arch in the United Kingdom. Every cathedral is overflowing with architectural beauties, and deserving of careful and patient study.

But now the stifled drone of the prayer was ended, and with several others I was ushered into the choir of the cathedral, which is entirely filled up with pews, like a parish church. The elaborate organ loft contains no instrument, and is filled with the seats, that are occupied by the Queen or by the municipal authorities, when on State occasions they attend service here. The singers, about half a dozen in number, sit near the pulpit, and the noble cathedral, instead of echoing in general reverberations, to the roll of the organ, hears only the feeble squeak of a pitch-pipe, with which the leader gives the pitch to the singers.

The hymn about to be sung as I entered, was given, with considerable accuracy and effect, by the singers, who are certainly admirably trained, and then followed the sermon.

Seated as I was behind a large column, that supported the roof, and where I could not see the clergyman, nor favorably hear his words, it is not surprising that my attention was directed more particularly to the church in which I was sitting. The nave of this cathedral, as I before remarked, is exceedingly plain, but the interior of the choir is nearly as elaborately finished, as any I have yet seen. The foliated wreaths of the capitals are equal to the famed ones of Melrose or Roslyn Chapel, and some of the decorations are the most grotesque that can be imagined. I shall not soon forget one little wretch in stone, who, crouching under an exquisitely carved leaf, looked down at me with a most humorous leer; with his finger in his mouth, he was stretching the latter to one side, and with a mingled air of mischief and malignity, kept all the time staring down steadily at me from underneath his leafy canopy. His grotesque countenance quite mesmerized me, and I could with difficulty keep my eyes off of him. When I did look around, I could not but be struck with the apparent freshness of the edifice, which has little of that appearance of venerable and almost decrepit age, that is characteristic of most cathedrals. Every capital, every stone ornament, seems newly cut, and though this is probably owing in a great degree to the durability of the material, different from the dark red sandstone used in Melrose and others, yet it is chiefly due to the noble stand taken by the tradesmen and mechanics—remember that, not the lords and nobles—but the honest working people of Glasgow, who at the time of the Reformation, when misdirected iconoclastic zeal was destroying the elaborate workmanship, the rich glass, and foliated stone-wreaths of other ecclesiastical edifices, stood firmly in defence of their loved cathedral; and though they could not or would not save the popish images with which it was decorated, yet they would not allow one stroke of the destroying hammer to fall upon their holy temple itself. The glass is gone, it is true; but all the original stone ornaments that were woven in the building remain, though these are by no means as numerous as in other cathedrals. A noble building indeed it is—grand, massive, and yet simple, it seems a type of the Scotch character.

TROVATOR.

(Remainder next week.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 31, 1857.

THE TIMES.—If there is any class whose situation in these times approaches nearer than another to that of the operatives in factories, it is the class whose livelihood depends upon the artistic or æsthetic interests of society. We speak for the musician. Amid the general retrenchment, often necessary, often, too, (it must be owned) spasmodic and unreasonable, the musician and the music teacher stands in imminent peril of finding his occupation gone, and with it his only means of earning daily bread. With the most earnest and high-toned, those who serve their Art with purest purpose, those who cater least to low and superficial tastes, the case perhaps is hardest. Yet relatively these perhaps have always most to suffer amid the general Vanity Fair of prosperous times.

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Musie in North Italy.

From the London Athenæum, Oct. 10.

Here are a few notes of what was—and what was not—to be heard during a fortnight of this autumn in North Italy. The period, it should be remembered, is "out of the season"; yet in former visits it has yielded something;—no grand representations of accepted operas, it is true, but essays by struggling composers, who are not yet "up to the mark" of Carnival commissions—once or twice some popular singer (has Italy any great singers, or singer, now?) "starring it" for a night or two, and occasionally open-air music, pleasanter to listen to than *Norma* shrieked, or *Lucia* drawled, in a theatre redolent with the fumes of gas and garlic.

At Trieste, the opera was to open with a company, including Madame Goldberg-Strozzi, and Signori Pancani and Ferri, as principal tenor and baritone. Two of the four works promised for the season were Signor Braga's *Estella* and *Gli Ugonotti*, which last opera seems now as strongly rooted in Italy as if there was any chance of its music being fairly given, and not in a style to make angels weep and Meyerbeers stop their ears! Even at La Scala I have heard of such curiosities of execution as the dreary Anabaptist Three, in *Le Prophète*, starting in three different keys. What I heard in Trieste was simply a splendid serenade, executed by the band of a Wallachian regiment. I met with another band of the same kind, no less excellent, in St. Mark's Palace, Venice. The pompous and varied sonority of the Austrian military orchestras justified a remark made by a master of his art, when discussing the French bands fitted out with perfected instruments all by one maker. This he objected to, on account of the family likeness of tone inevitable; and the case he urged is one in which contrast, not homogeneity of tones, is desirable. Certainly, I should sooner tire of the music of *Les Guides* than of any among the three Austrian bands which I have been hearing lately; though, separately, every French instrument, and player to boot, is more

unimpeachable and accomplished than the corresponding piper or trumpeter in the South German regiments.

In more senses than one, the idea of Austrian fifes, clarionets, cornets, and serpents, jars on all the poetical and patriotic notions of the "sweet barcarolles" the traveller longs to hear in Venice,—

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes the cool air.

But, this harmony-music set aside, it would be difficult to settle whether the September silence or sounds of that lovely city were the less encouraging. The *Teatro San Benedetto*, which used to offer some resource, was shut; the *Fenice* was advertising for a manager, its past season having been a ruinous one, owing to the failure of Signor Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*. (That opera, let me say in a parenthesis, has been tried elsewhere, but as yet without success.) I do not think that the organs in St. Mark's were touched during the days I was in Venice. Had the street musicians been also dumb, it would have been no loss; but they were loud with their scrapings and screechings of opera tunes—little better than an attempt upon the *finale* of *I due Foscari* by our Christmas "Waits" might be. This was hard to bear in the city of Marcello and *Il Buranello*, once so liberal in its music schools, so choice in its *dilettanti*, so affluent in melodies that match its soft, musical dialect. Formerly, before Florian's and Suttill's coffee-houses one might hear, on a September evening, some melody, by Perrucchini, or like composer, tastefully and tunelessly sung, to guitar. Now *La Notte è bella*, or *La Biondina*, or *Benedetta sia la madre*, or *La sorte mia tiranna* might never have existed, for aught that was to be heard of them: nor is this altogether owing to Austrian occupation which is symbolized by that glorious and arrogant military band. Though one encounters in Lombardy more spoken German than is congenial to English sense of right and wrong, the Venetians still cry as they please in all their uncorrupted dolefulness of wild, whining accent, and prolonged emphasis. Roast gourd, fresh water, beautiful grapes, "Caramel" are recommended by the old chants. The gondoliers have kept their water-wit as well as their water-signals; while *A* glides down the Grand Canal, his Damiani will keep up an idyllic fire of sarcasm and irony against the sallies of yonder Checco, who is taking those two upright English gentlewomen (scared at the freedom and the fun) to San Zanipolo, or some other sight of Venice. The folk are anything but melancholy, but their music is gone. The place seems literally, to borrow Byron's epithet, "songless," and the cadences of melody are dolefully missed, from canal, *calle*, and *campo*, which, whether they be day-lit or moonlit, decaying or reviving in the prosperity of their inmates, will never, so long as one stone clings to another, cease to be suggestive of music!

No! Austria is not to blame for this. I could not help being reminded (even in the pieces played by that brave military band) how largely the popularity of Signor Verdi's bombastic style is responsible for this extinction of the delicate graces of Italian Art. That he has succeeded in simplifying and improving his melodies must be admitted as his due. But his amendment has come too late. His faded phrases of slow melody,

bearing little meaning, except by the pressure of a *sforzato* applied to every note,—his *caballettas* chipped up into sparkling bits, by audacious jerks and ejaculation,—his sequences of ascending *appoggiature* had demoralized the taste of a public thirsting for excitement, long ere the quartet in *Rigoletto* and the *Miserere* in *Il Trovatore* were written. But the extent of mischief for which Signor Verdi has to answer occurred to me noisily in Venice. I had ear-splitting proof in support of the charge a day or two later in another Italian city of renown.

I may mention elsewhere the theatrical things which were to be seen and heard in decaying, dejected Mantua,—decay and dejection how doubly oppressive in a city where that riotous and fertile artist, Giulio Romano, has left such gigantic traces of his affluence and despotism on its walls! At Cremona I hunted not for music so much as for Campi frescoes and brick churches,—(directed to the latter, let me say in gratitude, by Mr. Street's ingenious book.) Had I stayed another day there, I might have heard Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergi*, but that, being so averse to depreciation, an Italian landlord honestly assured me that the company was not worth staying to hear; and I acted on his hint. If such matters go by proportion,—and the relative importance of the towns is considered,—I could implicitly believe in any amount of badness in the Cremona troop, after having visited the handsome Canobbiana Theatre, at Milan. The repertory there did not promise badly, one night displaying the *Roberto* of M. Meyerbeer, the next *Gli ultimi Giorni di Suli* by Signor Ferrari. I heard the latter opera; and it was performed, every one agreed, by the better of the two companies assembled. I could not but say to myself, Can such things be in one of the old centres of musical culture? as I listened, first in dismay, then in diversion, to the noises emitted by the ladies, who seemed to have but one idea, but one agreement, which was to scream as if all their hearts were breaking. I am sorry to add that one was a Londoner, who had been singing for some years in Italy without having learnt to sing. The tenor and bass were a shade less outrageous, but neither of them worth naming. Nor did the opera offer a melody, a phrase, a chord, by way of compensation for an exhibition so flagrant. The music is of the Verdi school, with an added reminiscence or two,—here from Donizetti's *Lucrezia*, there from Signor Rossini's *Le Siège de Corinthe*, such novelty as it possessed lying in a hardy disregard of much that the ear has been used to require in modulation. What Signor Ferrari might have achieved had he lived is past guessing; but the selection of so poor an opera, without the excuse of immediate interest in its composer, tells its tale of the state to which taste has fallen. The orchestra was not altogether bad, though coarse; pains had been taken with the scenery and the dresses. The opera was endured, but little enjoyed, and sometimes a little hissed; but the hisses, I think, belonged to the singers, and not to the music of the defunct maestro.

The operas given, during the same time, at the *Teatro San Rudegonda* have been the Maestro Ricci's *Crispino e Comare*, and the *Fiorina* of Maestro Pedrotti. The latter has been tried in Paris with limited success; but the composer is considered one of the men of promise in North

Italy,—and I may have another occasion of speaking of him. How pleasant *Crispino* sounded, by contrast, after that dismal transaction at the Canobbiana theatre, it would be hard to tell; yet it may not be equal in musical value to its composer's *Scaramuccia*, and hardly rises to the level of one of Mr. Balfe's second-best operas. Of the libretto and music, you may presently have a fairer opportunity of judging; since it forms one of the repertory of operas named for your opera buffa at the St. James's Theatre. Then the singers were incomparably better than those who appeared in the grim, Greek tragic-opera. The voice of the prima donna, Signora Marziali, though small and sour, had been exercised; and her execution was (by comparison) piquant and voluble. The part was acted with a coarse liveliness, befitting low comedy. Signor Ciampi, too, the buffo, is more comical than either Signor Rovere or Signor Rossi, though, by a long interval, inferior to the Lablaches and Ronconis. He sang honestly, and acted busily, and not without glimpses of rough, whimsical fun. But the vice of the time has tainted even these better comic singers. Both were perpetually on the full stretch: there was no piano, no play, no delicacy, no relief, but flare and force without remission. It is not hard to understand how all the new arrivals from Italy criticize those who sing in London, either as over apathetic, or as having lost their voices. The mischief cannot spread further, unless steam actors, of fifty man-and-woman power, can be fitted up; but can there be a reflux of taste, and, consequently, a return to the old methods of training the voice, to be capable of every gradation of strength, which implies every refinement? The thing appears hardly possible in Italy, to judge from the steady and rapid deterioration of her vocal art during the last twenty years. But in place of offering dreary vaticinations, let me close this letter with a few facts and rumors. The *Teatro Carignano*, at Turin, is on the eve of opening, and the *Aroldo* of Signor Verdi (an amended edition of his *Stiffelio*) is to be the first opera given there. For the Carnival season at *La Scala*, Milan, the management has engaged Mesdames Albertini and Rosa Devries, with Signori Negrini and Mongini as tenors, Signori Morelli and Guicciardi as baritones, and Signori Selva and Biacchi as basses. Signora Gassier (*quære* our Madame Gassier) is to be queen of the Carnival at Rome. A report, inspiring more confidence than any of the foregoing ones, announces that, early in the year, a second *Mdlle. Duprez* will appear at the *Teatro Carcano*, at Milan. That her father's pupils know how to sing has been already proved in Madame Van den Henvel and Madame Miolan-Carvalho. The chances of another coming artist thoroughly prepared for her profession are to be watched with more than ordinary interest in these days of vocal degeneracy. C.

[From the New York Musical Review]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

In the United States the professional musician is but now beginning to occupy the social position which has long since been accorded to other artists, and which he has held for many years—generations—in Europe. Indeed, in some parts of the country within our own recollection, to be a "music-teacher" has been positively discreditable; and the "Yankee singing-master" has been made the object of ridiculous portraiture in other novels and tales than Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans." But one of the reasons for this is to our present purpose, and this only shall we notice. It is this: the teachers of music in our country, in former years, have not (as a class) been men of such culture and knowledge in their art, beyond the mere routine of their duties, as to awaken any deep feelings of respect in the minds of others for the art and science of which they were the representatives. They did not properly respect the art themselves; took no pains to inform them-

selves of its history and the history of the great men whose names stand as high on the roll of fame as those of any devotees of the other arts; neglected its literature and its higher forms; contented themselves with giving their courses of lessons, and drawing their remuneration. They seem in general to have had no high aim—to have made music their *business* only.

How otherwise has it been with painting! West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, Peale, were through their high mental culture and refinement equal to the requirements of the highest social circles, and took their appropriate places in them. They, and men like them, have made the profession of painting honorable and respected. So it has been with sculpture; so it is beginning to be with music. We know at least three graduates of our oldest college who make music their profession; a fourth, beyond the necessity of a profession, devotes himself to the art; and two others of her sons are trying the somewhat doubtful experiment of seeking a sustenance in the field of musical literature.

The musical professor has, however, had this excuse: that the means of high culture in his art were wanting. With the exception of books of psalmody and other "practical" works, as the Germans classify them, until quite recently the American press has furnished him with nothing upon his art. Musical *belles-lettres* have been unknown. We can at this moment recall no work properly to be so classed, previous to the publication of Beyle's plagiarism of Carpani, published under the name of Bombet, on the "Lives of Haydn and Mozart," in England, and republished at Providence about 1820. Another edition of this work; Gardner's "Music of Nature"—a most interesting and valuable work for young musical people, notwithstanding its occasional droll errors and queer mistakes; Holmes's "Life of Mozart"—fascinating as a romance; a collection of ridiculous novelettes—partly original and partly from the German; two or three small collections of musical biography; a republication of Malibran's Life; Moore's Encyclopedia; Dr. Mason's excellent Musical Letters from Abroad; some half a dozen works of small extent relating to the history of psalmody in New England and New York; Mr. Havergal's History of the "Old Hundredth;" Hastings's "Musical Taste;" quite a list of musical periodicals, mostly short-lived and not generally of a very high order, with occasional articles in other periodical works—this list, we fear, is too nearly a complete catalogue of American Musical Literature—beyond those classes of works which are strictly professional.

The very meagreness of the list, however, is an unfortunate proof of how little our music-teachers have cared for a higher degree of culture; for had there been a demand for books, it would of course have been instantly supplied. It is a cheering sign of the times, however, that the more ignorant teachers are falling into the background, and those of the better classes are beginning to find it worth their while, not only to seek the best instruction our own cities afford, but to risk the expense of studying in Europe. The demand for teachers of greater cultivation is steadily increasing; and the establishment of permanent music schools, however they may fall short of the highest standard, is a most cheering sign. The day of physicians, lawyers, and preachers of no education has passed; we venture to hope the sun of the music-teacher without cultivation and with no love or enthusiasm for his art as such, will also soon set. For our own part, we would never recommend as a teacher,* nor in any manner lend our countenance to one as such, who cares so little for his art as not to be a regular and *paying* subscriber to at least one of the musical periodicals of the day. A man who cares so little for music as this indicates, however well he may have the mere technical and mechanical part of his profession, can hardly be fitted to inspire a pupil with any love and enthusiasm for art. We should as soon think of applying to a physician or lawyer whom we knew would not spare the small sum necessary to keep himself acquainted with the literature of his profession.

* Nota bene!—En.

Another indication of improvement we find in the fact that three musical periodicals appealing to different classes of readers, though perhaps not properly sustained, still do live; but above all we place the republication of the work whose title stands at the head of this article, and that too in a style so creditable to the publishers. Booksellers have the best opportunity to feel the pulse of the public, and that this work has been undertaken proves a faith on the part of its publishers in the increasing desire of musical knowledge, which we hope and pray will be justified by the sale of the work.

Some twenty years since, an English quarterly suggested the necessity of a new biography of George Frideric Handel, founded upon the works of Hawkins, Burney, and Mainwaring, but which should clear up their discrepancies, correct their errors, and, by a due examination of the Handelian manuscripts in the Queen's and other libraries, with a thorough digest of German authorities, give us a clear view of that extraordinary man and of his imperishable compositions. Since that time we have been looking for such a work—but in vain. We had hoped that Holmes, Hogarth, Macfarren, Chorley, or some other of those writers, whose names have become familiar as household words to us through the medium of the English press, would be moved to undertake a work so interesting in its nature, and one which afforded so noble an opportunity for doing a most important service to the cause of musical history.

It is a very singular circumstance that this work should finally have been undertaken not by an Englishman, nor a German, but has waited until a music-loving Frenchman—the last person we should have expected to be an enthusiast for Handel—was driven from his country, and induced to devote the years of his exile to it. The result of M. Schœlcher's three years' labor we have in the volume before us. We have read it with intense satisfaction—indeed, from the moment we began it, we opened no other book until we had finished the last page of the appendix.

The most important of the author's labors in its results is the searching examination to which, with the assistance of Mr. Lacy, he has subjected the Handelian manuscripts and the contemporaneous periodical literature of England. The full value of this examination we shall not comprehend until the appearance of the complete catalogue of Handel's works which is to follow this biography;* yet, from the light thrown upon this history in the present volume from this source, we are led to consider the information thus attained as the finest addition to the history of music for many years. The few only who are familiar with Hawkins, Burney, etc., and have made the history of Handel and his works a special study, can well judge of the value of this information.

On the other hand, it is very unfortunate that M. Schœlcher is ignorant of the German, and has been obliged to depend upon others for such extracts from German authorities as have come within his knowledge. Of some of these authorities he is ignorant. Extracts from others have been so translated as not, in all cases, to do the originals justice, and in some to mislead M. Schœlcher. Upon the whole, they seem to have been judiciously used.

The leading defect of the work arises directly from this cause. Had M. Schœlcher been able personally to explore the collection of musical literature in the Royal Library at Berlin, for instance, we think he might have added much interesting matter to his account of the master's early life, and especially to have given us the means of judging the relation in which Handel stood to Keiser and Steffani as a composer. The impression left upon the mind of the reader as the case now stands is that Handel, at a single bound, from the writer of church-music under Zaccan, became the great operatic composer of his age. We can not believe this. Mozart acquired his power by practice. We believe the same must have been true of Handel. Happily, upon this branch of the subject we may expect soon to

* A Life of Handel. By Victor Schœlcher. 492 pages, 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25. Published by Mason Brothers, New York.

* We may note here, that in 1851, we saw in the collection of the late Aloys Fuchs of Vienna, an autograph motet belonging to Handel's Italian period.

receive a most thorough and complete work from the pen of the accurate and indefatigable Dr. Chrysander, who has already for several years been laboring upon it with all the zeal and devotion characteristic of the German scholar. With the works of Schœcher and Chrysander the musical student will find little left to be desired to enable him to follow Handel's career from beginning to end.

In the mean time, we will lay before our readers a few notes which have been suggested in perusing the work, and which may aid in filling up the outline of Handel's early history, until Dr. Chrysander's labors shall be available.

"Besides the work of Mattheson, and that of M. Förstemann above mentioned, all that German literature possesses respecting the great musician is as follows."—Page 10.

M. Schœcher should have inserted after the word "possesses," "which has come to my knowledge." As it now stands, the reader naturally concludes that the Germans have, for some reason or other, been very indifferent to the merits of "the great musician." As the greater part of Handel's life was passed in England, the Germans would naturally look thither for his history. The list of works given by M. Schœcher shows that they did not neglect him; still we are able to add something to it.

Valuable matter is found not only in the two works of Mattheson noticed by M. Schœcher, but also in his

Organisten Probe. 4to. Hamburg, 1719.

Critica Musica. 2 vols., 4to. Hamburg, 1725.

Musikalische Patriot. 4to. Hamburg, 1728.

Kern Melodischer Wissenschaft. 4to. Hamburg, 1737.

Der Vollkommene Kapellmeister. Folio. Hamburg, 1739.

In other works of this author, Handel is also mentioned with high praise.

Historische Critische Beyträge, by Marburg. 5 vols., 12mo. Berlin, 1754-60.

Critische Briefe, by the same. 2 vols., 4to. Berlin, 1760-63.

Ebeling's Translation, with notes, of Burney's Tours. 3 vols., 12mo. Hamburg, 1772-3.

Musikalische Nachrichten, edited by Hiller. 4th vol., 4to. Leipzig, 1770.

Cramer's Magazin der Musik. 12mo. Hamburg, 1783-86.

Historisch Biographisches Lexicon, by Gerber. 2 vols., 8vo. Leipzig, 1790.

Michaelis's Translation of Busby, with notes. 2 vols., 8vo. Leipzig, 1821.

Anekdoten und Bemerkungen, by the same author. 12mo. Leipzig, 1820.

Encyclopædie der Musikalischen Wissenschaften, by Dr. Schilling. 7 vols., 8vo. Stuttgart, 1840-42.

Reinheit der Tonkunst, by Thibaut, 3d ed., 16mo. Heidelberg, 1851.

Die Erste Stehende Deutsche Oper, by Linder. 16mo. Berlin, 1855.

As to Handel's position in recent German musical periodical literature, it will suffice to state, that the notices of him and of his works, with performances of them, in the 50 vols. of the Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, (4to. Leipzig, 1798-48,) fill over two pages—four and one half closely printed columns of the Index.

[To be continued.]

Bach's Sonatas for the Violin.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

J. S. BACH wrote for the violin six sonatas without any accompaniment whatever. Compared with his compositions for the piano-forte, they are very little known, although they are a perfect musical treasure, and, despite certain difficult portions, belong to those compositions in which the peculiar genius of the master is exhibited so wonderfully, as the compass and nature of the instrument limited, in an extraordinary manner, the polyphonic style, which, in this instance, he neither could nor would abandon. The six sonatas contain thirty-two movements, of which, however, by far the most (even to three-part

figues) are fairly worked out and of considerable length, displaying an inexhaustibly rich store of fancy. It is true they are very difficult to play, and we cannot help feeling considerable respect for the violinists of those days, if they mastered them. More than five-and-twenty years ago, I heard most of them played by one of Spohr's most distinguished pupils, Probst, then Ducal Concertmeister at Dessau, who executed them—especially, for instance, the adagio and the grand fugue in C minor from the Sonata No. 1—most admirably, not merely playing them through, for he was so much master of all the difficulties, that the effort to overcome them did not in the slightest interfere with his mental conception and rendering of the composition. Subsequently violinists preferred tormenting themselves with Paganinian *Etudes*, to the study of old Sebastian; most of them, probably, scarcely knew that something already existed which united brilliancy of technical execution with the true musical subjects for their instrument.

Of late years, Mendelssohn and Schumann once more directed attention to Bach's violin compositions. Mendelssohn, as we know, wrote piano-forte accompaniment to the Ciaccona, and people then, at least, heard it again; sometimes very well played, by Joachim, for instance; nay, it became, for a time, the fashion, so that even very mediocre fiddlers ventured to attempt it. But Bach's sonatas contain many other pieces, in which a violinist of elevated sentiment might display his powers to advantage, and which would, perhaps, prove more attractive for the general public than the Ciaccona. In our opinion, however, they ought to be played as Bach wrote them, that is to say, alone, and without any accompaniment. Let any one attempt this only once, in musical circles, with some of the shorter pieces, such as the *Adagio* and *Sciliano*, from the G Minor Sonata; there is no chance of his not being successful.

The author of the edition of these violin-sonatas arranged for the piano alone, which now lies before us with the following title, has quite another object in view:

J. S. Bach's Six Violin-Sonatas for the Piano-forte alone, arranged by Carl Debrois van Bruyck. Leipzig, published by Fr. Kistner. Price of the whole, 6 thalers, 15 neugroschen. Each part separately, 1 thaler—1 thaler 10 neugroschen. (The violin-parts are printed in a complete form with the above, for the sake of comparison.)

This undertaking may certainly be called a bold one, for it could not be carried out without material additions, and to add anything to J. S. Bach is, after all, a very daring act. Apart from this, too, a great deal may be advanced against such an arrangement. This, however, has been duly felt by the arranger, who has himself touched upon it in his somewhat long but well-written preface, which was certainly required. The idea may be considered a new one, since the method in which it is carried out is completely different, for instance, to that pursued in the arrangement of Beethoven's violin-concerto as a piano-forte concerto, and of Paganini's *Etudes* for the piano-forte, by F. Liszt.

The author, speaking of the origin of the present work, gives us to understand that the far greater portion of it sprang, without any secondary object, purely from his plunging enthusiastically into the separate parts of the peculiar original. We will, however, allow him to speak for himself, and give the pith of his preface, stating the motives that induced him to undertake the work, as well as what his object is:

"During my inward enjoyment of the work, in one place, supplementary ideas, and in another, amplifications attached themselves to what was given me, and which is often only hinted and half pronounced, and I could not withstand my impulse to complete, in my own mind and for my own satisfaction, the building of the palace, of which I saw merely the rows of columns and the golden cupola standing before me. It was in this manner, for instance, that, in the first place, the Sarabande of the second Sonata arose in its present form; this was followed by the *bourrée* and *double* (No. 4), of the same Sonata, then the

Fugue and Presto of the first one, the Ciaccona, and so on by the other pieces, just as I was captivated by them. At last, I perceived I was fairly engaged in a regular work, and, for the sake of completing it, I arranged, in the same spirit, the few remaining pieces I had hitherto left untouched. If I were called upon to assign a more material motive for the continuation of my labors, I must confess that I continued it simply because I looked upon it, at the same time, as a kind of practical course of study.

"This originating process at once proves how far I necessarily was from any tendency effort to write as much as possible 'in Bach's style.' According to my notions of artistic style, I could not have been guilty of any greater piece of folly than proposing to myself the task—only to be accomplished idealistically—of necessarily publishing the new work as Bach himself would have created it, supposing his mind had originally matured it in this shape, or as he—for all I know—would write it, were he now alive. This, however, is a path on which so many 'ifs' and 'buts' lie concealed, like so many steel traps, that I prefer not entering upon it at all. But in order not to be misunderstood, I must, by the way, here make a difference between the congruity of material points of inward style and outward casualties, if I may so express myself. I had to rely on a happy instinct, supported by some study of the art, to prevent me from sinning against the first, otherwise I was lost, and others must decide which of the two is the case. With regard to certain incongruities in the last, as, for instance, in my technical treatment of the subject, I am able to console myself with tolerable ease. The present work, so far as it is mine, is destined, as much as possible, to produce the effect of an organic whole, created all at once, without any regard (except so far as is consequent on the nature of the thing itself) to the particular century of its birth. If it produces this effect, I am perfectly satisfied, and my object is attained."

Musical Correspondence.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, OCT. 12.—(Concluded.)

—So while I thought, and pondered, and admired the architecture, and held silent communion with the little wretch under the stone leaf, the invisible minister brought his sermon to a close, the clerk gave out a hymn, the pitch-pipe gave a squeak, and the singers sang to a curious old tune the words appointed. I was again struck with the remarkable evidences of careful training exhibited by these singers, and noticed how admirably they managed the *diminuendos* and *crescendos*. Indeed, they seemed themselves to be quite aware of their own ability, and after the hymn sang a very beautiful little anthem, in which the principal soprano, whose rich, powerful voice was heard in the hymns above all the others, sang with exquisite effect a short solo, that re-echoed through the choir, and then seemed to fly away like a bird, far into the silent, empty nave. It was certainly a beautiful performance; but how much it would have been aided by an organ! And I thought, as I left the place, that the Presbyterian form of service is cold and unfeeling when heard under the lofty arches of these mighty cathedrals. It has done its duty nobly among the rocks and hills, where the Covenanters lay hidden, or in the quiet village church, far away from the bustle of man. But for these cathedrals, these solemn temples that afford a holy and silent sanctuary amid the noise and confusion of towns and cities, something more is needed to impress the mind—some jewel more fitting to the elaborate casket. It is here that the liturgical form of service, which would be in its turn unimpressive when repeated under the covert of rocks,

or in the rude village chapel, alone should be given; and of all the liturgical forms, that of the church of England stands pre-eminent in its noble yet simple grandeur. I speak now of form, not of doctrine; and though it would ill become me to place one form of religion above another, all being acceptable to Him to whom *all* praise and honor are justly due, yet I must maintain that no one can enter these glorious English cathedrals, and listen to their liturgical service well performed, without feeling that none other could be as fitting or appropriate, as expressive or sublime. * * * * *

After leaving the cathedral I strolled over the "Bridge of Sighs," as it is appropriately called, which leads to the "Necropolis," where lie many of the most eminent men of Glasgow. Prominent among the monuments is one huge column, surmounted by a colossal statue of John Knox, and intended rather as a memorial of the great Reformation in which he was an honored instrument, than of the individual himself. Not far from this lie, in a tasteless mausoleum of the Byzantine style, ornamented with the unchristian device of inverted torches, the remains of Rae Wilson, Esq., an author and editor of some repute, but who will be chiefly known as the subject of Thomas Hood's satiric "Ode to Rae Wilson," commencing with the quaint couplet—

"A wanderer, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee."

But perhaps the monument that attracts the most attention is an elaborate affair of *cast iron*, representing the proscenium, footlights, and curtain of a theatre, and erected by his wife over the remains of John Henry Alexander, a favorite actor of this city. This being, by the way, a purely theatrical item, is perhaps better adapted for the columns of our Philadelphia friend *Fitzgerald*; but still it may be worth while to send you the inscription on this singular tomb:—

"Fallen is the curtain; the last scene is o'er;
The favorite actor treads Life's stage no more.
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone
For virtues not enacted, but his own;
A constancy unbroken unto death,
A truth unswerving, and a Christian faith.
Who knew him best have cause to mourn him most.
O, weep the man, more than the actor lost.
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end
His best were those of Husband, Father, Friend."

TROVATOR.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, OCT. 16.—From Glasgow I took a steamer, or more properly a steamer took me, to Dublin, the voyage being as stupid as all voyages usually are, and productive of unlimited sea-sickness. The famed scenery of the Bay of Dublin, which, say the Irish, rivals that of the Bay of Naples, was hidden from view by dense clouds of fog that have continued during my entire stay, obliging me to see the capital of the Emerald Isle as through a glass, darkly, thus losing all the fine vistas from the bridges, concerning which the guide-book is so eloquent.

Taking a peep at the paper, while waiting for breakfast, I was delighted to see the advertisement of an opera now playing at the Theatre Royal, and noticed that Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* was announced for the evening's performance, with PICCOLOMINI, BELLETTI, and LUCCHESI in the chief rôles. So, when evening

came, I presented myself at the door of the theatre, and mounting upwards, obtained a favorable position among the "gods."

Accustomed to the beautiful, airy theatres of American cities, I have been surprised at the extreme ugliness of those in the provincial towns, and this of Dublin is another to be added to the same catalogue. Though spacious, and tolerably comfortable, it is quite destitute of decoration, and most miserably lighted, there being no chandeliers higher than the first tier of boxes. Between the proscenium and the tiers, as usual in theatres, there is a slight concavity, and this space, near the stage, is occupied by the most remarkable contrivance I ever beheld—a private box, crouching low on the floor, and surmounted by a low, blue, striped canopy, the whole strongly resembling in appearance a huge clam, with the shell slightly opened. The drop curtain, of the conventional green baize, presented no feature of attraction, and my survey of the house being speedily completed, I centred my attention upon the audience.

It was quite a fashionable audience, though not near as brilliant as I have seen in the Academies of Music at New York or Philadelphia, or in the Boston Theatre. In a private box was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carlisle, a brother of the famous Duchess of Sutherland, and one of the philanthropic noblemen of England who improve their estates, give prizes for model lodging houses, endeavor to spread education among their poorer tenants, and condescend to deliver owlish and old foggy lectures at lyceums. The Earl of Carlisle, a few years ago, when Lord Morpeth, visited America, and has published in pamphlet form the result of Transatlantic observations. He is very popular in Ireland.

But by far the most unique feature of the audience were the "gods," who occupied the higher tier. Such a roysterous, jolly set of gods you need never hope to meet again: they are chiefly composed of the students from Trinity College, and go with the express intention of having fun, though they never allow it to interfere with the performance. It is their assumed duty to act as Mentors to those in the pit below, (which, as with our parquette, is a fashionable part of the house,) and should any unlucky wight appear therein with a white hat, he is immediately requested to take it off by a chorus of some five hundred voices. To look at the gods through an opera glass is a liberty they will not allow for an instant, and the rash person who raises his lorgnette towards their part of the house is greeted with hoots and hisses, and imperative demands to "take that glass down." Should this request not be complied with, the inquisitive proprietor of the lorgnette is "exposed"—that is, he is made the butt of some local allusion; and one the night I refer to was asked by the five hundred voices what he did with the eight hundred chests of tea? This is in allusion to a recent fraud in the custom house, to detect which a reward of eight hundred pounds has been offered. Of course these sallies are at once understood, and received with applause.

But by and by the "gods" get tired of this, and relieve their tedium by singing, generally selecting some of our popular negro melodies. "Wait for the wagon" and "Nelly Bly" are frequently sung on these occasions, everybody in

the upper tier joining in with spirit. Then some unlucky wretch enters the clam-shell private box, and if he wears the obnoxious white hat, is at once made aware of the fact. Perhaps the Lord Lieutenant is here recognized, and greeted with three cheers; then miscellaneous cheers are given at the suggestion of various individual gods, and I shall not soon forget the scene of uproarious mirth, in all parts of the house, when, after cheering Sir Colin Campbell, General Havelock, &c., and groaning dismally at the mention of Nena Sahib, the Indian tyrant, now the bugbear of England, a stentorian voice roared out, "Three cheers for Nena Sahib's grandmother!"

At last the orchestra appeared, led by ARDITI, the same, I believe, so well known in America; and at the touch of his baton on the desk the house was perfectly still, to listen to the overture. As is almost universally the case, the first part of this overture to *La Figlia* was omitted, the orchestra commencing with the pretty Allegro movement by violins. Can you tell any reason why the opening part of the overture is always omitted?

Well, the curtain rose, and the chorus of villagers was heard, and the fussy old marchioness related her troubles to her servant; and then they all vanished, and Belletti, the baritone, appeared as Sulpizio, followed by the Piccolomini as the Vivandiere. What a shout greeted her appearance! Three cheers were given, handkerchiefs were waved, and it was several minutes before she could proceed. In person she is *petite*, and of American singers I know none whom she resembles more than Cora de Wilhorst; but her voice is better balanced, and more fully under her control. The opening duet with Sulpizio was admirably done, and received with frantic enthusiasm; the *ad captandum* air, *Ciascun lo dice*, was encoored, though the best performance in this act was her exquisite rendition of the sweet air in which Marie bids farewell to her companions. Piccolomini was twice called before the curtain at the close of this act.

Now it was that the "gods" grew rampant again. Somebody, invisible to me, performed a burlesque solo, in airs from the opera, upon a little tin fife, a species of instrument that are just at present taking the place of jewsharps among amateurs of limited musical science. Some other bodies indulged in a popular custom of requesting certain individuals in the parquette whom they recognized to be put in charge of the police, while others made diabolical clucking noises, as of grouse, chickens, and guinea hens. Then, as if by a sudden impulse, the whole tier broke out into song, transforming into a chorus and to extempore words the favorite air of *La Figlia*, the familiar *Ciascun lo dice*.

An individual was seated next to me who appeared to have something on his mind. We entered into conversation, and the individual took an early opportunity of referring to the singers, especially Belletti and Lucchesi, declaring that the latter sang in a "stony" manner.

"As to the tenor," said the Individual, "any one can see, poor fellow, that he sings cheesy."

I said, "Indeed!"

"Yes," added the Individual; "but, after all, it's only his luck."

I said "Indeed!" again; but this did not seem to satisfy the Individual. He glanced at me several times, and then suddenly, poking me play-

fully with his forefinger, asked me if I did not take. I replied, with stern and almost severe dignity, that I did not take. The Individual said that he had remarked that it was the luck of Lucchesi to sing cheesy to-night. It was only a little pun of his, he said. I replied that it was a very little pun, indeed; and the curtain rising, prevented further remark.

The Piccolomini—I copy the usual affectation in prefixing to her name the definite article—was even more successful in the second than in the first act. Throughout the music lesson scene she acted with great spirit and effect, the ratalplan duet being encoired. The trifling part of the Marchioness was admirably taken by the contralto of the troupe, one Madame POMA, who played the piano-forte accompaniments to Marie's romanza extremely well. Of the rest of the opera it is only necessary to allude to the air known familiarly as the *Salut à la France*, which was reproduced by Piccolomini, with vocal variations, as a finale.

When the curtain fell, there were, of course, loud cries for the performers; and the beautiful young prima donna was led out by Belletti, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Bouquets were thrown to her, which she picked up herself, with childish glee, and, bowing her thanks, disappeared; but this was not enough for the enthusiastic audience, and she was twice again called upon the stage, her fresh young countenance beaming with renewed delight at the compliment. Indeed, I have never seen a singer to whom applause appears as grateful and intoxicating as to Piccolomini. Every feature of her face expressed her rapture; and it is this, more than her artistic merits, that makes her receive so many ovations. She is young and enthusiastic, and infects her audience with a lively sympathy. This is not her first appearance in Dublin, however.

There are few instances in operatic annals where an artist has made such a sudden success as this same Piccolomini, and for this success she is in a great measure indebted to the excitement attending her London debut in *Traviata*. Her voice is by no means sweet, or even sympathetic; and though tolerably cultivated, she cannot do any of those vocal gymnastics that are now so popular. Were she an ugly woman—were she any thing beside a fresh, pretty, lively, enthusiastic young girl, free from the conventional affectation of the stage, she would never have created the sensation she has done.

Dublin is a musical city, I believe, and claims to be one of the most discriminating of judges in musical affairs. A Dublinite informed me that if a singer once passed the ordeal of a Dublin audience, his or her success was ensured; at the which I quietly laughed in my sleeve, for never yet have I been to a prominent city that did not make the same claim. London claims this rank, Paris claims it, Milan with its everlasting La Scala claims it, Naples talks about her San Carlo, and claims it, and we all have some vague ideas of the intense musical taste of St. Petersburg. In America I have always been a firm believer in the musical supremacy of New York in this line; for have not newspapers there been constantly saying, for the last five years, that no European artist now considers his reputation made until endorsed by a New York audience? As to Boston, the people there are so completely

impregnated with the idea of their vast musical superiority, that I am quite convinced no amount of operative failures can shake their self-complacency; and then we more recently have Philadelphia—the little musical upstart—clapping her hands for glee, prating about her new Academy of Music, and setting up her claim to the proud position which so many other cities assume as their own. Now is there any way of deciding which of these claimants is right? Would it not be a good subject for discussion for some debating society: Which is the most musical city in the world?

Trovator.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 7, 1857.

Musical Criticism in England.—Wonderful Coincidence.

MR. SCHÖLCHER, in his interesting Life of HANDEL, speaks of the popularity of that transcendent work, "Israel in Egypt," which he regards as a "proof of the high point to which musical education has arrived in England." For further proof he cites what he seems to consider a remarkable piece of criticism from one of the London newspapers of the day after a performance in 1853. He says in a note (page 239 of the American reprint):

"Let those who doubt this read the following article, taken from the *Era* of the 20th of November, 1853, on a performance of the previous evening: 'It is always good to inhale the bracing mountain air of Handel. His music beats with the strong pulse of a wholesome, humanitarian, universal feeling. No theme ever seems too great for Handel; he moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea. In the bold certainty and inexhaustibleness of his inspiration, he calls up the image of the old prophet who smote the rock, and the waters gushed forth. It is music to make one grow strong as he sits and listens. *Israel in Egypt* is mainly a series of colossal choruses, almost exclusively a mountain chain of immense choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative, and a very few green vales of song, into which we are permitted to peep. These choruses are all wonderful specimens, in their way, of most consummate musical treatment. But there is a poetic force of conception in them that still more commends them.'

"It is in this style that the diapason of musical criticism in England is occasionally heard. Such articles as these are written *currente calamo*, with a rapid pen, and their writers do not even care to sign them. Such things as these are cast into the rapid torrent of daily publicity—bright flashes of light which illuminate the dawn of a morning, and then are seen no more."

Now all this may be very fine; at all events, we should be the last person in the world to quarrel with the general thought and spirit of the criticism; but it seemed strangely familiar when we read it, and we could not get over the suspicion that both the thoughts and the expressions had passed through our mind before. If so, then M. Schœlcher will have less cause to lament that "flashes which illuminate," &c., are "seen no more;" for *this* flash, it would seem, has been repeated. And if it is to pass for any evidence of musical education, we say very well again, but beg leave to correct and add in *New England*, instead of in *Old England*. The reader shall judge. The following (which will perhaps derive some interest from the fact that "Israel in Egypt"

is now in rehearsal by our Handel and Haydn Society) appeared in the Boston *Commonwealth* newspaper, of March 15, 1851, previous to a performance by the Musical Education Society, and two years and a half earlier than the reflected "flash" of the London journal above cited.

ORATORIO TO-NIGHT.—We must not forget the second and last chance of inhaling for a couple of hours the bracing mountain air of Handel. Seeking in the natural world a type for the great choruses of "Israel in Egypt," we think of the solemn, tranquil grandeur of our own "White Hills." It is almost exclusively a mountain chain of choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative and a very few green vales of song. The sentiment of the work is too great, too universal for any but the amplest chorus treatment. Handel moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea; and he perfectly reconciles miracle with humanity, with the deep common instincts of the whole race.

These choruses are all wonderful specimens in their way of most consummate musical treatment, whether in plain solid counterpoint, or in all the intricacies of fugue. But there is a poetic force of conception in them which still more commends them. Each is unlike the others. Each perfectly embodies a spiritual and an outward experience, uttering a sentiment and painting an image or a scene. The children of Israel sighing in bondage is one. Their loathing of the river turned to blood is another, whose fugal subject, passed from voice to voice, sickens most expressively through the interval of the "extreme flat seventh." Next, *The Lord spake the word, and there came all manner of flies*, &c.—a double chorus, like most of the others—and grotesquely descriptive, as the air swarms and shivers with the fine figures of the violins. Then the great "hail-stone chorus," *fire, mingled with the hail, ran along the ground!* The musical movement translates that most vividly.

As opposite from that as possible is, *He sent a thick darkness*: the dull, groping, chromatic harmony, as far from common-place as the most modern modulations of Spohr or Mendelssohn, almost makes you shudder; voice after voice utters singly little fragments of the words; and how palpable that darkness, when the instruments drop away and in distinct unison the bass voices pronounce "which might be felt!" Then the contrast of the tough, terrible double fugue: "*He smote the first-born of Egypt*, with the smooth pastoral style of *But as for his people*, *He led them*, &c.!" and was not strong Handel in his glory when he brought all the voices together upon the words, *There was not one feeble person among their tribes?* What a feeling of strength and unanimity there is in it! "NOT ONE," "NOT ONE," sounds like the ring of grounded arms along a vast line of infantry: from top to bottom we are one, we are all here! Even more wonderful is, *He led them through the deep*, where the musical intricacy of movement is indeed as *through the wilderness*.

But we have no room to speak of miracle after miracle of chorus; of the waters overwhelming Pharaoh's hosts; of Miriam's trumpet song preluding to the stupendous chorus of *The horse and his rider*; of *With the blast of thy nostrils*; of *The people shall hear and be afraid*, and the melting away of *Canaan*. "They shall be as still as a stone," sing the basses in solid unison, suddenly sinking an octave; and as they lie there fixed, and deep, and cold, the passing on of the Lord's people, group after group, begins in little travelling phrases of melody. Handel is almost humorous in the felicity of such sublime description.

Music Abroad.

The first of the usual twenty Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig, took place on Sunday, Oct. 4. The vocalist was Fräulein Ida Krüger, from Schwerin; and the pianist, Herr Hans von Bülow. The programme was as follows:

PART I.	
Overture, "Meeresstille,"	Mendelssohn.
Scena and Aria from "Fidelio,"	Beethoven.
Concerto for Piano, No. 5, B flat,	Beethoven.
Scena and Aria from the "Freischütz,"	Weber.
Hungarian Rhapsody for Piano,	Listz.

PART II.	
Sinfonia Eroica,	Beethoven.

A friend who is passing a year at Vienna, and is brought much into the society of musicians there, and from whom we hope to hear more at length, writes us:

"You know the capabilities of the place for news of interest, though you may not be aware how fine the opera is. I was in Dresden about six months, and in Berlin three months, some years since; but I think this the best. In Berlin they have great force and great talent; but they are wanting in the poetry, in the witchery of music. In Dresden they have the spirit, but fail in force. In Vienna they have all, and in addition they have the quick, warm, sympathetic feelings of the South.

"For instance, *Der Freischütz* was given a few nights since, as a farewell opera for a beautiful fresh girl, who has been singing here a year, and is now to be married to a rich man. It was heavenly; the orchestra played exquisitely, and the singers were delightful. I have heard the same opera in Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, but never so well played or sung as here."

At Paris the manager of the Italian Opera announces an extraordinary novelty for the coming season, namely a new opera by ROSSINI, entitled *Un Curioso Accidente*. It would indeed be a curious accident, should this prove real.—A literal translation of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" will be represented at the Odéon in December. The *traducer*, says the *Athenæum*, is M. Emile Deschamps. The play will be preceded by Berlioz's "Introduction," or Overture. MEYERBEER is here, with two portfolios in his pocket; one, the *Africaine*, which has grown so old waiting for a competent first lady and gentleman, that the *Charivari* symbolizes it in the form of a decrepid negress; the other, a comic opera, with three principal characters. The managers, who thought they had secured these operas, are doomed to disappointment. M. Meyerbeer is busy as a bee at the Académie Impériale, but only with rehearsals for a fiftieth revival of *Robert Le Diable*, for the sake of bringing out Mme. Gavaert-Lauters in the part of Alice. The Baroness de Vigier (Cruvelli) is talked of for the lady in *L'Africaine*, and Tamberlik for the tenor; but that gentleman seems to be too warmly cherished by the Russians, who possibly will thank the "hard times" in America.

The frequenters of the Grand Opera, while awaiting the *Magicienne* of MM. St. George and Halevy, are "alternately regaled with the mediocre ballet of the *Corsair*, the French adaptation of Verdi's thread-bare *Trovatore* and M. Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*." The *Prophète*, too, has been performed, with Mme. Borghi-Mamo as Fides.—Of the other theatres the Paris correspondent of the London *Musical World* writes:

At the Italiens we have had nothing remarkable of late. Mario has been singing nobly in the *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, and is in higher favor than ever. Mad. Nantier Didié has captivated the Parisians as Maddalena in the last-named opera, which gave her a better chance of succeeding on her own account than Azucena, where she had to contend with the formidable impressions left by Viardot Garcia and Alboni, to say nothing of the much-puffed Mad. Borghi-Mamo. A débutante, Mdle. St. Urbain, has appeared three times in Gilda (*Rigoletto*) when the

indulgence of the public even outweighed the prejudices of the Frezzolini clique, which is as clamorous in the absence as in the presence of its idol. Nevertheless, Mdle. St. Urbain has everything to learn (and a vast deal to unlearn) before she can lay claim to be called a singer, while the upper tones of her voice are woefully Verdi-bitten. As an actress, she exhibits both intelligence and feeling. Corsi's *Rigoletto* is a remarkable performance. The voice of this artist has departed to the tomb of the Abbadias, Albertinis, and others who sacrificed to the screech-owl of Busetto; but the soul—Verdi-proof—has resisted; and were it not for Ronconi, I scarcely know what we should think of Sig. Corsi. He certainly was allowed no chance in London.

The real attractions of the Opéra-Comique, at the present season, are not new operas, but old operas. The revival of Nicolo Isonard's *Jacode*, a work which time cannot kill, is an event of far more interest to lovers of music than the appearance of such a weak production as *Don Pedro*. *Jacode* is a masterpiece. Its drama and its music are equally admirable, and M. Faure, by his performance of the hero, has risen another step in the estimation of connoisseurs. Not less excellent is the prince of M. Mocker, who, though the small voice he once possessed is extinct, sings with so much taste and expression that it is scarcely missed, while his lively and genial acting recalls the best days of Chollet and Coudere. Boieldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin*, a composition of less importance, is nevertheless well worth hearing, as an example of that celebrated composer in his least ambitious mood.

Our Boston prima donna, Mme. Biscaccianti, is at St. Petersburg, where she made her début at the opening of the Grand Imperial Theatre, Sept. 16th, in her old rôle of Lucia: she was moderately successful. The tenor, Sig. Mongini, was also a debutant, and created a decided impression; and Sig. Bartolini, formerly at the Royal Italian Opera in London, and now an excellent baritone, was Ashton. The second opera was Verdi's *I Lombardi*, in which Mme. Loti, an immense favorite at St. Petersburg, made a great impression as Griselda. Tamberlik and Bosio were expected, and a whole batch of Verdi's operas were to delight the Russians, including *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Luisa Miller*, and the last but one of his productions, *Simon Boccanegra*.

In Italy Verdi reigns as usual. We copy on our first page a very entertaining record of impressions of the state of music in North Italy from the pen of Mr. Chorley, which bears internal evidence of accuracy. Mark the felicity of terms with which he hits some of the peculiarities of Verdi's melodies.

In England the Festivals are over; the singers are wandering about the provinces; the *Musical World* is half filled with reports of the Surrey Gardens bankruptcy case, and Jullien's disastrous connection therewith. Jullien has commenced concerts at the Haymarket, with Jetty Treffly to sing *Trab, trab* for him. The London Sacred Harmonic Society has commenced its winter season at Exeter Hall with Handel's oratorio, "Belshazzar." The committee of the great Handel Festival have at length wound up their accounts, and the net profits reach the handsome sum of \$45,000! The gross receipts were £23,360, of which £11,000 was the result of the last day's performance, "Israel in Egypt."

DEATH OF CRAWFORD, THE SCULPTOR.—It is but little more than a year since he was with us, in the full glow of perfect health, one of the finest types we ever saw of manly strength, of every generous social quality, of inexhaustible creative faculty and impulse. Artistically he had achieved wonders, both in quantity and quality, for a man of forty-two years, and the promise of his future was indeed of the highest. He had been to see one of his last and greatest works,

his Beethoven, as it had been placed amid fit surroundings in our Boston Music Hall. He looked upon his work, and it was good. Henceforth with whatsoever of noble and sublime suggestion proceeds from that statue, there will mingle sad yet proud associations with its author. THOMAS CRAWFORD, the progress of whose terrible disease (a cancerous affection behind the left eye) had been chronicled with anxious interest for many months past, until there was no room left for hope, ended his sufferings in London on the 10th of last month.

He was born in New York, on March 22, 1814. He was designed for a commercial career, but the artistic passion was too strong. The *Tribune* says:

He studied in this city under Frazee and Launitz; modeled busts with meaning and promise; and then, before his majority, in 1834, went to Rome, and placed himself under Thorwaldsen. Afterward, setting up for himself, he commenced to make busts. In 1839, he designed his "Orpheus," which was purchased by the Boston Athenæum. Then followed busts of "Vesta," "Sappho;" next statues, "The Genius of Mirth," "Adam and Eve," "David, the Conqueror of Goliath;" next bas-reliefs, "David before Saul," "The Shepherds and the Wise Men presenting their offerings to Christ," containing twenty-four figures; another bas-relief, "Christ disputing with the Doctors," twelve figures; "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," a bas-relief; "Christ blessing little Children," "Christ ascending from the Tomb," "Christ raising Jairus's Daughter," all bas-reliefs; "Prayer," a statue; three severally distinct statues of Washington; an equestrian statue of Washington; statues of Jefferson, Franklin, Channing, Allston, Henry Clay, and Beethoven—the last in bronze, and now in the Music Hall of Boston.

Fortunately the designs for the crowning great work of his life, the Washington Monument at Richmond, were all completed. They consist of statues of Virginia's great sons, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Judge Marshall, Gen. Lewis, Gen. Nelson, and George Mason, in the centre of which will rise the colossal equestrian shape of Washington. This central form is cast in Munich bronze, and has already reached our shores. During his last visit here, Mr. Crawford also was commissioned by the government to execute several works for the adornment of the capitol.

The character of Crawford's genius was of the most classical and noble, yet at the same time most fresh, ideal, vigorous, of modern sculptors. He is a loss to his country and his age. We have not had the opportunities for a full estimate of his achievements and his genius. A friend, who has long known him intimately, and who knows how to appreciate the artist and the man, has promised to embody his impressions in an article for the Boston *Courier*, which we shall take the liberty to copy when it appears.

Musical Chat.

MR. AHNER, with his usual enterprise, has given in Chicago three Promenade Concerts, with an orchestra of twenty-six performers, and the vocal aid of Mme. JOHANNSEN, who sang the Romanza from "Tell," songs by Abt, an air from *Ernani*, the "Ricci Waltz," &c. Also piano solos by Mr. HEHL, one of Mr. A.'s brother Germanians. Among the orchestral pieces were the overtures to "Tell" and *Das Nachtlager in Granada*; introduction and chorus from *Lohengrin*; Schubert's *Are Maria* with solos for different instruments; Strauss waltzes, &c., &c. "Hard times" thinned the audiences, but the concerts gave great satisfaction. One of the newspapers is in raptures with Mme. Johannsen, thinks her "worth a dozen Paradis, to whose concerts the quackery and puffery of Strakosch has attracted so much attention," and who in the opinion of the critic is "an artistic screech owl." Mr. Ahner was to commence his Afternoon Concerts this day. . . . Mrs. J. H. LONG sang at subscription concerts in Fitchburg, lately, to an enthusiastic audience, and has now gone to fulfil an engagement in New Brunswick. She will also appear

in Oratorio in New York this winter... Our Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with the vocal aid of Mrs. HANWOOD, Miss TWICHELL, and Messrs. ADAMS and POWERS, made music for the first time publicly this season in a concert at the opening of a new hall at Jamaica Plain. They did not appear, however, in classical *propria persona*, but rather masquerading, as it were, with a light and "popular" programme. AUGUST FRIES, we are glad to learn, has entirely recovered the vigor of his constitution, thanks to his trip to Europe; and we now hope soon to see the announcement of the usual Quintet series in Boston. With no class is music so much a necessity as with those who love string quartets, trios, &c. ... Sig. CORELLI, we are happy to hear, is fast recovering from the sudden and severe illness which alarmed his friends last week... The Handel and Haydn Society commenced the rehearsal of "Israel in Egypt" last Sunday evening, with full numbers and much spirit... The "Orpheus" Club will present a most choice and attractive programme for their first concert on the 21st. The first part will consist entirely of selections (mostly new to Boston ears) from German operas; such as: the chorus "O Isis," from the *Zauberflöte*; a trio with chorus from Weber's *Euryanthe*; an exquisite duet from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*; a trio from his *Seraglio*, &c. &c.; besides some choice piece by one of our first pianists. Miss DOANE will take part again.

In New York the Ullman Opera has tempted the stormy sea again this week. On Monday *Semiramide* was given, to a large audience, the papers say. Mme. D'ANGRI was the Arsace, and LAGRANGE the Queen; GASSIER was Assur,—good, they say, but not great, the pitch being too low for him; LABOCETTA was the tenor. This was followed by—the *Nozze di Figaro*? No, back it gravitates to Verdi again, and *Rigoletto* is the card, with FREZZOLINI in "her great character of Gilda," and Sig. BIGNARDI, a new tenor from Paris; other characters by Mme. STRAKOSCH, Sigs. TAFFANELLI, ROCCO and DUBREUIL. The last announcement about Frezzolini is that she too goes to Havana... THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS gave another concert at Niblo's Thursday evening. It is said we may expect them here again on Monday evening... The *Musical Review* says the New York Philharmonic Society have lost two thirds of their subscribers in consequence of the hard times; we hope and cannot think it can be quite so bad... Mlle. PARODI sailed for Europe on the 31st... The Newport (R. I.) Musical Institute have commenced rehearsals, under their popular conductor, Mr. E. TOURJEE. They number fifty singers, with (our correspondent says) "the real fire in them," and it was a treat to hear them sing the *Gloria* from Mozart's Mass. They will soon give a concert... The French Italian Opera in New Orleans was to open this week. The manager, M. Boudousquié, had arrived from Paris, accompanied by his new prima donna, Mlle. PAOLA BAGNETTI. M. JUNCA also had arrived and the remainder of the newly engaged artists were daily expected. Their names are Messrs. JULIAN, first tenor, grand opera; HOLTZEM, first tenor comic opera; RAUCH, first baritone; VILLA, first basso, comic opera; VINKEL, second basso and second baritone; and MAILLET, second and third basso; Mlle. MARIA LEIDER, and Mmes. VINKEL and DELIGNE, choristers; also, M. FERDINAND SEROUX, general stage manager. Among the novelties of the season will be the *Don Sebastian* of Donizetti, the *Paquarita* of Adam, and the *Oberon* (!) of Weber.

Herr FORMES, the great German basso, arrived on Thursday in the Canada, and will appear at once at the New York Academy... The Albany *Times* sympathizes with Mr. F. F. Mueller, the organist, on the severe loss sustained by him at the late fire in that city. "Books, music, pictures and valuable manuscripts, which it took years to collect," were consumed... LISZT proposes, with the aid of Herr

Milder, Fluger, Bossmann and some others, to found a Musical Conservatorium in Weimar.

One whose musical enthusiasm goes back to the early "Handel and Haydn" days in Boston, sends us the following notice of a well-known native composer:

"Mr. Editor:—In a volume recently published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, I find an interesting notice of the late OLIVER SHAW, of Providence, R. I. In describing this renowned musical composer, and his cultivated family, the author inadvertently states that Mr. Shaw was the first President of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society.

"As an old Bostonian, somewhat conversant with the musical world, I hasten to state, by way of correction, that the first President of the Handel and Haydn Society was the lamented Col. T. S. WEBB. This was a natural mistake, as these musical worthies selected together the first music ever publicly performed by this ancient Society, and were, to the end of life, on the most intimate terms.

"They both assisted also in the formation of the Psallonian Society of Providence, R. I. Mr. Shaw was the first and only President of this famous Society, for more than a quarter of a century. He also contributed very much to the success and renown of the Handel and Haydn Society. He collected a musical library from abroad. He is believed to have imported the first copies of the "Messiah" and "Redemption," in score, from the old house of Clementi & Co., London. Manuscript copies from these volumes were used at the Society's first Oratorio. In one of these first Oratorios in King's Chapel, Boston, Mr. Shaw sang his recently composed solo, "Nothing true but Heaven." The house was thrilled; the applause was tremendous. With a shake of the head, the modest musician exclaimed, 'No cheering of sacred music.' But the crowd would cheer, and the country would applaud. The papers teemed with the most flattering criticisms. The composition was so novel, and the performance so exquisite, copies were urgently called for, and J. K. Parker, Esq., persuaded Mr. Shaw to allow him to publish it.

"The very next season, the Boston public were again charmed. The young musical genius brought out at one of the oratorios that sweetest of all his songs, "Mary's tears." One of the old newspapers says of it: 'It is a composition that has attained for him a mightier tribute of genius than was awarded to him for his exquisite notes, 'There's nothing true but Heaven.'

"Then followed those sweet duets, 'The bird let loose,' 'All things fair and bright,' &c. So that if Mr. Shaw was not the first President of the Handel and Haydn Society, he was for several seasons one of its first attractions. President Munroe attended one of these oratorios. Being pressed for time, he was requested to mark the pieces on the programme that he wished to hear performed. He marked two of Mr. Shaw's compositions. These were sung with unbounded applause. The President and his retinue soon after retired.

"Thus, half a century ago, this musical celebrity first appeared in the city of Providence. But he is gone. He has left behind a rich legacy, the results of a brilliant genius, an exquisite taste, a pure and laborious life. A large and estimable family revere his memory. A grateful country appreciates his worth."

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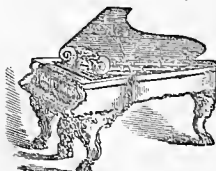
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Musical Correspondence.

DUBLIN, OCT. 15.—One of my objects in coming to the Emerald Isle, was to be present at the inauguration of the MOORE Testimonial—a bronze statue, that has been recently erected to the memory of the author of "Irish Melodies;" and yesterday I witnessed the ceremony. It took place in one of the principal squares of Dublin, where the statue, a bronze figure nine feet in height, stands upon a pedestal eighteen feet in height. The Lord Lieutenant was present, the entire municipal authorities were on hand in preposterous fancy dresses, or "official robes," as they call the red, yellow, and gilt garments, and there were Irishmen without number, of all classes. A band played several of the old Irish airs, commencing with one that brought up at once a sad remembrance of Moore. It was the sweet strains of—

"The harp, that once through Tara's halls
Its soul of music shed,
Now lies as mute on Tara's walls
As though that soul were fled."

Then followed appropriate addresses, of which very few of those present heard a word; at a given signal, the veil was dropped from the statue, and there stood Moore, a pen in one hand, a scroll in the other, and in the act of listening to some strain of an old Irish air. He is dressed in modern costume, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders.

As a work of art, this statue is not admired, and it certainly does not appear worthy of the really great poet to whom it is dedicated. But yet it is better than nothing, and for my part, I am very glad that I was enabled to be present at

the inauguration. It will be something to remember with delight for years to come, and it is something which every musician will feel interested in. Than Moore, there never lived a poet that was more charged with musical sentiment—his poems and their music are inseparable, for however excellent "Lalla Rookh" and his larger works may be, it is undoubtedly by his lyric ballads that he will be chiefly remembered. How many hearts have been delighted by these exquisite productions, it is impossible to compute, and the beautiful airs of Ireland owe their wide spread popularity to his words. I should feel tempted to speak of this a little further, had not a few paragraphs in one of the local papers met my eye and induced me to let you know the opinions of a real Irishman in regard to Moore and his music. The writer says:—

We cling with grateful recollection to the name and fame of the greatest lyric poet the world ever produced. He might be rivalled or surpassed in other departments of literature, but in lyric poetry Moore stands immeasurably above all who preceded him. As Irishmen we owe him much. Few have done so much for our country. His fame is interwoven with the national sorrows, and in the Melodies he has wedded to his own immortal verse the most perfect music that ever gave expression to human woe. Critics may prefer the Doric naturalness of Burns, or the joyous simplicity of Beranger, but the world has long ago disregarded the reasoning of critics and revelled in these delightful poems which charm the ear while they touch the heart. The song of sorrow caused a pure and clashing influence wherever it was heard, and the thoughtless fly in the gilded saloons of fashion was wrapt in as fervent adoration as the Irish Exile singing the "songs of his dear native plains" on the banks of the Mississippi or Missouri. In a peculiar and emphatic sense Moore is the poet of music—in truth, his poetry is ideal music. In this character no poet of any age approaches him and few even resemble him. Every one with the slightest susceptibility for music must be aware of the readiness with which some emotions of the mind are excited by it—that there are some sentiments which seem to respond immediately to particular tones, independently of all prescribed or recognized associations of thought. Moore's peculiar skill lay in giving voice to this inarticulate language. Take any of the old Irish airs. He found them associated with unmeaning or worthless words. He detected, by inspiration, the language of the air under the disguise, and so expressed it in verse that the words alone now convey precisely that class of emotions which are suggested by the music. This is one of the rarest faculties. Burns had a little of it, not much—Beranger a little more, but in Moore it is pre-eminent. He stands above all rivalry in bestowing on an expressive air the gift of articulation. Another characteristic of his poetry is the deep charm of pathos which pervades it. When the heart is predisposed by recent sorrow, or when it dwells on the remembrance of its past emotions—when it is attuned to love, or romance, or gaiety—or to the soft and dreaming sadness which past

illusions leave behind them, then the enchantment of his poetry is peculiarly felt. It penetrates and searches the very heart. We fondly dwell on the peculiar excellencies of our national Poet, though critics have long ago exhausted all that could be said on so fascinating a subject. Moore lives and will live for ever in the Irish Melodies. Indeed, he had a presentiment that Time would deal harshly with all the gorgeous orientalism, the gracefulness, and brilliancy of description of his more ambitious poems, but would spare those magical numbers which will pass from the memories of Irishmen only with the extinction of the Irish race and name.

In the evening a concert was announced, the first part consisting exclusively of Moore's melodies, and at a certain hour of the day, a new cantata by Mr. FERDINAND GLOVER, a young musician of Dublin,—the "Fire worshippers," the words from Moore's well-known poem, was performed. Unfortunately I did not hear of the intended performance, until half an hour after it had taken place, and thus probably lost a musical treat. The journal from which I have previously quoted, gives a favorable opinion of the composition.

"It was" says the critic, "a tribute of native musical genius to the greatest lyric poet who has wedded so sweetly the melodies of his country with immortal verse. As a musical composition the cantata possesses great merit in point of originality and dramatic effects, and some of its passages are marked by vigor and expressiveness, whilst others are exquisitely figurative, tender, and melodious. Some of its strains partake of a great deal of the manner of the modern style of German composition, but in many of the rich and melodious passages with which it abounds we could trace some of the gifted young author's Italian impressions which he no doubt received during his long sojourn in the south of Europe. The concerted passages harmonize beautifully, and evidence in an unmistakable manner Mr. Ferdinand Glover's knowledge of his profession, to which we believe he is destined to be a great ornament. It is admitted on all hands that the cantata is a wonderful musical production for one so young, and gives high promise of future triumphs for him in musical art composition. The performance opened with the contralto recitative, "Tis moonlight over Oman's sea," which was rendered with considerable ability. The quartet, "Sleep on," with its accompaniment, elicited general approbation. The soprano airs, "Oh, what a pure and sacred thing," and "Yes, yes, she cried," are certainly amongst the most beautiful bits of melody we have heard for a considerable time, and were done every justice to by the young lady who sang them. A tenor solo, "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile," and the succeeding choruses, "Fond girl, nor fiend or angel he," were loudly and deservedly applauded. The concluding tenor solo and chorus, "My signal lights, I must away," were very fine, and were effectively given. The cantata, while in some parts it possesses minor faults, on the whole may be regarded as a highly successful effort of musical genius."

The same afternoon I attended an organ exhibition at the Dublin Music Hall, a comfortable but small concert-room. The admission to the body of the house was twopence, and the performance, consisting chiefly of fantasias on Irish melodies, was rather mediocre. The organ is not a new one, having been recently removed from Christ Church, one of the old Dublin Cathedrals, and stands at the rear of the orchestra platform. It is a tolerable instrument, with three banks of keys, the great organ containing two open diapasons, stopped diapason, double diapason, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtera, doublette and trumpet—the choir containing open and stopped diapasons, dulciana and flute; and the swell, open, stopped and double diapasons, dulciana, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, doublette, trumpet and hautboy. There are also two octaves of pedals. To celebrate the erection of this organ in the concert-room, Handel's "Messiah" was performed here a few nights ago, entirely by resident talent.

In the evening I went to the opera house to hear PICCOLOMINI in her great rôle—*La Traviata*. The house was crowded to excess, and the "gods" were rampant as usual. They sang "Wait for the Wagon," and "Old Folks at Home," and "Nelly Bly" in full chorus. They renewed the never-failing combat with the men with white hats, and were vociferous in their denunciations of those who presumed to inspect their movements with the lorgnette; and, indeed, they did not cease their noise until the curtain rose, thus quite drowning the delicate movement for violins with which Verdi prefaces this opera.

The appearance of Piccolomini was the signal for a tremendous ovation, which was renewed when the popular tenor, GIUGLINI, joined the festive company on the boards. He is an ungainly, awkward-looking man, yet appears to be an old stager, and manages his voice with exquisite skill. In the beautiful air, *De miei colenti*, he was encoored; and certainly he made a more effective piece of it than I had supposed possible. He acts with care; but that is all. He seems to have little real histrionic genius; and his voice not being powerful or astonishingly sweet, I cannot help wondering how he can for a moment be compared with Mario. But he is one of those singers, who, while they perform no startling vocal feats, yet improve upon acquaintance, and as he never sings a false note, or allows his attention to be diverted from his rôle, wherever he sings he wins a substantial popularity. Signor BELLETTI, as the Germont *père*, sang with the finished taste of a true artist. His style is something like that of Giuglini—careful, excellent, and gratifying to the ear, without arousing any sudden outbursts of enthusiasm.

And now, having reserved Piccolomini to the last, I will dismiss her in a few words. We have all heard of her wonderful rendition of the rôle of Violetta—how ladies faint, and men are affected to tears thereby—how brilliant and lively she is in the banquet scenes, how pale and ghastly in the dying passages. Perhaps I had expected too much, or, more probably, my ideas of the rôle had been too completely realized by Gazzaniga's rendering of it, but certain it is, that, acknowledging all the graces of Piccolomini, I have failed to discover in her Violetta that excellence which created such a sensation in London and Paris. To be sure it is a very fine perform-

ance, and vocally superior to that of Gazzaniga; but as an actress the latter surpasses her more famed professional sister. Piccolomini made no point in her entire performance to equal the *Gran Dio! morir si giovane*, with which Gazzaniga so completely electrifies her audience; and I am certain that if the latter were to appear in this rôle in Dublin, she would create a sensation to which the Piccolomini excitement would be as the twittering of a swallow to the full song of a nightingale.

I spoke in my last about the pretensions of the Philadelphians to musical superiority, and it must be admitted that they have some right to feel proud. Here in Dublin I have heard, in a celebrated opera house, the troupe to which the most *distingué* circles of London, the greatest city in the universe, have listened night after night with rapture, and whose successes have been echoed till the names of Piccolomini and Giuglini are as familiar to the ears of lovers of music in America as those of any of our own singers; yet I look back to the magnificent style in which *Traviata* was brought out at the opening of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and cannot help acknowledging, that, both musically and intrinsically, its rendition was vastly superior to that of the great London troupe, while, as to the scenic decorations, the appearance of the house, and the brilliancy of the audience, the Philadelphians are infinitely in the advance.

By the way, we had a "scene" between the acts which I had nearly forgotten to refer to. The "gods" were enjoying themselves as usual, when they were stilled by the sound of a clear, musical voice, that soared far above their Babel of confusion, and in a few moments every other sound was still. A young man was standing in the first row of the upper gallery, and holding up what appeared to be a piece of music, was singing a familiar air which was quickly recognized as the *Di pescatore* of Donizetti's *Lucrezia*. His voice was pleasant, and he sang the Italian words intelligibly. All the house was still; and it was a curious sight to behold the upturned faces below, for every one, both in the orchestra and auditorium, were intently listening to and gazing at the musical "god," the shirt-sleeved Apollo in the gallery. When he ceased, his efforts were applauded vehemently, and honored with a peremptory encore, and again, in response to the vociferous request of the audience to continue, he next attempted the *Libiamo* from *Traviata*. This appeared to be too much for the patience of Arditì; whether he feared that the new singer would outrival his friend Giuglini, or whether he was merely tired of waiting, I cannot tell, but certain it is that he gave a signal to his musicians, they went to work tuning their violins with execrinating fidelity, and the tenor in the gallery was quickly drowned by the scraping of the catgut in the orchestra. Who the ambitious youth was, no one seemed to know; but he really possessed an admirable voice, and sang with considerable feeling. Perhaps in years to come some future Rubini or Mario will refer with pleasure to his first debut one evening in October, in the Year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, in the upper gallery of the Dublin Opera House. Yours, &c., TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 11.—After the manner of all artists, whether *soi-disant* or real, THALBERG

and VIEUXTEMPS have been giving "positively last concerts" without number. But as everything mundane must have an end, the end seems to have come even to these "last things." These concerts were, of course, all built upon the same frame with the previous ones, the only difference being in some of the minor decorations, i. e. the singers and secondary players. They reminded one of a set of old-fashioned variations by Herz or Hüntén, with Thalberg and Vieuxtemps for the theme. And as these compositions, empty, cold and brilliant though they were, could afford a certain sort of enjoyment when executed with perfection, so these concerts, too, please from the excellence of performance which they afford. In point of true *music*, alas, the one are generally as deficient as the other. The few choice bits with which we are refreshed, only serve to show still more plainly the inferiority, in this respect, of the accompaniments.

FREZZOLINI, D'ANGRI, CAIROLI, GASSIER, ROCCO, LABOCETTA, and a violoncellist rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of FERI KLETZER, were the satellites which clustered around the two planets upon their several last appearances. D'Angri and Rocco, jolly and brimming over with fun, gave us an exquisitely comic duet from the *Italiana in Algeri*. The former won showers of applause (which made my heart heavy at the public taste) by her *rrr—rrr—rrr—ralaplan*, but also well deserved praise for her wonderful execution in *Nacqui all'affanno*. Frezzolini I heard for the first time at one of these entertainments, and was not very highly edified by her weak voice and not particularly brilliant vocalization. In the latter, indeed, she does not equal the innocent, good-natured little Cairolì. I fancy her forte lies in her acting. Gassier's voice and singing I like better—Labocetta's affectation and grimaces less than ever. Thalberg gave us, among other things, the funeral march of Chopin (*such a crescendo!*) and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"—both exquisitely. In two duets from the *Huguenots* and *Don Giovanni*, both he and Vieuxtemps surpassed themselves; the *Batti, batti* and several other airs sounded deliciously from the violin of the latter. The two also played accompaniments to the trio from *I Lombardi* in a masterly manner. The second time I heard Vieuxtemps I was a little disappointed, and thought I had been carried away by enthusiasm on my first hearing; but last Thursday my first impression was completely renewed. His rendering of the *Lucia* fantasia is perfection. Could we but hear him in some classic work, or in one of his own great concertos, or even in a quartet, in which, as one of our first musicians tells me, he is really grand!

The Sunday concerts at the Academy, with all the opera forces, vocal and instrumental, Thalberg, and Vieuxtemps, and others to sing and play oratorios, symphonies, &c., are said to be well attended and attractive. I can only regret that they are not on another day. To-night a new music hall, Mozart Hall, is to be opened by a concert of Italian music, given by Mme. LAGRANGE for the benefit of Mlle. HENRIETTE SIMON, to enable her to study in Europe.

Obituary Notice of Thomas Crawford.

[From the Boston Courier.]

It is now a little more than eighteen years since we first heard the name of Thomas Crawford.

Mr. Sumner, in a letter dated from the neighborhood of Rome, July 26, 1839, spoke of him in language which we venture to quote, and which will now be read with melancholy interest on account of its prophetic spirit. "In my last letter dated from Rome I mentioned that there was an American sculptor there, who needed and deserved more patronage than he has. I wish now to call your particular attention to his case, and through you to interest for him such of my friends as you may choose to mention it to. He is Mr. Thomas Crawford of New York; he commenced life humbly; learned something of sculpture in the study of Frazee, where, among other things, he worked upon the heads of Judge Prescott and Judge Story; here he saved some little money and gained a love for his art; and on this capital (of which his devotion to his profession was the larger part) he came abroad to study here the great remains of ancient sculpture. Here he has studied diligently, and formed a pure, classical, and decided taste, loving and feeling the antique and Thorwaldsen. The latter, I have occasion to know, has shown him much kind consideration, which of itself is no mean praise among the thousand young artists of Rome, and from the greatest sculptor of modern times. The three principal English sculptors here, whose names are well known in their own country, though they may not have reached you, speak of Crawford as a remarkable artist. And I will add, that I think he gives promise of doing more than they have done. I have seen his bas-reliefs, the heads he has done, and some of his most important studies. They all show the right direction: they are simple, chaste, firm, and expressive." Then follows a description and high praise of the Orpheus which he was then engaged in modelling.

Crawford, at the date of the letter from which the above extract is taken, was twenty-six years old, having been born in New York in 1813, and he had been for four years a resident of Rome. His life had been up to that time, and was indeed for some years afterwards, one of uncomplaining privation, patient toil, and gallant endurance. He had but few acquaintances beyond the circle of art: his manners were reserved and uncourtly; his commissions were few and small, and there were doubtless many moments when the burden of expectation rested heavily upon him, and his ardent spirit, conscious of unoccupied power, chafed under the discipline of inaction. But his was one of those vigorous natures that are never paralyzed or weakened by the want of present success or immediate recognition. Come what might, he could not and would not be idle. His hands must find something to do; and he would do it with all his might. Many years afterwards, when we were standing with him before the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican, he remarked in a quiet way that he had once made a marble copy of this work, for the sum of four hundred dollars, if we remember right: at any rate, it was an incredibly small sum, such as could hardly have secured to him, during the prosecution of the work, the wages of a day laborer. With a man of such genius, and such resolution, success was simply a question of time.

When Mr. Sumner returned home in 1840, he procured by subscription among his friends the means of sending to Crawford an order for a marble copy of the statue of Orpheus for the Boston Athenæum. This work arrived in the course of the next year, and the admiration it awakened fully justified Mr. Sumner's report of its merits, and at once gave the sculptor a high and sure place in art. The reception of the statue in Boston was an era in his life, such as so frequently occurs in the career of the artist; marking the moment in which the star of his genius begins to rise above the horizon, and to attract the general eye. Commissions now began to come to him in moderate measure. The Cupid, owned by Mr. Jonathan Phillips, the group of Mercury and Pandora, in the possession of Mr. Parker, and the head of Medora, of which Mr. J. J. Dixwell and Prof. Parsons have copies, belong to this period of his life.

In 1844 he came to this country, and in the course of the same year was married to Miss

Lonisa Ward, second daughter of the late Samuel Ward, of New York, a union which secured to him the most entire and exquisite happiness, and acted in the most favorable manner alike upon the development of his genius and the ripening of his character. To a reserved and concentrated nature like his, which found little satisfaction in the light pleasures of society, and still less in the riot and excess of that wild life in which so many artists waste their time and impair their powers, the soothing and tranquilizing influences of domestic life were of great importance; and they were given to him in as large measure as the lot of humanity will permit it. From this time forward his whole being turned upon two poles; his art and his home. He worked with impassioned diligence in his studio, and the refreshment which exhausted nature demanded was drawn from the purest and sweetest sources that earth can furnish.

From the date of his marriage his life flowed on in an unbroken current of occupation and peace: his genius every day drawing the materials of growth from the calm air of happiness. His devotion to his art, which had carried him so heroically through his long years of waiting and struggle, kept the firm temper of his spirit from yielding, in the least degree, to the blandishments of comparative ease. Success, recognition, the assurance of work, acted upon Crawford's nature like dew and sunshine upon the flower. With him to be occupied was happiness: to be idle was torture. We never knew a man to whom might be more truly applied that fine illustration of Luther's, which compares the human heart to a millstone which, when wheat is put under it, grinds the wheat, but when there is no wheat there grinds and tears itself. He was never happier, never in higher spirits, than when he had as much to do as could be accomplished only by the most resolute and uninterrupted industry. What to most men would have been a burden was to him only a spur.

The writer of this notice spent the greater part of the winter of 1847-48, and a portion of the spring of 1848, in Rome; and not a day passed without seeing more or less of Crawford. He was then living in the Corso, in a suite of rooms not long afterwards exchanged for the second floor of the Villa Negroni. His studio was in the Piazza Barberini. Two young children were already blooming around his hearth. How busily, how happily, his days went by! In the winter season there are always many Americans resident in Rome; and all who had any claims were received at his house with that cordial and sincere hospitality which brought back to the wanderer's heart the sweet sensations of home. How distinctly do these pictures of the past rise up before the mind's eye! the pleasant room, lighted up with the genial wood fire; the warm grasp of the outstretched hand; the beaming smile, that was a heart-smile as well as a lip-smile; the sweet, stammering Italian of the little girl, not forgetting the friendly wag of Carlo's tail—a good dog—but who would hunt the sheep on the Campagna, and always came back from our walks with one end of his master's handkerchief tied to his collar, and a very penitent expression in his pendulous ears.

Crawford was at that period busily engaged in his profession, but not so absorbed by it that he could not give to us many precious and profitable hours of companionship. With him we rambled in long walks over the Campagna, visited the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol, and explored all the highways and bye-ways of Rome; listening to his instructive conversation on Art, and to those fresh and interesting revelations of Italian life and manners which his long residence in the land and his familiar acquaintance with its people so well qualified him to make. Occasionally, too, though rarely, he would let drop an incidental reminiscence or two of his own early struggles and privations, but in the most simple and natural way, as one not disposed to magnify or parade his claims to sympathy on that behalf. Should we ever visit Rome again, there would hang over its temples and fragments a more pensive shade than that east by those solemn teachings of Time which address all experiences alike:—

"But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We live by memory and hope: in the sharp sense of present bereavement, in the consciousness that a light has been taken away from the path of life, let us not forget what we have had. Those vanished hours are forever locked in the heart, and cannot be taken from it till it has ceased to beat. If "a thing of beauty be a joy forever," still more so is the memory of the precious moments passed in full communion and deep sympathy with a noble and affectionate nature, by whose influence our own was quickened, elevated and inspired.

In 1849, Crawford visited America with his family, and remained here some months. While he was here, the State of Virginia invited competition from artists for a monument in honor of Washington, and he was induced to enter the lists. The design which he presented was at once preferred to all others, and we believe without a dissenting voice among those upon whom the duty of selection was devolved. He felt, and, with the frank simplicity of his nature, expressed, great pleasure in this success. It was, indeed, the crowning triumph of his life, and gave him entire assurance that all his future was sure, both in comprehension and occupation. His genius had hitherto moved exclusively in the region of the beautiful: there, indeed, it was at home, and no artist's imagination was ever more fruitful than his in shapes of loveliness and grace; but in the core of his heart there was a deep longing for the opportunity of soaring into the higher sphere of the grand, the heroic, the sublime. He had an instinctive conviction—and it was a true one—that his best strength lay here. The execution of the monument to Washington called forth and tasked all his faculties; and he addressed himself to his work with no misgiving or self-distrust, but with the serene composure of a mature and disciplined mind, perfectly conscious of its powers, and calmly welcoming the occasion that taxed them to the utmost. Several private commissions, of a most gratifying kind, were given to him; the statue of James Otis, for the Mount Auburn Chapel, was entrusted to him; and, at a later period, a new and proud professional triumph was won by him when he was selected to execute so many of the works in sculpture designed for the embellishment of the Capitol.

From his return to Rome, in 1849, till his last fatal illness, his life was one of intense and incredible labor; and the amount of work he accomplished was proportionably great. His toil was commonly protracted far into the night, and sometimes extended into the morning hours. In the space of eighteen months, if we remember rightly, he designed and modelled upwards of twenty statues,—some of them of heroic size,—an achievement to which the annals of art hardly afford a parallel. Without doubt, he worked too hard, and overtasked his powers, though we believe the disease of which he died had no connection with this fact. The Washington Monument, his labors for the Capitol, the noble statue of Beethoven, the group of the Children in the Wood, the Hebe and Ganymede, were executed during this period. A long life of the highest achievement, crowned with the most enduring triumphs, seemed to be before him; for he was of a vigorous frame, and, with the exception of one of those fevers incident to Rome, his residence in that city had been marked by uninterrupted health. But it was not so ordained; and the summons went forth to withdraw from earth the light of his genius just as it had reached its full meridian height.

He came to America in 1856, and returned to Italy in the autumn of the same year, leaving his family behind him. Knowing how severe and protracted his toils had been, we were struck with the unworn vigor and energy which animated his countenance and beamed from his movements. There had always been the stamp of power upon his presence, but it had never seemed so marked as now. There was no touch of languor or weariness in him: there was not a fibre in all his frame which did not seem informed with vital force. His spirits, too, were high and

radiant; hope and joy were sparkling upon his crest; and there was in him a delightful mixture of grand manly power and boyish lightheartedness. He had grown in all things since we last saw him. With what delight, admiration, and pride we looked upon him! What a glorious future we saw before him! But even then the shaft of death had been sped to its mark.

During the latter weeks of his residence here his friends had observed a slight protusion of the left eye. This proved to be the first indication of a cancerous tumor upon the brain. The evil kept slowly but steadily increasing after his return to Rome in the autumn. He made light of it, at first, in his letters to his wife; and probably he wrote as he felt; for he had a brave spirit, and never anticipated or magnified trouble. But he was soon obliged to bow his head under the weight of the burden that was imposed upon him. Sadly and reluctantly he laid aside his chisel, and turned away from his unfinished plans, but could not yield to the conviction that his earthly work was done. He was tenderly and carefully nursed by a beloved sister, with whom his relations had always been of the most intimate and affectionate character. But we need not recount in detail the successive steps of a long path of sorrow growing darker at every moment. The seat of his disease was examined by an operation in Rome, but with no very hopeful result. In compliance with the advice of his physician, he was removed to Paris, where he was joined by his wife; but there, after due examination, his case was pronounced beyond the resources of surgical skill. From Paris he was taken to London in the hope that something might be done for him by a distinguished medical gentleman, a countryman also, who had long given particular attention to the disease under which he was languishing. The first results of the new treatment gave birth to a few faint gleams of hope; but the dark cloud soon settled over him again. His decline was gradual; for his powerful constitution and strong will fought inch by inch against the foe of life. His sufferings were most severe and protracted; but they were most patiently and heroically borne. His sickness, indeed, brought out traits of character not suspected by those who knew him but superficially. He was of a naturally impatient spirit, and sometimes chafed at trifles; but underneath this external impressibility there lay a deep heart of reserved endurance and fortitude; and now, when the trial had gone so far beyond the temperament, and the great burden was laid upon the inner soul, it was serenely and calmly borne, as God's appointment, at which no child of his should murmur. The noblest work of his hands—his *Washington* or *Beethoven*—was not nobler than the grandeur of his death. On the 10th of October, after nearly a year of suffering, the merciful summons of relief came.

Crawford's whole life and entire powers were given to his art. From his very boyhood he had no other hope, purpose, or aspiration, than to be a sculptor. No stone-cutter ever labored in his trade more assiduously and steadily than he did in his studio; and thus, in considering his claims to be remembered and honored, we are, first of all, to ask what is his rank in his art? To this question there can be but one answer: that it is very high. About his exact comparative place there may be a difference of opinion; but there can be no difference among candid minds as to his positive rank. In our judgment there is no sculptor in modern times who can be pronounced his superior, unless, perhaps, Thorwaldsen may be excepted—we do not speak of Rauch, as we have not had the opportunity of seeing his works—and had Crawford lived to the age of the great Scandinavian, posterity would have given him, at least, as high a place upon the roll of fame. But this is vague commendation, though strong: he deserves a more discriminating praise.

[Conclusion next week.]

Notes on a Passage in Hawkins's History of Music.

BY A. W. THAYER.

The passage relates to HANDEL; is found in vol. V., (original ed.) pp. 266-7, and is as fol-

lows, save the letters which I have inserted for subsequent reference:—

The reception which Handel met with from Steffani was such as made a lasting impression upon his mind; the following is the manner in which he related it to the author of this work:—

(a) "When I first arrived at Hanover I was a young man under twenty; (b) I was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and he had heard of me; (c) I understood somewhat of music, and," putting forth both his broad hands, and extending his fingers, "could play pretty well on the organ; (d) he received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the princess Sophia and the Elector's son, giving them to understand that I was what he was pleased to call a virtuoso in music; (e) he obliged me with instructions for my conduct and behavior during my residence at Hanover; (f) and being called from the city to attend to matters of a public concern, he left me in possession of that favor and patronage which himself had enjoyed for a series of years."

When one reads this statement, as given by honest though not seldom inaccurate Sir John Hawkins, the air of truth which pervades it is such that he takes every word for gospel; and, indeed, according to Hawkins's chronology of Handel's early years, it is consistent enough with the rest of the history. But turning to Schœlcher, and fixing the chronology as he has done by the dates of Handel's own MSS., the tale becomes one succession of absurdities. Let us compare the two chronologies.

Hawkins. Schœlcher.

Handel in Berlin,.....	16981696
Produces <i>Almira</i> ,.....	1698-9.....	1705
Leaves Hamburg,.....	1701-2.....	1706
Produces <i>Roderigo</i> , in <i>Florence</i> ,.....	17021706-7
Comes to Hanover, (under 20).....	17041709
Goes to England,.....	17101710

Dwell for a moment upon the story in the light of Schœlcher's dates.

(a) Upon his arrival in Hanover, towards the close of 1709, he was not *under*, but nearly five years *over*, twenty. (b) Was acquainted with the merits of Steffani, and Steffani had *heard* of him; and yet, say Mr. Schœlcher and other authorities, the two had become personally acquainted in Venice in 1707. Absurd. (c) Handel knew something of music, and could play pretty well upon the organ;—was that all he could say of himself after all his Hamburg and Italian compositions for the stage, the church, and the concert room? Absurd. (d) Steffani introduces him as a *virtuoso*. What! a mere instrumental performer, when he had known him as the Rosini of his day, making a triumphal tour through Italy? Absurd. (e) Steffani obliged him with instructions for his conduct and behavior while at Hanover, and this after being the guest of cardinals and princes for three years in the most polished cities of Italy! Absurd.

Are we, then, to conclude the story to be a fabrication of honest Sir John? Schœlcher seems to think so. He says (p. 428) "Hawkins pretends to have been told by Handel himself," &c. On the other hand, I believe every word of it, making allowance for a mistake which I hope to be able to explain before I get through. There is hardly a member of that system which used to revolve around Dr. Johnson so well known to the readers of this generation as Hawkins; and though we know him to have been often inaccurate and mistaken, we also know that when he positively states that Handel told him so and so, he is worthy of that perfect confidence which unblemished

honor and unsuspected veracity always inspires. There is a mistake in Hawkins in this matter, that's clear; but what is it? I think it to be one which Mr. Schœlcher and all the authorities have followed; i. e., the statement, a few sentences before, in these words: "He determined to return to Germany. He had no particular attachment to any city, but *having never seen Hanover, he bent his way thither*." The error is, I venture to suggest, in making Handel's visit to Hanover after his return from Italy his first appearance there. If we suppose him to have been in that city in 1703, the whole story becomes perfectly clear and rational; and this I suggest as a fact which has escaped the biographers, but which is not susceptible of positive proof from any authorities which are at hand. Still there seems to be enough collateral evidence in my possession to confirm Hawkins's positive assertion that Handel told him he was in Hanover before he was twenty years of age.

Let us examine the passage again, clause by clause. (a.) The idioms of a man's native language will invariably exercise more or less influence upon his expressions, when talking in a foreign tongue. If Handel's words had been "the first time I visited Hanover," they would have been an exact translation of the *meaning* of a German phrase the *words* of which he would naturally translate "when I first arrived," and Hawkins would have doubtless so understood him, had he not previously become impressed with the idea that this first visit was after the Italian tour. At all events, he has given us the right date, 1703; and if Handel really was under twenty upon his first arrival, my theory would be correct. We know, from the date of the death of Handel's father, 1697, as given by Schœlcher, that the young musician had returned from Berlin at least six years before his appearance at the organ in Hamburg, where Mattheson made his acquaintance on the 9th of July, 1703. Now, during all this six years we know absolutely nothing of him, beyond some obscure intimations from his biographers that he resumed his studies with Zuckau, and gave lessons, except what Telemann has recorded. Let us examine Telemann, employing his autobiography as given in Mattheson's *Ehrenpforte*.

He was born at Magdeburg—now-a-days three hours by railroad due east of Hanover—March 14th, 1681. At thirteen years of age he went to Zellerfeld (across the brook from Clausthal) in the Hartz Mountains. In his seventeenth year he crossed the Hartz and entered the Gymnasium at Hildesheim, where he composed much music, yet took the third place in his class of 150 pupils, making the works of Steffani, Rosenmüller, Correlli, and Caldara his models. "The two neighboring musical establishments at Hanover and Brunswick," says he, "which I visited upon extraordinary festivals, during all the fairs and often besides, gave me the opportunity to learn to know and distinguish in the former the French, in the latter the theatrical style—in both especially the Italian." Finally he wished for a "higher school," and returned to Magdeburg to make arrangements to go to Leipzig to study law. His musical studies were so distasteful to his widowed mother, that he left all his instruments and music at home, and, he adds, "took my way in 1701 toward Leipzig, having upon the journey very nearly taken the poison of music again in Halle, through the ac-

quaintance of the already at that time powerful George Fried. Handel." He relates how he became plunged again into musical matters, and at last obtained his mother's consent to devote himself to music; how he wrote a piece for the church every fortnight, and soon was made director of the opera, for which he began to compose; and then says "the pen of the excellent Johann Kuhnau served me as a model in fugue and counterpoint; but in melodic movements and their examination, Handel and I had constant occupation in the frequent visits we paid each other, as well as in our correspondence." (Halle and Leipzig are 24 miles only apart.)

In their intercourse with each other did not Telemann describe to his friend—four years younger than he—what he had seen and heard at Hanover and Brunswick? describe Steffani and his music, the bands, orchestras, and operatic company of those cities? Strange if he did not; still stranger if Handel was not excited by what he heard.

There is no intimation whatsoever of the duration of this acquaintance between the two young composers—nothing to show that Handel was still in Halle as late as 1703. We only know that on the 9th of July that year he was in the organ-loft of the Mary Magdalen church in Hamburg, and met Mattheson there, who took him home with him. Now how did he get there? and why?

Let us answer the last question first. Handel's genius was essentially dramatic. He had had a taste of Opera when a child in Berlin. His intercourse with Telemann must have fanned the flame; and his friend's position—at the head of an opera, although so young—must have given a powerful impulse to his ambition. The little town of Halle—whose university had only existed since 1694—could give little opportunity for the display of his abilities, for the attainment of wealth and a position, or for study. But circumstances had decided him for opera, just as they had at this precise time decided for Bach—less than four weeks younger than he—his destiny as the great contrapuntist and writer for the church.

But whither shall Handel turn his steps? Leipzig, with its few operas during the time of its annual fairs, and with young Telemann as their director, was exhausted; Brunswick, so far as we know the history of that stage at that time, could offer no very great inducements for an extended residence; Berlin was distant, and, as well as Dresden, given up to the Italians, with composers and musicians who were appointees of the Court, and tied to their duties—not therefore places for the independent Handel. Hamburg, on the other hand, was a free city; its German Opera was then the finest in Germany, and, above all, it had Reinhard Keiser as its composer.

Hasse, who was for many years during the middle of the last century, after the wane of Handel and before the rise of Gluck, altogether the greatest of the then living operatic composers, was for some years tenor singer under Keiser. His testimony in his last years was that Keiser "was the greatest composer that ever lived," and yet he had sung in Handel's works, knew them thoroughly, and refused to visit England to compete with him. This, then, was why Handel went to Hamburg. Now how did he go?

In those days, as now, upon leaving Halle, he would travel north by the great road to Köthen, and thence to Magdeburg. Here two ways were

open to him: to take a boat, and float down the long, tedious windings of the Elbe, or follow the great post road to Brunswick, where he might hear the music which Telemann had doubtless so often described to him, and thence onward to Hanover, where he might see Steffani and hear the "music in the French style." From Hanover the road was almost due north to Hamburg. There was little if any difference in the distance by these two routes. There can be little doubt which route Handel chose.

(b) "I was acquainted with Steffani's merits, and he had heard of me." Of course Telemann, who had been so often in Hanover, and who had made Steffani's works his models, had made his friend well acquainted with that singer and composer's merits; and, on the other hand, the story of the wonderful boy who had astonished the Court and composers of Berlin could not be unknown to him. But how absurd the statement if they had met before the time referred to in Venice! But they did *not* meet in Venice. Steffani was busy all those years in North Germany with his music and politics, as we shall see.

(c) This clause needs no farther comment.

(d) "He received me with great kindness, and took an early opportunity to introduce me to the princess Sophia," &c. This princess was married to Frederick William, Swine the First, of Prussia in 1708, and removed to Berlin. Handel's introduction to her therefore *must* have been before his Italian journey.

(e) This clause also requires no farther comment.

(f) We come now to the resignation of the Kapellmeistership by Steffani in Handel's favor. Mainwaring (1760) originates the story of Handel's having made the acquaintance of Steffani in Venice. His words are: "This person (whose character is elegantly sketched by a lover of his Art and friend to his memory) he had seen at Venice, the place of his nativity." Again: "Those who are inclined to see a fuller account of him may consult those Memoirs of his life, consisting, indeed, of a very few pages, but sufficient to do him great honor." I know nothing farther of these memoirs; but in 1764 an article appeared in the "Hamburgischer Journal," copied in 1784 into Forkel's "Musikalischer Almanach," which I suppose to be a translation of the memoirs in question. This article expressly states that the information is mostly derived from Handel, "dem man auch das meiste von den Lebensumständen des Steffani zu verdanken hat." Hawkins says the same in his sketch of Steffani, (History, vol. IV., p. 287.) He evidently uses the same memoirs.

Steffani was born, then, according to Handel, at Castelfranco, a small city in the Venetian territory; proved, as he grew up, to have a fine tenor voice and genius for music, and, while still "in his teens," went to Munich to sing and study with Bernabei. There he was invited by Ernest August, father of King George I., to Hanover, to take the place of Kapellmeister, notwithstanding he had taken orders in the Catholic church, and was nominally a priest. Several of his operas were performed not only in Hanover, but in Hamburg, before the year 1700.

In the meantime Steffani had entered upon a new phase of his career. In 1689 the Emperor proposed the elevation of the Duke of Brunswick to the dignity of Elector, but soon had the Cath-

olic Electors of Cologne, Treves, and the Pfalz arrayed in opposition. Through the skill of Steffani, the Catholic, however, their opposition was conquered, and the dignity nominally conferred, for Ernest August died without taking his seat in the Electoral College. The matter was kept along for several years, and not until 1708—note the date—was George, the successor of Ernest, admitted to that body. Steffani was recognized as a statesman, and from this date produced no music in his own name, that of Gregorio Pina, his copyist, being used in its stead. But the Elector's aims were not yet fully reached; he sought also the dignity of Archtreasurer of the Empire. In 1710* this wish was fulfilled, and Steffani received his reward in the form of a handsome annuity, (for those days,) and the Pope made him Bishop of Spiga—a place, according to Heglin, in Asia Minor, by other authorities in the Spanish West Indies. At all events, he never had occasion to visit it. Now Hawkins, Forkel, Gerber, Schilling, the Dictionary of Musicians, all agree, upon Handel's authority professedly, that Steffani resigned his Kapellmeistership in 1708. Forkel's words—copied from the Hamburg Journal, 1764—are: "In the year 1708 he fully resigned his Kapellmeistership. This he did principally out of good will towards Herr Handel, whom we must thank for the most of the circumstances of Steffani's Life."

That is, when Steffani's efforts were crowned with success, and George took his seat in the Electoral College, the event was a glorious one for the diplomatist; and he might well ignore his former position, and resign in favor of Handel. But Handel at this time (1708) is composing music in Naples, as Mr. Schœlcher has fully proved. Steffani has *not* known him in Venice, as we have already stated; first, because we find him too much occupied to make the journey thither during Handel's residence there; secondly, because such a journey is nowhere intimated; and, thirdly, because we read in the sketch just quoted as follows: "Steffani had been so long away from his native land that in 1729 he felt a desire to visit his relations. He passed the winter in Italy," &c.

All agree, however, Mr. Schœlcher with them, that Steffani had personally known Handel before he resigned in his favor. He knew him, then, before his departure for Italy. Now in those days people did not go about soliciting Kapellmeisterships, or engagements as composers. They were called to these offices. Steffani was called from Munich to Hanover, Telemann from Leipzig to Hamburg and Frankfort, &c., Attilio and Bononcini to London. Hasse was called from Venice to Dresden, and afterwards to London, Keiser to Copenhagen, &c. So Steffani, knowing the talents of Handel, and keeping himself informed of his career in Italy, especially if "a certain Baron Kilmanseck" was then there enjoying the composer's acquaintance as is stated, would naturally, upon laying down his musical honors and duties, advise the appointment of the rising young man as his successor. On my theory that Handel was in Hanover in 1703, and probably also on his return from Hamburg home, on his way to Italy, there ceases to be any difficulty in these dates.

[Conclusion next week.]

* I should state that according to Knight's Penny Encyclopædia George received this dignity in 1706; but I prefer my German authorities, and make it 1710.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 14, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

[In recalling last week one of our own old newspaper sketches (1851) of this great Oratorio, (provoked thereto by the strange literal coincidence of a London article of a later date, edited by M. Schœlcher,) we quite forgot that we had used its principal sentences a few months afterwards as the germ of a more extended analysis of the entire Oratorio, which appeared in *Sartain's Magazine*, for January, 1852. It was from this latter, doubtless, that the London critic stole his plumage.

Probably the article in *Sartain* found few readers here, though it could boast of at least one in England. The day for "Israel in Egypt" had not yet come with us unmusical Americans. The performance in 1851, by our Boston Musical Education Society, (to whose efforts, at the instance of those enterprising and excellent leaders, Messrs. Webb and Mason, we owed the pleasure that moved us to write about it,) was not of course appreciated at half its value, and excited but a short-lived interest outside of a very narrow circle. To-day the circumstances are changed. Handel is now one of the absorbing topics. The great Festival of the past year in London, and our own in Boston, the new Biography of the composer, the fresh perception of the grandeurs of his "Israel" awakened now in England, and the fact that our own Handel and Haydn Society have taken hold of it in earnest, and are studying it with the hope of bringing it out on a sufficiently grand scale, all tend to draw to it that amount of expectation and attention which must surely make its greatness recognized and felt.

We would do all in our power to call attention to this noble music,—too happy could we excite the musical public, or the singers, to seek a closer and a deeper insight into the marvellous beauties and excellencies of such a work of Art. And as we hardly dare to risk a second experiment, in the way of descriptive analysis, we shall be pardoned for falling back upon the first, which seems to us to have been not altogether unsuccessful, and for summoning from the shades of the old Magazine the unnoticed or forgotten article. What follows is essentially just that; only we reserve to ourselves the privilege of adding, subtracting, altering, as the new impressions of the music may suggest.]

It is always good to inhale the bracing mountain air of Handel. His music beats with the strong pulse of a wholesome, humanitarian, universal feeling. He knows not how to be otherwise than strong;—strong in faith, in conception, and in will, and large in sympathies. Really, if you study him in his music (where along it is fair to read the character of a musician), he is one of the strongest and largest representative men of our race. He has expressed, in the enduring form of Art, what the whole race in common needs to have expressed; he has done his full share to keep alive the noblest hopes, to strengthen the inmost, unsectarian faith, and to promote the noblest destinies, of Man, the image of his Maker. Will not after ages look upon him as a sort of prophet?—for surely it required a prophet so to illuminate and, as it were, revivify the grandest texts of Scripture, as he has done in his music:—Music, which alone solves the problem of a universal language.

No theme ever seems too great for Handel. He moves at home among miracles; he has music fit for Sinai and the passage of the Red Sea; and he perfectly reconciles miracle with humanity,—with the deep, common instincts of the race. In the bold certainty and inexhaustibleness of his

inspirations, he calls up the image of the old prophet, who smote the rock, and the waters gushed forth.

Perhaps our readers will not be wholly uninterested by some feeble reminiscences (feeble indeed must all attempts in words be to reproduce the impressions of music!) of his great Oratorio—"Israel in Egypt." The piece is mainly a series of colossal choruses, describing the plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the triumphant delivery of the Israelites, with great anthems of praise, built upon the song of Miriam. These are very individual and descriptive in their character, from the sublime to the sometimes (not offensively) grotesque. It is music to make one grow strong, as he sits and listens. The sentiment of the work is too great, too universal, for any but the amplest chorus treatment.

Seeking in the natural world a type for the great choruses of "Israel in Egypt," we think of the solemn, tranquil grandeur of our own "White Mountains." It is almost exclusively a mountain chain of immense choruses, connected by some rugged passes of recitative, and a very few green vales of song, into which we are permitted to peep. These choruses are all wonderful specimens, in their way, of most consummate musical treatment, whether in plain, solid counterpoint, or in all the intricacies and beautiful "hide-and-seek" of fugue. But there is a poetic force of conception in them, that still more commends them. Each is unlike the others. Each perfectly embodies a spiritual and an outward experience, uttering an emotion, and painting an image or a scene. Hear "Israel in Egypt," and you will discover that there may be poetry, there may be feeling and dramatic pathos in the severe and, as many suppose, dry, cold, merely technical form of a strict fugue. * * *

There is no overture or orchestral introduction. The origin of the whole matter is simply and briefly laid open in two lines of recitative, (No. 1,) by a tenor voice: *Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph; and he set over Israel task-masters, to afflict them with burdens; and they made them serve with rigor.*

Here is the cause: now for the effect, which is portrayed on a vast and gloomy field in a great double chorus, or chorus for two choirs, (No. 2,) which is in C minor. In long, slow notes of six-four measure, the altos of the first choir begin, with their rich and sad low tones: *And the children of Israel sighed, sighed by reason of the bondage.* They pause two measures, which are filled up by the steady, heavy movement of the instruments, and then all the female voices of both choirs add, in unison: *And their cry came up unto God.* Another pause: then in shorter, equal notes, the sopranos climb the scale, an octave or more, by stages, with tenors accompanying, to the words, *They oppressed them with burdens, and made them serve,* holding upon the high G on the word *serve*, while the altos echo the movement in their way, the sopranos adding emphatically twice, as they go on, *with rigor*; and then the basses fill all up below with the preceding figure: *And their cry, &c.* From this point all the choral floods swell onwards, and all the figures are mingled together in those complicated forms of counterpoint, which, of course, it is useless to attempt to describe. Once it gives way, indeed, to the sighs with which the altos opened, this time with the full, mournful harmony of all the voices; one

choir still utters the sighs at intervals, while voice after voice of the other begin again to roll in the burden of the second subject, *They oppressed, &c.*, which is soon rejoined in all the basses by the third subject, *And their cry*, and all the subjects are worked up together as before. One more pause, and the chorus closes with a grand simplicity, by the whole mass of voices blending in a few bars of plain and solid harmony, in long-drawn notes, upon the words, *And their cry came up, came up, unto God.* The grandeur of this chorus warns you of still greater grandeurs coming. Miracle begins not yet; but here is the call, the deep, sufficient cause, the looking up, for miracle. The mind is brought into a disposition to expect it—it is prepared for it by being made first to feel the Infinite within itself,—by being put in sympathy with the oppressed, and led with them to make the appeal from the natural to the supernatural, in obedience to that sense of justice and of order which relates us with both worlds. This chorus is the solemn portal by which Handel introduces us believably into the realm of wonders.

No. 3. Recitative, tells of Moses and Aaron showing signs, and turning their waters into blood; which is followed by the remarkable single chorus in G minor, *They loath-ed to drink*, whose fugal subject, passed from voice to voice, and multiplied through all the forms of chromatic counterpoint, sickens excessively through the continually-echoed interval of the "extreme flat seventh."

But from this imagination of disgust we are soon humorously relieved by one of those pleasant freaks of Handel's happy fancy. Presto! what frolicsome, grotesque hops and jumps between the figures of the violins! There is no mistaking the subject of the air (mezzo-soprano) which follows this droll prelude: *Their land brought forth frogs; yea, even in their king's chambers*: how the voice prolongs and plays upon the first syllable of that word *chambers*! The strain grows more sober at the thought of the cattle given over to the pestilence; but the frogs hop back in the accompaniment, and wind up with a merry ritornel. This hop-skip-and-jump song fitly precedes the double chorus, No. 6, which is in the same vein, and happily suggests the universally-pervading presence of the small plague which it describes. *He spake the word*, is uttered in strong unison of the male voices; and *there came all manner of flies*: answer the silvery sopranos and altos, with their light and airy harmony; and the whole air swarms and shivers with the fine demi-semi-quavers of the violins. The fiat and the image are several times repeated, now alternately, and now in simultaneous distribution among the various voices. The heat of the movement increases, till, at last, the orchestral basses are stirred up from their depths, and roll along, like the roar of a fire across a prairie, to express the all-devouring plague of locusts. Here is a success which one would have pronounced impossible in music. Another composer could not have handled such a conception with any hope of not coming off flatly ridiculous; but the Handelian health and vigor could riot in the full humor of the thought, and dare to paint the images so literally, without violating the dignity of Art. It has been well suggested that Haydn doubtless "had been a close observer of this and other descriptive figures of Handel; and it is very pro-

bable that he caught the idea of the sporting of the leviathan, the crawl of the worm, the bounding of the stag, the tread of the heavy beast, and other passages of dangerous precedent, from his great predecessor."

No. 7. Now the creative energy of our composer is thoroughly roused; his resources are no more exhausted by this last effort than are the vials of the heavenly wrath. Look out for worse than locusts now; a pure elemental tempest, a wholly awful and sublime type of destroying force. The orchestra arrests attention to the hush before a storm, with now and then a big raindrop, then pattering notes that increase thicker and thicker, till out bursts the famous "Hailstone Chorus." How simple, but terrifically graphic in its movement! *Fire, mingled with the hail, ran along the ground!* There is nothing intricate in its construction, the vocal masses are soon possessed by its crackling momentum, and it almost "runs along" of itself.

No. 8. As opposite from the last as possible is the next chorus: *He sent a thick darkness.* The dull, groping, chromatic harmony with which the instruments prepare the thought, is as far from commonplace as the most modern modulations of Spohr or Mendelssohn, and almost makes you shudder. Voice after voice, uttering separately little fragments of the sentence, in recitative style, make the bewilderment appalling; and how palpable that darkness, when the instruments at last drop away, and in distinct unison the bass voices pronounce: *which might be FELT!* We shall resume the thread next week.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The musical waters are beginning to stir. They could not always stand congealed by "panic." Some of the safer, smaller ventures in the way of concerts are announced; and these, though small, are of the best kind, sweet to the core. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB will give us classical string quintets, quartets, trios, &c., and revive the best thoughts of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, at Chickering's saloon, which, thank heaven, is not yet turned into a court room. Their prices are reduced, their audience is always found among those who value music beyond mere amusement,—and an hour spent with Beethoven as spent *with* and not *away from* the Muse. The night of the first concert will soon be fixed. The Club have also made arrangements for a series of six (lighter) concerts at Jamaica Plain, and a short private series (classical) at Cambridge. They are also considering the plan of giving cheap popular concerts in the city, several times a week, at Mercantile Hall.... Read, below, the programme of the first "ORPHEUS" concert, to be given at the Melodeon next Saturday evening. A more sterling and more fresh selection of truly genial pieces has never yet been offered us. The beautiful ensemble of the male choir, as well as the fine solo-singing of Miss DOANE, Mr. KREISSMAN, the Messrs. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, and others, will surely give delight. By the way, we were amused at finding the following in the Boston correspondence of the Philadelphia City Item:

The concerts about to commence are not by any *Orphan's* Glee Club, as my last letter read, but by the *Orphans*, whose triumph at the convocation of German singers in Philadelphia, last summer, will be recalled to mind.

We beg to assure this writer that the "Orpheus Glee Club" are no *orphans*; Boston is not ashamed to father them; besides, they are true sons of *Vaterland*.... The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Philharmonic Socie-

ty lead off this season in orchestral concerts. Their first takes place this evening, with Mr. RISEFELD as conductor, and with a programme which it does one's heart good to read, containing as it does Beethoven's "Heroic" Symphony, Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, and Weber's to *Oberon*. If it succeeds, shall not our own orchestra take courage? People, it seems, can go to the Ballet. Every night this week has the Boston Theatre been *filled*, with enthusiastic witnesses of the exquisite harmonies of motion presented by the Ronzani Troupe.

In New York the smouldering embers of Italian Opera still flare up, with occasional *Trovatore* flashes. (for now Italian Opera means *Trovatore*, with a few equally hacknied alternatives.) The last was called a "star performance," when BIGNARDI sang the troubadour; LAGRANGE, the lady-love; D'ANGRI the gipsy; GASSIER, the cruel count, &c. Signor BIGNARDI, who made his debut in *Rigoletto*, the *Courier & Enquirer* says, "is the happy possessor of that rare gift, a decided, pure, yet manly tenor voice. Its quality is as fine, with two exceptions, as any that we have heard: he delivers it with great freedom and purity: his style is severely chaste, and his method of singing is formed in the most correct Italian school. Added to all this (perhaps by reason of it) his enunciation is distinct and clear—a great aid to pure vocalization in the highest style. Mr. Bignardi sang on Wednesday night with feeling, though hardly with fervor: but the opera gave him little opportunity for passionful utterance.".... VIEUXTEMPS, THALBERG, and Mme. FREZZOLINI, it seems, only looked at Boston this week, but went (on second thought) to Philadelphia. The concert managers cannot lay down their course with any certainty until the storm passes. "Germania Rehearsals" (after the model of the Germanians) appear to find encouragement in the City of Brotherly Love. They play waltzes, overtures, and now and then an extract from a Beethoven symphony. CARL SENZ—whilome the drummer, whose drumming used to reflect the intention of the whole music, and not merely pound out the time—now wields the baton to the delight of the young and pretty Philadelphians.

CHARLES ZEUNER, well-known in Boston for so many years, one of the best-educated musicians and organists in America, the author of the only thing like an original collection of psalmody, "The American Harp," committed suicide in Philadelphia, where he has resided for some years past. He was about sixty years of age, and his friends had been distressed about him on account of his interest in Spiritualism.

An Organ concert took place at the Beneficent Congregational Church in Providence, last Wednesday evening, when the new organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, of this city, was "opened" to the delight of a fine audience. Mr. G. W. MORGAN, organist of Grace Church, New York, performed Variations by Hesse, the Wedding March by Mendelssohn, an Andante, Minuet and Trio by Mozart, a chorus from "Israel in Egypt," the overture to "Oberon," a Fugue by Bach (in G minor), and other things less worthy of the instrument.

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Respectfully inform their friends and subscribers that their FIRST CONCERT (of the series of Three) will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 21, at the Melodeon, under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN, on which occasion they will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, and Mr. Wm. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1—Chorus of Priests (Magic Flute) Mozart
2—Duet (Cosi fan tutte) Mozart
3—Trio, with Chorus (Euryanthe) Weber
4—Aria (Fidelio) Beethoven
5—Terzet (Entführung) Mozart
PART II.
6—Wandering Song Mendelssohn
7—Solo, Violin, 10th Air Varie De Beriot
8—Prayer before Battle Weber
9—Waltz (to be sung) Vogl
10—The Forest Haeser

Subscription Lists may be found at the music stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, E. H. Wade, and Oliver Ditson & Co.; also at N. D. Cotton's store. Single tickets at 50 cents each can be had at the same places, and at the door on the evening. Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

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OCTOBER, 1857.

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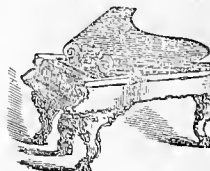
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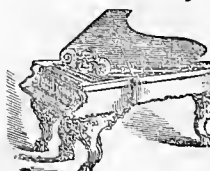
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Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

HISTORICAL REMARKS INTRODUCTORY TO AN EXPLANATION OF
BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE SONATAS.*

THE SONATA is the most comprehensive and the most peculiar product in the field of pure piano-forte music. It is its greatest task, its highest goal. The idea of Beauty, the essence of all works of Art, may also realize itself upon the mere piano, but most perfectly only in the most perfect form.

Such must we consider the Sonata form. The establishment of this proposition upon grounds of musical theory has been undertaken by MARX, in the third part of his "Theory of Musical Composition," and with the most complete success. Marx here develops the single forms of piano music in organic sequence; he begins with the *Etude*, then turns to the *Fantasia*, to the *Variation*, to the *Rondo*, and at last reaches the *Sonata*, as the highest, ripest form. By a different method KRUEGER, in his "Contributions to the Life and Science of Music," arrives at this result. In the chapter, "Scientific Theory of Art," in which he subjects Marx's system to a critique, he lays down, under a reference to Marx, a scheme of musical Morphology (doctrine of forms), as whose point of departure, or criterion, he denotes the Song form, and in the following manner: "First, what precedes the Song form, viz. the *Prelude*, the *Toccata*, the *Fantasia*;—second, the Song form, including *Variation*, *Rondo*, *Fugue*;—third, that which goes beyond the Song form, the combination of several developed song forms, the *Sonata*, the

Symphony. Krüger, then, makes the *Prelude*, the *Song*, and the *Sonata* the three fundamental forms, out of which, in his opinion, all the others are developed.—But what more striking proof can there be, that the *Sonata* should be regarded as the highest product in the field of piano-forte music, than the living works themselves, to whose consideration the following pages are devoted, the Piano-forte SONATAS OF BEETHOVEN? In what other piano music is there presented such a wealth of deepest, most significant ideas, such an image of the soul's inmost, deepest life? Has the history of Art any piano music of a higher import it can point to? Certainly not. Wherever we may look around us on the field of piano-forte literature, before or after Beethoven, we meet a multitude of noble and of characteristic products, but we always come back to the Beethoven Sonatas as to the highest, unique, and unrivalled flower in this department. But at the same time we comprehend and feel the necessity, that such fullness of matter and of meaning could only fully manifest itself in the *Sonata*; the greatest and richest substance must take the greatest, richest form, and that is the *Sonata*. In fact, too, Beethoven has created most of his piano works only in this form; nay, the general *Sonata* form at bottom underlies all his principal creations.

What are the *Symphonies*, considered as to form, but *Sonatas* for the entire orchestra? What are the *Quartets* but *Sonatas* for two violins, viola and violoncello? The *Trios*, but *Sonatas* for piano, violin, and violoncello? And so on.

But the greatest importance of the *Sonata* form, as the highest, appears in the fact that it possesses the capacity of being the higher unity of other forms, especially of the *Song* form, the *Variation*, the *Rondo*, and the *Fugue*. This has been already intimated by Krüger in the expression, "combination of several developed *Song* forms." In the *Sonata*, in fact, all these forms are resumed and blended to a concrete unity; the *Sonata*, viewed on this side, is an organic product of these forms. This is clearly shown by an examination of the works of Beethoven. You find in these *Sonatas*, *Symphonies*, *Quartets* of his the most intimate blending of the forms of the *Song*, the *Variation*, the *Rondo*, the *Fugue*, into a higher, perfect, individual whole, as will appear more particularly when we come to examine the *Sonatas* singly.

I must content myself with these general theoretic hints and observations, lest I should be led too far from the object of this volume, and for fuller treatment of the subject would refer to Marx. But before passing to the discussion of the Beethoven Sonatas individually, I deem a survey of the general historical course, which the

Sonata has followed before Beethoven, and down to his time, to be the more desirable and the more necessary, since this alone will place the significance of these great piano works in the clearest light; it is only when we have traced this history down that we shall fully realize the height which Beethoven has reached. In this survey, I must limit myself to the most necessary and essential points for the understanding of the historical development; and for the period prior to Haydn shall take the liberty of using for the groundwork of my remarks the excellent contribution to the history of the *Sonata* by Immanuel Faisst, which appeared in the musical journal, the *Cecilia*, for some years extinct. I shall give a condensed abstract of his paper.

The first beginnings of our present *Sonata* are found near the end of the seventeenth century. According to Winterfeld the name *Sonata* was used at the beginning of that century to distinguish such instrumental compositions as did not have a periodic song, or Choral for a subject. The first *Sonatas* appeared in 1681, by HEINRICH BIBER, for *Violino solo*. These were followed in 1683 by twelve *Sonatas* by the violinist CORELLI, for violin, bass, and clavierchord. But greater importance as a composer of *Sonatas* was gained by JOHN KUHNAU, Sebastian Bach's predecessor. At first he wrote a *Sonata* in B flat, in the *Neuer Clavierübung* ("New Piano Exercises"), second part. The form of this work is generally the present form; consisting of a quick, a slow, and again a quick movement. The manner of writing is polyphonic; the work is wanting in internal æsthetic connection. Kuhnau's next work appeared in 1696 under the title: "John Kuhnau's fresh piano fruits, or seven *Sonatas* of good invention and manner to be played on the piano." These *Sonatas* show progress in form and matter; they are full of energy, of boldness, of fresh grace, indeed of depth of feeling. They consist sometimes of five, sometimes of four movements. The contrast of quiet and of lively movements is found in very various combination. The polyphonic mode of writing predominates, yet now and then the homophonic breaks through with free, spontaneous melodies. Single passages show greater artistic meaning. Kuhnau is akin to Handel in his free polyphonic treatment, in the fervent, noble, and clear conduct of his melody. An intrinsic æsthetic connection is felt in single movements of these *Sonatas*.

[To be continued.]

ROSSINI ON MOZART.—In a letter, with the inscription "To Guello," Rossini describes his first acquaintance with Mozart, that is to say, his feelings on first hearing *Don Juan*. The letter contains the following remarkable passages;—

* Beethoven's Clavier-Sonaten, für Freunde der Tonkunst erläutert, von ERNST VON ELTERLEIN. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1857.

"Guelfo, do I still live without dreaming, or are my senses obscured by a kind of drunkenness of which I had previously no notion? I went to the opera yesterday, when Mozart's *Don Juan* was played. At last! At last! but what were my sensations after hearing this music! Before then I had possessed only a confused idea of the essential attributes of theatrical music! Divine Mozart, what genius inspired thee! thou speakest to our inmost heart with tones that need no words, and paintest passions with a fire, compared to which the power of speech is nothing. I loved with *Don Juan*; I was intoxicated with him; I wept with *Donna Anna*, went mad with *Donna Elvira*, and coquetted as *Zerlina* sang. But as the ghost appeared I shuddered at the world of spirits, and—Guelfo, I am not ashamed to say so—the marrow froze in my bones. Guelfo, take back thy praise; no, I am not a composer. Guelfo, do not accord me that praise until the genius of Mozart has embraced me. Thy *Joaquino*."—*Rheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Obituary Notice of Thomas Crawford.

(Concluded from last week.)

The range of sculpture is limited, compared with that of painting. It can only reproduce the forms of men and of animals, the former draped or undraped, singly or in groups. Two sculptors cannot differ from each other as widely as two painters may. In judging of the merits of a work in marble or bronze, we have to consider first, whether it is a faithful representation of external forms; and second, whether it truly and vividly expresses the passions, emotions and sentiments of humanity. The latter includes the former. A figure which had character and expression, but was defective in anatomy and proportion, could only please in a very imperfect degree; like poetry which was original in conception, but marred by bad grammar. Thus, there is an obvious division of sculptors into those who are merely imitative, and those who are also imaginative and inventive. Crawford, without question or dispute, was of the latter class. He was an original thinker in his art; and his works are not merely reproductions of forms, but speak a language which addresses itself to the mind of the spectator as well as his eye. Take, for instance, the *Beethoven in the Music Hall* in Boston: we have here not merely the stature, the features, the limbs, the garb of the illustrious composer, but his inward and intellectual character is stamped upon the bronze. His great genius is here visible, and his sorrows, not less great: his ideal splendors and his real distresses: the glorious music that rang and streamed through his soul, and the deep frost of silence that sealed the external sense: the vehement temperament: the passionate sensibilities; the roughness, the sternness, the tenderness—all are here. We do not think of saying of this statue that it is a correct likeness, that the costume is well managed, that it is admirably cast,—though all these are true,—but we pronounce it noble, pathetic, heroic: our most obvious epithets are those which express intellectual and not physical perceptions. And this was more or less characteristic of all his works, especially of those executed in the latter part of his life. They are not merely forms, but symbols.

He was also remarkable for the range and variety of this creative power. He was equally at home in the regions of the sublime and of the beautiful. At his touch, the ideal forms of Grecian mythology started into lovely life; and the same hand reproduced with the same skill the character, the expression, the costume of to-day. The whole range of humanity, from the heroic grandeur of his *Washington* and *Jefferson*, to the pathetic tenderness of his *Children in the Wood*, was open to him. Were all the productions of his life brought together, the observer could not help being impressed with the rich creativeness of his inventive power. Some sculptors would suffer by such a test; because it would be seen that their works, however beautiful separately, were mainly variations of the same essential type; but Crawford would gain by it. It would then be seen that he was no mannerist: that he did not copy

himself: that his fancy was not haunted and tyrannized over by any one set of ideas, which were always breaking out into substantially the same shape, but that he drew from the ever-living fountains of imagination and invention fresh conceptions and new forms.

From the vigor of the inventive faculty that was in him, it happened that the patient finish of his works was not always equal to the beauty and power of the original conception. Laborious as he was, the toil of his hands could not keep pace with the fervid movements of his spirit. A new idea would start to life within him, and demand embodiment in marble. And so, when the work in hand had so far made progress as to express and reproduce the ideal image which stood before the eye of the mind, he turned from him to welcome the coming shape around which the morning purple of promise played. And as he was an artist, and not a mechanic, an inventor, and not an imitator,—as he moved where the spirit of his inspiration moved,—it followed that there was in his works that inequality which is one of the signs which distinguish genius from mere cleverness and manual skill.

Crawford made no pretensions to any wide range of general cultivation. His eminence in sculpture was attained by a devotion so exclusive as to leave no time for anything else. He did not claim to be a scholar, or even to be learned in the literature of art. He was very averse to anything like display; never made ambitious discourses or declamatory harangues; never brought theories into the drawing room, or gave lectures from the sofa. But he had read much and thought more upon subjects connected with art; and his vigorous understanding turned everything to use that it grasped. His conversation was always interesting, from its freshness, energy, and sincerity: his criticisms were instructive, from their independence and originality. He had lived so long in Italy, and for many years so much among its people, that he had acquired a very accurate knowledge of the national life and character; and his own observation had furnished him with many interesting traits and anecdotes. He had lived in Rome through the horrors of the cholera; and a competent literary faculty might have found the materials for most moving narrative in the fearful pictures which that terrible experience left upon his memory.

Crawford's character was strong and peculiar. He was always manly, truthful, sincere, and brave; and there never was a trait of meanness, jealousy, or treachery in his soul. Time, which developed his genius, also improved him in other respects; it softened and mellowed him; and made him more genial, engaging, and attractive. In youth and early manhood there was a certain roughness and bluntness about him which repelled casual approach. Up to the age of thirty his life had been one of struggle, solitude, and privation: and eight years of it had been passed among strangers in a foreign land. These influences, acting upon a peculiar temperament, had affected his manners, and even, to some extent, his character. In society he was apt to be reserved and abstracted; and he would sometimes break his silence by a vehemence of expression a little startling to the smooth surface of polished life. He had very warm friends; but apart from the admiration awakened by his genius, and the respect inspired by his character, he neither sought nor gained general popularity. But his marriage, and the brilliant professional success which came after it—the former more than the latter—brought a benediction with them. The tenderness which had always lain hidden in the depth of his nature now came nearer to the surface. The peace which brooded over his soul extended itself to his manner: as his affections deepened, his sympathies too were expanded, and more readily moved. His character lost nothing of its manliness and its sincerity; but, externally, he had no longer anything to suppress, and the air of happiness diffused a graciousness and gentleness over his bearing in general society which had not been observed in former years.

A remarkable peculiarity about Crawford was his freedom from those weaknesses of character

and infirmities of temperament to which artists are most exposed. He never envied another man's success, nor was jealous of another man's reputation: he was not given to evil speaking or disparaging criticisms: he was indeed not in the habit of comparing himself with others, and his ruling motive was the love of excellence, and not the love of excelling. He was not greedy of praise, or desirous of attracting attention to himself by any peculiarities of speech, manner, or costume. He rarely spoke about himself or his art at all, and never except in the freedom of the most unreserved intercourse with his friends. He was, of course, not unsensible to the love of fame; but he had not that love of praise which craves daily food, and languishes if it be withdrawn. His character was marked by transparent simplicity: he neither concealed what he was, nor affected to be what he was not.

Nor was Crawford's vigorous nature assailable by those temptations which proceed from the temperament and the blood. Artists are apt to have clamorous and exacting senses; and the nature of their pursuits is not generally such as to lay a curb upon them. In the chase after beauty, the soul is in danger of being led into slippery paths. Many artists, too, so far from putting a moral law upon themselves, and living in the bracing air of self-denial, rather encourage these wild movements of the senses, or at least permit themselves to seek relaxation after toil in indulgences which spot the life and impair the powers. But Crawford's "genius had angelic wings" that were never clogged with the weight of the senses or soiled by their stains. To temptations of this class he was as insensible as one of his own marble statues. There was in him that same combination of wealth of imagination and simplicity of life which so exalts the name of Milton. With work, opportunity, the sense of progress, he could have lived on bread and water without a murmur. In all his domestic relations, he was the manliest, the truest, the tenderest, the most unselfish man that ever held up the fabric of a home. Beyond that charmed circle, his thoughts, his wishes, his hopes never strayed. He had no need of the excitements and exhilarations of society; and would not have given a handful of marble chips for any amount of those social triumphs which are as fleeting as the cut flowers of a ball-room.

If this life were all—if through the gate of death the mind did not pass into a new sphere of growth and development—if the beauty of earth did not bloom anew, and put on splendors before unknown in the air and light of heaven—the thought would be hard to bear that all these powers were taken away at the age of forty-four. We can measure what we have, but who can tell what we have lost in the future of so great an artist! And yet, looking at such dispensations from this "our bank and shoal of time," we can find in them some soothing and consoling elements. The image of a man which is transmitted to posterity is generally of the age at which he died. Thus we always think of Titian, of Michael Angelo, of Goethe, as old men. But if age be venerable, youth is lovely. The world cherishes with peculiar fondness and tenderness the memory of men who, like Raphael and Mozart, have accomplished much, and yet died young. The blossom of promise hangs on the bough beside the matured fruit. Into that choice company Crawford has passed. He has not died prematurely, for he had put the work of a long life into his forty-four years: and yet he has died in his prime. What Goethe said of Schiller, whose earthly career was closed when only two years older, is applicable to him: "We may well hold him fortunate that he rose to the world of spirits from the summit of human existence, that he was taken by a short agony from among the living. The weaknesses of old age, the decline of intellectual power, he never felt. He lived a man, and went from hence a man complete. Now he enjoys in the eyes of posterity the advantage of appearing as one eternally vigorous and young. For in that form in which a man leaves the earth, he moves among the shades; and thus Achilles remains present with us, a youth eternally striving. It is well for us also that he died early. From his grave comes

forth the breath of his power, and strengthens us, awakening in us the most ardent impulse to continue lovingly, forever and ever, the work which he began. Thus he will ever live for his nation and the human race, in that which he accomplished and planned."

In Delaroche's fine work, the "Hemicycle of the Arts," we see the great artists of modern times,—painters, sculptors and architects,—brought together and disposed in natural groups, standing or seated. Some, like Titian, Palladio, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, are represented as old men: some, like Rubens and Rembrandt, are in the fullness of ripened prime: and some, like Raphael, and Massacio, are in the bloom of youth. Into that great assemblage Crawford has been received; a worthy compeer of the worthiest. There his image stands forever, in the glow of early manhood: the morning light not yet vanished, and the evening shadows afar off. Hope yet elevates the brow, and parts the lips: there is no retrospect in the ardent glance: the future yet smiles and beckons. The thick locks, the vigorous frame, the firm tread, speak of unworn energies, of the elastic heart of youth; of that fervid sense of power that eagerly seizes opportunity, and grapples fearlessly with toil. Weakness is not there; nor decay, nor disappointment: the spirit yet says, Come; and fame, the newly-won bride, is still wooed as a lover woos.

Notes on a Passage in Hawkins's History of Music.

By A. W. THAYER.

[Conclusion.]

But now comes up another point, which adds force to the theory. All the authorities concur in giving to Handel's visit in Hanover a considerable duration. We must do this to reconcile what we know about it, although if we make it "ten months or a year," as Mr. Schœlcher does after his return from Italy, we wonder as much as that author what he could have been doing all that time. Mr. S.'s argument is good that Handel must have passed so much time at some period of his history—can we, however, find this time in the years 1709–10? Mr. Schœlcher does find it—I do not.

That Handel reached London in the autumn, or, rather, to be exact, towards the close of 1710, is fixed. But immediately previous he had "paid a visit" to Holland. This implies more than a passage through. There was much to be seen and heard there. We must give him some weeks at least. Previously to that he had paid a visit to the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf, from whom "he could scarcely tear himself away; for he wished to keep him at any price." (Yet he was a Catholic, and Handel was Protestant.) This implies a visit of some duration; and before this he had been down to Halle to see his old blind mother, and comfort her with the story of his fame and success, after their years of separation. This was probably something more than a day's visit. Unfortunately I have not the means at hand of finding when George left Hanover to join the Electoral College and assume his new duties as Archtreasurer of the Empire. This event was in 1710, and in all probability it was at the breaking up of the Court on that occasion that Handel started for England via Halle, &c. At any rate, we have disposed of some three or four months, at least, of the close of the year 1710.

Let us turn to the beginning of that year. According to Mattheson, Handel produced *Agrippina* at Venice in the winter—i. e., the Carnival of 1710. Mr. Schœlcher puts no faith in Mattheson's dates, since he erred so lamentably in

the time of Handel's departure from Hamburg,—a point upon which one would suppose he could not have been mistaken,—and therefore dates the *Agrippina* in the Carnival of 1707, three years earlier. By this process he finds no difficulty in bringing Handel to Hanover in 1709, and in thus gaining for him ten months or a year in that city. We must, if possible, find some collateral evidence in the case, or Mattheson's date is of no authority. Luckily for him I find this evidence in a duodecimo volume printed at Venice in 1730, only twenty years after the event in question, and ten years before Mattheson's note. Its fine long title is as follows:—

"Le glorie della Poesia e della Musica contenute nell' esatta Notitia de Teatri della città di Venezia e nel Catalogo purgatissimo de Drami musicali quivi sin' hora rappresentati con gli' Autori della Poesiae della Musica e con le Annotazioni a suoi luoghi proprii."

This catalogue gives for the year—

1706, seven titles of operas—none by Handel.
1707, fourteen " " " "
1708, ten " " " "
1709, eleven " " " "

1710, thirteen " the first of which is, "Agrippina, the Poetry by an unknown Author, the Music by George Fr. Handel."

As the New Style had then long been adopted there, there can, it seems to me, be no doubt on the subject. M. Schœlcher is doubtless right in supposing that this opera was produced during the Carnival, and this agrees with Mattheson's "in the winter." The opera runs twenty-seven nights,—equivalent to four weeks at the least, probably seven, for we do not know how many nights per week the opera was given. Then Handel has the long journey—as it was in those days—to Hanover. Four or five months, then, is the most I can allow him there.

The result of this investigation seems to be this: Handel, a boy of some twelve years, returns from Berlin, and devotes himself to the studies in which Bach has become so famous, and old organist Zuckau. When he is sixteen he becomes acquainted with Telemann, and has his attention called to Opera. He hears about Steffani, and as soon as he is of a proper age to leave home he journeys to Brunswick and Hanover. He meets with Steffani, who finds in the young German what he was himself at the same age. He appears as a virtuoso for a space, and then, with the advice of his new friend, continues onward to Hamburg, where he studies with Keiser for three years, and then—in the meantime having refused to leave that excellent school to accompany the Tuscan prince—he accepts the offer of Von Binitz, (see Mattheson) and departs with him for Italy, almost of necessity passing through Hanover again. Steffani keeps him in mind, and when in 1708 he bids farewell to his public career as a musician, he selects Handel as his successor. Handel is in no haste: he lingers still in the beautiful land, until in February or March he produces *Agrippina* at Venice, and, after its run of twenty-seven nights, journeys homeward. He reaches Hanover some time in May, concludes the negotiations, and accepts the Kapellmeister-ship, and then departs on his tour, which occupies the rest of the season, and brings him to London late in autumn.

This solution of some of the difficulties attending the early history of the great musician is sim-

ply suggested, and is founded upon reasonings which may have less force in the minds of others than of its author.

Musical Correspondence.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, OCT. 18.—Passing through the wonderful manufacturing cities of England, one does not see much, at first, that would be appropriate for description in a musical paper; on the contrary, enraptured yet confused with the incomprehensible developments in machinery, you feel an almost irresistible desire to write something about cogs and cylinders to the *Scientific American*. Nothing meets the eye but huge factories, immense chimnies belching forth the blackest of smoke, and long rows of splendid warehouses; still, musical items can be gleaned here, for with all the preponderance of the industrial and mechanical sciences, Art is by no means neglected in these grand cities, throbbing as they are with their unnumbered hearts of iron, that vitalize and quicken the entire body.

Take, for instance, Liverpool. I landed there from Dublin in a dense fog—(by the way, I bade farewell to the sun about three weeks ago, and have not seen him since)—and was put ashore at Clarence Dock, a perfect labyrinth of stone wharves and huge basins of muddy water, with ships floating therein. Extricated from this, I walked up a mile or so of busy street, and while thinking what an ineffably stupid place Liverpool was, and how little regard the inhabitants had for anything else than making money, I came at once upon a structure that proved their liberality to Art as well as their devotion to business. It was St. George's Hall, one of the most superb edifices in the world, and, though really the headquarters of the municipal authorities, yet chiefly known from its great concert room, perhaps the finest in existence.

It is certainly the most gorgeous; and as it is always open to gratuitous public inspection, I had an opportunity of admiring it as it deserved. The great hall is something beyond my feeble powers of description, and though I have a vision of its mosaic floor, inwrought with verses from Scripture, its high and richly-decorated roof, its polished pillars of red and black marble, its gorgeous organ, and the indescribable air of luxury and refinement that pervades it, yet it is only a remembrance I cannot impart to others. But if this be its appearance by the cold light of a dark, foggy day, what a scene must it present at night, when the polished marbles and the crystal chandeliers reflect back the glare of innumerable lights, when the auditorium is crowded with a richly-dressed audience, when the orchestra is filled with musicians, and when JENNY LIND—for this is the scene of some of her greatest triumphs—is standing on the platform, singing, "Rejoice greatly!"

One feature in these manufacturing towns is the series of concerts given once a week for the working classes, at very low rates of admission. For this week, at St. George's Hall, three artists, well known in Boston,—Mr. HARRISON MIL-LARD, Mr. ALLAN IRVING, and Mr. GEORGE HARRISON,—are engaged in addition to other talent, and the organ performances of Mr. BEST. Admission ranges from threepence to a shilling. At Birmingham I had the pleasure of attending

one of these concerts, and the following programme will give you an idea of the musical fare served up for threepence :

PART I.

Solo, Organ : "To Thee cherubim and seraphim," Handel.
Duet and Chorus : "Hear my prayer," Kent.
Air : "Then shall the righteous," Mendelssohn.
Trio : "On Thee each living soul awaits," Haydn.
Motet : "Laude nomen Domini," [1553] Dr. C. Tye.
Quartet : "Lo ! my Shepherd," Haydn.
Solo, Organ : Kyrie, from Imperial Mass, Haydn.

PART II.

Solo, Organ : Overture to Tancredi, Rossini.
Ballad : "What will you do, love ?" Lover.
Glee : "The sun is high in heaven," Monk.
Ballad : "Come into the garden, Maud," Balfe.
Solo, Piano-forte : The Concert-Stück, Weber.
Duet and Chorus : "Let the tambour sound," Bishop.

The performers, though not first class, were all possessed of considerable ability, and sang with care and correctness. The organ performances of Mr. STIMPSON, organist of the Birmingham Town Hall, as Mr. Best is of St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, were the greatest treats of the evening, and elicited the loudest applause. As to the instrument itself, it is incredibly splendid, the exterior presenting an appearance of imperial splendor that is unequalled, far surpassing that of the Liverpool organ. It possesses five rows of keys, and the diapasons are especially admired ; but it is alleged that it is too massive in tone for concert purposes, and better adapted for a cathedral organ. The Liverpool organ goes to the other extreme—is said to be shrill and cutting in its tone, and deficient in body ; and I am told that the new organ building for the Music Hall at Leeds will, by avoiding the faults of each, surpass in its adaptability for concert purposes either. As far as I could judge, the famous Birmingham organ seemed perfection itself. It is, of course, impossible to give you on paper any idea of its power, and the perfectly overwhelming effects it can be made to produce under the hands of a good performer. * * * * *

I have just spent the Sabbath at Manchester, in which there is, amid the great smoking chimnies, and surrounded by cotton factories, as interesting an old cathedral as you would wish to see, and which a letter of introduction from the organist of York Minster to Mr. HARRIS, organist of the Manchester Cathedral, afforded me unusual facilities for examining. As an edifice this cathedral is very interesting ; it was formerly an old collegiate church, and only during the last ten years has enjoyed the rank of a cathedral. Contrary to the usual custom, the service is held in the nave, which is fitted up with comfortable pews, and as it is flanked by double aisles on each side, affords accommodation for an immense congregation. These double aisles give a peculiar appearance of immensity to the building, and indeed in width it is surpassed only by York Minster among the English cathedrals. The nave is separated from the choir by a glazed screen, and in the distance may be seen the chancel, altar, and communion table, with the rich stone carvings of the choir. In the afternoon service, the gas burners—(how strange it sounds to talk of modern gas in a venerable cathedral !)—were lit, and the effect of the natural and artificial light was very singular. In the choir,

— the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,

while in the nave the last light of day was mingled with the bright cheery glare of the numerous gas burners.

The musical service, in the usual cathedral style, was very effective, the anthem, by Dr. Boyce, containing an elaborate bass solo, with staccato accompaniments for the organ. It should be borne in mind that in these English cathedrals the singers stand at one end of the church, with the organ at the other, and the effect of these solos is much heightened by this arrangement. The organ is an inferior one, of some twenty-six stops.

To the musician, Manchester Cathedral possesses an additional interest, as being the place where MALIBRAN was buried, and where she lay for two years. You are probably aware that she died suddenly in this place, where she had come to sing at a Musical Festival. After remaining interred in the cathedral for two years, her remains were removed by her husband, DE BERIOT, to Brussels, where they now repose under a splendid mausoleum, in a cemetery near that city.

TROVATOR.

From a Teacher.

FARMINGTON, CONN., NOV. 12.—Having noticed, on several occasions, that you take some interest in what is done for the musical education in schools, I take the liberty of sending you several of our programmes.

In this country, men, as a general thing, do not cultivate Music: this art is confined to the ladies. Hence ladies' schools are of importance for the culture of musical taste. Now, as far as this knowledge goes, very little is done in these institutions besides drilling the girls to perform some "brilliant" pieces, and letting them off at occasional soirées. In my opinion, these soirées ought to be more than merely an opportunity to show off the progress the pupils have made in playing, or to accustom them to play before others. Their principal object ought to be the education of taste, and this we endeavor to make it in our school.

For this purpose we often perform classical works, not only original piano-forte compositions, but also arrangements from symphonies, quartets, quintets, &c. A good deal of the best orchestral music is arranged for two pianos and for eight hands. These arrangements have a double advantage—an educational and an artistic. The original is thus rendered in a very complete form ; indeed, I prefer a symphony played by four good players, after a careful study, to a careless orchestral performance, as I would prefer a good engraving of a picture to an indifferent copy in oil.

For the better understanding and enjoying these larger works, we have them preceded by the reading of an analysis. For this the older volumes of your Journal have been of great service. (I long have wished to express to you my admiration of your critically-correct and poetical analysis of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.) For more miscellaneous concerts I write programmes, with critical and biographical notices ; as a specimen I include one of our next soirée.

PROGRAMME.

Soirée Musicale, Friday, Nov. 13th, 1857.

PART I.

1. Rossini, (born 1792.) Overture to William Tell. Misses Buckingham and Rhodes.

One of the most brilliant overtures. It opens with a trio of violoncellos, with some additional alto violins, which give a sombre and mysterious coloring to the 1st movement. 2d movement is a description of a storm, rising, raging, and abating. 3d movement—Pastorale, shepherd's horn in the Alps, brilliant variations for the flute. Last movement—somewhat unconnected with the preceding, finishing the over-

ture in a dashing galop style. This is not a "character" overture, like Beethoven's Coriolanus and Egmont, nor a "picture of mood," a piece descriptive of some peculiar state of mind of the hero, like the overture to Faust by Wagner. It is simply a pretty, interesting, and rather noisy introduction to an Italian opera.

2. Jungmann, (still living.) Spanish Serenade.

Miss Forrest.

A light piano-forte composition, not very original. Moonlight, guitar, a sentimental song, and ditto answer from the lady-love.

3. Kücken, (born 1710.) Gondoliera : "O come to me" Misses Faber and Woolson.
In the same style as the preceding. Kücken is very clever in writing for the human voice—melodious, flowing, graceful.

4. Chopin. Impromptu Miss Buckingham.

One of the most original writers for the piano-forte. His compositions belong to the so-called "romantic" school. The strictness of the old forms of composition was not congenial to his nature: most of his works are in the free style, such as Etudes, Nocturnes, Mazurkas, and Polonaises. He never oversteps the boundaries of the Beautiful, not even when he is full of vehemence, of passion, as often in his Polonaises, where he seems to pour out his love of his native country and his deep, burning grief over the misfortunes of down-trodden Poland. This yearning for the liberty of his beloved country is indeed a key to the understanding of many of his works. Some one said that none but a Pole could perform his compositions. But he is not always sad and melancholy. Touches of caprice, playfulness, tenderness, and coquetry are frequently found even in his most serious works, especially in his Mazurkas—gems of composition for the parlor. Then, again, the calmness, the earnestness, the unexpected harmonies, the exquisite embroideries of delicate, airy passages in his Nocturnes, Ballads, &c. ! The present piece is rather in his lighter style, a refined, salon conversation, impetuous, but not passionate, languid, but not trivial. It serves the student as an introduction to his peculiarities, which are not here strongly marked. Of his manner of performing, which was as original as his style of composition, we shall speak on a future occasion.

5. Schubert, (died 1828.) The Erl-King. "Who rideth so late through the night wind wild ?"

Miss Beebe.

The words are by Goethe, one of his earliest ballads. Several composers have written music to these words, but none so successfully as Schubert. Words and music are here one and indissoluble. Observe the local tint, the northern sky, night, the rushing of the wind, the galloping of the horse, the almost dramatic distinction of the different persons speaking, the progressing, the dissonance in the screams of the child, always half a note higher, the brief but expressive recitative at the sudden close.

6. Gockel. Souvenir de Ricci. Valse de Concert.

Miss Smith.

One of those pieces that young ladies are, alas ! too fond of. Very showy and brilliant, but soulless, meaningless, noisy, and vulgar. Its only merit is its brevity. Gockel was a pupil of Mendelssohn, and lived for some years in this country ; but it seems that the climate did not agree with him, and we give this as a sample how far a true artist can degenerate among — dollars and cents.

PART II.

1. Lefebure Wely, (living.) Scherzo. La Poste à 4 hands. Miss Brown and Ch. Klauser.
Light, elegant, and graceful.

2. Beethoven, (died 1827.) Funeral March on the Death of a Hero. Miss Williams.

Sublime in its simplicity. Oulibicheff says of it : "For six measures this melody consists of one note only, the dominant E flat sounding like the bell which struck the last hour of the hero, while the bass shows the figure and rhythm of the march. One imagines that death has just struck one of those blows which shake the world, and fall sadly upon the heart of nations. Suddenly the major succeeds the minor, the drums roll joyously, the hautboy and the fife answer them from above, by cries of triumph ; the effect of an electric shock is felt. Is it not the winged and radiant image of the glory which hovers over that historical tomb, to consecrate it for ever ? Then the minor returns, and the march recommences. That is truly grand, that is sublime !"

3. Alt, (living.) "Stay with me." Miss Faber.
A sentimental love-song, without much merit, but melodious, and showing the voice to advantage.

4. Spindler, (living.) The Wood-Birds. Miss Clark.
A clever piano-forte composition, neat and elegant.

5. *Heller*, (living.) *Fantasia on the Romance*, "My Love changes to Respect," from the opera Charles VI. Miss Rhodes.

In *Heller* one is never disappointed; he is always interesting in his original compositions, as in his *Fantasias* on other themes. No one knows so well as he the resources of the piano, *Liszt* excepted—what can be done, what will sound well, and no one is so minute in his musical punctuation. It is sufficient that the player observes all the marks given, and he can hardly fail to do justice to the piece, provided he has dexterity enough to make his fingers obey his eye.

6. *Beethoven*. First Movement from the 5th Symphony. "Fate knocking at the door!"

Miss Smith and Ch. Klanser.

This Symphony has been a favorite with us; and on the occasion of its performance in full, arranged for 8 hands, we had the excellent analysis of Mr. Dwight. This time we give only part of it as a memento, hoping very soon to have the whole again for 8 hands.

From time to time we manage to get artists of merit to give us concerts. As our limited means do not allow us to have a full orchestra, we confine ourselves to chamber music. And of this kind of music I flatter myself that you will not find programmes more chaste and unexceptionable than ours. The artists themselves enjoy playing what they consider the most refined, with exclusion of clap-trap pieces, before an uncorrupted and thankful audience. Thus they are as enthusiastic of us as we are of them.

It would be of inestimable service for the cultivation of taste to give lectures on the *history of Music*. But this is a difficult task, most of the music teachers being foreigners, and not sufficiently masters of the language, and most of them being, alas! too ignorant of the subject themselves. It would be a great service to the musical community if some able person would undertake to write such a work, to be used as a text book in schools.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 16.—An event so notable as the establishment of a musical society on the general plan of the Philharmonic of New York, is certainly worthy of record in your valuable "Journal." Such an event has occurred, and in a manner that excused the highest hopes of the most sanguine. Every year some important steps are taken, something is done to enable Brooklyn to live more independently of New York,—not as a matter of rivalry, but from necessity. Those who have tried the experiment know that it requires energy and perseverance enough to make a modern hero (heroes are cheaper than in olden time) go to New York of a snug winter night to any place of amusement. Those having families of children found it necessary to deprive them of the advantages of hearing good music, or subject them to the exposure and fatigue of going to New York.

I mention these reasons for the establishment of the "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," to show that it is not from any desire to rival or to be independent of New York merely, but, as I said before, from a necessity. Several gentlemen of wealth and influence took hold of the matter, and their efforts have been crowned with complete success. The society starts with a list of 450 paying members. Besides this paying list, extra tickets both for the rehearsals and concerts are sold, which insures success financially, the first thing to be looked after in every new enterprise. As to the "value received," which the subscribers are to get for their five dollars, the following programme of the first of the four concerts to be given is a fair indication of what this musical quality will be:

PART I.

Eroica.—Symphony, No. 3, Op. 55.—*Beethoven*.
1. Allegro con brio. 2. Adagio assai. 3. Scherzo allegro vivace. 4. Allegro molto.
"Hear ye Israel," from "Elijah."—*Mendelssohn*.
Miss Behrend.
Concerto for Cornet a Piston.—*Schreiber*...*Schreiber*.

PART II.

Ruy Blas.—Overture, Op. 95.—*Mendelssohn*.
Ave Maria.—Cornet a Piston.—*Schubert*...*Schreiber*.
O Luce di quest Anima.—Scena ed Aria, from "Linda."—*Donizetti*...*Miss Behrend*.
Oberon.—Overture.—*Weber*.

Of the performance of this first concert I will say but a word. The orchestra were selected by Mr. EISEL, the conductor, from the members of the New York Society, and I doubt if this wonderful composition, the *Eroica*, was ever given by the same number of performers with better effect. Miss BEHREND has improved very rapidly, and sang "Hear ye, Israel," very acceptably; but *O Luce di quest Anima* was entirely beyond her capacity or ability. Why will amateurs and "young artists" essay to do things that are impossible for them? There are so many things they can do, that would please far better. Those who listened to Miss Behrend at this concert had heard Jenny Lind, Sontag, and Lagrange, each in their turn, sing this very song, and it was no light tax upon even their great and wonderful powers; how, then, can a mere amateur expect to make a favorable impression when she places herself in a position where a comparison so unfavorable to herself is unavoidable?

Mr. SCHREIBER is a genuine artist—has perfect control of his instrument, mastering its difficulties with great ease. He certainly will at least compare favorably with the great *Cornetist* of the celebrated Jullien Band, Herr Koenig. The audience, which was both large and select, enjoyed his playing very much, calling him out after his first piece, and insisting on a repetition of the *Ave Maria*.

The society have two new symphonies, which are to be given in the course of the winter; but as they have not as yet been received, I cannot now give all the particulars. This, with other matters relating to the "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," I will reserve for another letter.

In New York Mr. Ullman's opera troupe are playing to good houses. The casts are unusually good, which, in spite of the hard times, enables our enterprising manager to make it pay. The Sunday evening concerts are not so well attended. Last evening the house was thin, and those who were there did not seem to appreciate the really most excellent bill of fare, which was: a Concerto and *Fantasia* by VIEUXTEMPS; "With verdure clad," and "Rejoice greatly," by Miss MILNER; *Beethoven's* "Adelaide," by Mr. PERRING; an Overture by Mendelssohn, and *Beethoven's* Seventh Symphony.

The Seventh Symphony composed the last half of the concert; and although the concert began at 7½, so that it was not late, yet about one quarter of the audience left before the symphony began, one quarter more at the close of the second movement, and the last movement was played to an exceedingly small though select audience.

I do not propose to comment on the above. It speaks for itself. Miss Milner is an English lady, who came to this country with Mr. Cooper, the violinist. She has a clear, even mezzo-soprano voice, sings with excellent taste, and decidedly well. In oratorio singing Miss Milner will be a great acquisition. I am sure she will please the Bostonians. Mr. Perring's "Adelaide" was well done, but rather tame. Mr. P. has a good voice, and can do other things much better.

BELLINI.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 21, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

II.

Next follow two choruses so strongly and happily contrasted, as to be complements to one another. No. 9 is a double fugue, or fugue with two subjects: *He smote all the first-born of Egypt*. From the first orchestral chord, it smites with a terrible emphasis; and the voice-parts writhe and struggle in their tough and angry embrace, like the splinters of an oak twisted by lightning; after a while they drop the fugue form, and all smite together with the instruments; but the movement passes off in a spiral whirlwind (strongest natural type of force) as it came on. This is in the key of A minor; and the minor mood, if it is usually soft and tearful, yet admits of more modulations of a *hard* expression than the major. Pleasant as our bland Indian summer after pinching November blasts is the blithe, smooth, pastoral style of chorus No. 10: *But as for His people, He led them forth like sheep*. It is a cheerful Andante in G. The first clause is given with a degree of bold exultation; the second, *He led them*, is sung in soft, smooth, flowing cadence, sustaining the last note through several bars, first by the altos, then by the sopranos, and so on—a serene and lovely picture; the third clause: *He brought them out with silver and gold*, is one of those clear and simple fugues, which the mind easily follows by the sense of hearing, without the aid of the eye to trace out its intricacies upon paper; and was not strong Handel in his glory, when he brought all the voices together upon the words: *There was not one feeble person among their tribes?* What a feeling of strength and unanimity there is in it! "NOT ONE, NOT ONE," sounds like the ring of grounded arms along a vast line of infantry: from end to end of the whole line, we are one, we are all here! No. 11, Chorus: *Egypt was glad when they departed*, is a fugue in A minor, though the strange intervals and modulations make you doubt the key continually. (It is written in one of the old ecclesiastical, or Greek, modes, and you have a cold sense of barbaric antiquity in listening to its crude and sometimes cruel harmonies.) The whole has, it must be confessed, a dreary and ambiguous expression. It closes with the words, *fear fell upon them*, by a half cadence, on the dominant instead of the keynote, leaving a painfully-unfinished, unresolved feeling. Perhaps, as the writer before cited suggests, Handel meant this chorus to describe "the doubtful or equivocal willingness or gladness of Egypt for Israel's departure."

No. 12. Here, as in frequent later instances, the full force of a double chorus is employed on a brief sentence of narrative, or introductory text, instead of a recitative for a single voice. In long Grave measure, fortissimo, in the natural key, the voices all pronounce: *He rebuked the Red Sea*; then all is silent, and in a whisper, resolving into the harmony of E flat, they all add: *and it was dried up*. Once more the rebuke is given fortissimo, in the last key, and the whispered effect ends in G minor. Brief, bold, impressive as a thunder-clap echoed on the mountains! The contrast of keys adds much to the startling effect.

What follows (No. 13) is worthy of the imposing announcement. It is another of those great musical miracles, with a miracle for its subject, the descriptive double chorus: *He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness*. It is one of the most difficult and complicated choruses in its structure, full of fragments of melody or *roulades*, running in all directions, yet all tending so sensibly to one end, that the effect of the whole is easily intelligible to one who cannot analyze it. *He led them through the deep*, forms the first musical theme, which is a stately, firm ascent (of bass voices and instruments in unison) from the key-note as high as the fourth, then dropping on the word *deep* to the fifth below, to commence the ascent anew from that "deeper deep," and rise again to the same height. It is in quadruple measure, a quarter note to each syllable. As the tenor voices take up the same stately movement, the violins lead off the second theme in scattering streamlets of semi-quaver runs and *roulades*, like the "mingling of many waters;" and bits of these the several voice-parts catch and imitate, to the words: *as through a wilderness*. A very wilderness indeed, and yet a most harmonious one, of melody! for all the while the steady, stately, ponderous ascent of the first theme: *He led them through*, heard in some part, gives uniformity and providential, sure direction to the multitudinous and seemingly bewildering movement.

No. 14. How opposite the next! In ponderous octaves the double-basses of the orchestra begin to heave and roll in unwearied triplets (key of C minor); the other instruments adding all their strength to the terrible narrative of the voices, which they chant in plain syllabic counterpoint: *But the waters overwhelmed their enemies!* The relentless billows roll and rage with unabated fury to the end, while the voices again and again, in breathless awe and wonder, simply tell the terrible fact, without comment, that *there is not one, no, not ONE of them left*. The surging sea of harmony swallows up all other thoughts even of the most careless listener, as the Red Sea swallowed up the hosts of Pharaoh. And Handel was the Moses who "stretched forth his hand, that the waters might come."

Nos. 15 and 16. Another of those short double chorus sentences: *and Israel saw that great work, that the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord*; and the very solemn, antique, church-like harmony, in long equal notes, of the chorus: *and believed the Lord and His servant Moses*, close the miraculous display and the first part of the oratorio. In the severe absence of rhythmic variety, this chorus charms by its wonderful wealth of harmony. Its religious and profound composure, monotonous as it might seem to many, is singularly welcome to the soul of the true listener, after the faculties have been so long kept on the stretch by this astounding accumulation of chorus upon chorus (like "Ossa upon Pelion"), each a vivid tone-translation, palpable to one of our senses, of an outward miracle.

Here then let us rest awhile, and take advantage of a short interval between the parts, to think over what has passed before us. Each present moment of those thick-coming wonders was so all-absorbing, that thought had no liberty of looking back or forward. We only *felt* the past and

coming in the present; felt the unity and natural development throughout; felt, what it is the property of all high Art, like every heavenly inspiration, to make us feel, namely, that kind of consciousness above time, to which "a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day."

Think, in the first place, of the bold, unprecedented, and gigantic plan, which could have entered no other head than Handel's to conceive, still less to execute, for the musical illustration of so immense a subject. The music of the first part has been nearly all descriptive; and the objects described, miracles, with their accompanying emotions. Later composers, since the great development of orchestral resources, have given us admirable specimens of descriptive *instrumental* music, like the "Pastoral Symphony," the accompaniments to the "Creation," the overture to "William Tell," &c. But Handel paints us his stupendous pictures mainly through the instrumentality of a vast choral multitude of voices, eking out the effect with only such secondary suggestions as he could draw from the meagre (to borrow a term from painting) almost *monochromatic* orchestras of his time. He wields the vocal masses to harmonize and spiritualize, and lift above all sense of mere physical jugglery, those old Mosaic wonders, which it is dangerous for human faculties to attempt to realize too vividly, lest in so doing we degrade them.

Think, too, of the extreme literalness and minuteness with which he fears not to take up and treat mean, ludicrous, or repulsive images and sensations. Clad in thick proof of sound health and humour, he takes us safely through all this. He so blends the *piquant* individuality of his small creatures with the *all-pervadingness* of the plague, so tempers the actual with the ideal, as fairly to conciliate, and more than conciliate, our imagination. In a word, he succeeds where another would have been a fool for his pains. He is Handel still, the sublime artist, though he have the homeliest sitters. Frogs and lice and commonplace predicaments cannot reduce him into even momentary equality with commonplace men.

It is also worthy of remark, how the character of the music rises with the gradation of the plagues. Putrid water, frogs, and flies, and lice, devouring locusts, "fire mingled with the hail," darkness "which might be felt," death, and the overwhelming flood:—here is a regular ascent from plagues literal and mean, and shaming and annoying, to higher and higher types of doom, more spiritual, and elemental, and sublimely terrible. And Handel understood and reproduced it. When men violate the truth and morality of nature, the first reaction or penalty comes in forms that irritate, disgust, and shame us; moral corruption feels its own natural consequences, and sees its own material image in these same little animated forms of uncleanness. As the sin goes on deepening, darkness comes, and death and elemental chaos; colossal shadows, and the blasts and lightnings, and abysses of impersonal, relentless, elemental fury smite the soul with spiritual awe, the terrors of the Infinite. We know not what "interior" or "second sense" the great interpreter by correspondence, the seer Swedenborg, found in the order of the plagues of Egypt; but we doubt if he could have stated the spiritual side and moral of the matter more completely than Handel renders it, in the emotional language

of this great choral music, at the same time that he keeps so close to the material image.

[To be continued.]

MUSIC IN SEMINARIES.—An excellent example of what may be done for music in our young ladies' schools and seminaries, where musical culture is too often such a mockery and sham, will be found in the letter which we publish to day from a teacher at Farmington, Conn. The specimen programme there presented is a curiosity, and in wholesome contrast with the mere sentimental, clap-trap "monster" programmes of musical school exhibitions which we have sometimes held up as a warning to ambitious shallowness. Of course the notices of the various composers are not always very original or profound—nor was that necessary—but they are in the main discriminating, and heroically honest. The pupil must benefit by such hints; and we think the tendency of such performances, with such explanations, must be to lessen the proportion of those who admire Ricci and Gorkel rather than Beethoven, or even who prefer the Italian commonplaces of such Germans as Kücken to the really imaginative songs of Schubert. It may be a question, however, how far it is safe to go in introducing poor things among good things by way of illustrating the difference. Human nature, alas! and in nothing so much as in matters of taste, is exceedingly weak and liable to temptation—the boy will catch what he can whistle, and the girl what she can hum or thrum, and skip the glorious inspirations of the masters. It is as easy to prepossess the young mind with a love for fine things as for poor things, if you will only let the former have sufficient start.

One frequently laments the locust-clouds of miserable sheet music, that go forth from the music shops, devouring, over all the land. The boarding schools are the great markets of this trash. Were there more teachers like this one in Connecticut, there would be much less poor and trivial music published. The publication simply follows the law of supply and demand; this law it must obey, as the tides the moon. The publishers are not the ones most to blame. Think you they would not be as glad to sell Beethoven's Sonatas by the thousand, as they are the Fantasias and Variations of Strakosch, the thousand and one arrangements of the "Anvil Chorus," the popular negro melodies, or any thing else? Indeed we must give some of them the credit of thinking less sometimes of instant profit than of the dignity of their trade, in publishing as they do such nice editions of Sonatas, Songs without Words, Masses, Oratorios, and choice German songs, which must find comparatively few purchasers and fewer appreciators. The teachers are far more responsible for what is liked and what is printed than are the publishers themselves. A dozen or two such schools as this at Farmington would do much to lighten those dustier shelves of the music-sellers, which now groan under piles of solid classical works.

We heartily congratulate the young ladies of Miss Porter's School, in Farmington, Connecticut, on having so earnest and intelligent a music teacher as Mr. CHARLES KLAUSER. That school, or that town, has been fortunate in its music teaching. Its former teacher, Mr. OLIVER, as our readers may remember, set the example of the same sort of earnest inculcation of a taste for genuine and solid music, and is now following up the experiment very successfully in a new field, Pittsfield, in this State. Thus we have two examples, whose progress we shall watch with interest. In the mouth of two witnesses shall this good word be established. We doubt not there are more, and shall be glad to hear from them.—Mr. Klauser has kindly sent us all the programmes of these school concerts for the past two years; we think they will interest our readers when we find room to present them.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Do not forget the concert of the "ORPHEUS" Club to-night. Such a programme and such singing do not come too often; and if the hard times grant us little so far in the way of music, it is a comfort that we have that little good... The HANDEL and HAYDN at the Sunday night rehearsals take hold of the "Israel in Egypt" music with true zest. It will make its mark this time, if it once finds a public. Nothing can exceed the admirable energy and patience of Mr. ZERRAHN in these rehearsals; he carries every singer with him.... Why shall we not have orchestral concerts? New York and Brooklyn have already begun. Why not accept the measure of the times,—have the Music Hall let for good concerts at half price, (rather than be shut up empty); the musicians play for half a loaf (until the enterprise shall yield a whole one); and the price of tickets put at twenty-five cents? Cheap classical concerts in the evening, and cheap miscellaneous concerts in the afternoons, might pay their way; at least the experiment could be tried with very small risk.... The new *Atlantic Monthly* promises us one novelty of interest. Our townsman, Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD, the composer of the "Scarlet Letter," has completed also an Italian opera, "Omano," founded on Beekford's oriental romance of "Vathek;" and a private subscription concert will soon give an opportunity of hearing some of its scenes, oratorios, &c.

The RONZANI BALLET TROUPE has drawn full houses for a fortnight at the Boston Theatre. We hope it will continue, for it is not only beautiful as it is, but it suggests the finest possibilities. Could the dramatic connection only be made as perfect throughout, as it is in the first act of the "Faust;" could all the dances be subordinated to expression, as in the dance where poor Margaret is fascinated by the evil spirit,—instead of setting the dancers to mere feats of bravura, while the *dramatis personae* sit round as spectators,—it would be one of the finest harmonies in any Art. As it is, it offers much that is exquisitely graceful and delightful, especially in the ensembles, where one has visions of a purer world in such freedom, joy, and harmony of graceful, cunning, and bewildering movements. The music, too, led by CARL BERGMANN, though for the most part a medley, is admirably wedded to the dance in each particular of characteristic movement. Mile. LAMOURÉUX's light and piquant tip-toe passages, and those *staccato* phrases of the music quite translate each other; they are mutually perfect.

The *Herald* of Thursday reports a "panic" among the Operatic in New York:

Recently only a few of the performances have paid expenses, and on several there has been a dead loss of five or six hundred dollars per night. *Rigoletto* was admirably done at an expense of twelve hundred dollars, to an audience which only paid six hundred.

Under these circumstances the managers were compelled to follow the example of other theatres, and attempt to reduce their expenses. A proposition was made to the artists having the larger salaries to submit to a reduction of one third; to those having small salaries, with the chorus and orchestra, a reduction of one fourth was proposed. The alternative of a refusal of these propositions was the closing of the house, to take place this week.

These propositions created a considerable panic among the philo-sophers of the Academy. In the *entr'actes* of the opera last night there were heated discussions in numerous languages, and large numbers of incendiary speeches a la Tompkins Square. The "gentlemen of the chorus" refused outright; and they will probably go to work at the Central Park, if they can get any. The orchestra at first refused, but finally concluded to think about it until to-day. The managers offered, in case they agreed to a reduction, to give extra performances enough to make up nearly the amount of their regular salaries.

The artists have not yet been heard from, with the exception of Mme. de la Grange, who, like a sensible person, saw the state of things, and offered a re-

duction without being asked. Mme. D'Angri likewise evinced the same spirit. The reduction, although not much for each person, will make a saving to the management of \$1000 per month; and if it is made they agree to go on paying every one promptly, as they have heretofore done. In fact, they agree to give the artists the use of the theatre, dresses, music, &c., without taking any thing for themselves.

The Boston *Journal* learns that the net loss of the opera season thus far in New York has amounted to \$18,000!

The London *Musical World* explains the "Curiosa Accidente" of that new opera by ROSSINI, announced for the Italian Opera in Paris, thus:

Unfortunately Rossini never composed any such opera. A more singular instance of the profound indifference which the greatest of Italian musicians appears to entertain for his own reputation could hardly be cited. Rossini has heard of this *Curiosa Accidente*, and is aware that Sig. Calzadò has promised it to his subscribers. When informed of the fact, he smiled, but expressed neither surprise nor dissatisfaction. "O," said the maestro, "it's only that queer fish, ———, who is so fond of my music that he has put together all the odds and ends (*lambeaux*) he could find—which would have served better for waste-paper—and has made an opera out of them." "But," retorted his interlocutor, "have you taken no steps to make your disapproval known, to inform the public, in short, of the imposture?" "A *quoi bon?*" asked Rossini; "the public will find it out without my interference."

Meanwhile, the impression exists in many quarters that a genuine opera of Rossini (there are some who even go so far as to believe in a *new* opera) is about to be presented! The real truth should be published, since if Rossini cares nothing at all for Rossini's fame, the admirers of his genius are much less apathetic. The *Curiosa Accidente*, then, will consist simply of a number of detached pieces, gathered from various sources, and strung together anyhow, so as to fit a libretto written to order. The orchestral score will not be Rossini's—or at least the greater part of it will be from the hand of "that queer fish, ———." A more impudent hoax was never passed upon the public. But the Parisians will swallow anything.

In Louisville, Ky., the Mozart Society has been resuscitated, and now numbers a chorus of about seventy voices. "Elijah" and Beethoven's Mass in C are in rehearsal. There is much perseverance and enthusiasm among the members.... The French Opera at New Orleans commenced last week with the production of two comic operas: the *Chalet* (or "Swiss Cottage") of Adolph Adam, and the *Fille du Regiment*.... HERR FORMES, the great basso, has not yet appeared in the Opera at New York; but he has been duly serenaded by the Sängerbund and the orchestra of the Academy of Music. He will make his first appearance on Monday as Bertram in *Robert le Diable*.... The New York Philharmonic Society give their first concert for the season this evening.... "Star performances" of *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* still continue at the Academy.

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PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1—Chorus of Priests (Magic Flute).....Mozart
2—Duet (Cosi fan tutte).....Mozart
3—Trio, with Chorus (Euryanthe).....Weber
4—Aria (Fidelio).....Beethoven
5—Terzet (Entführung).....Mozart

- PART II.
6—Wandering Song.....Mendelssohn
7—Solo, Violin, 10th Air Variée.....De Beriot
8—Prayer before Battle.....Weber
9—Waltz (to be sung).....Vogl
10—The Forest.....Haeser

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Oct. 19, 1857.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

It is generally known that MENDELSSOHN, until his death, was considered the greatest living composer; and that as such he was, by a very large class, not only respected and admired, but almost worshipped. His genius, combined as it was with a most amiable character, could not but gain him hosts of friends, who made it their delight to sing his praise and promulgate his fame. Soon after his death, however, an opposition rose against him, which has increased in numbers and in strength up to this day. First, it was whispered that his genius was, after all, of no very high order, and that he owed his unlimited fame mainly to a certain clique of the "old school," who had lifted and carried him, till at last some openly declared that he was fortunate to die just then, since, had he lived longer, he would have found opportunity to meditate, like Scipio on the ruins of Africa, on the ruins of his fame. To speak more plainly, they endeavored to show that the want of creative power was sadly perceptible in his last works, and that, accordingly, he would have fallen more and more into mannerism. It is not the place here to reflect long on the cause and the result of this opposition.

It would appear that both champions and opponents went too far in their zeal, more especially the former. The artist, as well as any man whose life is devoted to the progress of humanity, has good reason to exclaim in those famous words: "Only save me from my friends, my enemies I shall manage alone," especially if the friends belong to that class who have nothing but unbounded applause for their chosen master, and abuse, nothing but abuse, for all who dare to think and act

differently from him. There seems to be a certain balance to be preserved in the praise or blame bestowed on public men; we cannot lavish it all on one without taking at the same time from the rest. The sense of justice, which is so deeply rooted in man, will always watch that praise is dealt out fairly. When Mendelssohn was at the height of his artistic career, there were ROBERT SCHUMANN and others, who also followed the course of true and high Art, though in a different direction; but they were little appreciated. A natural consequence was that their friends, few in number, rose up to challenge a more general acknowledgment to their just merits; in doing which they could not avoid coming in collision with the host of great and small admirers of Mendelssohn. Provoked by the vile attacks of the worshippers, they strove to find and expose the defects of the idol, more—as it must appear to every impartial observer—to annoy and punish these his vassals, than to disparage the master himself. Thus we have the sad spectacle of seeing the memory of so marvellously gifted, so thoroughly trained a composer as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, distorted.

What he was, and what he did, let the many musicians and amateurs tell, who have been instructed by his invaluable advice; who have been inspired and stimulated by his great example, and, above all, who have been charmed and edified by the many beautiful and incomparable tone-creations which he has given to the world. But whatever friends and foes may say, they agree in one point, namely, that his smaller compositions, such as the songs for one or more voices, many pieces for the piano-forte and other instruments, &c., are most charming, and deserve to be highly recommended. The "Songs without Words," for piano-forte, especially are mentioned as belonging to the fruits of his most inspired muse, and are considered a new and very valuable addition to the literature of parlor music. To call attention to these anew is the object of this article. The seven books, containing forty-two songs, were long since republished in this city by O. Ditson & Co., in an elegant volume, and lie, we trust, on the piano-forte of every accomplished player. But it is a question whether every person who possesses these pieces really knows what he has got in them; whether he is aware of their excellence and high beauty, as well as of the wholesome influence they exercise on taste and feeling.

As may be expected from so thoroughly cultivated an artist as Mendelssohn, there is in the whole collection of the "Songs without Words" nothing that could be called paradoxical, tasteless, or worn out. On the other hand, it must be

admitted that in his works for the piano-forte in general he has but little, if at all, availed himself of the important enlargements in the technical treatment of that instrument, as displayed in the productions of his contemporaries, Chopin, Liszt, and Thalberg; much less has he himself made discoveries as to new and before unheard effects. His style is that of the classical school, so called, of which Hummel is generally named as the most prominent representative; but Mendelssohn writes fuller and richer, more in accordance with the demands of his time. In the "Songs without Words" are so many fine and ingenious, little traits of instrumentation, that one must acknowledge the fertility of his genius in this respect too; and it seems as if it had been one of the consequences of his exceedingly pure and fine taste, to make him unduly despise that wealth and fullness of sound in which the piano composers of the present time are so fond of indulging, though not unfrequently to the degradation of the Art.

But what gives the pieces in question, above all, an inestimable value, is the beautiful sentiment which pervades each, and which they express as strongly and decidedly as the language of tones is capable. As the title indicates, they are *songs*; hence their force lies in the melodies. These are deep and touching, always peculiar and striking, which excludes, once for all, any thing that might be called a reminiscence. The accompaniments are tasteful, characteristic, and piano-like. Melody and accompaniment form a whole, which shows the hand of the master everywhere. This relates especially to those contained in the first six books. In the seventh book, a posthumous *opus*, there are some to the publication of which we have reason to believe Mendelssohn himself would never have given his consent. Two or three, however, in this book are likewise in his best vein.

We shall now try to indicate briefly the sentiment of the most prominent of these pieces, hoping that it may be a help to some players to understand and enjoy them better, and may remind others, who have neglected and forgotten them, of the wholesome influence which such simple, noble, and expressive music exercises.

There are among the "Songs without Words" many which in character and expression resemble each other so well that they may be reviewed in groups together. As the first group, then, let us mention the five which are written in E flat major. The poet Schubert calls this key the key of love. And, indeed, these songs breathe a tenderness, a sweetness, with a flavor of melancholy, which must warm and expand the heart of every person of sensibility. They bring back the time of youth and love, with every thing that once

was sweet and dear to us, but which is now, alas! passed, never to return.

"Ah, Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

One might also call them evening-songs, especially the three slow ones.

"Once more the light of day is gone,
And evening bells sound o'er the lawn."

In one of the latter, No. 1, Book VI., on the second page, you really hear the evening-bell with its measured strokes beating time to the solemn melody and its harp-like accompaniment.

Of nearly the same character, only a little more cheerful, is another group, formed of the three in E major. We will call them Spring-Songs, a term which most appropriately might be applied to the second one, No. 3, Book III. But all the three excite the feeling we experience when, after cold, grim Winter has taken his departure, the first golden days appear, the days of blossoms and flowers, of hope, and all that gladdens the heart of man. As Uhland sings:

"The gentle breezes are blowing bright,
They're weaving and heaving day and night,
And waking the buds and the blossoms.
O sweet perfume! O magic strain!
Now, my poor heart, cease to complain,
Now all, all will be better."

A peculiar group is formed by the three Venetian Gondola-Songs (*Venetianische Gondellieder*). They are written in the minor mode. A deep, painful longing is expressed in the melody, while the accompaniment, in the undulating six-eight measure, conveys the idea of a boat rowed along:

"Our bark, love, is near;
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
'Twill waft thee safe over
Yon silent lagoon."

The first, No. 6, Book I., in G, is the smallest and least significant. To choose between the second, No. 6, Book II., in F sharp, and the third, No. 5, Book V., in A, we consider difficult. Possibly the third finds more admirers, because it is more brilliant and grateful to the performer. Remarkable in this piece is the motive of two notes, in the interval of a fourth, by which the melody is preceded, and several times interrupted. It sounds like the signals of the gondoliers, or like any other mysterious voice which is heard in the stillness of a beautiful Italian moonlight night. But the second of these three singular songs, though it looks unpretending in melody and accompaniment, is nevertheless of wonderful expression. If you do not appreciate it at once, play it over and over again, and it will grow in beauty under your fingers. Observe the long trill on the high C sharp in the second part. Generally a trill is only an embellishment; but here it is a means of grandest expression. What does it express?

"What you don't feel, you'll never catch by hunting."

[Conclusion next week.]

Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

[Continued from last week.]

The next composer to be named in this department is MATTHESON. A Sonata by him appeared in 1713, "dedicated to the person who will play it best." It consists of only one movement; the execution of single parts is richer;

the theme has value; the *working up*, however, shows more outward brilliancy than inward wealth.

We come now to DOMENICO SCARLATTI. He wrote: 30 *Sonate per il clavicembalo* and 6 *Sonate per il cembalo* in the first part of the eighteenth century. Each Sonata contains two parts; the present second, or *worked up* part, and the third are melted into one; there is a resemblance to the two strains of the song form. A two-voice tendency prevails; the manner of writing is more suited to the instrument than that of his predecessors; the crossing of hands is one feature to be remarked in them. These are the peculiarities in form. As regards the substance, Scarlatti himself designates these Sonatas as an "intellectual sport of Art." Deeper intentions are wanting; it is a bright, lively, genial play of tones, often of an over-bubbling humor; yet we find traces of a gentler and more serious emotion.

Scarlatti did not give the world a new form of the Sonata as a whole, composed of several movements; it was only the form of the single movement of the Sonata, regularly developed out of the earlier germs, and in a style of writing emancipated from the chains of polyphony, and better suited to the true nature of the instrument. This form, as being that which gives the law, if not for all, yet for the most important movements of the Sonata, and chiefly as being the most significant among the non-polyphonic forms of an instrumental movement, had first to be developed to a degree of perfection corresponding to the high intentions of the Sonata, before it was possible to do, what was done afterwards, namely, to give a rational and regular form to the Sonata as a whole composed of several movements.

We must also mention the Italian, FRANCESCO DURANTE, who published *Sonate per cembalo divise in studii divertimenti*. This is an entirely isolated appearance. In regard to form, these Sonatas are a transition from the Song form to the Sonata form, and are homophonous. And if, viewed with reference to historical development, they stand below those of Scarlatti, yet as compared with Kuhnau they show a progress in the freer and more natural mode of writing; while in respect to intrinsic matter they may be more rich and significant.

We now approach that musical giant, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, whose two Sonatas in C minor and D minor are especially noteworthy. In him again we find the Sonata-like combination of several movements into one whole. In the Sonatas just named he stands, to be sure, with regard to form and manner of writing, not on the same free standpoint as Scarlatti; he is more in affinity with Kuhnau. But he is far superior to the latter in his wealth and free control of means; and on the other hand he shows progress, as compared to Scarlatti, in the fact that he unites several movements into one whole, in the manner peculiarly suited to the Sonata, so that a higher spiritual, inward signification is more strikingly recognized than in any before. Bach is a meditating transition step to all that follows.—Another transition work is the twelve Sonatas of the Padre MARTINI *per organo e'l cembalo*. These Sonatas seem not peculiarly adapted to the organ; their whole style of writing points to the piano. They stand in respect to form midway between the so-called *Suite* and the Sonata proper; they are a mixture of polyphony and of homophony, and

with all their artificial elaboration are full of life and spirit.

From the middle of the eighteenth century to the death of EMANUEL BACH in 1788, when the Sonata had acquired a regular form corresponding to its idea, a new period begins. Here the literature grows richer; Faisst cites in all 208 Sonatas, with 35 composers. After the true form, at least what is most essential in it, was found for the single movement of the Sonata, the next problem was, availing oneself of this, to give a regular and characteristic form to the Sonata as a whole of several movements. But this combination of several movements in one whole takes place in very different ways; it is not to be regarded as a greater freedom, but as a state of indecision, a seeking after form more adequate. Three movements become the rule, two and four movements the exception; in the latter class the Minuet appears already as the second movement. As regards the form of the single movement, it partly resembles that of Scarlatti, and partly appears more developed. Movements already occur with a second theme; but this is more an episode, a thing aside, than a counterpart to the first theme. It is not so characteristically distinct in idea; often its existence is doubtful; hence the wavering in this period. We have further to notice an enrichment and extension of the song form; but only externally, for its enlargement internally leads into the Rondo and Sonata form. Passages with variations already occur; and of the dance forms, the Minuet and the Polonaise; the Rondo form more seldom.—The most significant appearance in this period is EMANUEL BACH, the proper predecessor of HAYDN. Next to him one thinks of JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH and LEOPOLD MOZART.

Christian Bach's Sonatas are full of fire, humor, freshness, grace; in their style of writing they already resemble Haydn and Mozart. In the Sonatas of Leopold Mozart you already seem to hear his great son, such strong resemblance do they betray in general outline and spirit.

Emanuel Bach's works show everywhere a fine, intellectual, thoroughly sensuous and charming character; you feel that with him all is the expression of an inward experience; in all there is freshness, fervor, and a noble feeling. We have called him the forerunner of Haydn, and he is indeed so, both as respects the form and matter of his works. With him the three movements, in their full development, become the principle of form; generally, his Sonatas have a first movement (Allegro, in short Sonata form), a second movement (Andante, in song form), and a third movement (Presto, in Rondo form). Bach's manner of writing is mostly homophonous. The intrinsic substance of his works has been already intimated, in a few words. I will only cite the judgment of F. BRENDL, in his excellent lectures on the history of Music. He says: "Emanuel Bach, while, unlike the earlier composers, he represented in his music the peculiar spirit and mode of feeling of the artist, was the one who immediately ushered in the modern instrumental music; by the representation of the shifting, multifarious moods of individuality he became the founder of the modern direction of music,—that is to say, the immediate forerunner of Haydn. As his principal work we may regard his Sonatas for Connoisseurs and Amateurs."

[To be continued.]

Handel's Instrumentation--His Love of Noise.

From Schœleher's Life of Handel.

In his second English sacred composition, he developed that distinctive character of modern oratorios, the preponderance of choruses, and he also greatly augmented the accompaniment, as he had already done in his anthems. Prejudice will take advantage of every thing. Those powerful choral combinations, which he invented, were accused of excess and violence; he was reproached with having exaggerated the orchestra, while he, on the other hand, complained of want of means to express his conceptions.

He was beyond his century; but, like all men of even the boldest genius, he was subject to the influences which surrounded him. Boldness must be estimated relatively. He dared not make use of the big drum, from which Rossini has extracted such fine effects in his finales; and perhaps he did not refrain from doing so without manifesting some regret; for, with satirical exaggeration, he is accused of having one day exclaimed: "Ah! why can not I have a cannon?" The fastidious may, perhaps, object that Handel is outraged by supposing him capable of such a regret. But why so? The big drum requires to be used with great discernment; but it seems to be as useful as any other bass instrument. It is to the side drum exactly what the bassoon is to the hautboy, the violoncello to the violin, and the double-bass to the violoncello. It has only become odious through the stupid abuse which has been made of it; but must we proscribe the trumpet because every showman blows it at a fair? must we abolish the side drums on account of *Drum Quadrilles* at the Surrey Gardens? If Burney is to be believed, Handel would have gone far beyond the big drum, for he speaks of a bassoon sixteen feet high, which was used in the orchestra in the commemoration of 1784, and which John Ashly attempted to play upon. "This bassoon," says he, "was made with the approbation of Mr. Handel," for John Frederic Lampe, the excellent bassoon player belonging to his company. It may be, however, that Burney, who, like all men of wit, was something of a wag, wished to amuse himself at the expense of the credulous, with the wind-instrument of sixteen feet in height; but it is certain that monster bassoons were made in August, 1739, and that Handel made use of them in January 1740. The *London Daily Post* of the 6th of August, 1739, announces:—"This evening, the usual concert at Marylebone Gardens, to which will be added two grand or double-bassoons, made by Mr. Stanesby, junior, the greatness of whose sound surpasses that of any other bass-instrument whatsoever; never performed with before." Six months afterward, in the accompaniment to the air, "Let the pealing organ," of *Allegro, Penseroso ed Moderato*, Handel wrote *bassons e basson grosso*. He deemed it impossible to increase the orchestra more than he did; but he carried it beyond all the dimensions to which it had attained up to his time. Pope makes allusion to this in the *Dunciad*, when he compares him to

"—bold Briareus with a hundred hands."

There is, nevertheless, an opinion prevalent now-a-days that Handel's instrumentation is very poor; but this criticism is only just by comparison with the vast dimensions which have been given to modern symphony. In the *Julius Cæsar* of 1723, there are flutes, hautboys, bassoons, trumpets, a harp, a viola da gamba (the violoncello had apparently not yet absorbed this instrument), a theorbo, kettle drums, and four horns, besides what is called the quatuor of stringed instruments; the first and second violins, the viola or tenor, the violoncello, and the double-bass. These form certainly a very respectable orchestra. Many of his airs have a simple accompaniment of violoncello with harpsichord, but this was the result of a principle which did not prevent him from exceptionally making use of more extensive resources. A solo in *Rinaldo*, given in 1711, is accompanied by four trumpets and kettle drums (4 *trombe e timpani*). Composers were then extremely careful not to smother up the voice with the harmony, and, without desiring to retro-

grade, it must be admitted that the development of the theatrical orchestra is not invariably a merit. It has now stepped out of its proper place; for it no longer accompanies, but takes an equal share of the performance; and the artists, in order to domineer over its thunders, are often compelled to sing with all the power of their lungs. This prodigality of sound has enlarged our pleasures, but at the expense of their delicacy. It has given birth to the bellowing system—a contagious and very dangerous malady. How many ruined and shattered voices are we compelled to listen to, without counting those which can no longer make a public exhibition of their sad state! And to what shall this be attributed, if not to the manner in which singers are compelled to abuse their vocal faculties, in order to make head against the excess of instrumentation?

With the exception of the clarinet, the cornet-a-piston, and the ophicleide (which were not then invented), Handel had at his disposal all the instruments which are now known, as well as many others which are no longer used—such as the viola da gamba, the violetta marina, the theorbo, the lute, the double-lute, and the cornet; but neither at the opera, nor in the church, did he employ them all, as it is now the custom to do. To have done so would have seemed monotonous to him. According to his fancy or his judgment, and according to the subject which he had in hand, he neglected the use of some one or other. But let no one be deceived by this: he knew very well how to make a noise when he was so disposed. In the MS. of his *Fireworks Music*, the overture has twenty-four hautboys, twelve bassoons, nine trumpets, nine horns, three pairs of kettle drums, a serpent, and a double bass! The serpent is scratched out, for it was a recent invention, and very probably the composer could not find any one clever enough to please him upon it; but he evidently wished to use it, and (serpent apart) what remains must have counted for something in 1749. Nevertheless, Handel had been already preceded in that direction. There is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps the sun itself is an imitation of a mastodon sun, which formed the centre of some planetary system anterior to ours. But while we wait patiently until the disciples of Herschel and Arago put on their spectacles to read the history of the ante-solar system, let us refer to the *General Advertiser* of the 20th of October, 1744, where we shall find this advertisement:—"At the Lincoln's Inn Theatre will be performed a serenata and an interlude, called *Love and Folly*, set to music by Mr. Gaillard. To be concluded with a new Concerto Grosso of 24 bassoons, accompanied by Signor Caporale on the violoncello, intermixed with Duettos by 4 double-bassoons, accompanied by a German flute; the whole blended with numbers of violins, hautboys, fifes, trombony's, French-horns, trumpets, drums, and kettle-drums, etc."

The *et cetera* is superb! It may be supposed that the bassoon had then become a favorite instrument, since twenty-four bassoon-players, without reckoning the performers on the four double-bassoons, were so readily obtained.

Handel knew how, upon occasion, to blow, at a single blast, fifty-six horns, hautboys, trumpets, and bassoons; but he reserved such effects for symphonies to be played in the open air. Nevertheless, his ordinary orchestra was much stronger than it is commonly supposed to have been. People are certainly deceived by his MSS., and by the editions of his publisher Walsh. Walsh used to economize the expenses of engraving by suppressing many of the accompaniments; and he, to save time, only wrote the leading parts when he composed, leaving it to the copyists to multiply them according to his instructions. * *

If the instrumental portions of Handel's oratorios, as they were executed under his direction, had not been burned at the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre in 1808, we should doubtless have been astonished at their amplitude, for we should there have found the "Briareus with a hundred hands." A few scattered fragments serve to show that he sometimes added extra accompaniments. The Buckingham Palace treasures have hitherto remained unexplored, and the

fact does not much redound to the honor of the English musicians. They have only examined the MSS. of a few popular oratorios, the publication of which seemed likely to profit some publisher. Mr. Lacy has subjected the whole collection to a professional examination on my account; and his labors, which certainly did not extend over less than three months (the fruit of which will be found in the "Catalogue of Works"), have revealed facts which nobody suspected. Mozart introduced flutes, trombones, and French-horns into his instrumental addition to *The Messiah*; but in so doing he only, partly did over again what the author had already done! The volume of MSS. (which has been entitled *Sketches*) contains a piece of instrumentation which evidently applies to the chorus: *Lift up your gates*. It is thus arranged:

Violin 1^o
Violin 2^o
Viole.
Corno 1^o
Corno 2^o
Hautb 1^o
Hautb 2^o
Bassons.
Corno 1^o
Corno 2^o
Hautb 1^o
Hautb 2^o
Bassons.

Violini tutti (literally, all the large violins—that is, the double-basses and violoncellos).

If the examination of Handel's MSS. had not been deferred until now, this page would certainly have lightened the labors of Mozart!

And this is not an isolated fact. In the same volume there is an arrangement of the same nature for *Jehovah crowned, Through the nation, and He comes, in "Esther;"* and for *He found them guilty*, of the "Occasional Oratorio." Who can say that there were not many similar things in those leaves which, having been abandoned to the copyists, are now lost?

Music in Paris.

(Correspondence Loud. Mus. World.)

PARIS, OCT. 22, 1857.

After all—if the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* may be credited—the new opera (not the *Africaine*—that is an old opera) of M. Meyerbeer will be put in rehearsal without fail at the commencement of May, which, allowing between three and four months for rehearsals (and M. Meyerbeer is not the man to be satisfied with less), justifies the public in anticipating the first performance somewhere about the first week in September. It is to be hoped that no further accident may again render necessary the postponement of this long-expected novelty, since M. Perrin cannot be expected to dig up the whole repertory of the first imperial epoch. Still less would he be authorized in trusting the fortunes of the Opéra-Comique to the heavy inspirations of M. Ambroise Thomas, or to the lighter effusions of M. Poise, one of those pupils of the late Adolphe Adam, who, following the example of their master, write with equal ease and want of reflection, as though to produce no matter what in as brief a time as possible constituted the sole mission of a composer. *Jocunde* and *Jeannette et Colin* have proved that Nicolo Isouard deserves a better fate than oblivion; while *Jean de Paris* and the *Fête du Village Voisin* are creating a new sympathy for the justly renowned author of *La Dame Blanche*; but Boieldieu and Nicolo, with all their genius, cannot now pretend to monopolize the theatre in the Place Favart.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, with the Lyceum additions—minus the recitatives and the *cavatina* from *Le Serment* (so inappropriately substituted by Mme. Bosio for the original air of Zerlina)—is to be the next revival. How that may take, it is impossible to guess. We look in vain among the actual company for a gentleman possessing a tenor voice and histrionic capabilities for the effective impersonation of the hero. MM. Coudere and Moeker have little or no voice left, while M. Barbot is a

mediocre actor, and M. Jourdan an inexperienced beginner. One serious deficiency is, therefore, likely to militate against the success of *Fra Diavolo*, with which, in other respects, the actual generation of Parisian amateurs will doubtless be quite as much enchanted as their fathers and mothers before them—for the music has lost none of its freshness. However—in spite of revivals—in spite of Hérold's *Zampa*, where weakness and inspiration go hand in hand—and in spite of the coming opera of M. Thomas—the director and the patrons of the most essentially popular theatre in the French metropolis are looking forward with equal anxiety to the next comic work by the composer of *L'Etoile du Nord*. It is long since there has been a stirring novelty at either of the great national establishments, and MM. Royer and Perrin can hardly be satisfied to leave the task of assuaging the public appetite entirely to their comparatively plebeian rival in the Boulevard du Temple.

This allusion to the Théâtre-Lyrique may be accompanied by a word or two about the present doings in that establishment. The Weber-operas—*Oberon* and *Euryanthe*—would entitle the manager and his officials to unqualified praise, but for certain drawbacks which must tend to make connoisseurs rather offended than pleased at witnessing these German pieces in a French dress. Though not quite so bad as the original French adaptation of *Der Freischütz*—which, under the title of *Robin de Bois*, met with just censure at the time—the works above mentioned, and *Euryanthe* in particular, are very nearly so. The comic business interpolated in *Euryanthe* is deplorable, and destroys at once the legendary character of the drama, and the design of the composer. The incantation scene (the forging of the magic sword) is equally absurd. About the execution of the music I would rather say nothing at all—so indifferent is it, so incorrect at times, and so invariably undistinguished by the German tone and spirit which are its life. It is to be feared that in this essential our neighbors will always be wanting, their idiosyncrasy and that of the Germans being utterly and irremediably at variance. The real feature, the genuine attraction (to strangers at least) of the Théâtre-Lyrique, at present, is the singing of Mme. Miolan-Cavalho, who, in the *Reine Topaze* (a very flimsy opera), exhibits vocal facility in a certain style little short of prodigious. Mme. Miolan left the Opéra-Comique when Mme. Marie Cabel, formerly the leading star at the Théâtre-Lyrique, joined the first-named establishment; and there seems to be a prevalent opinion that one (I need not particularize) has lost almost as much as the other has gained by the change. Certain it is all Paris, some three or four years since, was humming either “*Les Fraises*,” or “*Dame, on m’a raconté ça*,” but those strains are now silent; and what do we hear in place of them?—nothing from *Jenny Bell*, or the *Fille du Régiment*, at any rate. Meanwhile the jocosely venomous *Figaro* makes fun of a special and very elaborate cadence at the Opéra-Comique, which is, nevertheless, much the same kind of thing that used to drive the Parisians frantic, in a part of the city as near to the Bastille as the Opéra-Comique is to the Madeleine, at the period above mentioned. *Tempora mutantur*—and *cantatrici*!

They have spoiled the *Cheval de Bronze*. First, the introduction of a dreary length of ballet—which is dragged in by M. Scribe with much the same skill and propriety as the sentimental ballads in the libretti of Alfred Bunn, Esq.—makes it top-heavy, and induces an anti-climax. Next, in the whole cast of the *dramatis personæ*, there is not one actor endowed with a spark of comic humor, which—when it is remembered that the whole piece is a *buffonnerie*, and almost every character in it essentially comic—will be admitted is a serious drawback. Then the singers being all “doubles”—not one *première sujet* among them—renders the execution of the music (which is by no means easy) to use a mild epithet, *doubtful*. Lastly—but why go on with a catalogue of objections that would fill a column? Suffice it, a masterpiece of vivacity and *esprit* (the music alone is comprehended in this defini-

tion) is tortured out of its original shape, and turned into a mere vehicle for dancing and spectacle. What matters that the new dance-music furnished by M. Auber should be exquisitely fresh and tuneful, when it is inevitably *de trop*? The idea of making the success of such a work as *Le Cheval de Bronze* depend upon a dancer—he that dancer Mme. Analia Ferraris, or her young and very competent successor, Mlle. Zina Richard (who excels her predecessor in vigor and *entraine* if not in finish), is monstrous. It contains a store of musical beauties enough to constitute the fortune of a dozen comic operas, besides a *finale* (that to Act II.) in the largest and most ingenious manner of its composer, and a *morceau d'ensemble* for the eight principal characters (to some nonsense-verses of M. Scribe), which has not been surpassed by M. Auber himself in quaintness, spirit, and piquant originality. All this is sacrificed, however, to show and tinsel, and saltatory evolutions; and though M. Auber, by his irresistible music to the concluding *ottor*—“*Oh, divin Fo-li-fo*”—has soared as high as his *collaborateur* has descended low, and breathed life and sense into a literary *mugot*, it is to little purpose under the actual circumstances. The *Cheval de Bronze* must be led over to its old home on the other side of the Boulevards; and then with the ballet curtailed or omitted, the new *finale* will be appreciated and the opera endowed with renewed vitality.

Mme. Deligne-Lauters is ill, and *Robert le Diable* postponed for a time. Meanwhile there is some talk of Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which M. Théophile confesses to have recommended on the strength of his detestation of music. Let them give the “music of the future” at the opera—he says—and make an end of it. D.

Musical Correspondence.

LONDON, OCT. 30.—A new opera by BALFE! It was only produced last night for the first time at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, and I had the pleasure of “assisting” at the production, admiring the music, and laughing at the words. Indeed, the libretto is more ridiculous than most libretti, and this you will acknowledge to be saying a good deal. The opera is called “The Rose of Castille,” and the plot is something like this:

Elvira, the Rose of Castille, Queen of Leon, has just ascended the throne, and the King of Castille has made a formal demand of her hand for his brother, Don Sebastian, the Infant. Elvira hears that Sebastian is about to travel into her dominions, disguised as a muleteer, to satisfy his curiosity in regard to his intended bride; and she, on her part, determines to intercept him on the way, disguised as a peasant girl, taking with her an attendant. At a country inn they meet Mannel, a muleteer, whom Elvira supposes to be her disguised betrothed, though Carmen, Elvira's attendant, who is disguised as a boy, has some doubts on the subject. Elvira and Mannel of course fall in love. Three noblemen of the kingdom of Leon, who are plotting against the crown, meet the peasant girl here, and are struck by her resemblance to the queen. However, Elvira maintains her rustic character so well, that they at last conclude the resemblance to be accidental, and seeing in this accident the means of forwarding their own plans, induce the peasant girl to pass herself off for the queen, little thinking they are talking to the real queen herself. The damsel puts herself under their instructions, but often astonishes them and arouses misgivings by the hints and remarks she lets fall. The resemblance between the queen and peasant now seems more striking, and the confusion arising therefrom affords much opportunity for *buffo* music, of which

the composer has liberally availed himself. At last the conspirators determine to arrest the queen, and confine her in prison, while they palm off the supposed peasant as Her Majesty; but by a little stratagem Elvira causes one of her duchesses—a proud, silly, old woman, on whose vanity she works by allowing her for one day to wear the robes and assume the prerogatives of majesty—to be arrested in her stead, and then, when the conspirators have taken the duchess by mistake, the real queen steps forward and charges them with treason.

Manuel appears at court in his muleteer guise with a petition, and recognizes in Her Majesty his rustic lover. He is charged with a mission to the queen privately, though why or wherefore it is impossible to say, and, at an interview, charges her with her identity with the country damsel, which she and Carmen pretend to laugh at. The queen, having outwitted the conspirators, and being firmly seated on her throne, subsequently selects a husband, and chooses the muleteer, still supposing him to be Don Sebastian. The courtiers know he is not the Don, as the said Don has sent a communication to the court of Leon, announcing his marriage to some other princess. The courtiers, anxious to depose the queen, thus desire that she should marry this ignoble muleteer, as such a low marriage would deprive her of the right to the throne. The wedding takes place, and immediately after Elvira receives the communication from Don Sebastian, proving that he is not the muleteer. Elvira, shocked at the idea of being the wife of a poor mule driver, at first, is about to leave her husband; but better feelings prevail, and she then decides to forsake her throne, and seek humble happiness in the cottage of Manuel.

Now, of course, it would never do to end an opera in this way. There must be a happy finale; so, it turns out that the muleteer, though not Don Sebastian, is after all a still greater personage, being none other than his brother Sancho, King of Castile, whereat the conspirators are confounded, but pardoned by the queen; the chorus express jubilant sensations, and the queen sings a bravura air as the curtain falls upon all the happy *dramatis personæ*.

So much for the story, in which are also introduced quite a number of minor characters. Perhaps it may be as well to glance at the music. The following was the distribution of characters:

Elvira,.....	Louisa Pyne.
Carmen,.....	Susan Pyne.
Manuel,.....	W. H. Harrison.
Don Pedro,.....	Mr. Weiss.
Don Sallust,.....	Mr. St. Allyn.
Don Florio,.....	Mr. Geo. Honey.

At the rising of the curtain, for the first act, we have a rural view, before a Spanish Posada, and a miscellaneous collection of peasants, who, led by one of their number, sing a sprightly chorus, “*List to the gay castanet*,” accompanied by saltatory and terpsichorean motions. Elvira and Carmen (the latter dressed as a boy) then enter, and in a quaint little duet say that they have been lost, and beg the hospitality of the Posada. They are asked to dance, but decline; and Elvira sings a very brilliant *schërzo*,—a species of vocal waltz,—which, as delivered in the charming style of Miss Louisa Pyne, of course brought an encore. Manuel, the muleteer, now appears, and, after a considerable amount of time spent in snapping his whip, sings a characteristic song: “I am a simple

muleteer," to a refrain of "clie clac," accompanied with renewed snappings of his whip-lash, and the sound of a tambourine. Of course these Jullienesque adjuncts create a sensation, and the muleteer is obliged to repeat his song. Then comes a weak spoken dialogue between Elvira and Manuel, followed by a commonplace ballad by the latter: "Couldst thou, dear maid," to which succeeds a rather insipid duet, in which the two parties own a mutual affection, love having sprung up in true operatic style, in the space of about ten minutes. The three conspirators then enter, Don Pedro, Don Sallust, and Don Florio, the former of whom is the head and front of that offending, and who wishes to seat himself on the throne, while the latter is the dupe of the others and the *buffo* of the piece. They partake of the cheer of the inn, and sing a bold bacchanalian trio: "Wine, wine, the magician thou art," one of the finest things in the entire opera; then perceiving Elvira, and noting her likeness to the queen, they endeavor to persuade her to assume the rôle of majesty. She seems to consent, and sings a quaint but unmelodious rondo: "O, were I queen of Spain," and a concerted piece of only mediocre merit closes the act.

The second act opens with a good expressive chorus of conspirators, the orchestration being very peculiar and effective. Don Pedro expresses his hopes, ambitions, and fears in a very Balfé-ish ballad: "Though Fortune darkly o'er me frowns," and then enter the queen and ladies of the court, to the music of a handsome brilliant chorus, which, by the way, is effectively worked into the overture of the opera. The queen (Elvira) then sings a little ballad to a guitar accompaniment, and Manuel, entering, recognizes her, but does not speak. *Exeunt omnes*, excepting the queen and the ladies; and Elvira then, moved by a reminiscence of her early days, warbles forth *sotto voce* one of the most exquisitely beautiful ballads that Balfé or any one else ever composed. The words are not as bad as they might be.

THE CONVENT CELL.

Of girlhood's happy days I dream,
My home the house of prayer,
As in the bosom of a stream
Seemed heaven reflected there.
In regal halls where oft I sigh,
Fond memories with me dwell
Of many a blissful hour gone by
Pass'd in my convent cell.

Oh! call it not a solitude,
When silence reigns profound,
With placid smiles the sisterhood
Keep angel watch around.
The vesper hymn sings day to rest,
To wake with matin-bell—
Oh! peace no home has like the breast
That sleeps in convent cell.

Manuel returning hastily, as this ballad closes, shocks the ladies of the court by demanding an audience with the queen, on business relating to her own safety. She grants an interview, beckoning the ladies to depart, with the exception of her confident Carmen, who remains with her. Manuel then tells how he had met a lovely peasant girl, the realization of his ideal, the consummation of his hopes and all that sort of thing, and then charges the Queen with having the lady in question, and Carmen with being the boy who accompanied her. The Queen and her attendant treat the idea with derision, while Manuel remains firm in his opinion, and a delicious little trio *buffo* ensues, one of the most successful features of the evening. It must become really popular, and deserves to be so. After this

Manuel informs the Queen of a plot to imprison her, as she proceeds that very afternoon in her carriage to the Palace of Leon, and then retires. The ladies re-entering, Elvira selects a proud old Duchess as her dupe, induces her to assume the robes of the Queen for a day, and feigning indisposition requests her to keep her veil over her face, and proceed to the palace in the royal carriage. The plan succeeds, the duchess is arrested instead of Elvira, and conveyed to a convent. In the next scene we have some more excellent *buffo* music between Dons Pedro and Florio, to the latter of whom had been entrusted the care of the supposed peasant girl, but who is quite distracted with anxiety at her sudden disappearance; for Elvira had accompanied the courtiers to court, where on her arrival she had at once assumed her real character of the queen. To the relief of Florio, however, the peasant girl now enters, being of course our protean queen, again in disguise. Here, in a peculiar *scena*: "A simple peasant girl I be," she states what she would do were she really on the throne, dropping hints that arouse the suspicions of the courtiers. Manuel now enters, the queen announces herself and her intention of wedding the muleteer, and the act closes with a concerted piece.

Act III. commences with a stupid song about Love being the greatest plague of life, by Carmen, which, both in words and music, is quite unworthy a place in the opera; and a *buffo* duet follows between Carmen and Florio, who agree to get married. The queen and court then enter, and after a dialogue, the drift of which it is difficult to tell, the court go away again, and the queen sings a very brilliant but by no means striking bravura air. It is evidently intended to afford Miss Louisa Pyne an opportunity of exhibiting her vocal ability, but can lay no claim to real melody. Manuel enters, a short dialogue ensues, Carmen brings a message from the Don Sebastian announcing his marriage, and thus proving to Elvira that the muleteer before her—her wedded husband—is not, as she supposed, the Don in question; and, in her first burst of disappointment, she upbraids Manuel bitterly. He in return sings a lovely ballad—one which must in time enjoy a popularity equal to any Balfé has ever composed. The sentiment is adapted for a ballad, and the words are in the usual lack-a-daisical style.

BALLAD.

'Twas rank and fame that tempted thee,
'Twas Empire charmed thy heart;
But Love was wealth—the world to me—
Then, false one, let us part.
The prize I fondly deemed my own
Another's now may be;
O yes! with Love, life's gladness flown,
Leaves Grief to wed with me.

Though lowly bred and humbly born,
No loftier heart than mine;
Unloved by thee, my pride would scorn
To share the crown that's thine.
I sought no empire, save the heart,
Which mine can never be.
Yes, false one, we had better part,
Since love dwells not with thee.

At this dulcet strain the woman's love of Elvira revives, and she declares her intention of still clinging to the muleteer. Then *exeunt omnes*, while Don Pedro, exultant at the supposed success of his scheme, enters, and in a fine martial song—

Hail! hail! methinks I hear
The clarion sounding near,

gives vent to his joy. The next scene is the throne room; and after some desultory conversa-

tion, Manuel, in a strain that is very suggestive of the favorite "Fair land of Poland," in the "Bohemian Girl," announces that he is king of Castille, mounts the throne, and the opera concludes with a bravura air by Elvira.

The opera was a decided success in every respect. The artists were frequently encored, and the composer four times called before the curtain, while, at the conclusion, Mr. Mellon, the leader, received a similar compliment. The performers all did admirably, and Louisa Pyne has if any thing improved since she was in America. I must say the same of her amiable sister, who took the rôle of Carmen excellently, and whom I heard the other night do the part of the Gypsy in the *Trovatore* in a very effective manner.

Though the "Rose of Castille" is not as full of striking melodies as is Mr. Balfé's famous "Bohemian Girl," yet it exhibits a greater power, or at least a greater variety, of orchestral composition. One feature of it is the redundancy of *buffo* music, most of which is really brilliant and pleasing, with orchestral accompaniments reminding the hearer of Rossini. The opera will probably be produced in America; for though the plot is harassingly intricate, the dialogue weak and puny, and the humor tame and lukewarm, yet the music is really excellent, and must give the "Rose of Castille" a high rank in the list of modern English operas.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, NOV. 24.—Last Saturday was the opening night of our Philharmonic season. The hard times and the influence of the young rival in our sister city told sadly on the ranks of our audience. Even in so large a house as the Academy, the difference of a thousand cannot but be very perceptible. There might, indeed, be some compensation for our loss, if it only involved that of the loquacious portion of our audience; but unfortunately this does not seem to be the case. Those individuals who were not ashamed to have their voices distinctly heard during the breathless stillness of the rest of the house while Mr. MOLLENHAUER was playing, cannot be offended at having the fact mentioned here. One old gentleman was so annoyed thereby, as to call out in a loud voice which startled the whole assemblage: "Can't people be still! I want to hear something! Isn't it possible for folks to stop talking!" This energetic proceeding, though novel, might perhaps do much good in the end, if others had the courage to imitate it. Yet who knows? I fear the only effectual measure would be for the conductor to put a sudden stop to the music! We could then easily discover the delinquents, and the lesson of wholesome shame might secure us peace in future.

I regret that I cannot give you as favorable an account of our concert as you have received from our Brooklyn neighbors of theirs. But as they took the precedence of us in point of time, so they were before us, too, in their programme. I hope fervently that we have heard Spohr's Symphony for the last time! The overture to *Manfred* is finely instrumented, and free from the far-fetched combinations and harmonies which Schumann often delights in; but it is also wanting in the inspiration and melodiousness which characterize many of his works. Altogether, it leaves neither a very clear nor a deep impression. Beethoven's glorious *Leonora* is always beautiful, wafting along on its mighty tones sweet reminis-

cences of that gem of gems, *Fidelio*. In Berlin, where it is always played between the two acts of the opera (its themes occurring in the second act), while the overture to *Fidelio* begins the whole, we used to suffer much from an unlucky trumpeter, who could never perform the two solos for his instrument without a blunder. His colleague of the Philharmonic did better.* In point of execution the orchestra gave great satisfaction. At this concert I heard, for the first time, Miss ANNIE MILNER, whose name has been frequently mentioned in the musical world of late. She has a clear, true, though not very powerful voice, and an excellent school. She is far above the mediocre, and yet just as far from extraordinary. Her voice is not sympathetic, and her singing somewhat cold. She sang the grand aria from the *Freischütz*, the rhythm of which was quite spoilt by English words (an English, not an American translation), and *Qui la voce*, in which she showed great facility of vocalization. The remaining numbers consisted of a couple of solos on the violoncello, by Mr. HENRY MOLLENHAUER, brother of the two violinists. A gifted family these Mollenhauers must be, for this Henry is as thorough a master of his instrument as his brothers are of theirs. The compositions which he gave us, though, for a wonder, not by himself, were merely calculated to show what he could do in his line. In the first, indeed, there were some fine passages; but the second, a set of variations on "Weber's last waltz," (!) was but a combination of tricks and *tours de force*, which seem less appropriate for the violoncello, that speaking soul, than any other instrument.

The musical horizon is still very dark. Of EISFELD'S Soirées we hear nothing as yet. It would be a great grief to many were they to be given up. The opera was announced as abruptly closed on account of pecuniary difficulties; but these being adjusted, it has reopened. Last week there was a second *matinée*, at which crowds of ladies assembled to hear a "stale performance" of *Trovatore*. To-morrow another one takes place, with *Sonnambula* and a concert. Saturday night there is a grand "Combination Opera and Concert Night," for the benefit of the Fire Department Relief Fund. On Monday FORMES makes his first appearance in *Robert Le Diable*, with LAGRANGE and CAIROLI, BIGNARDI and LABOCETTA. Little Cairoli, who is announced to appear for the first time in Opera, has many liberties taken with her name. In the first place, this will not be her first appearance in Opera, for at the first *matinée*, where Mme. Lagrange gave out at the last moment (for the first time, to her credit be it said, since her sojourn here), Cairoli most obligingly took her part as Lucia, and acquitted herself to general satisfaction. Another time, the *Musical Review*, in speaking of a concert where FREZZOLINI was indisposed, wisely says: "Cairoli sang in her place, thus making her appearance for the season earlier than was expected." Another mistake, for not only was Cairoli announced to sing that very evening, with Frezzolini, so that in taking the place of that lady she merely increased her own duties a little,

but she had appeared in at least three or four concerts given by THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS earlier in the autumn, and had already won a place in the regard and good will of the public.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 28, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

III.

In a tolerable performance, such as we are supposing ourselves and our readers to have just been hearing, even the least technically musical of us were plainly much impressed by the wholesome strength and grandeur of this first part of "Israel in Egypt." Some, perhaps, thought such a perpetually *crescendo* series of great choruses monotonous and stunning; the strain upon the mind and nerves was too seldom relieved by the gentler melody of song, quartet, or instrumental symphony. No one, however, can charge these choruses with lack of variety; they are an ever-shifting, wonderfully contrasted, wonderfully harmonious range of mountain scenery. It was the fault of the performers, perhaps, if we did not so feel them. Their boldness would have been at once relieved and heightened by more decided contrasts of loud and soft, on the part of choir and orchestra. It is very natural for such music,—being in the fugue form, which is flame-like, wave-like—to work itself up into a very storm of harmony; but even storms have partial lulls, and there is no musical effect so soothing, satisfying, and sublime, as the *pianissimo* of a vast multitude of voices.

But now for the Second Part. For, see, the singers have resumed their places, the players have re-tuned their instruments, and the conductor's baton is already raised. We may be sure that there are even greater things in store, for Handel grows as he goes on; his energy is never too soon spent; in doing so much for us, he has been opening deeper springs of inspiration in himself; we shall witness with what new force and fulness they gush forth. The subject-matter of the Second Part is the sublime Song of Miriam, contained in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. To bring out and illustrate the full sentiment of this, by all the resources of his art and genius, seems to have been Handel's aim.

And now hear what a prelude! a sort of *universal* prelude; as if filled with the magnitude of the theme, and conscious that this heavenly passion of divine praise, which now craves expression, contained *all* the primal, unperverted passions of the human soul. The orchestra begins, and in as many bars tries, hurriedly but boldly, all the harmonies of one key after another, to the number of seven,—a whole octave of distinct scales. Of course the starting-point is the centre of the whole musical system, the natural accord of C; with a quick, spasmodic grasp, Handel's strong band (as it were) sweeps through the several positions of this chord; in the next bar, he tries those of the chord of A; in the next, of D, and so on, traversing the circle of varieties and returning into the noonday fulness and repose of unity in C. It is like feeling every chord successively of the great harp of humanity, to satisfy himself

that each is sound and true, and ready in its turn to yield response worthy of the great occasion. Then with the instruments the voices with their full strength and volume burst forth: *Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord*, traversing essentially the same circle of harmonies from the same point of departure. Upon this noble prelude follows the stupendous figured double chorus: *I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.* But as this chorus is repeated at the close of the oratorio, we suspend till then our remarks upon it.

In No. 19, we have for once the relief of a sweet soprano duet; for now the miraculous display is over, and sentiment may follow its own law, sometimes absorbed with all hearts into the great choral act of praise, and sometimes "musing at its own sweet will" in individual melody. *The Lord is my strength and my song: He is become my salvation:* is the text, on which one voice commences musingly a minor strain, climbing through several short, liquid, rhythmical divisions, but soon, by a regular cadence on the key-note, relapses into silence. Meanwhile the other voice has commenced a little later, and is finishing the same melodic fragment. Again they start, one after the other, as before, with the same little rhythmic *motive*, and this time carry it several stages higher; and before the second voice can finish its imitation, the first with three bright notes upon that highest height, plunges down into a bolder strain, full of exulting *roulades*; and before the end, the voices riot in triplets, and in still finer and more curious divisions, with bird-like ingenuity warbling through all forms of melodic *floriture*. The form is quaint, antique, full of the Handelian mannerism, and not much to the taste of this day yet it has an intrinsic beauty that will live.

Nos. 20–22 are 1. another short introductory double chorus sentence: *He is my God*; 2. the chorus in old ecclesiastical style: *And I will exult in Him*, in which two fugue subjects are regularly worked up; and 3. the famous bass duet, known in concert-rooms: *The Lord is a man of war.* This last is in the bold, declamatory, as well as elaborately ornate style, which Handel can employ with great effect, given the singer great enough to enter into the spirit of it, in spite of its not being modern. True Handelian singers and players, who get at the *life* of his peculiarity, are rare in this day; and his turns and phrases seem a dull and antiquated mannerism, when not taken up with nerve and *con amore*. These songs, therefore, in the hands of such solo-singers as can be made available in ordinary performances, seldom amount to more than accurate, but feeble and inanimate readings, to save the completeness of the oratorio. Handel has indulged in some exuberance of accompaniment in this duet, contrasting the pastoral oboes and bassoons with the string instruments.

The depths have covered them (No. 23) is a chorus, beginning in the cheerful key of F, but modulating into colder harmony at the thought: *they sank*, till at the close the basses heavily drop through the intervals of the chord of A minor down to the E below the lines upon the words: *to the bottom, like a stone.* This very brief chorus is followed by one more elaborate: *Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power* (No. 24), whose last clause: *hath dashed in pieces the enemy*, introduces a striking theme, answered and

* By the way, I hope the "Gossip" of the *Musical Review* will excuse me for again referring to my Berlin experience. He thinks he should hardly appreciate a Berlin Symphony Soirée, as I described it, and would prefer "such a dose" at "safe distance, say from New York to Berlin." Very likely he would.

imitated with great skill in the several parts. Double choruses still continue to rise, like mountain beyond mountain, in unabated majesty and novelty of form. The choral sentence: *And in the greatness of thine excellency, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee*, seems to convey the idea of a power transcending all our limited ideas of natural order, by the daring use of discords and their triumphant resolution. Of No. 26: *Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble*, we need but name the subject, which Handel has of course wrought out at length in the fugue form, the correspondence whereof with the spiral movement of consuming flame is perfect. Indeed, to convey an idea of the fugue to those not musically initiated, we have often been obliged to liken it to flame.

No. 27: *And with the blast of thy nostrils, is a single chorus, wonderful in structure and expression. Miracle itself could not more hold one breathless, than that monotone passage of the basses in octaves, telling how "the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea."* The separate clauses of the verse form four distinct and characteristic musical subjects, which continually cross and interweave.

[To be continued.]

Orpheus Glee Club.

FIRST CONCERT. The shabby and dilapidated Melodeon—rich in musical memories of years gone by—looked light and bright with a numerous, intelligent, and happy audience last Saturday evening. The hall was indeed filled, and the occasion one of life and enthusiasm. It was really encouraging in these dark days. Allowing for free invitations, there was enough of substantial, paying audience to yield good profit. Everybody was pleased, and many must have been relieved of somewhat of their scepticism about the practicability of some good concerts in an economical view this winter.

Musically the satisfaction was without alloy. There was no dullness. Every piece yielded a fresh, individual charm, and the programme as a whole seemed short and sweet. The Club, numbering some forty singers, were in excellent condition, as was at once evident by the beautiful and harmonious blending and shading of tone, as well as perfect precision and mastery of expression, in rolling out those rich organ-like harmonies of Mozart's simple but sublime chorus of priests: "O Isis and Osiris," from the *Zauberflöte*. The waves of sound were sensitively obedient to the conductor's wand, and our friend KREISSMANN might feel happy in such fruits of his training. The beauty was not merely technical; the spirit too was there. The only accompaniment, here and throughout the evening, was a Grand Piano, played by OTTO DRESEL, who seemed to have his whole heart in the matter.

A duet from *Così fan tutte* was finely sung by Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN, and a repetition enforced.—The Trio, with Chorus, from Weber's *Euryanthe*, was a new thing to the audience. Such a first opportunity of making acquaintance with a rare and perfect gem was a legitimate excuse for the *encore*, and it was well the audience availed themselves of it, since twice hearing was essential to the right perception of such power and beauty. The trio was a group of one central figure, tenor, (Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, who sang the florid and peculiar Weber melody with much skill and fervor, and a fine, clear, ringing voice, especially the high tones,—and of two supporters, basses, (Messrs. C. SCHRAUBSTADTER and LANGERFELDT, who did well their parts. The full tide of chorus swelling in at intervals from the background gave some superb effects of harmony, and the whole was quite characteristic of the composer of the *Freyshütz*. When shall we hear such operas? How would a Verdi chorus have sounded after that!

Miss DOANE deserves especial credit for her ren-

dering of the great, but singularly difficult recitative and aria from *Fidelio*. Much of course was due to the very sure, intelligent, suggestive accompaniment, though only sketched on a piano. But none of the fine intentions of the piece were lost. We have never heard Miss D.'s voice sound more finely; she had studied the piece to good purpose, and the dramatic contrasts, in the declamatory bursts of indignation and horror in the recitative, in the tenderness of the Andante: *Süsse Hoffnung!* and in the inspired, wild delight of hope and triumph at the end, were most effectively yet chastely rendered.—A humorous trio for two tenors and bass, from the first scene of Mozart's "Flight from the Seraglio," where the burly old keeper disputes the lover and deliverer's entrance to the harem, was made quite effective by Messrs. Kreissmann and the brothers Schraubstädter.

So far a remarkably rich series of operatic selections, but not one of the Part-Songs proper, which are the peculiar music of these Clubs, or *Liedertafeln* ("Table-Songs" are another name for them). They are sung without accompaniment. Part II. gave us three of these. The first, the well-known *Wanderlied*, we cannot find to be one of the most striking or original of those by Mendelssohn. Its musical idea is somewhat commonplace; the fruit has not so rare and piquant a flavor as some. Weber's "Prayer before Battle," to Körner's words, is an extremely rich and thrilling piece of sombre harmony, and was grandly rendered. Häser's *Der Wald* was fresh and wood-like, and devout enough for the subject, as conveyed in the following version of the words:

O wood so green and sweetly smelling,
I greet thee many thousand times!
Here all the day I'll make my dwelling,
And climb thy hills and weave my rhymes.

Of love and freedom gaily singing,
Along thy leafy aisles I'll go;
The heavens return their echoes ringing,
All full of fond devotion's glow.

Beneath thy shades I'll lay me, dreaming
Of Love's supreme and perfect bliss;
Through thy fresh green, lo! Hope is gleaming,
And Love gives back Love's sweetest kiss.

Thou art a temple sweet and holy,
Where willing thoughts do heavenward rise;
And here I'll render homage lowly
To God revealed in earth and skies.

There was a fourth, if it may be called a Part-Song—an extravaganza, very ingenious and graceful,—namely, a whole set of waltzes, with slow, sentimental introduction, *a la* Strauss and Lanner, sung, both theme and accompaniment, by men's voices. There was some lack of nice balance in the responsive phrases between the four parts; but the solos, and most of the harmonies, were sung with spirit, delicacy, and precision, and the thing took to a charm, and was encored, as was the humor of the evening with regard to almost everything.

It only remains to mention Mr. SCHULTZE's very finished and expressive rendering of De Beriot's 10th *Air varié* for the violin. This excited immense enthusiasm, which the young artist acknowledged by playing a beautiful unaccompanied solo by Alard.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah" in Christmas week, as usual. On its success then (peculiarly) will depend the production of "Israel in Egypt," and other noble works. It rests with the public, who will have their own indifference (not poverty altogether) to blame, should we lose it. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will commence their concerts a week from Tuesday evening. (Dec. 8). . . . The second concert of the "ORPHEUS" is set down for Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . The Athenæum exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture closes for the season with this day.

ERRATUM.—We attempted last week to say a few words of fitting recognition of the beauty of the Ballet at the Boston Theatre; but the types cunningly made nonsense of a sentence by putting "cunning" for "commingling."

"W. D. B." of Philadelphia will oblige us by his name in full. We cannot publish communications of which we know not the author.

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32—Serenade, (A minor) 6, 15

33—Merry Time, (E) 6, 15

34—Thema, (C) 6, 15

35—Bignoni, (E flat) 6, 15

36—Italian Mariner's Song, (G minor) 5, 15

37—Sailor's Song, (G minor) 5, 15

38—Winter, (E flat) 5, 15

39—Northern Song, (F) 3, 15

40—Winter Time, (E flat) 6, 15

41—Little Fugue, (A) 6, 15

42—Figured Choral, (F) 4, 15

43—Syvester Song, (A) 5, 15

WILLOW FARM POLKA, (G) 4, G. W. Chamberlain, 25**SIX FANTASIES on Favorite Scotch Melodies, by F. Beyer.**

1—Flowers of the Forest, (A) 5, 40

2—Auld Lang Syne, 5, 40

3—My Heart is Sair for Somebody, (G) 5, 40

4—Mary's Dream, 5, 40

5—"T was within a Mile of Edinboro", 5, 40

6—Blue Bells of Scotland, 5, 40

EXPLANATION OF LETTERS AND FIGURES.
The letters after the name of each of the above pieces, signify the key in which the piece is written. To express the comparative difficulty of execution of different pieces, we have introduced a scale of figures, running from 1, [which represents *very easy*,] inclusive to 7, [which is applied to the most difficult music.]

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

(Concluded from last week.)

Another group of three, fast and cheerful, we have in Nos. 3 and 6, Book IV., and No. 2, Book V. But the cheerfulness is only moderate; there are frequent glimpses of sadness, sometimes even of passion and anger. Altogether they form a trio which one must love to play and to hear as long in life as the fingers are flexible and the ears not struck with deafness.

Again a group of four in the minor mode, wild and stormy, namely, No. 5, Book I.; 4, Book II.; 5, Book III., and 2, Book VI. In the before-named bound edition of Ditson & Co. there is no tempo marked over No. 5, Book III., which must be *molto agitato*. These four songs, owing to the fast tempo as well as to the minor mode, which in general admits of not so fluent a fingering, belong to the most difficult and least grateful in the whole collection. No. 4, Book VI., has a somewhat softer nature than the rest, and more especially than the last mentioned. In No. 5, Book I., the exciting, passionate stream of tones is relieved by a choral-like melody in the relative major key towards the close of the first part, which in the second part reappears in the original minor, where it accordingly effects less contrast.

There are some pieces in this collection, which, from their harmonic structure, seem to be songs originally intended for male chorus. Their manly, vigorous, and lively character reminds us of those "table-songs" which once formed so prominent a feature in the literature of the German male glee clubs. The desire to enhance the pleasures of a well-furnished table by an appropriate song called forth this species of lyric com-

position. The dishes, and especially the liquids, were found to taste better when the sweetest of the muses contributed her part to the enjoyment. Champagne, friend—bring us Champagne; we are merry to dying. Three cheers—hurrah! Now let us have a song:

"Edite, bibite, collegiales,
Post multa sæcula
Pocula nulla."

These pieces are Nos. 4, Book III.; 4, Book V., and 5, Book VII. There is in them not the usual distinction between melody and accompaniment, but, as observed before, the harmonic element is predominant. They are periods composed, not of single tones, but of chords. Each is preceded by a gay prelude, which also serves as a postlude, and which, plainly betraying that it originated on the keyboard, contrasts much with the powerful song. The first and last have the cheerful key of A major in common, and, on the whole, resemble each other as closely as two twin brothers. In the last may be noted the energetic prelude, with trumpet obligato, as it were. The second, in the softer key of G major, is more pleasing than powerful. In this group we might have included the two short songs in the first and second books, known as *Volkslieder* (people's songs), as well as No. 5 in the fourth book, which lately has become famous here by Thalberg's playing. But the structure, which is more melodic, and the expression, which is more earnest, musing, or religious, than that of the former, justify their being classed in a separate group. The two people's songs are in regard to form exactly the same, but differ somewhat in expression, the one in the first book being manly and powerful, the other gentler and sweeter. We confess our preference for the latter, hardly knowing why. The gentle, musing flow of this exquisite little song is twice in succession interrupted by a short but powerful motive of piercing chords, but presently it goes on in its former subdued and tranquil mood. No. 5, Book IV., is far larger and more brilliant than either of these. The vigorous and earnest song is introduced by a prelude, which afterwards several times reappears, and which, with its short, hasty motive, forms a strong contrast to the measured melody of the main body.

Here we have two which also may go hand in hand. The first, No. 3, Book I., fresh and vigorous, like morning air in October, sounds like a hunting piece. Observe how in the beginning the motive for the right hand dashes forth, immediately pursued, as it were, by the horn-sounds, which chase it up to a screaming pitch. But this is only an attempt. Presently the chase begins in all earnest; the excitement increases still more in the second part; towards the close

a shower of sparkling tones begins at once to rustle, through which those horn-sounds are heard, first as if near by, then more and more from the distance, till all has died away, leaving nothing but a single tone—the key-note. This piece will have a large circle of performers, as it is brilliant and graceful, qualities which never fail to attract the player. The other, No. 2, Book II., in B flat minor, is also lively, but by no means gay. Though in the quick 6-16 measure, it fails to excite cheerfulness; the minor mode, to which it is doomed, paralyzing every attempt at that. The transition to the relative major key (13th measure from the beginning) is of deep effect. It is in the spirit of Beethoven's most soulfelt strains, but by no means a reminiscence of one of them. What a world of wonder and beauty such a melody calls up!

"Sweet tones, are ye dreams

From the unknown fatherland?"

Towards the end the piece leaves the minor mode altogether, and takes the major of the key. We cannot but confess that this change has never pleased us. The spirit of this part has little affinity with the preceding; it sounds too prosaic, too profane, or we know not what; and hence it is that one feels as if one were roused from a warm, pleasant dream to the cold reality; in short, we could wish the piece had a better close. This is our own opinion; others may think differently.

So far we have spoken of the songs in groups, according as their affinity to each other demanded. A few are still left, which, by their too individual character, admit of no classification, and which we shall, therefore, mention singly.

No. 2, Book III., in C minor, is as beautiful as any in all the seven books. It is so restless and plaintive, but yet so charming, that one hardly knows what to say about it. Let the poet define it:

"Heart, my heart, what is this feeling
That does weigh on thee so sore?
What new life art thou revealing,
That I know myself no more?"

Near the end there is a lively dispute going on between the treble and bass, both insisting on a part of the motive with which the piece begins. The bass, as may be expected from so powerful a medium, carries the day and keeps the last word.

No. 6, Book III., is the well-known "Duet," which, like the no less well-known "Frühlingslied" (Spring-song), No. 6, Book V., is more played in public than any of the rest. Both are brilliant and effective. There is a story told as to the origin of the "Spring-song," which, in the main, runs thus: During Mendelssohn's stay in London an excursion into the country was once

proposed by himself and some of his friends. When they were about to start he met with an accident which obliged him to remain at home, the rest of the company going on their way. To cheer himself, he sat down at the piano-forte; and while he fancied to himself the great pleasure his friends were enjoying in the country on so glorious a Spring day, his hands glided over the key-board and drew forth tones that depicted the images of his fancy. The piece which thus arose he called properly "Spring-Song." And, indeed, it reminds one of the blue sky and the golden sun. An innocent cheerfulness pervades the melody, and the accompaniment, with its continual groups of grace-notes, suggests the green grass, which early in the morning sparkles with innumerable dewdrops, looking like so many diamonds of the purest water. It is no wonder that this piece is so general a favorite.

Finally we will mention three, which, though short, are most exquisite, the character of each peculiar and striking. No. 4, Book IV., begins with a slow and solemn song, after which follows another melody, or, rather, the fragments of it, consisting of piercing diminished seventh and minor chords. The bitter sentiment excited by these chords is the more striking, since they appear all at once, and in a region where the tones are most penetrating, thus forming a strong contrast with the preceding low melody. It sounds as if a shriek of despair suddenly escaped from the oppressed heart. The piece throughout is as suggestive as a tone-picture in so small a frame can be. No. 3, Book V., with its pace-like movement, has the semblance of a funeral march. There is once a slight allusion to the *march funèbre* in Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. In general, however, it is quite original and quaint. No. 3, Book IV., is no less original. The syncopated notes, which, from beginning to end, hop behind the beat of time, give it a singular expression. The close, especially, is surprising and beautiful.

The talented player will find more, far more, in these songs than we could indicate in the slight sketches which we have attempted. There are places in many of them which speak in a wonderful way. But how shall we find words that could render an adequate impression of what the composer has expressed so beautifully in tones? Is there no Tom Moore living who can set words to this music? That were the only, the proper way, to describe it; neither speculation nor analysis will reveal its meaning. You may just as well speculate on the meaning of a beautiful rose, with its sweet perfume, its delicate hues, and its hundred leaves and thorns. If Heaven has endowed you with a poetic mind, play the pieces over and over again, and the meaning of each—that is, the sentiment which the composer breathed out in it—will rise unconsciously before your mind as a dream in a midsummer night. Do not attempt, however, to make display with them; the punishment would immediately follow in the small applause attending your performance, even if you were Thalberg himself. With very few, if any exceptions, the "Songs without Words" are not fit to be carried to concert exhibitions and served up to a large, mixed crowd for money; they are too delicate for that. Alone in his private room, perhaps late in the evening, when the day with its stir and bustle is at peace, the player will best feel the force of this music, and gratefully cherish the memory of the master by whose noble mind it was created.

AD. K.

Translated for this Journal.

The Sonata.

(Concluded from page 274.)

After the Sonata had in EMANUEL BACH acquired a definite principle of form, a new epoch could begin,—the fairest, greatest, richest epoch, which the Sonata until now has had,—the epoch of HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN. To see how HAYDN appears in the principal kinds of instrumental music as a path-breaking, epoch-making genius, one need only be reminded of his Symphonies and Quartets. The Piano-forte Sonata also owes to him an important progress and expansion both in respect to form and matter. If, in the first respect, Emanuel Bach must have the credit of establishing the custom of three movements, Haydn's progress consists in the fact that he repeats the leading theme of the single, or first, movement in the third part of the same; that he first properly settled the second, so-called *working-up*, and the third, so-called *repetition* part, for the Sonata form;—that he established as an unchangeable principle of form, what before him had been merely a caprice of the composer and was not found at all in many of the earlier works;—that then he raised the single, (or first, usually Allegro) movement (which properly constitutes the Sonata form), to a higher and a richer organism; that he reached a higher unity, created a higher, a consistent whole. Closely connected with this progress was that on the side of matter, musical ideas and contents. By the repetition of the leading thought this necessarily gained importance and significance; the more so, since Haydn gave to the leading theme a definite expression in and for itself, and adhered to it throughout the whole course of the movement. In fact a fundamental uniformity of mood and character is firmly and decidedly stamped upon the principal movements of Haydn's Sonatas. It is not the single movement alone, that shows this unity; the collective movements of each Sonata form a unitary whole resting on a definite fundamental mood, and standing in a relation of organic mutual dependence. What is it most like, this unity of character, this predominant and fundamental mood? It is that spirit of naïve, childlike cheerfulness, that cunning play of jest and merriment, that arch and roguish humor, in short all those states of mind which distinguish Haydn's whole artistic nature, and pervade all his instrumental music, especially his Symphonies. Limited as his world in itself may be, compared with the infinite circle of vision that opens before us in Beethoven; little as Haydn's childlike nature may reveal the truly deep soul mysteries, yet in his sphere he shows such manifold inventiveness, such gushing geniality, that to him a place belongs among the first of the great masters of tones; and one who has become wholly absorbed in the gigantic creations of Beethoven, will yet return occasionally to a Sonata of Father Haydn, as if to enjoy once more an artistic image of his own past childhood, and live once more in that first paradise of life.

The faithful follower of Haydn in the field of the Sonata is MOZART.

He developed the Sonata farther in various respects. He also does homage to the principle adapted by Haydn, of placing at the head a definite expressive theme, and making that the groundwork of the single (first) movement. But this did not satisfy him; he wanted something, by

which a greater variety might be reached at the same time with unity of thought and spirit; and this something was the *cantilena-like middle* or *second leading thought*, which Mozart first domesticated in the first movement of the Sonata. Especially he created longer and more tuneful melodic passages, larger and broader periods; introduced, too, a more careful distinction of light and shade, distributed both over larger groups of measures and more ample sections, and thus attained to a distinct separation of the soft and tender from the stronger passages, as well as to a greater clearness and definiteness in form and in connectedness of thought.

As a further characteristic of the Mozart Sonatas, we remark an exceeding *beauty of form*, an admirable symmetry, proportion, regularity, in great and small. These peculiarities, however, are the natural consequence of a perfectly harmonious design, conception. The artistic personality of Mozart reveals throughout and from the very centre the purest harmony of soul and spirit, a tranquil, even balance of the inner life; an inner state, wherein the moral conflicts are silent or form at most the distant background,—all which is admirably shown by Brendel in his history of Music. This original reconciliation (at-one-ment) in Mozart's music allowed him to attain to that grace and loveliness of soul, which forms a further characteristic of his works. So essential is it to him that, even where he yields to earnest passion, he must clothe all in a graceful garb, so that the passion appears muffled, so to speak. For even at times when passion fills him, he shows himself reconciled from the bottom of his soul. It is only the *artist* Mozart that contends; the *man* Mozart has long since conquered and outlived the fight. In all this Mozart is the opposite of Beethoven. This peculiarity of his is found fully stamped on his piano-forte Sonatas. Although he may not appear so great in this field as in other departments of instrumental music, —(his real greatness lies by general consent in Opera),—yet he has also given to the world admirable models in the Sonata. His Sonatas in C minor and A minor offer splendid pictures of self-controlled, noble, gracefully moved passion; his Sonata in A major with variations is a revelation of tender loveliness and grace. Also his Sonata in F major, for four hands, is noteworthy.

On the foundation laid by the Sonatas of Haydn and Mozart, BEETHOVEN reared his gigantic Sonata edifice, which we shall now proceed to consider more at length.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 251.]

"All the biographers—English, French, German—agree in stating that he [Handel] was born on the 24th of February, 1684."—Page 26.

This statement is somewhat too sweeping. Eschenburg (1785) gives the following note in his translation of Burney's "Commémoration:"

"Dr. Burney, and all biographers of Handel, hitherto, give 1684 as the year of his birth. In Walter's Lexicon [Leipzig, 1732] only do I find 1685 instead, and the 23 of February for the 24th. But from the records of the Lieb-Frauen church in Halle, and from an extract from the same, made for me by the worthy preacher there, Herr Pockels, it appears certain that Handel was born there on the 24 of February, 1685. His father, in that record, bears the title Kammerdiener and Amtschirurgus."

Gerber follows Eschenburg, but, oddly enough,

Marx, in Schilling's Lexicon, returns to 1684. The lesser lights adopt sometimes one, sometimes the other. Thus the mistake, evidently arising from the confusion of Old and New Style, is not made by all the biographers.

"Handel commenced by entering this theatre as *violin di ripieno*."—Page 35.

The passage from Mattheson, upon which this statement is founded, is not quite correctly translated. The original is, "Anfangs spielte er die andre violine"—that is, second violin; and in his notes to Mainwaring, Mattheson says expressly: "Handel had at first played only the other, or second violin." That Handel was not a great violinist is clear enough, but he was hardly a mere ripienist.

The names Kaiser and Buxtehude on the same page, should be Keiser and Buxtehude. The latter was the great organist, whom Bach, a year or two after the adventure mentioned in the text, journeyed on foot from Arnstadt to hear, and was so pleased with, that he remained in Lübeck three months—not to take lessons of, but simply to hear in church!

M. Schœlcher's account of the quarrel between Mattheson and Handel is scarcely satisfactory. The reader can hardly see how the simple refusal by Handel to leave the harpsichord half an hour before the close of an opera, should have so nearly cost him his life. The sketch may be filled up by means of other passages from Mattheson's works.

The composer of an opera, at that time, directed his work from the harpsichord. When, therefore, Mattheson produced his third opera, *Cleopatra*, Oct. 20th, 1704, in which he sang the part of Anthony, it became necessary for him to find a substitute, and he invited his friend Handel to take his place at the clavier. The opera had a run of some weeks, during which, after the death of Anthony half an hour before the curtain fell, he respected the right of the composer and resigned the seat. In the mean time, the British minister, John Wich, had concluded to employ Mattheson as the tutor of his son, Cyril, who entered upon his duties upon the 7th of November, and prepared to give up his connection with the opera—indeed, his last appearance upon the stage was the next spring, in Handel's *Nero*.

Wich's house was one into which Handel had been introduced by Mattheson immediately after his arrival in Hamburg, and after a time he had been employed as Cyril's music-teacher. Mattheson says: "The young Herr von Wich had, it is true, previously had a few unimportant lessons from Handel; they would not, however, succeed, and therefore the tutor took his place, under whom," adds Mattheson, with his usual modesty, (!) "the said gentleman in course of time reached great perfection." We get farther insight into the matter from a passage in Mattheson's sketch of his own life: "This call"—to the tutorship of Cyril Wich—"was the foundation of his (Mattheson's) good fortune, but at the same time one cause of a new misfortune. For previously, a certain man, whose name has already appeared, had half the duties of the office, that is, in so far as music was concerned; its duties, however, he had to some extent neglected. He therefore had cherished a secret ill-will against Mattheson, [for depriving him of his pupil,] which, in the first week of Advent, at the last performance of *Cleopatra* before Christmas, found vent. The above-mentioned virtuoso, who then under Mattheson's direction played the clavier, would not content himself to pay due observance to orders in matters musical; this had, however, when it came to a fight between them, nearly cost him dear." Mattheson's character, as it displays itself in his writings, is such as to lead one to suppose that Handel had cause to feel aggrieved at being supplanted in the house of Wich. At all events, this was doubtless the real cause of the quarrel. The conclusion of the story will bear retranslating.

"No great damage, therefore, was done, and we soon became reconciled again, through the mediation of one of the most distinguished members of the City Council of Hamburg, as well as of the then lessees of the opera, [Keiser and Drüsike,] for upon the same day, Dec. 30th, I had the honor of having Handel to dine with me, after

which, in the evening, we both attended the rehearsal of his *Almira*, and were better friends than before. Syrach's words, chapter 22, therefore, met this case: 'Though thou drawest thy sword against thy friend, thou dost not so ill as in railing against him; for ye can well become friends again, if thou dost not avoid him, and talkest with him.'"

Our translation, the reader will perceive, removes a discrepancy which appears in Schœlcher, page 36, in relation to the opera *Almira*. According to him, Handel and Mattheson assisted at a representation of that opera on the 30th Dec., and yet its first representation was on the 8th of January following.

"It [*Almira*] was immediately followed on the 25th of February, by *Nero*; or, *Love obtained by Blood and Murder*, then by *Daphne* and by *Florindo* (in my opinion) in 1706."—Page 37.

We feel very certain that M. Schœlcher's opinion here is erroneous. The confusion of dates in regard to Handel's early life, which has perplexed all writers of his history, seems to be most fully cleared up by the manuscripts of the Italian period, which M. Schœlcher has examined. But though it is thus proved that the young musician had left Hamburg before 1708, it by no means follows that the *Florindo* and *Daphne* were not put upon the stage during that year, as all authorities state.

In 1728, Mattheson published a list of all the operas produced in Hamburg for a period of fifty years. We will extract from it a few items.

Anno 1704, No. 109. *Almira*, music by Herr Capelmeister Handel; poesie by Herr Feustking. Added to it was an epilogue composed by Herr Keiser.

[Thirty years afterward, after New Style was adopted, Mattheson corrected the date to Jan. 8, 1705.]

Anno 1705, No. 110. *Nero*, music by Herr Handel; poesie by Herr Feustking.

[Two new operas by Keiser, fill out the list for the year.]

Anno 1706. Nothing by Handel, but six new operas by other composers, the last of which is recorded thus:

"No. 118. *Almira*, of Keiser's composition, in other respects the same as No. 109."

Anno 1707. *Dido*, by Graupner, and *The Carnival of Venice*, by Keiser.

"Anno 1708, No. 121. *Florindo*, composed by Herr Handel; text by Herr Hinsh.

"No. 121. *Daphne*, by the same authors."

The next mention of Handel is:

"Anno 1715, No. 145. *Rinaldo*, music by Herr Handel; translation by Herr Feind."

Mattheson closes this list thus:

"Anno 1728, No. 217. *The Peasant's Marriage*, [Die Bauern-Hochzeit,] a by-play. This was already performed in 1708, in the opera *Daphne*: but as it was not mentioned in its place there, it may close the troop here. Herr Cano, formerly cashier of the bank, wrote the text. This register, such as it is, I myself completed out of my own old notes, and afterward have compared it with the notes of a friend. In most cases we agreed; in a few, were of different minds."

In one of his notes to Mainwaring, in which Mattheson is numbering the errors of a certain passage, he writes thus: "The error, No. 10, relates to *Florindo*, a man, and not *Florinda*, a woman. It was also not the second, but the third opera of Handel, which bore the title of *Florindo*, and was produced in 1708, three years after the *Nero*, during which time not only had Keiser composed an entirely new *Almira*, an *Octavia*, a *Lucretia*, a *Fedella coronata*, a *Masagnello furioso*, a *Sueno*, a *Genio di Holsatia*, and a *Carnival of Venice*; but Schieferdecker had produced his *Justin*, Grünwald his *Germanicus*, and Graupner his *Dido*. In the above-mentioned 1708, Handel brought out also a *Daphne*, which was the fourth of his Hamburg operas, and has been omitted by his eulogist, to the irreparable loss of his idol—because he knew nothing of it." Thus far Mattheson.

* The reader will see by turning to chapter 22 of Ecclesiasticus, in the Apocrypha, that the English and German versions do not agree.

Marpurg, in his "Historisch-critische Beiträge, (1754–60,)" gives a list of German operas and the cities in which they were produced. The list for 1708 begins thus:

Der beglückte *Florindo*, componirt von Handel; die Poesie von Hinsehen, Hamburg.

Die verwandelte *Daphne*, von vorigen Verfassern. Hamburg.

This testimony is not to be overthrown. It follows, then, that Handel was still in Hamburg—but the Italian manuscripts disprove this—or that the operas were performed in his absence, having lain waiting for a convenient season. Perhaps the following facts may give us some light.

[To be continued.]

From my Diary, No. 14.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14. Hungering and thirsting for some music, I went to the Academy last evening, and heard (for the first time) *Il Troratore*.

Musical "hunks that the swine do eat."

Nov. 16. A noble programme last evening at the same place:

PART I.

Overture—Fidelio, Beethoven.....The Orchestra
"With Verdure Clad"—Creation.....Miss Milner
Adelaide, by Beethoven.....Mr. Perring
Fantasie—Caprice (by request)....Henry Vieuxtemps
Ah, mon Fils—The Prophet.....Mme. D'Angri
Rejoice Greatly—Messiah.....Miss Milner
Mendelssohn's Overture—Meeres-Stille....Orchestra

PART II.

Grand Symphony (the 7th).....Beethoven
by the orchestra of Fifty.

Audience very small in numbers, and after the vocal pieces were over grew beautifully less, so that the Symphony was played to an almost empty house. Miss MILNER's voice is quite full, clear in the upper notes, and pretty powerful. She would be a fine addition to our oratorio force in Boston. Mr. PERRING's voice is decidedly good; but as his "Adelaide" was sung rather tamely in Italian, there was no means of judging how he would do in Oratorio. Being from London, and an Englishman, as I was told, he ought to understand the true English style. If so, why can we not have "Elijah" and the "Messiah," with him, and Miss Milner, and FORMES? I heard FORMES once in "Elijah," and it was sublime! Mme. ANGRI is, to my taste, one of the noblest of singers, and the *Ah mon Fils* from her is never hack-nied. Think of her as Gluck's Orpheus! I asked one of the "powers that be," "Why not give that opera?" He said, "We should get one crowded house, and nobody at the next performance; and that, you know, would not pay expenses."

Too true, I fear.

ANSCHUTZ is a capital conductor, but the orchestra has not yet got to working with perfect smoothness in such works as the Symphony; but what of that? The Seventh Symphony was there!

Nov. 18. Last evening, *Lucrezia Borgia*.

I have rarely if ever heard the leading parts of this opera better filled, as a whole, than by this company—LAGRANGE, D'ANGRI, BIGNARDI, GASSIER. It is my misfortune, however, to dislike the *tremolo* style of Lagrange so much, that, while everybody else was in ecstasies, I sat upon thorns, and fervently wished never to hear her open her lips again. But the clear, full, sustained notes of Angri, perhaps, were all the more delicious from contrast.

Those who miss hearing this company miss much. The audience was not large, and the prospect of giving by and by English and German works is not very encouraging. That was in contemplation.

Nov. 21. A specimen of highly cultivated taste, viz., a programme of a sacred concert in one of our country towns, comprising pieces from oratorios,—solos, duets, choruses, &c,—closing with Handel's "Hallelujah," and opening with a voluntary on the organ, namely:

Overture to "Masaniello"!

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 23. A short visit here has been enlivened by the appearance of Dr. MASON, who has lectured upon the subject of "Congregational Singing." It is amusing to note how people from the most diverse points contrive to reach a common centre. DWIGHT, a few years since, advocated the plan of confining the psalmody of our congregational churches, to a few plain choral tunes, and was taken roundly to task therefor. On different grounds Dr. Mason advocates now nearly the same thing, and others of us are disposed to do all we can for the movement, as a means of leading, as we think, to something better.

Taking choir singing as it is found in our country in general—indeed, with but very few exceptions—it is a ridiculous failure. It neither inspires nor gives vent to religious or any other emotion, save when it excites disgust or contempt. The objects of music in the church are twofold: 1. fine music to awaken emotion, introduced into the church for the same reason that fine architecture, fine sculpture, and fine paintings are introduced, viz., to make Art the handmaid of Religion; and, 2, simple psalmody, to enable the congregation to find vent for the emotion—to enable its members to bear a share in the public worship. Quartet singing of psalmody satisfies neither object. We might as well send out and hire a couple of good hands at prayer and exhortation, to attend evening meetings for social worship, and lead off, as to employ three or four persons to do the psalmody.

Dr. Mason, in his lectures, shows conclusively that this part of the public worship belongs to the people, and that its transfer to the gallery is an abuse. He is now laboring untiringly, and with an energy which in a man of his years is remarkable, to bring it down again into the pews. God speed him! But some one asks, will you abolish choirs? Certainly not; but I would have choirs that are choirs. I would introduce a musical service founded upon those of the cathedrals abroad. I would have motets, anthems, choruses. I would, in short, have the noblest of music in addition to the psalmody of the congregation.

As the matter now stands, we get nothing. Could we once have every voice, old and young, which is able to sound a note in tune, in a large congregation, ready to take part in the psalm, it would be no difficult matter to separate some forty or fifty to lead off the exercises in some simple motet, sentence, or anthem. Practice would lead to better and higher efforts, and at length we might truly hear sacred music.

So long, however, as our congregations divide as soon as they reach a respectable size, and the principle obtains that the true ideal of public worship is to be sought in a snug little church, where it seems "so like a family meeting," so long shall we seek in vain for anything like the "great congregation" of the Scriptures, or a musical service which shall carry out the ideas of David and Solomon, as expressed in the Psalms, and acted upon in the Temple. You cannot have congregational singing where there is no congregation. That is clear.

But if, instead of spending five times \$25,000 in building five small churches almost within a stone's throw of each other, and supporting five clergymen, five organists, and ten or twelve "leading singers," half that money had been expended in erecting one or two noble edifices, with grand organs, we might have the biblical idea of the great congregation, with its sublime music, and all its ennobling and Christianizing influences fully carried out, at least in the large cities.

SCHILLER says of Art: "To one, she is the heavenly goddess; to the other a good cow, which has to provide them with butter."

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. I, OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.—"L'ETOILE DU NORD."—MME. CABEL, M. FAURE, &c.

PARIS, Nov 5.—It seems to me, that no one fond of operatic and musical entertainments, can help taking an interest in those famous opera-houses and concert-rooms of Europe, of which we hear so much in America. It is my intention, if possible, to visit most of these—to take a peep at La Scala—at San Carlo—at La Pergola—at La Fenice—and others of the well-known Italian homes of the mythological old lady who represents the lyrical stage—Euterpe, if I am not mistaken. Perhaps some readers of DWIGHT's may feel interested in glancing with me at these nestling-places of operatic genius.

So to begin, let us take a peep at the famous *Opera Comique* at Paris. If you are a person whose purse is not as long as his merits would lead a stranger to suppose, you would during your stay in this gay capital follow the example of "Trovator," and engage a little room *au quatrième* of a great tall house in the Quartier Latin, near say Rue Bonaparte, and not very far from the Church of St. Sulpice, and the Palace of the Luxembourg. So you see you will be in quite an aristocratic neighborhood, after all. Having dined luxuriously on 30 sous, obtaining therefor your soup, and your plate of fish, and your two plates of meat, and your bread at discretion, and your *demi-bouteille* of wine, and your dessert, and your addenda of white grapes—having likewise glanced over the *Siecle*, and translated with great pain and labor a very easy sentence, you will walk down the Rue Bonaparte, to the Seine, and crossing over by, say the Pont des Arts—yes, better say the Pont des Arts, for there are only footpassengers crossing there, and you won't get your pants spattered—so crossing over by the Pont des Arts, you will of course come against the Louvre. Then as everybody knows, at turning a little to the left you will pass into the Place Carrousel, and glancing patronizingly at the Palace of the Tuilleries,—as you would at an old acquaintance, whom you met every day—you will cross Rue de Rivoli, and follow up Rue de Richelieu till you come to the Boulevards Italiens.

You will stand a little while on the corner to reconnoitre, and then turning to your left, a few steps bring you to Rue Favart in which is the *Opera Comique*. Supposing you do not patronize the expensive part of the house, you will then join a great string of people who are marshalled along the sidewalk waiting for the doors to open. The people are all and singular talking away as fast as they possibly can to each other, while a few police officers, with cocked hats and swords, walk slowly up and down, each one looking exactly like the pictures of Louis Napoleon—and indeed it is a peculiarity of the French police that every individual member bears such a striking resemblance to the Nephew of his Uncle, that you wonder how the people can forbear crying out *Vive l'Empereur*.

You wait here three quarters of an hour, the crowd constantly augmenting, and while away the time by listening to a vociferous discussion upon the relative merits of certain opera singers, and perhaps venture a careful question in French to a silent neighbor, who politely answers, and makes some further casual remark. Delighted to find

you understand him, you respond; whereat he commences quite a lengthy harangue, the sense of which you lose at the fourth word. Unwilling, however, to betray your ignorance, you look wise, say "Oui" occasionally, with an air of deliberate assent, until his glance of surprise tells you that you have put a "Oui" somewhere in the wrong place; whereupon you become covered with confusion as with a garment, and relapse into silence. Your companion speaks no more.

Then a man wants you to buy *Figaro*, and a woman wants you to buy some pears, and the Louis Napoleon police officer tells you to move on a little further. The crowd condenses, and you murmur out a *pardon* to a lady for sticking your elbow into her face. Then there is a movement ahead, and the doors of the *Opera Comique* are opened.

Being an economical person, and having suffered severely by the late monetary panic, you decide to go up to the amphitheatre for a franc, instead of the parterre or parquet for two francs and a half, or even the second gallery for two francs. As to the stalls, with their eight and ten francs, they are out of the question for a *pauvre diable* from the Quartier Latin.

So you buy your amphitheatre ticket for a franc at the same counter where they sell all the other tickets (for they do not have different entrances to the different portions of the house, as with us), and pass on with the crowd, up a flight of stairs to a lobby, where a man sits and receives the tickets. He gives you a blue bit of pasteboard in exchange; though *cui bono*, is more than I can tell; for you give up your last ticket to no one, and I have mine before me now. The inscription thereon is susceptible of a varied meaning. Here it is:

Theatre de l'Opera Comique.	
ÉCHANGE.	
AMPHITHÉÂTRE.	
13	C

The printed words are all plain enough, but 13 C is certainly a poser. My private theory is that 13 signifies the number of long staircases you have to climb up to get to the amphitheatre. As to the C, it is, I confess, to me an alphabetical sphinx. I give it up. I cannot C through it.

On each floor there are females who direct Monsieur which way to go, and are as polite to you as if you had a private proscenium box, instead of merely a vague chance of getting a seat on a bare bench in the cheapest part of the house. Thus the amphitheatrans enter at the same door with the frequenters of boxes, and pass through the same lobbies, the "gods" mingling with men in the most fraternal harmony. If any one be too poor to go elsewhere than to the amphitheatre, and too snobbish to let it be known, no one need know what part of the house he frequents, for he goes in and comes out at the same door with the more aristocratic opera goers.

The amphitheatre is limited in size, and a view of the stage is quite blocked out by the enormous crystal chandelier, which, depending from the ceiling, forms, with its innumerable jets of gas, the only means of illumination the auditorium possesses. The interior of the *Opéra Comique* is in the horse-shoe form, and the house, though spacious, is not as large in area as the Boston

Theatre, but is higher from the floor to the ceiling. The lower floor, or parterre, corresponding to our parquette, is provided partially with chairs and partially with benches. The first tier has two front rows of chairs, the remainder being used as boxes. The second, receding, and leaving part of the lower tier exposed, is occupied exclusively by boxes, while in the third the arrangement of seats is similar to that in the first, and in the fourth to that in the second. The fifth and highest tier is the amphitheatre, and presents a series of low semicircular openings between the pillars that support the roof. The lower tiers are supported by brackets, the use of columns being thereby avoided; and were it not for the chandelier, a good view of the stage could be obtained from all parts of the house.

The ceiling is elaborately frescoed, though it now presents a rather dingy appearance, and the names of several eminent composers—among which I could from my position only discern those of Gluck, Paesello, and Grétry—are painted in different places. The proscenium is rectangular in shape, not presenting the usual arching curve overhead, as in most theatres, and is quite plain. The curtain represents a mass of looped-up drapery, with a perspective of landscape in the distance. The prevailing color of the decorations appears to be green, and there is, of course, a profusion of gilding; yet the famous Opéra Comique does not equal in size or splendor those magnificent temples of harmony, the opera houses of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

The opera, the evening I attended, was Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, with MARIE CABEL, as Catherine; M. FAURE, as Pierre; JOURDON, as Danilowitz, and Mme. BELART, as Prascovic. The dialogue was spoken, of course, in French, and the opera was only tolerably given, calling forth little applause except from the claqueurs—indeed, a colder audience I have rarely seen. Mme. Cabel is a little woman, with a little, flute-like voice, admirably cultivated, always true in intonation, but without the slightest atom of expression or feeling. She can never be a great singer, for she can never arouse a sympathy in her hearers, from the simple reason that she has no genius in herself to evoke such sympathy. You can only feel a cold admiration at her calm, pure vocalization. How different from Lagrange was her rendition of the rôle of Catherine! How vastly inferior! The one all feeling and passion—the other all studied care and propriety!

The baritone, M. Faure, is really an excellent singer and a true artist. In an introduced air in the third act he exhibited the exquisite cultivation of his voice, while in the general requirements of the rôle he manifested considerable histrionic ability, especially in the tent scene, where Pierre recovers from his fit of drunkenness. The other characters call for no comment.

On the whole, the opera has been given in New York in a style vastly superior to this. The orchestra here is very strong, but the choruses quite weak, and the solo performers—Cabel, Belart, and Jourdon—are far below Lagrange, Bertucca, and Brignoli, who introduced this opera to an American public. The scenery here presents nothing peculiar, unless I except the effect produced in the tent scene by the very simple means of placing some crimson muslin before the footlights, so as to imitate the reflection of the crimson drapery of the tent. The footlights are pro-

vided with similar screens of different colors; and, judiciously used, they produce an excellent effect.

One feature of the Opéra Comique which you do not see in America is the *claqueurs*—the famous Parisian claqueurs. They are here in all their glory, and occupy fully one half of the parquette, under and a little to the rear of the great chandelier. They clap hands in unison, though I could not discern any preconcerted signal. But such dead, cold, flabby applause you never heard. The artists do not acknowledge it at all, and the audience only look at each other and smile. The claqueurs themselves seem to feel that it is a sort of farce, though I must do them the credit of saying that they do not break out into the middle of a half-finished cadenza. They are staunch old opera goers, and know when to make a noise and when to be silent. But, noisy or quiet, they all acted like automata, and like people who felt they had a duty to perform, and would perform it—would sit out the opera, or perish in the attempt; and this reminds me of a good and reliable operative anecdote, of the authenticity of which I would give the word of a Troubadour. But no—not now. Having written so much already, I will save my anecdote for the next communication of

TROVATOR.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 28.—Our two musical Societies, the "Philharmonic" and the "Cecilia," have both of them given their first concerts of the season, and promise, in spite of the hard times, to treat the public to a great deal of good music this winter. Mr. BARUS is leader of the Philharmonic orchestra, and Mr. RITTER conducts the Cecilia chorus. Both of them are very thorough musicians, and bestow all their energies upon the advancement and success of their respective societies. The Cecilia, at their concert this week, gave us the beautiful *Ave verum corpus* by Mozart, two charming choruses by Schumann; "Gipsy Life," and Chorus of the Honris, from "Paradise and the Peri," and a very characteristic chorus by Beethoven: *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*. Our Philharmonic (like the similar societies in Leipzig, and in Brooklyn, N. Y., as I see by your Journal) has commenced the season with the "Heroic Symphony." Your readers here are surprised at the lack of energy in Boston in getting up orchestral concerts. It seems very strange to outsiders that old Boston should not have a permanent orchestral society.

X.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., NOV. 28.—Our little village was highly favored last evening with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB of your city, assisted by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH, also from Boston. We could offer no pecuniary inducement to these artists for wandering so far from their usual course at this dreary season; but an old acquaintance with Mr. E. B. OLIVER, of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, was a motive which led them to respond to his wishes that we might hear some of the *genuine music* upon which you are feasted every winter. Our little hall was well filled with an audience, which, if all did not appreciate the music performed, had the good sense to refrain from preventing the enjoyment of others by whispering, &c., which, I regret to say, is too often indulged in here as elsewhere. Although several of the pieces were of a highly classical order, they were all listened to with apparent enjoyment and frequent applause. Among the best of the evening, were an Adagio from Mendelssohn's Second Quintet, in B flat; also an Adagio from one of

Beethoven's symphonies; Larghetto, Tema, &c., from Clarinet Quintet by Mozart; and one which afforded not by any means the least enjoyment was a Fantasia for Clarinet, on an original theme, by Mr. RYAN, one of the accomplished members of the Club. Mrs. Wentworth charmed her audience by her simplicity of manner, purity and sweetness of voice, especially in its higher tones. For us, who so seldom have a concert that we can enjoy, last evening must be reckoned as a bright spot in our existence, and we hope the taste of all who listened may be so elevated and refined, even by this morsel of the beautiful, that henceforth all negro melodies, jigs, "Pop goes the weasel," &c., may be banished from social and domestic performances. If sonatas, songs without words, and such beautiful compositions, could take the place of such trash, of the polkas and opera music now found upon most pianos, whose owners, alas! imagine themselves *musicians*, how different would be the influence of music in society, and upon the young, who now only listen when it calls to the dance. But we must take courage, and keep the Quintette Club busy every evening in our country towns and villages as much as possible, for if the people will hear with admiration and eagerness such music as they give, it is certainly a sign of better times coming.

ANDANTE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 5, 1857.

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

IV.

Passing over two elaborate songs: (No. 23) *The enemy said, I will pursue*, and (No. 24) *Thou didst blow with the wind*, in which the words *pursue* and *blow* furnish a key respectively to the musical treatment;—passing, also, the double chorus, *The earth swallowed them*, and the duet, *Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people* (30—32), we come to one of the most sublimely descriptive choruses (No. 33), *The people shall hear, and be afraid*. The agitated movement of the accompaniment, modulating wildly from E minor, gives the shuddering image of fear, which is kept up in the breathless, fragmentary utterance of the voices. *The inhabitants of Canaan*, is pronounced firmly by all the voices; but, *shall melt away*, is given in little vanishing fragments of melody by one voice-part at a time. These are long kept up, and imitated from voice to voice. *By the greatness of thy arm*, is given in long notes of solid harmony: *they shall be as still as a stone*, sing the basses in heavy unison, suddenly dropping down an octave; and as they lie there motionless and cold, the *passing over of the Lord's people*, group after group, begins, in little travelling phrases of melody, or short scale passages, now in the major and now in the minor, ascending all the time in some two or more of the voice-parts.

This is followed by a delicious, serene melody for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice, in the warm, spring-like, happy key of E: *Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established*. It breathes the grateful repose of a sweet and pious home feeling.

We have now reached the sublime close of the whole. Handel's strength has been steadily growing towards this climax. It consists of several

numbers. First, the sentence of plain and majestic double chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The words are first given in unison by altos and tenors, accompanied by the stately, ponderous tread of a ground bass; then they are answered, in a full blaze of vocal harmony and instrumentation, twice. This is, as it should be, in the key of C. Then a brief recitative (No. 36): *For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, . . . but the children of Israel went on dry land, &c.*: and then, again, the choral burden of: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN**, which represents the highest moment of a universal act of worship, all thoughts, all feelings absorbed in the thought of the Eternal. Then another sentence of recitative (38), telling how *Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances; and Miriam answered them.*

Finally, as if to raise expectation to the highest pitch, a single high soprano voice, with clear, silvery, clarion tones, delivers the first line of the great double chorus, *Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously!* reaching the highest note, which it prolongs, bright and firm and clear, on the first syllable of *gloriously*. And again bursts out in full chorus: **THE LORD SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.** The clarion voice of Miriam continues: *The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea, with a triumphant trill upon the note above the key note, which terminates the strain; and still again the choral outburst of: THE LORD SHALL REIGN!* after which the altos give out the fugue-subject, *For he hath triumphed gloriously*; its long, rolling cadence upon *gloriously* is thenceforth heard echoing about from one quarter to another of the vocal heavens, throughout the whole chorus; and, mingled with it, you hear short, spasmodic fragments:—"the horse," "and his rider," "hath he thrown." &c.; also, "a sober, chanting kind of countersubject" (as Dr. Burney calls it) on the words, *I will sing unto the Lord*, swells and subsides continually amid the roar and tempest of triumphal harmony. Once this gently-swelling, joyfully-solenn chant becomes the leading theme, and draws responses from all parts of the choir,—a pure heaven of serenest rapture, just before all the subjects are again brought together for a full and final close in the perfect accord of C. This is essentially a repetition of the opening chorus of the Second Part, and is by many esteemed Handel's greatest chorus. "The effects of this composition," says Dr. Burney, "are at once pleasing, grand, and sublime. Voices and instruments here have their full effect; and such is the excellence of this production, that, if Handel had composed no other piece, this alone would have rendered his name immortal among true lovers and judges of harmony."

As a whole, "Israel in Egypt" is one of giant Handel's mightiest works. We shall not say, in every sense, the mightiest. For colossal proportions, laid out as it is upon an immense scale; for bold conceptions, even exceeding the boldest of Michael Angelo in another art; for most triumphant execution; for power to keep the mind of the hearer strained up to its fullest comprehension of the sublime throughout so long a journey; for musical learning and invention, and strong application of creative will, this oratorio is perhaps unrivalled by any other work of music, or of any other art that will admit comparison.

But we cannot agree for a moment with those who call it greater than "The Messiah." The books of Moses are sublime; but who will say that Isaiah and the Gospels are not greater? "The Messiah" is as much a greater oratorio, as its theme is greater. It is the difference between Judaic and Christian; between the old dispensation of Power, and the new dispensation of Love; between the Old Bible love of Justice, and the New Testament justice of Love. The sublimity of "Israel in Egypt" is more material; that of "The Messiah" is more spiritual. One brings mighty miracles, as it were, palpably before us; the other utters the prophetic aspirations of the soul of all Humanity, and their fulfilment in Humanity's MESSIAH. This last, then, was the true predestined theme for Handel, for the culminating effort of his genius, up to which all his other oratorios, as well as his forty operas, and all before that, had been so deeply and broadly educating him. Necessarily, therefore, besides "Hallelujah" choruses, that theme required deep songs of love and grief and faith. "The Messiah" has more variety, and, as a work of Art, as well as sentiment, more unity. It is a wonderful, organic whole, vitally connected everywhere. "Israel in Egypt" is grand in detail; a succession of astounding pictures or events, wonderful, because the strength of the composer flags not to the end, but seems ready to begin again and build as many more such choruses as you will find him texts. In "Israel in Egypt," Handel is a mighty miracle-worker, a colossal strong man; in the "Messiah," he is the loving, deep interpreter of the best instincts and aspirations of the human soul,—a prophet of Humanity made one with Man, with Nature, and with God.

Liszt in Weimar.

The great pianist of ten or twenty years ago has now given up playing in public, and dedicates his life to composing grand works for the orchestra, and to bringing out new compositions of contemporary musical artists. His career has been a most wonderful one. For fifteen or twenty years he has gone through all the stages of an eccentric virtuoso, who is adored by the musical world, and receives all imaginable ovations from the princes, the aristocracy, and the people. During the same period he has composed a vast deal for the piano, but only his *arrangements* have won him reputation. Original creative power, to any extent, was denied to him. Ten years ago, when about thirty-five years of age, Liszt gave up the strolling life of a virtuoso, who at intervals had been heard in Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, and all the smaller cities on the continent, and settled in the quiet little town of Weimar, the residence of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the great literary centre of the Goethe and Schiller time, situated in the heart of the beautiful Thuringia. There he reigns supreme, a musical king in the midst of students, who flock to him, and visited almost daily by musicians, composers, artists, and poets from all parts of the world. He is on as intimate terms with the present Duke as Goethe was with the latter's grandfather, the celebrated Carl August, and has all the musical forces of Weimar at his command. Liszt is, as Ferd. Hiller, says, the great man "à la cour et à la ville." His influence is probably greater than that of any other musician now living.

During the first years of his residence in Weimar, Liszt took upon himself the herculean task of introducing the composer of the operas *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, the great innovator and reformer, RICHARD WAGNER, to musical Germany. Wagner himself, as chapel-master to the King of Saxony in Dresden, had failed in the production of his *Tannhäuser*, but Liszt succeeded beyond all measure. After five years, this same *Tannhäuser* was one of the most popular operas in Germany, and at present Wagner's reputation as a remarkable genius is scarcely disputed by those who attack many of his innovations. Liszt at the same time won himself a considerable name as a conductor and a most subtle musical critic.

For five years past, or more, Liszt has given himself up principally to composing for the Orchestra, and has proved a most astonishingly fertile writer. Up to this time he has composed about a dozen of so-called "Symphonic Poems," each of which is at least as long as the later symphonies of Beethoven, besides several masses, he being a Catholic, and a number of smaller compositions. His labors are on a gigantic scale.

As a composer, Liszt, like Wagner, takes the position of an innovator. As yet, he is praised principally by his immediate party, but evidently his reputation is fast gaining ground amongst the public at large. His last productions, the "Faust Symphony" and "The Ideals," after Schiller, which were performed first in September at the Goethe and Schiller festivities in Weimar, where the writer was present, have made a considerable impression. Most musical judges in Germany seem to admit that Liszt shows a great deal more creative power in his orchestral than in his former piano compositions, and his manner of treating the orchestra seems pretty generally to be looked upon as wonderful.

Liszt is a conglomeration of different nationalities: Hungarian by birth, French by education, and German in spirit. However opinions about him may differ in detail, he must be admitted to be one of the most marked individualities of the present age.

Musical Chat-Chat.

The letter from our New York correspondent in last week's paper speaks of a "stale performance" of the *Trovatore*: it should have been "star performance." A trick of the types, quite natural considering their great familiarity with the name *Trovatore*. . . . We are to have our first feast of classical Quartets and Quintets next Tuesday evening from the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who offer a rich programme (see announcement). The vocalist of the evening will be Mrs. HARWOOD, who has a splendid soprano voice, which she has been cultivating very assiduously under the instructions of Mme. ARNOULT, and who made quite a sensation in a concert of the Club last week at Jamaica Plain. The Quintette Club have lately given some very successful concerts in the Western part of the State, at Greenfield, Northampton, Pittsfield, &c., assisted by Mrs. E. A. WESTWORTH. . . . The "ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB" are practising the choruses which Mendelssohn composed to the "Edipus" of Sophocles, and will produce one or more of them at their next concert, on the 19th. The Orpheus also have it in contemplation to give a concert for the poor. . . . The performance of the "Messiah," the Saturday after Christmas, by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, will be for the benefit of the poor, and the proceeds of the concert will be added for that purpose to the funds of the Boston Provident Association.

Have we a Mus. Doc. among us? The Pennsylvania legislature, determined that there shall be plenty of them, have passed an act authorizing the Sacred Harmonic Society of Philadelphia to confer degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music; which authority they have at once proceeded to exercise (*autoritate eis commissâ*), by creating three musical doctors, viz. Messrs. L. MEIGNEN, W. H. W. DARLEY, and ADOLPH HONNSTOCK, all of Philadelphia. These gentlemen will officiate as professors in a course of thorough musical education to be organized under the auspices of the Society, which expects to turn out an annual crop of musical Baccalaureates. What if New York, Massachusetts, all the States, should follow the example, in order not to be behind their sister? The whole land would swarm with musical Doctors, as it does now with "Professors." But at all events, it is good to see a State as a State formally recognizing Music as an essential branch of a Republican education.

The Newport (R. I.) Musical Institute gave a concert on the evening of their anniversary, Nov. 20, for the benefit of the poor. Mr. EREN TOURJEE conducted, and an address was delivered by Col. CHAS. C. VAN ZANDT. A correspondent speaks in high terms of the performance of the *Quoniam* and *Dona Nobis* from Mozart's 12th Mass. as also lighter choruses, and a variety of English glees, quartets, songs, &c., which gave great pleasure to a well-filled house. . . . Mr. JOHN W. TUFTS, long time organist and teacher at Bangor, Me., has removed to Portland; and the latter city has gained one of the most earnest, well-informed, accomplished of our native musicians,—one truly high-toned and classical in his tastes. . . . PARODI, whom the newspapers certainly consigned to Europe by one of the steamers a few weeks since, has turned up again in Philadelphia this last week, where she has sung in one or more concerts with VIEUXTEMPS, ROCCO, Miss MILNER, and Mr. PERRIN.—The Germania Orchestra, now giving Afternoon Concerts there, under the direction of CARL SENTZ, numbers twenty-five performers, of whom, says our informant, "some have talent, while the majority are second or third rate. There are four 1st violins, two of which by their rough and harsh playing offend the ear, while the others would do credit to any orchestra. The second violins (two in number) seem to struggle through their parts with difficulty; which, with the very feeble Tenors, very effectually mars the strength and finish of the stringed instruments together. The Horn Player Mr. Rudolphsen, who is probably known to the Boston public does his part in his usual felicitous style—as for the rest of the Brass they manage to make noise enough to nearly drown the strings." They have performed movements from Beethoven's 5th and 8th Symphonies; overtures by Mendelssohn, Flotow, &c.; Polkas, waltzes, &c., &c. . . . A letter from Havana (Nov. 17) in the New Orleans *Picayune* states:

All the principal artists of Maretzek's troop have made their debut before the Havana public, in the two operas of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Il Barbiere di Sevilla*, and have been received with every mark of satisfaction. It is needless to say any thing of RONCONI, whose personation of the Figaro far surpasses any thing we have ever yet had in the Tacon. Miss PHILIPPS sang the part of Rosina with a great deal of taste, and, considering her short experience, her movements throughout the whole opera were very much admired. She is quite a favorite among the Habaneros, who greeted her with an abundance of bouquets. The theatre was crowded to an excess on each night, and no company that has ever yet visited Havana, has been, so far, so eminently successful. Seats in the parquette were selling among the outsiders for more than three times their cost, as none were to be had at the office twenty-four hours before.

Herr FORMES made his debut at the New York Academy last Monday night. The crowd was excessive, owing to the double attraction of the great German basso, and so rare an opera as *Robert le Diable*, of which the *mise en scène* on this occasion

was complete and splendid. Herr FORMES had a cold, but everybody seems to have been delighted with him and the whole performance. The same opera was repeated Wednesday and Friday evenings. The cast, if we except Herr FORMES, is not so much better than that of six years ago, when it was brought out at the Astor Place house. Compare the two:

Dec. 1857.	Dec. 1851.
ALICE Mme. De La Grange.	Mme. Steff-mone.
ISABELLA Miss Cairoli.	Mme. Bosio.
ROBERT Bignardi.	Bertini.
RAINBALT Labocetta.	Vicini.
BERTHIA Formes.	Marini.
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They announce as in rehearsal at the Academy that astounding novelty, *La Traviata*, and Flotow's *Martha*. . . . A new pianiste, Mme. MADELINE GREYER JOHNSON, from London and Paris, announces a Concert at Niblo's for Tuesday next. Madame will have an orchestra, led by Mr. EISEL, and will play Liszt's *Les Patineurs*, Litolff's third Concerto, and Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*.

See NOVELLO's advertisement for a fine list of Christmas Anthems, Songs, and Carols, beautifully printed and cheap. And for musical presents what can be better than Novello's elegant octavo editions of the Oratorios by Handel, Haydn, &c.? We have to thank the publisher for two new numbers of this series—namely a beautiful copy of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, tastefully bound in scarlet cloth, having both the original Latin and English words (the latter a paraphrase from Scripture texts and parts of the English service); and Spohr's Cantata: *God, thou art great*. The latter is short, 24 pages; but contains some of Spohr's finest choruses and the beautiful duet for alto and tenor: *Children, pray this love to cherish*. Novello is now issuing *Centenary* editions of all Handel's Oratorios and Cantatas in vocal score, for 1s. 6d., or 2s. each, "in order to facilitate the universal celebration of the Centenary commemoration of the great composer's death (in 1859). . . . The Providence papers are full of the praises of the new organ built for the Beneficent Congregational Society by the Messrs. Hook, of Boston, and of the masterly performances upon it by Mr. MORGAN of New York at the opening, a couple of weeks since. The *Traveller* has a most glowing letter about it, containing among other things this remarkable statement: "As a descriptive piece, it (Mr. Morgan's 'Storm') satisfies the imagination better than a similar scene in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven!"

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Translated for this Journal.

The Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

By ERNST VON ELTERLEIN.

BEETHOVEN, in his Sonatas, as in all his instrumental music, took his point of departure from Haydn and Mozart. But when he had arrived at greater maturity and independence, he forsook their paths, struck out new ways, new directions, raised the Sonata to higher importance both in form and matter, breathed into it a spirit wholly foreign to Mozart and Haydn, and, in a word, lent it that peculiar grandeur which, un-reached by others, challenges the unqualified admiration of the true friend of music. While Haydn and Mozart attached less importance to the piano Sonatas in comparison with their other instrumental compositions; while they appeared for instance always more significant in Symphonies and Quartets for strings, Beethoven entered most profoundly into this kind of music; he embodied an essential side of his genius in it; he appears about as great in it as in the Symphony and string Quartet,—a fact which has led HAND in his "Aesthetik der Tonkunst" to assert that Beethoven's peculiarity is chiefly to be recognized in his Sonatas. This is maintaining altogether too much, for the centre of gravity of the Beethoven music lies essentially in the Symphonies and Quartets; but it is true that for the fullest comprehension of the great genius the Sonatas form one of the most essential moments. It is precisely in the Sonatas that we most clearly recognize the steps of Beethoven's artistic development; in them, and only best in them, can we follow the unfolding of his genius to the point of perfect independence.

Beethoven, like every great mind, did not all

at once become what he was in his full bloom and maturity. We have already said, that in his Sonatas he at first walked in the paths of Haydn and Mozart, and only when he had traversed this sphere did he attain to self-sufficiency. This transition from greater or less self-reliance to fully pronounced individuality—certainly the most interesting psychological moment in the development of a great artist—is better shown in the Sonatas than in what Beethoven has created in the other kinds of music. Take, for instance, the Symphonies. Between the first and second on the one hand, which stand essentially upon the Haydn-Mozart standpoint, and the third, what a gulf! Who, after hearing the D major Symphony, has any presentiment of the gigantic build of the *Eroica*? Again what a bold and sudden stride from the Quartets op. 17, to the three of op. 59 (dedicated to Count Razoumofsky)! The examination of particular Sonatas on the contrary will show, how already in his earlier works the individuality of the master works itself out in single passages; how here and there, more and more, the later ripeness and greatness flash out lightning sparks.

If we approach the Sonatas now more nearly, we find, what has just been indirectly expressed, that these works belong partly to the epoch of the growing and becoming, partly to that of the matured artist. We have, then, in the Sonatas to distinguish a Haydn-Mozart period on the one hand, and a period of fully developed independent, individual creation. But this by no means exhausts the main points of view, under which we have to consider the Beethoven Sonatas. It is well known that Beethoven in the last years of his artistic career withdrew more and more within himself; that he, partly from outward, partly from inward influences, isolated his soul's life, cultivated and increased his subjectivity, his inmost self, up to a point, where the artist, torn entirely free from all objective life and all objective moods, appears an isolated being and reveals an individuality developed to the very extreme within itself. This marks the last or third period of the Beethoven creations; it is distinctly cognizable also in his Sonatas. These three principal periods are strikingly characterized by BRENDL in his lectures on the History of Music thus: "The first, in which Beethoven, while his peculiarities stand out decidedly, yet on the whole, in the character and style of his compositions, approaches Haydn (and Mozart, we might add); the second, where his direction appears fully stamped, and Beethoven meets us in his sound and proper nature; the third, where for the most part only the mental states of a complete recluse, estranged from all human intercourse, are represented;—the period

of his sickly" (this seems to us to need considerable qualification) "subjectivity, turned back upon itself."

But as regards the Sonatas especially, we must, to recognize them quite distinctly in their peculiarity, assume still another, a transition period from the first to the second epoch, as has before been hinted; for we find among them works, which already stand so far out from the first epoch and approach so near the second, as to form a peculiar group by themselves.

Finally there are among the Sonatas some productions, which seem to lie even before the first period, and which, in comparison with the more completed works, may be regarded as mere attempts of the as yet far from self-sustaining youth and pupil; pieces in which we find not the slightest trace of the Beethoven that already shines out here and there in the Haydn-Mozart period. The result is that we have found five several groups of Sonatas.

[To be continued.]

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schöelcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 283.]

Towards the end of 1703, the opera was undertaken by Keiser and Driisike, and under their auspices Handel's *Almira* and *Nero* were brought out—the last two plays in which Mattheson acted. He of course could not be mistaken in the reception they met with. He does not say that the former was "very successful," as M. Schöelcher has it, but simply that Handel "produced it happily;" and to Mainwaring's story that it ran thirty nights, he says: "There were but forty-eight days between the two [*Almira* and *Nero*]—at the most, seven weeks. In the seven weeks were seven Sundays, seven Saturdays, fourteen Post-days—Marien and festival-days not counted. Where, then, can you get the thirty representations which he will have it the *Almira* had uninterruptedly?" That it was not very successful, is fully proved by the fact that in the succeeding year Keiser set the same text again to music, and brought it out. Of *Nero*, we never hear again.

We explain the matter thus: Keiser was altogether the greatest operatic composer of his time, as well as one of the most fertile. He had already had the experience which the production of thirty operas upon the Hamburg stage alone could give him, when he allowed the young fugue-writer and organist, Handel, to produce two works. They did not meet with such success as could warrant him in producing more from the same pen. Besides this, to the *Florindo* and *Daphne* there was a particular objection, which the following note by Eschenburg to Burney's "Commemoration," will explain:

"These two operas, in fact, belong together. In the last, the fable of the former is continued, and in the preface to them, [the theatre libretto, doubtless,] it is stated that on account of the great length of the music, the whole has in this manner been divided into two parts."

So long, therefore, as Keiser and Drüsike had the opera, Handel's work lay upon the shelf; but upon their failure, and a change in the direction, it was brought out with doubtless pretty feeble success.

These views, and some other points sustaining them, we find so well given by Dr. Lindner, in his "Die erste stehende Deutsche Oper," that we can not forbear translating a page:

"People generally," says he, "when they speak of the German opera at Hamburg, fall into the error of speaking of Handel and Keiser in one breath as equals; indeed it has gone so far that here and there Handel has had attributed to him a very powerful and reformatory influence upon this opera. This is altogether wrong. Not only was Keiser much earlier there, but from the very first had exhibited such a talent and perfection as operative composer, that not only must we give him alone the credit for all that was especially good in the Hamburg opera, but, upon closer examination, it appears clear that it was mainly through his works that the rough diamond which Handel brought with him thither, received its first polish. When the latter came to Hamburg, he was in the habit of setting 'very long, long arias, and really endless cantatas, which had neither true proportions nor correct taste, although the harmony was perfect,' and when he set his first opera, *Almira*, he hardly knew how to set about it. As, at that time, according to Mattheson, he knew how to do hardly any thing but to make regular fugues; and as imitation was as new to him as a strange tongue, and therefore as perplexing and annoying, he was in the habit of showing this first opera to Mattheson, scene by scene, and coming to him every evening for his opinions. To hide the pedant, cost him great pains. This may be, as we have said, literally the fact; especially when we consider that the few operas which Handel, in the succeeding years, composed for the Hamburg theatre, had even less success than the *Almira*, which itself two years later was placed completely in the back-ground by the new music with which Keiser had clothed it. When, however, Mattheson adds to his relation of these circumstances: 'Let nobody wonder at this—I learned from him as he did from me—docendo enim discimus,' he evidently makes too much of his influence upon Handel. For if Handel was very soon made another man through the influence of the high school of the opera, as he says in another place, this was doubtless due mostly to the numerous and constantly occurring new works of Keiser. A proof of this may be seen in the musical appendix to this work, in the masterly alto air [by Keiser] from *La Forza della Virtù*, (1700); but another and the best is found in the score of Handel's *Almira* itself. The airs, and particularly the German airs of that work, are so thoroughly in the style of Keiser, that some of them may be viewed as copies. They have nothing at all original in them, and show clearly, how Handel, during the early part of his dramatic activity, followed the school of Keiser, and at first was completely subject to him. Afterwards, no doubt, Italy, and his intimate acquaintance with Steffani, wrought very beneficially in many respects, upon him."

But we continue our examination of Mr. Schöelcher's able work:

"We have also to regret the cantatas, the sonatas, and a great quantity of vocal and instrumental music which the author of *Almira* composed at Hamburg. Mainwaring says: 'Two chests full were left at Hamburg.'—Schöelcher, page 37. Note.

Mattheson says to this:

"We Hamburgers have until now, (1761.) never heard of these two chests. In Wich's music-book for 1761, are two minuets and half an air. That is all."

Again Mr. Schöelcher:

"He first of all turned his steps [upon leaving Hamburg] toward Florence, in which city we may conclude that he arrived about the month of July, 1766, having resided three years at Hamburg." Page 38, and Note.

Mr. Schöelcher's discoveries in the manuscripts of Handel seem conclusive of the fact that the

composer was in Italy in 1707, at the latest, and that Mattheson was the victim of a most extraordinary *lapsus memorie*. As a matter of curiosity, we will collect a few of his assertions upon this point:

"On the 25th of February, (1705,) followed the *Nero*. * * * * Handel remained still four to five years connected with our opera, and had, moreover, very many pupils."—Ehrenpforte, p. 95.

"In 1708, he finished the *Florindo*, as well as the *Daphne*, which, however, did not compare with the *Almira*. Anno 1709, he composed nothing. Thereupon he had an opportunity of making a journey free, with von Binitz,* into Italy, where in the year 1710, in the winter, at Venice, upon the stage of San Giov. Chrisostomo, he produced his *Agrippine*, in which—when it was performed eight years afterwards in the Hamburg Theatre—people not unjustly imagined they found very striking imitations of original passages in *Porsenna*." (!) (The joke here is, that *Porsenna* is an opera produced by Mattheson, in 1702.)—Ehrenpforte, page 95.

"On the 9th of June, [July?] 1703, he (Mattheson) made the acquaintance of Handel at an organ," etc.; then follows the journey to Lübeck, and their playing for a wager, Handel winning upon the organ, and Mattheson upon the harpsichord. "So they agreed not to stand in each other's way—an agreement which they faithfully kept five or six years."—Lebensbeschreibung Handels, page 22.

"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. * * * * After his six years' stay in Hamburg, we leave this celebrated man to the Italians and English; not believing, however, that the moon is made of green cheese."—Ibid., page 33. Note.

"Anno 1709, at the time of his departure from Hamburg, Handel was over twenty-five years of age."—Ibid., page 45. Note.

"In that year, [1710,] he produced his *Agrippine* at Venice, and in 1709, he was not yet away from Hamburg."—Ibid., page 61.

But enough—perhaps too much of this.

"Hawkins pretends—and some other biographers have repeated after him—that the Abbe Steffani voluntarily resigned this post [capellmeistership to George of Hanover] in his favor; but it has been observed, with truth, (?) that Steffani, who was a Catholic priest, could not have held such a position under a Protestant Prince."—Schöelcher, page 46.

Hawkins's History appeared in 1776. We think we can show authorities earlier than that for the statement. Let us look into Mattheson's list of Hamburg operas, (1728.)

"Anno 1695, No. 64. *Der Hochmüthige Alexander*, music by Sigre. Steffani, at that time Capellmeister in Hanover, afterwards Abbé, and finally Bishop."

In Marpur's list of German operas, 1758, is the same. In Forkel's *Musikalische Almanac*, Leipzig, 1784, is a sketch of the life of Steffani, introduced by the following note: "This account of the life of one of the greatest of men in the musical profession, whose treatise, '*Quanta certezza habbia la Musica ne suoi principii*,' and masterly duets, by real judges, are still greatly valued, is copied from the *Hamburg Journal*, 1764." We copy a passage or two from the sketch:

"Ernst August, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, father of George I., King of Great Britain, invited him to Hanover, to take upon himself the office of Kapellmeister."—Almanac, page 171.

In 1710, the Pope made him Bishop of Spiga, in the Spanish West-Indies. He remained, however, in Hanover.

"Steffani was henceforth looked upon in general as a statesman. Hence he no longer attached his name to his musical works; but his copyist, Gregorio Piva, had to place his upon them. In the year 1708, he gave up his Kapellmeistership fully. This he did principally for the benefit of Herr Handel, to whom we are indebted for the most of what we know about Steffani."—Ibid., page 175.

* Mattheson records Handel's journey with Von Binitz also in another place.

It is as well proved that Steffani was Kapellmeister to the Elector, as that Handel ever was, although a Catholic.

"How it came to pass that he [Thomas Britton] learned to play the viola di gamba, is not known; but he played upon it," etc. Note, to this. "It is therefore an error to suppose that the viola di gamba was introduced into England by Attilio in 1721."—Schöelcher, page 58.

Very decidedly an error, unless when Shakespeare makes Sir Toby Belch say of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "He plays o' the Viol-de-Gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book," it only proves the existence of that instrument—in Illyria! What is the six-string bass, in Mace's "chests of viols," which is to be "set Down between the *Culres* of your *Legs* and *Knees*; so, as by *Them*. It may stand steadily without Help of your Left Hand, and so fast, that a *Stander-by* can not easily take It Thence," but the viola di gamba?—Musick's Monument, fol. London, 1676. Page 247.

If there should be any doubt as to the instrument referred to by Mace, there can be none upon that for which John Playford gives several pages of Instructions. He calls it *viol de gambo*, and prefixes a picture of the instrument. See his "Introduction to the Skill of Musick, 16mo. London, 1674."—Page 91, *et seq.*

Handel, it seems, (Schöelcher, page 40.) introduced one of these instruments into his *Resurrezione*; but he was surpassed by his great contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, as appears by a manuscript cantata in Dr. Mason's Library, entitled, "Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit," scored for two flutes, two violle di gamba, soprano, alto, tenor, basso, and fundamento."

"A Hanoverian Baron named Kilmanseck, a great admirer of Handel, and a friend of George I., undertook to bring them together again," etc.—the famous story of the water-music.—Schöelcher, page 61.

Query. Whether the mediator, or rather mediatrix, was not George's mistress, the Kilmansege—known as "La Baronne"?

[To be continued.]

THE BALLET.

What a 'wondering sight, what a maze of delight;

Was ever anything like it?—

Ambient swarms of fairy-like forms,
Beauty and grace of figure and face,

Exquisite grouping,

Delicate drooping,

Rocket-like rising,

Briskness surprising,

Boundings aerial,

Drapery airy scant at each end;

Gauzy material,

Scarcely betraying where flesh and frock blend;

Muslin and dimity,

Half-hidden symmetry,

Ribands and roses,

Passionate poses,

Lithe shapes revolving,

Clusters dissolving,

Ever fresh beauties artistic unfold,

Limbs neat and tapering

Volatile capering,

A living labyrinth rare to behold,—

Oh!—what a vision of charming confusion,

Simple and complex, all at a glance;

Half a reality—half an illusion,

Such is the mystic and magical dance.

Whirling, twirling,

Skiping, tripping,

Flashing, dashing,

In merriest measure;

Circumrotations,

Supple saltations,

Daring gyrations,

Perennial pleasure!

The ballet!—we'll call it—mild metaphor spurning—
A human kaleidoscope, constantly turning.

Courier.

From my Diary, No. 15.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25.—Suppose a case. John Strong has studied an elementary work or two on Chemistry, has heard a course or two of lectures at some college, and with certain acids, alkalies, a red cabbage for coloring, a few salts, a small air pump to be used in suffocating a kitten and extinguishing a candle, a few bell glasses, receivers, and other like apparatus, is a very acceptable addition to the force of instructors in the school for boys in Snuggville. John Strong saves a little money, and, honestly wishing to make himself more worthy of the name of Chemist, crosses the water, and spends a year in Goettingen with Woehler. He is industrious, perhaps has even more than ordinary ability, and at the end of the year prepares a thesis, which, being here and there corrected and touched up by a competent person, really becomes quite a creditable affair to him, and he gets a diploma from the institution.

Suppose, moreover, that a young fellow in Woehler's laboratory should write a letter to the *American Mining Journal*, or *Silliman's Journal of Science*—and it should be printed—in which we should read how the said thesis was read in public, what dignitaries of the University were present, how Woehler himself assisted in the experiments performed, and, in short, what an immense affair it was generally. Then should follow a flaming account of the thesis itself, illustrating American Chemistry in Goettingen by a minute analysis of its contents, and showing what wonderful discoveries John Strong has made, and what remarkable manipulations John Strong has performed. Then our letter writer closes by informing us that John Strong has not confined himself to any one branch of his science, but is equally great in organic, analytic, and chemistry of other "ies"; that he has received the most flattering testimonials from Woehler, from Heinrich Rose, and Mitscherlich—these two he saw during a flying visit to Berlin—and that Liebig, who glanced over his thesis at Munich, the day John Strong was there, closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European discoveries and improvements in Chemistry, as Mr. Strong can furnish his country with original essays and papers corresponding to the progress which the science has made in the old world."

No one can be at a loss to conceive what effect such a letter would have upon the reputation of John Strong in the minds of such men as Professors Gibbs, Whitney, Joy, Horsford, Hungerford, and others, who, having spent years of laborious study in the laboratories of Rose, Woehler, Liebig, Mitscherlich, know what is absolutely required of a man before he can pretend to lay claim to the name of Chemist. John Strong might well most devoutly exclaim, "Lord, save me from my friends!"

Kind and friendly criticism of a young man's efforts in science or art, judicious notices in the public prints of his labors, the right hand of fellowship offered him by such as have already achieved distinction, a compliment here and there when deserved—these are most desirable and beneficial in their influence upon the young aspirant. But when praise degenerates into flattery, and compliment is carried to absurdity, the would-be friend is in fact little better than an enemy.

On my way from New York hither I amused myself with the perusal of several numbers of the *New York Musical World*, and found in one of them a letter which has given rise to this entry in my diary. It is an account of the performance of a psalm or cantata at Leipzig by an American musical student, who had been there one year, and is written in a style which might properly be adopted had the work been some newly discovered treasure from the pen of Mozart, Bach, or Beethoven.

I read the letter two or three times, in doubt

whether to consider it a quiz, a puff extraordinary, or an honest expression of opinion. I could hardly place it in the first category, happening to know that the name signed to it is that of an English student of music in Leipzig. Without undertaking to decide the point, I will quote one passage:

"Mr. —, who has not confined himself to vocal composition, but has written several instrumental quartets and overtures, &c., has been honored with a diploma from the Leipzig Conservatorium of Music, and has received the most flattering testimonials from Kapelle Meister Rietz, the Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts; Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer; Dr. Hauptmann, Dr. Richter, and Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer, who closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European compositions, as Mr. — can furnish his country with original works corresponding to the progress which this art has made in the Old World."

One feels inclined to query how venerable old "Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer," or "Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer,"—the one in Cassel, the other in Weimar—could have become so well acquainted with the extraordinary merits of a student of a year's standing in the Leipzig Conservatorium? In fact, many questions arise, not easily answered.

Now, for aught I know, the Cantata of Mr. Blank may be the greatest work since Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and his genius resplendent as the unclouded sun; but if he knows the difference between rational commendation and absurd overdoing of the matter, his aspiration may well be—

"Lord save me from P. Wright!"

First Appearance of Carl Formes in New York.

(From the *Courier & Enquirer*, Dec. 2.)

CARL FORMES made his first appearance on Monday evening before an audience larger than any ever seen within the walls of the Academy of Music, except those which gathered against and in support of Mayor Wood during the past week. There were some elements of discord in this immense throng. Madame LA GRANGE was hissed on two or three occasions, but certainly by those who do not in any way represent New York appreciation of the unwearying exertions of this excellent lady and admirable artist. These expressions of spite were soon hushed, and the evening passed off very pleasantly, Madame La Grange singing the music of Alice excellently well.

Herr Formes showed himself to be a greater artist than, with all his reputation, we had expected to find him. His voice is plenteous in quantity, beautiful in quality: it is a pure bass; but he does not roar, he sings; and as an actor he has had no equal among the operatic artists who have preceded him. We notice with surprise some comparison made between him and Marini,—a coarse bawler, whose only recommendation was a loud, but harsh, hard, unsympathetic voice. Formes produces his impression not by the strength of his voice, although he has more than any basso yet heard here; nor by its compass, though we should say he had at command two clear octaves and more, from E flat below to F above; it is his intelligent use of this noble organ which must win him the admiration of all cultivated lovers of music. The grace and ease with which he passes from note to note, no matter what the interval, or whether with full or half voice, the delicate modulation of his tones, and ever varying graduation of his volume of sound, the precision and firmness of his execution, the unerring truth of his intonation, his expressive style—every inflection having an intelligent purpose;—and above all the pure and flowing method of vocalization which he constantly exhibits, place him in the first rank of the eminent lyric artists that have visited us within the last few years.

Herr Formes has a fine presence, being rather tall and well made, with an expressive face, which, when not made up for Bertrand, must be pleas-

ing, if not handsome. In this making up, too, he shows his quality. He does not distort his visage and make it so hideous that Robert as well as every other human being must look at it with a mixture of horror and mirth, which is the fashion of other Bertrands: he only marks it in such a manner that his own efforts to throw a cynical and sardonic expression into it may be aided, and then trusts to his own control of mind and feature. In his hands the part of Bertrand has dignity and power. His manner is marked by the farthest possible remove from extravagance, both in acting and in singing; and, indeed, the impression that he constantly produces is that of ample, self-contained, reserved power. The Germans may well be proud of him; but so may the Italians, whose language he enunciates so finely; for although his artistic intelligence is Northern, his artistic feeling has the warm tone of the sunny South. He was quite ill on this occasion; but although he may hereafter sing with more spirit and force, he showed, even under such depressing circumstances, the high quality and the completeness of his artistic power. There was a part of his voice, including two or three upper notes, which he did not on this evening deliver as freely as became his "royal mouth." The defect may possibly be permanent and inherent, or we perhaps must attribute it to the state of his health. We look with most pleasurable expectations for his appearance in other operas and in oratorio.

The management deserve credit, under the circumstances, for the manner in which this very exacting opera was put upon the stage. Its demands, especially in the third act, are always greater than our American resources can supply.

The New Basso.

[From the *New York Musical World*.]

It is now some fifteen or sixteen years since Herr Formes left his native place Mülheim, a small town near the Rhine, about an hour's travel from Cologne. In this town he had tried various humble avocations; first as shoe-maker, then as beer brewer, then as sexton. But on fairly attaining his manhood he discovered that he had a voice, and consequently left for Cologne, where he took lessons of the then celebrated German Basso Oehrlein—who, by the way, has been for some years in this country, has appeared sometimes in German opera, has sung in several of our city Catholic churches, and has now left, we believe, with Mlle. Vestval's company. Oehrlein lost his voice and celebrity, while his pupil Formes retained his voice and more than succeeded to his master's reputation.

Oehrlein had great difficulty at first with Formes, who at that time was very heavy and stupid, and destitute of all manner and address. But the voice of Formes was so fine, and improved so much under cultivation, that he soon began to take subordinate parts in opera. Despite his awkwardness and lack of polish, his fine voice made its own way with the public; he began to take more important parts, to sing in concerts, and finally received the offer of an engagement at the opera in Vienna, which he accepted. But, joining the revolutionists of 184—, he was obliged to leave Vienna and return again for a short time to Cologne, whence he went to London with a German company. Here he has remained ever since, and has gradually been growing in public favor and in celebrity.

In respect of voice, Formes is not what he once was. Aside from the general failure of tone, however, a marked defect is now apparent in his faulty intonation. He is sometimes nearly half a tone out of the way. But the great volume of his voice, and its unusual depth, excites the admiration of the audience and carries him through. On his first appearance at the Academy on Monday evening, he dropped, several times, to E flat, and sustained the tone firmly and fully.

Robert Le Diable was an opera for our German population, and the Germans were there on Monday evening in immense numbers. From "Paradise" to parquet, the house was crowded to excess. The opera opened not over-felicitously: the finely-fugued overture and the first chorus

showed lack of drill. Formes, on entering with Brignardi, was handsomely received by the audience. It was soon evident, that although Formes is undoubtedly a great Basso, (in respect of voice,) he was not, and could never have been, an accomplished singer. He studied but a very short time, and then was left to his own taste. He therefore lacks style and school, and seems to be deficient in ear. Still, as the *biggest* voice, probably, that we have yet had in this country, his arrival here is an event.

Madame De Lagrange accepts largely of the charity of the audience in her performance of the part of *Alice*, in the *sostenuto* music of which (requiring a perfectly steady and reliable tone) her entirely unmanageable tremulousness is most painful to a cultivated ear. Madame's best musical friends (among whom we reckon ourselves) cannot but concede that this great singer is no longer herself, except in florid, rapid, and highly executive music. The changes undertaken in Meyerbeer's music, on the present occasion, were also something which no person of musical culture could approve.

Signor Brignardi as *Robert* was so-so-ish. Signor Labocetta as *Raimbault* was extremely good, in fact the best of all. Mlle. Cairol got through much better than she at first promised, and was deservedly applauded.

There was much curtailment and disarrangement of the opera. The second act was thrown out of its place and merged with the fourth act, both being curtailed and foreshortened. The third act was also cut into two separate acts, and shortened at that.

The graveyard scene lacked graves and tombstones. The ghosts, therefore, were denied the privilege of rising out of them, and had to walk out from behind the scenes. The change of ghosts into nymphs, which abroad is usually accomplished by machinery, the ghostly dress being whisked off like a flash of lightning, had here to be accomplished by the poor ghosts themselves—with their own hands. The times are hard, however; and it is not strange that even the ghosts have to undress *themselves*.

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE.—No. II, THEATRE LYRIQUE, OF PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 16.—It is getting uncomfortably cold in Paris. Fuel is dear, candles ditto, and in my little room *au quatrième* the nights are dismal and dreary. At such times I seek refuge in Paradise!

Do not be startled at this sacrilegious assertion. Paris (which many folks think is after all but an abbreviation for Paradise) goes to the theatre every night, and that part of Paris that cannot afford to pay for its boxes, or stalls, or seats d'orchestre, goes away up to the amphitheatre—generally a hot, uncomfortable place—which, with a Mark Tapley style of jocularity, it calls "Paradise."

The charges of admission to Paradise vary from fifty cents down to fifteen; and, inconsistent as it may appear, the fifteen cent Paradise of the *Theatre Lyrique* is vastly more cool and comfortable than its more expensive competitor of the *Grand Opéra*. The operas are given in excellent style, and consequently the *Theatre Lyrique* is one of the principal places of resort. Of course I patronize Paradise, for the monetary panic at New York has, I fear, affected the savings bank where is deposited my fifty dollars, on the interest of which I am travelling through Europe. So, you perceive, economy is advisable on my part.

There is probably no portion of Paris more intensely Parisian than the Boulevards du Tem-

ple, where stand in one block all the minor theatres of the city—the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Theatre de la Gaieté*, *des Folies Dramatiques*, *Funambules*, and others. At night the fronts of all these places of entertainment are brilliantly illuminated, and the wide *trottoir*, with its double row of trees, and its innumerable booths for the sale of refreshments, is crowded with people waiting in regular lines two abreast, before each theatre, for the opening of the doors. The policemen (all, as usual, looking like Louis Napoleon) are ubiquitous, and immediately noticeable, by their uniform, and cocked hats; there are also a few soldiers in military uniform pacing before the doors, with their brazen helmets flashing in the gaslight. There is no confusion in this scene. Every new comer quietly takes his place at the end of the *queue*, and when the doors are opened, marches in regularly and slowly, there never being allowed any of the crushing and crowding that invariably attends a similar occurrence in the States or Great Britain.

The *Theatre Lyrique* is the first you meet, as you come from the Boulevard St. Martin, and is the only one whose exterior can lay any claim to architectural beauty. This theatre was built in 1846 by Alexander Dumas, the novelist, and was opened under the name of *Theatre Historique*, though devoted to the drama in all its forms. The front is narrow, but tastefully designed, and as we take our place in the *queue* (which all must do, no matter what part of the house they patronize), we have leisure to inspect it at a distance. The entrance is flanked by two couples of fluted Ionic columns, and two caryatides, representing Tragedy and Comedy, support the flat architrave of the entrance. Above this entablature is a vast semicircular niche, flanked by caryatides, representing Hamlet and Ophelia and the Cid and Chimena; these support a circular pediment, adorned with a winged statue of the Genius of History. The interior of the large niche is handsomely frescoed, and quite a miscellaneous assemblage of distinguished persons are gathered there, including Poetry, Comedy and Tragedy, hand in hand, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Seneca, Shakspeare, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Schiller, Talma, Nourrit, Gluck, Mehul, Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, Terence, Molière, Goethe, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Regnard, Marivaux, Mlle. Mars, Mozart, and Gretry. In other compartments there are scenes from various plays and operas both classic and modern.

While looking at this, we are frequently interrupted by a pertinacious creature, who wants to sell "*Vert-vert pour quinze centimes—trois sous*," this "*Vert-vert*" being a little newspaper, containing the list of performances for that evening in all the theatres of the city, with the names of performers; for in Paris and in the English theatres they have no programmes for gratuitous distribution as with us. In London and Dublin women sell the programmes in the street for a penny, and in Paris you are offered for three sous the same, with the addition of a page or so of the latest theatrical and musical gossip.

At last there is a slight movement ahead, and slowly the doors of the theatre absorb the waiting crowd, who as quietly distribute themselves in the different parts of the house. Wherever they go there is a Louis Napoleon-like policeman. He stands by the ticket seller (a lady) and by the ticket taker; he is ubiquitous, very observant, but very polite.

A female attendant shows you to a seat, and takes care of your hat for a son, and then you are at liberty to observe the interior of the house. It is very peculiar, being elliptical in form, twenty metres in breadth, and only sixteen in depth, by which arrangement every part of the house is quite near the stage. The general decorations consist of garlands of fruits and flowers on a white ground, while the hangings and cushions are of red damask. There are three tiers of boxes, while directly behind the highest, and at a sufficient elevation to place the occupants above the range of the heads in front of them, is the amphitheatre, alias Paradise. The ceiling has been frescoed in the usual conventional style, with colonnades, and festoons, and Muses; but all these works of art are almost obliterated by time and smoke. The building is chiefly lighted by two glass chandeliers, so disposed as not to intercept the view from any part of the house.

The proscenium is quite plain, surmounted by the arms of the country, while on frescoed panels directly above are the names of Mozart, Gretry, Dalayrac, and Cherubini. Over either of the handsome Corinthian façades of private stage boxes are the names of Gluck and Lully, while on the front of the balustrade of the lower tier are those of Boieldieu, Weber, Herold, and Bellini. The drop curtain is a conventional affair, representing half-raised drapery and a perspective of landscape. The *salle* is on the whole one of the most comfortable and social of all the Parisian theatres.

The operas generally produced here are those of French composers, and here all the rising young musicians have their earlier efforts brought before the public; the stage is at the same time a sort of preparatory school for the Opera Comique and Grand Opera, and as all these establishments belong to government, their interests never clash. Most of the modern French artists have debuted at the *Theatre Lyrique*. Marie Cabel, the reigning star of the Opera Comique, first appeared here, and Roger, the tenor, also once belonged to this troupe, then was promoted to the Opera Comique, and now holds the first position in the Grand Opera de l'Académie de Musique, the highest professional rank a French singer can attain.

Yet, notwithstanding that the *Theatre Lyrique* is a training school for artists, the performances there are by no means wanting in skill and effect. The orchestra is excellent, and the *mise en scène* exhibits all the perfection for which the Parisian theatres are in this respect so famed. The first time I attended this establishment, Weber's *Oberon* was the opera; and I have never heard the splendid overture better done, while the scenic effects were really surprising. The character of Rezia was assumed by Mme. CAMBARDI, a powerful dramatic singer, and a favorite here, while that of Huon was by MICHOT, a tenor who deserves a more extensive fame than he has yet achieved. But I have noticed that the tenor singers at the Opera in Paris are far superior to the *prime donne*. I have not yet heard since leaving New York a prima donna who can at all compare with that modern Cecilia, Anna de Lagrange, but in such minor theatres as the *Lyrique* we hear nightly tenors who in the States would eclipse the popularity of Brignoli himself.

Between the acts we will stroll outside, and as we leave the theatre with a number of seekers

after fresh air, we become aware of an excitement. There is a great noise, and the shrieking of men and women on the wide *trottoir*; but, notwithstanding the dire confusion, be assured it is no new revolution—merely the vendors of drinks and fruits inviting the passers by to partake of their good fare. If you listen a few moments, you will distinguish the words that old woman with the strange headdress is bawling out, as she points to her glasses of lemonade; and as you approach she will honor you with a special cry of:

Monsieur, veut-il quelque-chose a b-o-i-r-e?, dwelling on the last word with a howl, as of a person in great agony.

Immediately a vender of pears will poetically respond from a neighboring booth:

Monsieur, veut-il manger un p-o-i-r-e? and so the antiphonal howling will be piercing your ears till you return to Paradise.

The repertoire of the Theatre Lyrique includes, I believe, all the operas of Weber; and his *Oberon* and *Euryanthe* are especial favorites here. On my second visit I heard the latter opera most excellently given, with Mlle. AMELIE REX, a new debutante, and that superb tenor, MARCHOT, in the chief rôles. You have no idea how often new debutantes appear upon this stage. They are usually selected from the more promising members of the chorus, learn a few rôles, and after performing them at the Lyrique a few times, are sent off to the provincial theatres, whence in a few years they will return to Paris, and, if of sufficient ability, are engaged at the Opera Comique. When superannuated, they draw a pension from government. There is a ballet corps connected with the Lyrique, and in *Euryanthe* these votaries of Terpsichore dance to the music of Weber's well-known *Invitation à la Danse*, which has been arranged for the orchestra by BERLIOZ. The ballet corps are also educated with a view to promotion to the Opera Comique and Grand Opera, and likewise in old age receive pensions from the government.

The performances are generally preceded by some little comic operetta of one act, usually without chorus, and employing only three or four characters. *M. Griffard*, by Méstapes, is the name of one of these pretty little musical farces, which are rendered by the second class singers of the troupe; and generally the house does not fill up till the commencement of the more elaborate opera, the chief attraction of the evening. At present, *Morgot*, a new opera, in three acts, by M. Louis Clapisson, alternates at the Theatre Lyrique with *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 8.—Decidedly the greatest success here in the operatic line for some years, or at least since the famous Sontag Troupe, is the production of *Roberto Il Diavolo* by the company now performing at the Academy. I mean success in the largest, fullest sense, not merely in the number of representations and large audiences, but also in respect of quality as to what is given, and the manner in which it is given. Mr. ULMANN certainly deserves our hearty thanks for producing this noble work in so acceptable a manner.

Herr FORMES comes the nearest to my ideal of a truly great artist of any male singer I have

ever heard. What a ponderous voice! and yet how smooth and flexible! How attentive to all the details and business of his part, yet without stiffness or any seeming effort! One feels so grateful for the exquisite pleasure afforded, that an attempt at fault-finding is disagreeable. Of course it is necessary to hear and see an artist in different characters to be able to judge of his breadth and scope.

How I long to hear his noble voice in "Elijah"! I shall be greatly surprised if Herr Formes does not create a breeze among your oratorio-loving people. *La Traviata* is to succeed *Robert* after Wednesday. BELLINI.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The programme of the second winter concert at the Crystal Palace comprised a Symphony in G by Haydn, the piano Concerto in C minor by Mozart, a Scherzo (G minor) by Mendelssohn, the overture to "Tell"; Balfe's song: "Come into the garden, Maud," Brahms's "Death of Nelson" song, and Thalberg's "Home" fantasia. Miss Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and Charles Abraham the singer.... "St. Paul" and the "Creation" were the oratorios performed by Mr. Hullab's "first upper singing school" at St. Martin's Hall, in the last two months.... The Sacred Harmonic Society have given the first of a series of "great vocal rehearsals," having for their object the keeping in continual practice of the Metropolitan contingent of the chorus which sang at the late Handel Festival, and which is to sing at the Grand Commemoration in 1859. Mr. Costa conducted. This was the programme:

Anthem—"We will rejoice".....Croft.
Chorus—"Tu es sacerdos" (in G).....Leo.
Anthem—"I will arise".....Creighton.
Chorus—"Righteous Heaven" (Susanna)....Handel.
Anthem—"We have heard with our ears"....Palestrina.
"In thee, O Lord".....Weldon.
Chorus—"Pignus future" (from the Litany in B flat).....Mozart.
Madrigal—"In going to my lonesome bed"....Edwards.
"Thyrsis, sleepest thou?".....Bennett.
"April is in my mistress' face"....Morley.
"Fair shepherds' queen".....Marenzio.
"Thus saith my Chloris".....Wilbye.

The regular concerts were to commence Nov. 27, with Haydn's Third Mass, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and Spohr's "Last Judgment."

The Opera Buffa, at the St. James's Theatre is treating the Londoners to a pleasant course of light and sparkling novelties. On the 14th ult. Donizetti's *Il Comanello* was the piece, the libretto being a literal rendering, by Donizetti himself, of the French vaudeville, *La Sonnette de Nuit*. This was succeeded by *Crispino e la Comare*, an opera by Luigi and Frederico Ricci. The names of the principal singers in the first piece are Mlle. Cesarini, Sig. Ferrario and Sig. Galli; in the second, Mme. Fumagalli, Signor Giorgetti, (a tenor, "with a beautiful and sympathetic voice"), and Sigs. Carione (as the cobbler), Castelli and Carnevali (as the rival doctors), who sang a trio *buffo*, which was uproariously encored.

M. JULLIEN's last great success is his new "Indian Quadrille," nightly played to overflowing houses. In the shape of a Prospectus to the said Quadrille, M. Jullien delivers his sentiment on India, thus:

The Anglo-Saxon race seems destined to carry civilization, commerce, laws, and arts to the most remote parts of the world and amongst the most uncivilized tribes. In India, where even Alexander the Great had failed, Great Britain has triumphed. She planted, midst a semi-barbarous race, the laws of reason and justice. Tolerant of all differences and shades of opinion in the mother-country, she generously carried her liberal principles among the two hundred millions dwelling in British India, protected by her power, and ruled by her influence. They were left free in the exercise of their manners, customs, and religion. It was even a subject of

charge that she carried her tolerance beyond reasonable bounds, in too long permitting the cruelties with which the exercise of religion was attended, as taught by the Koran or practised by the devotees of Juggernaut. However the country flourished, &c, &c.

And so on for half a column or more. Mlle. Jetty Treffz is more popular than ever at these concerts. The next wave of Jullien's wand was to produce a Masked Ball; and then was to follow his annual "Festival" season, when Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber and Haydn would each have his night.

The London *Musical World*, from which we glean the above facts, takes occasion from the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn to discourse characteristically about his influence and deal hard blows at the "musicians of the Future,"—too cautious, this time, to mix up Schubert and Schumann with Berlioz and Wagner. Here is a specimen:

Mendelssohn, living, exercised much the same effect upon music as the lady in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* upon the flowers; and his death brought about just such a revulsion as the death of the lady in the garden she had tended. There was no longer cultivation, but disorder everywhere—

"Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous seum," choked up the avenues of art. Such musical Sepoys (!) as Liszt and Wagner would have been impossible had Mendelssohn been spared; but God willed otherwise, and the art of music was condemned to pass through a severe ordeal.

PARIS.—M. Gounod's recovery is complete. He has already two operas on the stocks—one called *Ivan le Terrible*, intended for the Grand Opera; the other *Le Medecin malgré lui*, founded on Molière's celebrated comedy, for the Theatre Lyrique. The announcement of an old opera by Rossini at the Bouffes Parisiens, called *Il Bruschino*, has given rise to a grave discussion in musical circles. The original name of the work in question, when produced at the San Mose in Venice, in 1813, was (according to some) *La Scala di Seta* (the ladder of silk). It is now, however, asserted that *Il Bruschino* is no other than *Il Figlio per azzardo*, the opera which immediately preceded *Tancredi*. Some of the Paris publishers have already taken advantage of the excitement created by the promised revival of an early work by the author of *Il Barbieri*, and have announced the music of *Il Bruschino*. Madame Nantier Didié has appeared for the first time on the boards of the Italians as Rosina in the *Barbieri*, and in the lesson scene introduced a Spanish romance which created a marked sensation. Some of the French journals are in raptures with her acting. Why Alboni should have resigned one of her most admirable impersonations does not appear. Meyerbeer has left Paris, much chagrined, it may be presumed, at being unable, after three months hard toiling, to prepare Mme. Lauters in the part of Alice in *Robert Le Diable*. At the last moment, it is alleged, the lady acknowledged her inability to sing the music. The friends of Mme. Lauters insist that this was only an excuse to get rid of the part, which, for some unknown reasons, she was not willing to undertake, and find all sorts of excuses for her. It is strange that they should have neglected to take into account that Mme. Lauters has just married M. Gueymard, the tenor. Possibly her new change of state may account for her caprice. *Robert le Diable* is thus shelved for a time. Rumors are afloat that the direction of the Opera Comique is about to undergo a change. M. Nestor Roqueplan is to be successor to M. Emile Perrin; and it is further stated that the new director will be assisted in the management by M. Henri Trianon. (The whole of this report has been officially denied.—ED.) The new work by MM. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas, to be entitled *Le Carnaval de Venise*, is announced for representation in a few days, and will be followed soon afterwards by a new opera of M. Bazin. A new operetta, in one act, called *Les Deux Pêcheurs*, the music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens. Mme. Stoltz has left Paris for Barcelona, where she is engaged for a series of representations at the Royal Theatre. Signor Sivori is gone to Amsterdam to give concerts. He proceeds thence to the Hague, Rotterdam, and Berlin, and returns to Paris in December. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is in rehearsal at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, and will be performed at a Grand Musical Festival in the first week of December, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. Mme. Viardot and MM. Jourdan and Stockhausen will sing the solos. Mme. Viardot will at last see the accomplishment of a wish she has long cherished. It is to be hoped that her faith in

the musical taste of the Parisian public may be justified by the result.—(*Corr. London Musical World*, Nov. 21).

LEIPZIG.—The anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S death (Nov. 4, 1847) was celebrated by a concert entirely of his music. A Leipzig paper says:

The music composed by the illustrious master to the ninety fifth Psalm opened the performance. The solos were sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl, of the Royal Berlin Opera, Mlle. Augusta Koch, and Herr Rudolph Otto, from Berlin, a gentleman already well known to us as an excellent singer of concert and sacred music. The overture, *The Hebrides*, was the second piece of the first part, which concluded with the violin concerto. Herr Joseph Joachim again displayed, in this concerto, that eminent and masterly skill, in every respect, which gives him an indisputable right to the first place among the artists at present living and playing on this instrument. In the second part, we heard the charming symphony, No. 4, in A major—without doubt the finest work of its kind ever written by the master—and the *Loreley* finale. The symphony and the overture, already mentioned, were in their execution masterly specimens of what our orchestra can do. The solo part in the finale was sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl. According to report, this young lady undertook and studied the part, as well as that in the Psalm, at a comparatively short notice. The choruses (Sing-academie, Pauliner-Verein, Thomanerchor), were most excellent, in the Psalm and the finale.

The second of the Gewandhaus Concerts had for a feature of rare interest a very perfect performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto by Herr Laub. A new overture, "Hafis," by Louis Ehlert, is spoken of as effective and sounding well, but wanting in original thoughts, and too much after the manner of Mendelssohn. Fräulein Ida Klüger sang an air from *Figaro* and three songs: the "Suleika" of Mendelssohn; *An den Sonnenschein*, by Schumann; and *Wöhlh*, by Schubert. She is said to be a singer of promise. Haydn's Symphony, No. 1, in E flat, and an overture by Rietz, in A major, as well as the "Hafis," were finely played. At the third concert, Oct. 22, a new Symphony (No. 7 in G minor) by Niels von Gade (manuscript), and two overtures, one by C. Reinecke, to *Dome Kobold*, and one by R. Schumann, to *Genoveva*, were performed. Herr L. Brassin played, with great applause, Moscheles' G minor concerto, Chopin's *Bergeruse*, and an original rhapsody. Mlle. Jenny Meyer, of Berlin, sang an air with obligato violin accompaniment by J. S. Bach, and the first scene of Bellini's *Romeo*. Jenny Lind and Rubinstein are staying here for the present.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.—The operas performed here during the last three months were certainly various enough to suit all tastes. The list includes the *Czar* and *Zimmerman*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Barber of Seville*, Spohr's *Faust*, *Oberon*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *Le Prophète*, *La Juive*, *Jacob und seine Söhne*, *I Puritani*, the *Unguentists*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Don Pasquale*, *Der Cadi*, *Trovatore*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," &c., &c., &c. The Cecilia Society announce the High Mass and the *Matthew-Passion* of Bach, the "Jephthah" of Handel, and Cherubini's *Requiem*.

TRIESTE.—On the 13th of October ALFRED JAELL gave a concert here, in which he played, besides some of his own compositions, the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, a Fugue of Bach, and a Scherzo by Chopin. He was crowned with laurel, and called out more than twenty times, in true Italian fashion. In a second concert he brought out Liszt's "Orphens" and "Promethens," as arranged for two pianos.

BERLIN.—The programmes of Stern's Gesangverein for this season promise performances of "St. Paul," "Israel in Egypt," and the Ninth Symphony. . . . At the three subscription concerts of the Singakademie are to be given Bach's Cantata: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*; Mozart's *Requiem*; the Christ-

mas Oratorio of Bach (for the first time in Berlin), and Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1857.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Club took place last Tuesday evening. The Chickering saloon offered a scene to gladden the hearts of true music-lovers in these unmusical and gloomy times. It was filled to overflowing; even the ante-room was almost full; and with the best kind of audience. Nearly all the old faces were there, and many new ones, who have grown to seek more near acquaintance with the ever fresh inspirations of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The members of the Club caught inspiration from the welcome, which was indeed such as to rebuke the timidity of concert societies and managers. They all looked well and bright, and in fit frame for live and real music. Never, to most ears, certainly to our ears, have their instruments discoursed richer, purer harmony than that which they proceeded to give us. The instrumental selections were very choice. Here is the programme:

PART I.

1. Fourth Quintet, in D,Mozart.
Introduction and Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
2. Song of the Page, from the Huguenots, Meyerbeer.
3. Eighth Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 3 of the Three Razoumofsky Quartets, (1st time) Beethoven. Allegro—Molto Adagio—Scherzo and Trio: Theme Russe—Finale, Presto.

PART II.

4. Cavatina from Figaro: Non so più cosa son, Mozart.
5. Andante from the Quartet in B flat, No. 69, Haydn.
6. Romanza from La Juive,Halévy.
7. Andante and Finale Allegro Vivace, from the Quartet in D, No. 2, op. 44,Mendelssohn.

The songs introduced us to a fresh candidate for vocal honors, Mrs. HARWOOD, of this city. This young lady, to be sure, has made promising experiments before, some two or three years since, in Oratorio performances, when she exhibited a soprano voice of unusual richness, power, and freshness, and the good impression was much helped by personal appearance and simplicity of manner. She has all this now, and more. She has had the good sense and the will, it seems, to study; with the gift of reading music readily, she has sought good counsels in the art of developing and managing the voice: more especially of *subduing* power which she had in plenty; and the result so far was highly promising. The impression made in those three songs was most agreeable. Not that she is yet an artist; not that there is not more of the crude material than of the refined and the inspired Art of singing about her. Some of her strong high tones were harsh; the passages in *mezzo voce* were far more musical; and generally there was an over-proportion of mere voice and obvious mechanism to the all-fusing and subduing soul of melody. But it was fresh and natural, and gave much pleasure, with a promise of still better.

We come now to the instrumental pieces, which, as we have said, were all finely rendered. The Andante by Haydn, and the well-known movements from Mendelssohn, need no remark. Of the Quartet by Beethoven, the second, and to

us a new one of the famous Razoumofsky set of three, much should be said. An untoward accident called us from the room in the midst of it, and thus robbed us of this most important feature of the programme. But those who heard it will eagerly unite with us in the desire to have it played again; for such works cannot be put off with a single hearing. Enough we heard and read to know that it is full of the master's noblest, most peculiar inspirations. What we did hear, was profoundly interesting, and, in spite of its great difficulties, more clearly, satisfactorily, and spiritedly rendered, than we have heard *such* works before.

The Quintet by Mozart was perhaps quite as interesting. The Club have played it only once before, and that several years ago. It is more dramatic than the Quartets, as a Quintet well may be, having a voice to spare after the four parts of the harmony are filled out. There was now and then a little scratchiness in the strings in the Allegro, but we heard none afterwards; the full flow of the Mozart harmony rolled clear and undisturbed.

M. Oulibicheff (who does appreciate Mozart—no man better—although he seems so dead to all that is *not* Mozartian in Beethoven), says this Quintet is perhaps the finest of the five great ones of Mozart. We are tempted to translate much of his description of it:

"It was written about the end of the year 1790. D major is a bright, heroic, brilliant key, the classical key of military music. But there is nothing warlike in this Quintet. It opens with a mystical Larghetto, in 3-4; the bass stepping forward alone in fragments of an uncertain melody, seems to lead the other instruments step by step. Is the composer leading us into the grotto of Trophonius, or will he induct us into the Masonic mysteries? Nothing of the sort; it is quite a different surprise that he prepares for us. Through the windings of this gloomy passage we come out suddenly into a well-ordered, lighted, perfumed, comfortable place enough for a saloon in Eldorado (Allegro, in 4-4); music of a lively, witty, interesting conversation. Thoughts flow in abundance, and all so happily chosen, so well developed, singly or united, that it is very hard to distinguish the leading from the accessory thoughts. One feels equally contented, upon entering this Allegro, on whichever side he comes to it; whether it be violins, bass or viola, he at once takes part in the conversation. One must talk of all; and the others not only let one say all, but they assent and comment on it with good will; they repeat one's words, as if they came from one of the wise men of Greece, and simply for the reason that one always talks well. Here no *bon mot* falls to the ground; words from the heart are chilled by no unbelieving smile. On the contrary, the felicitous suggestions fly from mouth to mouth, the heart-felt words are repeated with right hearty sympathy. Precious society!

"But perfect equality reigns as little in the Quintet, as in society. The first violin, which has to take the initiative, takes up the word more frequently than the others; that is a right, that belongs everywhere and always to the one who has most wit and eloquence. The second violin belongs too truly to its friend, to dispute this ascendancy, which it on the contrary seeks by all means in its power to make availing. Not so with the first viola. This makes some claims to

rivalry; it is of a nature somewhat disputatious and dogmatical, as we shall see. The violoncello seems to keep watch like a moderator, that none may wander too far from the question, for the bass was ever the best harmonic logician. Finally, the second viola is like those persons of mind, who say little from habit, but who wait with admirable patience, and with admirable skill seize the opportunity to put in a word in the right place.

"The heavenly conversation would drag, sooner or later, if all were of just the same opinion. In the beginning of the second part the violin attempts to give the theme in F major; but this new view of the matter does not meet with a general response; it is answered by a multifarious murmur. Excitable by nature, as most great talkers are, the violin shows its dissatisfaction by a certain unfriendly bitterness, which results in a lively contention in passages of triplets. He, that first provoked it, sees its injustice and soon gives the *mo'ie* as they desired it, that is to say in D, whereupon they subject the same to a new friendly discussion, in which, however, they sift the matters in dispute in the first half of the Allegro in a more learned and thorough manner. The whole seems said, and beautifully expressed by each; and the speakers would still go on, did not a *Fermata* impose silence. That mysterious *Larghetto*, from the beginning, takes us again and leads us through almost the same winding passages by which we came to this delightful spot. A sudden relapse into the motive and tempo of the Allegro makes a swift and startling conclusion of eight measures.

"The Adagio, (G major, 3-4), one of the most sublime that Mozart has composed, a truly Elysian music—we find no better term for it—expresses a state of blissful tranquillity, mingled with memories of a recent passionate and tearful inclination. In this state melancholy becomes a spice to bliss, and evermore the songs of the violins, modulated in a key of tender and complaining recollections, melt in ecstatic cadences. The past reality is but a dream, and the dreams of the past have become inexpressible reality. If the poetry of words had something analogous to do, it would alternate between two modes: the tone of elegy, which is the echo as it were of a vanished existence, and the tone of contemplative ecstasy, as a character of the present. Music can do far more; it can combine these two manners and at the same time express the agitation of the heart and the sublime serenity of thought. And this it has done. While the divine songs of the violins move in the foreground in long strains of feeling, the bass, checked in its course by eighth-pauses, which are distributed in groups of short notes in the three parts of the rhythm, pursues the train of lofty meditations, with which the Adagio commenced. This remarkable passage, which begins with the 17th measure, and is entrusted one after another to the violoncello, the first violin, and the viola, is again perceptible at the close, but separated from the elegiac song, to which it offsets itself in the beginning. Here it has opposed to it but two half-notes, an F and an E, which presently lift themselves with loveliest effect into the upper strings of the extreme voices, and make the modulation to the key of the Fourth incline toward themselves, where it remains but a moment, and descends with energy back to the Tonic. The piece ends, or rather banishes, itself like an enchanted dream."

We shall give M. Oulibieff's description of the other movements next week.

ERRATA.—In the article on Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" in our last, there were some wrong figures of reference. In the second paragraph, tenth line, for No. 4, read No. 2. Second page, 2d paragraph, 20th line, for No. 3, Book IV., read No. 3, Book VI. Also, last column of first page, 7th line, for *graceful*, please read *grateful*.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Now is the time, if at all before another winter, for some good, sound, classical, yet varied, and *cheap* orchestral concerts in Boston. The remarkable beginnings of the "Quintette Club" and "Orpheus" show that there has been a longing for good music, in spite of the disposition to forego luxuries. The well-filled Theatre, too, during three weeks of the Ballet, proved that there were dollars to be found in pockets. Our societies and *impresarii* have been unduly timid. Now they would have clear field, and meet an uncloyed appetite. By the time they get their courage up, say February or March, innumerable candidates, virtuosos, singers, musical speculators of all sorts, will be rushing in to dispute the field with them, and to distract the seekers of this quiet kind of entertainment. Now is the accepted time. We think with the *Transcript* of yesterday: "Any movement for a good orchestral course, or a varied opera season, if conceived and carried out with a proper regard to the reasonable necessities of artists and the shrunken means of subscribers and patrons, would, we doubt not, be responded to with gratified delight and substantial encouragement by a music-fasting and suffering public."

That very enterprising and successful teacher of the Piano-Forte in classes, Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, will commence three new classes during the coming week. See Advertisement. A fine chance for beginners.... The "Orpheus Club" have engaged Mr. SATTER, the pianist, for the next concert, who will play some "new school" music,—perhaps enough to offset what some may deem the ultra classicality of those choruses of the Greek tragedies.... In New York *Robert Le Diable* has been performed four or five times. Last night *La Traviata*, and to-night Herr FORMES again, in *Martha*, announced as the "only performance of German opera this season." Next Tuesday night *I Puritani* will be given for the benefit of the Hebrew Benevolent Society.... The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their second concert this evening; the programme includes a Symphony by Mendelssohn and overtures by Bennett and Von Weber.

A couple of Frenchmen, rummaging last summer among the dusty old scores in the library of St. Marks at Venice, discovered several compositions of the famous ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, in his own handwriting. It has hitherto been supposed that he left nothing but the well known hymn, or prayer, which he sang in the Sixtine Chapel, when pursued by the hired assassins of the Venetian nobleman. Nineteen songs are now brought to light. They are love songs, which the famous singer composed when he lived in the palace of the Contarini, and loved and was beloved by the daughter of the house. They are said to be distinguished by melody and elegance of style, and HALEVY, the composer of *La Juive*, is to write piano accompaniments to them.

Advertisements.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that she will open THREE NEW CLASSES for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses, on the PIANO-FORTE:—

On MONDAY, December 14th.
" TUESDAY, " 15th.
" WEDNESDAY, " 16th.

Terms FIFTEEN Dollars for TWENTY-FOUR Lessons. Applications to be made at Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE's residence, 55 Hancock Street.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

The Members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB have the pleasure to announce that their SECOND CONCERT (of the Series of Three) will take place at the MELODEON on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN.

The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, Pianist, and Mr. W. SCHRAUB-STADTER, Vocalist, and will introduce among other novelties for the first time Two Double Choruses from MENDELSSOHN'S music to the tragedies: *ANTIGONE* and *CEPHEUS COLONEUS*, by Sophocles.

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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

By ERNST VON ELTERLEIN.

[Continued from last week.]

What, now, are the general ideal contents of the Beethoven Sonatas? The essence of the Beautiful, as revealed in Art, consists in this: that a definite idea, a definite intellectual conception, be so perfectly expressed or manifested in a definite sensible form, that the two shall form a complete unity, like soul and body. Hence a work of Art, as a single image of the Beautiful, can only be comprehended in its inmost and essential character, by recognizing what it contains, and how its thought or purpose comes to manifestation. Now, although Music is recognized as real Art, i. e., as a realization of the Beautiful, yet it has been denied to have any meaning or ideal contents; it has been declared to be a purely formal art, a merely ingenious play with tones. The great HEGEL stands at the head of those who hold this opinion. He has been followed, among other later writers, by Dr. HANSLICK, in his essay on the "Musikalisch-Schönen" (the Beautiful in Music).

Both, however, have been radically opposed; the first by KRUEGER in his essay above cited, the second by BRENDL in the 42d volume, No. 8, and following, of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Krüger defines as the subject matter of Music: "The far off, dim streamings of the soul, life as it comes and vanishes,—in a word, the entire movement of the world, with all that passively exists drawn into the movement; all that hovers, waves, and trembles as with airy vibrations in the human heart, all that the soul echoes in itself from all that stirs in the phenomenal world—all that," says Krüger, "is the real sub-

ject-matter of Music, and forms the inward substance of the tone-world." But Brendel says in various places: "The moods of the soul are the subject-matter of Music; these are the material that lies equally at hand for all musicians. But we are not to understand by this, that the spirit is only outwardly and loosely bound to the technical ground plan,—that it is any thing fugitive and transient. Spirit, subject-matter are immanent in the tones; the tone-series are the immediate expression thereof, the thing itself and not mere form. Notwithstanding, the entire tone-life rests upon a very real psychological ground, nor do we have to do merely with combinations of tones."

In fact, it were a sorry case for Music, if it were a merely formal piece of art, or mathematical combination of tones, devoid of all deeper spiritual meaning. As the æsthetical writers, Krüger and Brendel, have scientifically refuted the colossal error, so the living Art itself has long eloquently announced the truth in Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great masters, who are anything but mere mathematical reckoners. Above all, from the tones of BEETHOVEN there speaks so rich an inward soul's life, so deep a spiritual meaning stands out so overpoweringly, that Beethoven always will and must remain an unsolved riddle to those by whom this essence is not comprehended. And so, too, the Sonatas of Beethoven are filled with a great and mighty import. The "moods of the soul's life," the "dim streamings of the soul," are expressed in them. This they have in common with the other Beethoven creations, with all truly musical works of Art. They manifest it, however, in their own way, which is a different one for example from that of the Symphonies. If in the Symphonies the moods are mainly objective, universal, although presented in the light of the Beethoven subjectivity, in the Sonatas you recognize a pure subjective soul's life; here the extremely individual moods of the musician are diffused throughout; he abstracts himself from the objective powers of life and seems related only to himself, to his own inmost self, and buried in the inmost secrets of his heart. What is wanting here in a more objective universality, a more objective wealth, is made up by a more subjective depth; the horizon is a less comprehensive one, but goes down to greater depth of individuality.

One arrives at a still deeper appreciation of the Beethoven Sonatas by comparing them, in respect to ideal contents, with those of Haydn and Mozart. The greater power and significance on the side of Beethoven is instantly apparent, and the same observation extends to all of Beethoven's instrumental music. This characteristic

side and its more obvious deductions have been stated with great conciseness by Brendel in his lectures on the history of Music, p. 338. I may be permitted to cite his own words. He says: "What is eminently characteristic of Beethoven's instrumental music is its greater power of thought and meaning, which had at the same time as a consequence an intensification and expansion of the means of expression. In consequence of this greater significance of contents, we see a striving after the utmost definiteness of expression, whereby pure music, untrammelled by any words, became capable of representing perfectly distinct states of mind. In earlier times, with Haydn and Mozart, the work of instrumental music was for the most part a free play of tones of a more vague and general expression. Beethoven, on the contrary, marks definite situations, describes clearly recognizable states of soul. Closely connected with this stands the poetic direction which he follows, the striving to bring a poetic image before the hearer's mind; and equally closely the dramatic livingness of his compositions, called forth by the unfolding of the thought in the process of representation. Formerly, with Mozart, an intellectual, logical *working up* was what determined the form of the musical piece; now this treatment falls into the background, is no longer the leading, the only shaping principle, and the composer follows his poetic plan, causing to move before us a great soul picture, rich in various contrasted moods. Finally, it is the humorous element, that makes itself acknowledged in his works." According to this, then, the general subject-matter of Beethoven's music is some definite state of soul, some distinct poetic image; this in single Sonatas will express itself in special, individual forms.

The catalogues of Beethoven's works show 32 piano-forte Sonatas for two hands, and one for four hands. They bear the *opus* numbers 2, 6, 7, 10, 13, 14, 22, 26, 27, 28, 31, 49, 53, 54, 57, 78, 79, 81, 90, 101, 106, 109, 110, 111. The division into the five groups above indicated gives the following result, which will be more clearly confirmed in the discussion of the single works:

First Group (Preliminary step to the Haydn-Mozart period): Op. 6, 49, 79.

Second Group (Haydn-Mozart period): Op. 2, 7, 10, 13, 14, 22, 26.

Third Group (Transition to the second period): Op. 27, 28, 31, 54, 78.

Fourth Group (Second period, works in which Beethoven's individuality is fully pronounced): Op. 53, 57, 81, 90.

Fifth Group (Third and last period, works in which Beethoven's subjectivity is wholly with-

drawn into itself and isolated): Op. 101, 106, 109, 110, 111.

The reader will be struck with the fact, that in this classification sometimes later *opus* numbers are thrown into earlier groups. This too will be justified in the discussion of the single Sonatas. Suffice it to remark here, that the *opus* number can be regarded only as a very deceptive sign, and by no means as an absolute criterion for determining the relative position of the single work; the more so since, as may readily be imagined, in the publication of Beethoven's works the requisite care and regard to the special worth of the given composition was not observed; un-called hands must have had part in it. According to our conviction, the order of a work can only be determined by its intrinsic worth; the *opus* number is of secondary consequence.

The Tune Clapton.

Extract from a diary kept by Haydn when in London:

"1791. A week before Whitsuntide I heard upwards of 4000 children sing in St. Paul's Cathedral; a Conductor gave the time. No music ever affected me so powerfully in my life. All the children, neatly clothed, entered in procession; the organist played over the tune very simply and smoothly, and the young performers then began the hymn all at the same time."

This *hymn*, as Haydn terms it, was a chant, composed by Mr. John Jones, then organist of St. Paul's. The manuscript shown to Mr. Beyle by Haydn himself was undoubtedly a copy of this chant, the *Melody* of which is printed, though not quite accurately, in the *Lettres sur Haydn*. A composition that so powerfully affected the great composer is worth preserving; and as we believe that it is not published in a correct and practicable form, we here insert a copy from the author's MS.:



This chant was performed in the following manner when Haydn heard it: The first portion of the bars was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ; the thousands of children assembled, and who were well instructed for the purpose, responded in the second portion. The third was then given in the manner of the first, and the fourth in a similar manner to the second; altogether producing an effect that baffles description, and which could not have failed to operate with extraordinary force on such strong religious feelings, united to such susceptibility of musical impression, as the great composer possessed.

The above is from the *Harmonicon*. Bombet is an assumed name, which is probably well known to many of the readers of the Journal as attached to a small and interesting book, translated into English, with the title, "The Life of Haydn, in a Series of Letters written at Vienna. Followed by the Life of Mozart, by L. A. C. Bombet. With Notes by William Gardiner, Author of 'The Music of Nature,'" and republished in Providence about 1820, and in Boston in 1839. The work in the original bears the title of "Lettres sur Haydn," and the real name of the author was *Beyle*, if author he may be called; for it seems to have been pretty well proved that the whole thing was stolen from a work by an Italian resident of Vienna, a friend of Haydn, named Carpani.

From my Diary, No. 16.

It was generally believed, up to the present time, that there remained nothing of Stradella's compositions but the famous hymn which he was singing in the Sixtine Chapel at the moment when the three assassins despatched against him by the patricians of Venice were about to murder him.

Dec. 6—Now here is a paragraph which will go the rounds of the newspapers, and be read from Maine to California, "while Truth is putting on his boots." That is the way with such trash. All the authorities that I know,—Hawkins, Burney, Gerber, Schilling, Gassner, the various English collections of Musical Biography, &c., &c.—agree that the music which touched the hearts of the assassins was Stradella's Oratorio, "San Giovanni Battista," which he was conducting in the Church of San Giovanni Latrano; moreover, I should be glad to know of any case in which a strange singer has been allowed to exhibit his powers in the Sixtine Chapel. But it was generally believed that nothing but that hymn remained of his compositions. Ah, indeed! General Belief had better turn to Burney, vol. 4. p. 105, et seq. He will find there some fourteen compositions of Stradella mentioned, one opera, one oratorio, airs, duets, and madrigals. The oratorio is fully described, and a long duet copied. Burney's words, in one place, are: "His compositions, which are all vocal, and of which I am in possession of many," &c. In Novello's Fitzwilliam Music, he will find a quintet from the same work. In the German "Cæcilia" he will find a motet in 6 parts, and in Dr. Crotch's volumes of "Specimens" canzonets and madrigals by him. In fact, all the great musical libraries of England and Germany, and I doubt not of other countries, have more or less of his works.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 290.]

"It was probably during this stay in Hanover, (in 1717,) that he wrote his German oratorio, *The Passion*."—Schœlcher, page 66.

We think not, as we will endeavor to show. The fact that even the existence of this work has been enveloped in mystery in England, ever since Burney's doubtful mention of it, is not very creditable to the musical writers of that country. Certainly there are sources enough for materials to decide the question, had any one added a spirit of research to a knowledge of the German language. As a unique work of the great master, and one in which he came in direct competition with two of the greatest masters of his age, not to mention Mattheson, it well deserves the space accorded to it by M. Schœlcher, and, indeed, a more extended notice, to which end we will give several of the notices of it which have fallen under our observation. We begin with Mattheson, who again suffers in the translation made for M. Schœlcher:

"The other musical dramas from Handel's pen, as *Rinaldo*, 1715, *Oriana*, 1717, with the before-mentioned *Agrippine*, 1718, *Zenobia*, 1721, *Muzio Scavola* and *Floridante*, 1723, *Tamerlan*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Otto*, 1725, *Richard I.*, 1729, *Admetus*, 1730, *Cleofida*, (otherwise called by its right name, *Porus*.) and *Judith*, 1732, finally the *Rodolinda*, 1734, have been played here in his absence, and were sent to us from abroad. Such was the case also with the music to Brookes' *Passion*, which he also composed in England, and sent hither by post, in an uncommonly closely written score.*

"The following information respecting this oratorio is from a preface [to the Libretto] printed in 1719: 'It is not a subject for surprise that the four great musicians—who as such have gained immortal fame by the many and exquisite masterpieces which they have given to the world—Herr Keiser, Herr Handel, Herr Telemann, and Herr Mattheson,† should have taken the greatest delight in setting such a text to music; in doing which they have been so remarkably successful that the most accurate judge of good music is forced to acknowledge that he knows not what is left to be desired in sweetness, artistic merit, and the natural expression of emotion, or which to place highest in rank, without exposing himself to the danger of making an erroneous decision. Herr Keiser's music was given several times formerly, with the highest approbation. That of Herr Mattheson, already heard twice this year, has left with the auditors an undying memorial of his *virtu*. Now, however, it is intended next Monday (in Holy Week) to perform the music of Herr Handel, and on Tuesday, that of Herr Telemann,'" etc.—Ehrenpforte, page 96.

Mattheson adds in a note: "Although my work was the last in order of composition, it had been performed sometimes in private, and sometimes in public, in 1718, before that of Handel; although that had long been here, as well as Telemann's." Again: "Among my notes for the year 1718, it appears that he, [Mattheson himself,] in February, set the celebrated *Passion* by Brookes to music, and on the 19th of the same, was honored therefor by a visit from the author of those most select words. Now as it happened that on the 11th of March the director of the Cathedral music died, Mattheson on the 24th took solemn possession of his *Canonicat*, taking also a new oath of office. On Palm-Sunday, he produced the above-named *Passions-Oratorium* in the Cathedral, with a very large number of performers, and to the applause of many thousand auditors," etc.—Ehrenpforte, page 204.

We have thus gone beyond 1718.

Telemann does not give us the date of his composition exactly; but speaks of it in connection with the *Serenata*, which he composed and produced upon the Roemer Platz in Frankfurt-on-Maine, at the great festival in honor of the birth of the Emperor Charles VI.'s son, Leopold—"the Archduke of Austria and Prince of Astria"—and of the pomp with which it was performed in the Cathedral of that city—"most of the members of the reverend clergy took their places at the altar in their pontifical robes." The child was born April 13th, 1716, and M. Schœlcher proves Handel to have been still in London in June of that year; so there can be no doubt that his *Passion* was composed there, as Mattheson states.

On the other hand, Keiser's composition was performed in Holy Week, both in 1712 and 1713, and was so popular that six pieces out of it were printed with the title, *Auserlesene Soliloquia*, in 1714, with a dedication dated Feb. 21st. (See Gerber's Lexicon, and Lindner's "Erste Stehende Deutsche Oper.") A copy of the "Soliloquia"

* Mattheson having been for some years previous to the time in question, Secretary of the English Legation, and acting, after the death of Wich, as Minister Resident, it is not probable that such packages were sent directly to him in the mail-bag of the Embassy. Especially as Handel must have known how much depended upon him for the performance of his works.

† To avoid all misconceptions, these names are here given in the order of time in which their compositions followed each other. [These are the words of the writer of the preface.]

is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Again: Turning from the "Ehrenpforte," we find the first fifty pages of Mattheson's "Critica Musica," (1725,) occupied by *Melophile* and his teacher, with a discussion of the question how to compose an oratorio; "a certain *Passion*" forming the basis of the dialogue. Forkel, in his "Allg. Literatur der Musik," says: "A splendid criticism. The *Passion* here examined is said to be that of Handel." Lindner coincides with him. A comparison of the score with the article would easily decide the point. In Marburg's "Critische Briefe," (vol. i., page 56,) we read: "It is perhaps the first good criticism which has been written upon a vocal composition since vocal music existed." Lindner remarks, (Stehende Oper, page 154:) "The extremely unfavorable criticism of an oratorio which he has used as an example in his 'Critica Musica,' to show how a work of that class should *not* be set to music, is said to relate to a work by Handel. As this composition seems to be lost, there is, of course, no means of deciding." Fortunately the work is not lost.

What Mattheson, in the introduction to his dialogue, says upon this point, is this: "Whether we borrow the subject [of the discourse] from the music-director in the moon, or the grand capellmeister of the sun, is nobody's business, so long as we carefully confine ourselves to truth and justice, guard against the foul *prejudicium auctoritatis*, name and abuse nobody; but, on the other hand, proceed throughout with all discretion and honest courtesy. And this shall be the case, as much so as it was my own labors and my own production about which the *collegium criticum* is holden. Whoever pleases may indeed look upon it as such, I am perfectly willing. For I should be glad to make my own errors, which are like the sand upon the seashore, of use to the world, and I wish it to be clearly understood, that I will do nothing to any man in this manner which I would not do in regard to my own works, or which I should not learn with perfect equanimity had been done by another."

Let us turn now to Eschenburg's translation of Burney's *Commémoration of Handel*. Burney's reference to the *Passion* calls out the following note from the German author: "I will add that this oratorio bears the title, *Der für die Sünde der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesu*, and that it was also set to music by Keiser, Telemann, and Mattheson. I have Handel's score before me, which, on many accounts, deserves all attention, and in which the composer so clearly surpasses the more-than-ever-affected poet."

Two works are mentioned in the *Allgemeine Mus. Zeitung*, as "Passions-Oratorio," by Handel. *Empfindungen beim Grabe Jesu*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel, and often performed in Germany, but which proves to be only the *Queen Caroline Funeral Anthem* with a new text; and the one in question, *Der für die Sünde, etc.* This is mentioned twice; first in vol. xvi., p. 603, note:

"Haydn, during his residence in London, received the original score as a present from the Queen of England,* and this score is probably now (1814) to be found among the manuscripts of Haydn, in possession of Prince Esterházy. The Härtel firm, in Leipzig, received from Haydn a copy of the original score, and thus Herr Härtel is now in possession of this rare treasure, the publication of which—even if confined to the choruses—must interest, in the highest degree, every admirer of true church-music, but most especially all musicians, who are searching the sacred depths of the art. The only changes necessary are in the text, which here and there falls too deeply into the common and inelegant, as is remarked above."

And again, in vol. xxxiv., p. 109. Here the above particulars are repeated with the remark that the work was never printed, but that Breitkopf and Härtel are willing to furnish copies.

The opera *Judith*, which, as we have seen above, is noticed by Mattheson, we do not find

mentioned by M. Schœleher, notwithstanding Burney alludes to it as an oratorio. Eschenburg says in a note: "This was not an oratorio, as Dr. B. thinks, but an opera; moreover, this *Judith* was not the Judith of the Bible, but a wife of Ludwig the Pious. The airs are nearly all Italian; the German recitative by Telemann. It appears to be but a pasticcio."

Lindner confirms Eschenburg's guess. In his list of Hamburg operas, we read:

"241. Judith, wife of the Emperor Ludwig the Pious, or Victorious Innocence, patched together, out of a Lothario performed in London and another in Vienna. The airs are by Handel and Chailéri. The recitatives translated by Hamann, were composed by Telemann. A score is in the Royal Library at Berlin."

We may as well quote two short passages here from Mattheson, which show his disposition to do justice to Handel's great talents, and, at the same time, give all the information we have obtained upon another work by him. They are from the *Organisten Probe*. 4to. Hamburg, 1719.

"Whosoever, for example, will neither play nor study the D-sharp minor and other Modes of this sort, because they are not to be met with continually in all trivial and ridiculous concert pieces, would make bald work of it, should he happen to come into conflict with Mr. Handel, that is, undertake to do justice to the works of that celebrated man, should they be placed before him. We have from this world-renowned author, a cantata, called *Lucretia*, and already pretty widely known, in which modulations not only into D-sharp minor, but into C-sharp major, and other keys, frequently occur. The piece is in F-minor, and will perhaps furnish us with some examples in this work."

"In proof of this, [that C minor can modulate into A-flat,] a cantata, by Mr. Handel, may serve, which happens to lie just at hand. True, it is not printed, (nor do I know whether any thing by this so famous author is to be found in print or engraved—at which I wonder,) but it is in the hands of many persons, and bears the title *Lucretia*. The first words are, 'O Numi eterni,' etc., and the second aria has, at the beginning of the second part, this passage." (Here follow nine measures of music.) *Organisten Probe*, pp. 15, 167.

"Judging by its name, the violetta was the diminutive of viola; viola, violetta, large and small tenor. I give this genealogy without positively affirming its exactness."—Schœleher. P. 142. Text and note.

We find no difficulty in regard to the violetta, but must confess ourselves somewhat in the dark as to the violetta marina, mentioned upon the same page. We will quote a few authorities which we have at hand, sufficient as it seems to us, to clear up the difficulty with the first-named instrument.

Mattheson should be good authority in terms used by Handel, in 1732, not only as one of the great collectors of musical works of that age, but as being so long connected with the theatre in which Handel began his career, and a composer of much if not of great music. We therefore quote from his "Neu-eröffnete Orchester." 12mo. Hamburg, 1713.) P. 283.

"The full-toned viola, violetta, viola da braccio or brazzo, is of a larger size and proportion than the violin; otherwise is of the same nature, and is tuned but a fifth lower, namely, *a. a. g. c.* It serves for the middle parts in various ways, as viola prima, (being tuned to the high or real alto,) viola seconda, (same as tenor,) etc., and is one of the most necessary pieces in a harmonic concerto; for when the middle parts are wanting, the harmony is lost, and when badly performed all the rest will be discordant. Occasionally also, a virtuoso plays a braccio solo, and it is common to set complete 'arien con violetta all' unisono,' which, on account of the depth of the accompaniments, sound right strange and pleasing."

Grassineau (8vo. London, 1740) says: "Violetta, or little viol, is in reality our triple viol."

Hoyle (London, 1770) repeats Grassineau.

Schilling (Lexicon der Tonkunst) gives us:

"Viola, in Italian viola alto or violetta, also

viola di braccio, hence in German, bratsche, alt-viol. It is not quite correct to call this instrument simply viola. In the Italian it is called violetta, viola alta, or also viola di braccio," etc.

C. P. E. Bach published four Orchestral Symphonies at Leipzig, in 1780. On the title-page the bowed instruments mentioned are violins, bratsche (viola), violoncell, and violon; but in the score the bratsche part is headed *violetta*.

That there was some connection between the tromba marina and the violetta, we have not the least doubt.

In the *London Gazette*, No. 961, Feb. 4, 1671, is advertised: "A rare concert of four trumpets marine never heard of before in England. If any persons desire to come and hear it, they may repair to the Fleece Tavern, near St. James's, about two of the clock in the afternoon, every day in the week except Sundays. Every concert shall continue one hour, and so begin again. The best places are one shilling; the others sixpence."

[Conclusion next week.]

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE.—No. III, LES ITALIENS—PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 18.—One morning I issued forth from my den (*au quatrième*), and started off towards the Boulevards, like a lion seeking what I might devour. Nobody thinks of commencing the day here without imbibing that modern nectar, *café au lait*, which is to be obtained only in France; and as the same modern nectar is at once the cheapest and most delicious of beverages, it is no wonder that everybody imbibes.

Following everybody's example, I entered a little *café*, and, while taking my frugal meal, was fortunate enough to get the morning's paper. First looking over the American news, then running down the column relating to England, and just glancing at the space devoted to the discussion of that eternal Moldavian and Wallachian question, my eye met the list of entertainments for the evening. They were various, but I only read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested those that offered musical attractions. These were numerous.

First, there were the *Concerts de Paris*, a series of nightly miscellaneous vocal and instrumental concerts, got up in the style of Jullien's.

Next came the *Theatre Lyrique*, with its announcement of *Oberon*.

Then there was the *Opera Comique*, announcing two operas—*Zampa* and *Don Pedre*.

The *Grand Opera* was devoted to *Le Corsaire*, a superb ballet, the last work of Adolphe Adam, in which Rosati, the most popular danseuse now in Paris, was to appear.

The *Italiens* offered *Rigoletto*, with MARIO in the chief tenor rôle. It was three years since I had seen this opera, at the first and last time it was produced at the Academy of Music in New York by Ole Bull. Since then it had been frequently reviled and spoken contemptuously of by *Dwight's Journal* and other competent authorities, and I have observed that when any extremely anti-Verdi critic wanted to be particularly blighting in his denunciations, he would use the phrase, "such trash as *Rigoletto*." To be sure, it was a little curious that the refined, intelligent audiences of Paris, accustomed to the best of music, should admire and frequently listen to "such trash"; but then they are not supposed to know as much as the blighting critics.

So in the evening, deploring the sad taste of

* Griesinger, in his sketch of Haydn's life, says: "He was called upon to perform several times before the Queen, who presented to him the manuscript of a German oratorio, by Handel, entitled the *Saviour on the Cross*, the only one he composed in that language."

the Parisian public, I went with a large representation of them to hear the trash, and being early, took my place in the *queue* before the doors of the Salle Ventadour. The home of the Italian Opera in Paris is the most imposing in appearance of all the public places of entertainment in the city, slightly resembling in its exterior the Academy of Music in New York. It stands in the centre of an open place, quite detached from any other building, and was erected not many years ago, after designs by Messrs. Huvé and de Guerchy. It is one hundred and fifty-four feet in length, by one hundred and ten feet in breadth. The principal front is divided into two stories, crowned with an attic, a heavy portico, supported by a colonnade of pillars, running along the entire front. The lower story presents a range of nine arches, with Doric columns, and in the upper story the arched windows of the saloon correspond with the arcades beneath, and are supported by Ionic columns. Above the entablature, and in front of the attic, are eight statues of the Muses, Urania being omitted. Blank arcades, continued along the sides and back of the building, support the upper story with its balustrade windows. The entire edifice is built of cream-colored stone, and at night a row of small jets of gas runs along the front of the portico, in the centre of which the Imperial initial N is also seen formed by jets of light. The appearance when illuminated, as it is every evening when there is a performance, is brilliant in the extreme. As this is the most *recherché* place of amusement in the city, and frequented by the wealthier classes of citizens and foreigners, the prices of admission are correspondingly high. To the boxes the price is ten francs and over, while the cheapest part of the house—the parterre, corresponding to the parquette in American theatres—is four francs, or about eighty cents. It should be remembered that in all the Parisian theatres the greatest part of the parquette is occupied by what are termed “*stalles d'orchestre*,” handsomely cushioned seats at exorbitant prices, so that, in fact, the parterre comprises but a few of the rear seats. The *claque* system is abolished in Italian Opera at Paris, though in full force at all the other opera houses of the city.

As the doors are opened, and you enter the lobby, your attention is arrested by a statue of Rossini, that occupies a prominent place; but the Louis Napoleon-like policemen do not give you time to examine it, for they tell you to pass on towards three men, with white neckcloths, who sit in august state, behind a high counter, to receive your ticket. Passing this ordeal, you are ushered into the interior of the house.

The interior is semicircular in form, and, without being absolutely splendid, yet impresses by its brilliancy and the indefinable idea of wealth and refinement that seems to pervade the very atmosphere. It is not a very large auditorium, holding only about thirteen hundred persons. The general decorations are gold and red; the ceiling, frescoed in lozenge-shaped compartments, represents a cupola, through which a blue sky appears. From the centre depends a chandelier, and the house is also lighted by lamps, covered with globe shades, and attached to the partitions that divide the boxes, but so arranged as to be quite out of the way of the occupants, and not protruding in front so as to intercept the view—

a capital plan, which might be imitated to advantage in American theatres. The performances take place on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays—the latter day being a great gala for all the theatres, when they offer unusual attractions, and are invariably crowded to excess.

The auditorium has in a short time gradually become filled with the *élite* of Paris, among whom are mingled many strangers. Yonder is an incredibly rich Count from Russia, and in another box is an Oriental-looking personage in a turban, and glittering in jewels, who is, they say, some East Indian prince. The toilettes of the ladies are elegant, but not nearly as elaborate as may be seen at the operatic performances in the large cities of the States, while not one of those graceful garments called opera cloaks, so much worn at the Academy of Music in New York, is visible. Indeed, I have often seen at the latter opera house a far more brilliant audience than at Les Italiens in Paris.

By and by, the members of the orchestra issue out of their subterranean retreat under the stage, tune their instruments, and at the signal commence the short introduction to *Rigoletto*. The opera is so well known to those familiar with the lyric stage, that it would be superfluous to speak of it at length. Though not one of Verdi's best, it yet contains some delicious melodies, and one concerted piece—the *Bella figlia dell'amore* of the last act—that do no discredit to one, who, however much he may be decried, is certainly the most popular composer of the day. As to the performance itself, it was good, but not superlatively so. MARIO is so sure of his reputation, that he does not take the pains to preserve it, and is careless to a degree that in any other less renowned tenor would bring down the marked disapprobation of the house. He is also growing corpulent, and can no longer be considered the Adonis of the stage. He omitted, in the rendition of his rôle, the two most elaborate arias, and in the well-known melody, *La Donna è mobile*, created no sensation whatever, scarcely winning a single clap of applause. But in the beautiful solo that precedes and then forms part of the grand quartet, he seemed to arouse himself, and show what he can do when he is willing to take the trouble. Opinions may differ, but for my part I would much rather hear a mediocre but careful and painstaking artist, than a lazy creature who acts on the stage like Dickens' “*Debilitated Cousin*,” and even seems to suppress his yawns with difficulty.

After the first act, we will take a stroll about the house, and enter the *foyer*, which is already quite filled with promenaders, and presents the appearance of a ball-room. It is large, handsomely carpeted, indefinitely reduplicated by numerous mirrors, and most brilliantly lighted. Busts of Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Graziani, and other operatic celebrities adorn its walls, while from one end the Emperor Napoleon III., in marble, looks at his beautiful Empress Eugénie, whose bust stands at the opposite end. A crazy man attempted to break the Emperor's bust a few nights ago, while the *foyer* was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, some of whom laughed, some shrieked, and some called the police, who quickly appeared, and marched the iconoclast off to a lunatic asylum. When in Paris, Louis Napoleon attends this Opera frequently, and the

Imperial Box is of course always ready, and distinguished by its rich drapery of crimson velvet.

We resume our seat in time for the second act, and listen to the aria of the prima donna, Mme. SAINT URBAN. She is young and pretty, with an intelligent countenance, but is not a first class artiste. Her voice is powerful, and almost piercing, and her vocalization is studied, but not perfect. She has recently made a failure in *Traviata*, but sings very well in *Rigoletto*, and as she is new to the stage, may be considered a very fair and promising singer. Signor COUSI sings the part of the revengeful Buffoon excellently, and acts it with great effect. His voice and method are wonderfully similar to those of our friend Amodio, though he has not as much vocal power. His efforts have brought an encore for the final duet of the third act. The trifling part of Madelon is assumed by Mme. NANTIER DIDIE, well known in the States as an admirable contralto; but she should never attempt to personate the character of a youthful peasant girl. The opera ends with the discovery by Rigoletto that he has killed his daughter, the long final duet, one of the most affecting things in the work, being omitted. The scenery, by the way, is excellent, and the chorus numerous and effective.

At the present writing, the Italian Opera of Paris enjoys the services of three prime donne—Mme. ST. URBAN, Mme. STEFFANONI, and Mme. ALBONI, the latter of whom, recently returned from England, has just appeared in her original rôle of *Cenerentola*. Steffanoni, who is a favorite here, is playing such characters as Lucrezia, Elvira in *Ernani*, and Leonora in *Trovatore*. On the whole, Italian Opera is given no better here than it has been done in New York and Boston, under the magnanimous, non-specie-paying Maretzek, and I have yet to find the prima donna to equal our Lagrange. TROVATOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., DEC. 15.—Notwithstanding the pressure of “hard times,” Springfield has determined with a right good will to devote a fair share of attention to Music. The Musical Institute and the Philharmonic Society meet twice in the week, and have been earnestly at work, the former on choruses, and the latter at the classical symphonies and overtures of the great master. Our talented young townsman, E. J. FITZHUGH, has been chosen Director by both Societies, and much harmony and good feeling exists. A month since, the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, of your city, gave an excellent concert here, which has awakened the activity of our Societies; and application was made to open the new Music Hall, just completed by Mr. Haynes. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were engaged to assist, and on Friday evening of last week the hall was opened with one of the best concerts ever given by our own musicians, to a large and brilliant audience. The programme was rich and varied—for the most part, classical music, embracing compositions of the immortelles, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, &c.

The performance commenced with the old and familiar Overture to *Le Calife de Bagdad*, which was spiritedly given, and put the audience in good humor. Then followed a chorus from *Robert le Diable*, well sung; the first part of the programme concluding with Beethoven's First Grand Symphony, in C, Op. 21. This was an ambitious undertaking for us. The symphony

was rendered with marked ability, and was well received. The Allegro was taken in good time, and played with great firmness and precision. Next followed the Andante. Most delicately and tenderly was the beautiful theme rendered, and really admirably performed. The *forzandi* were boldly and vigorously expressed, and we were surprised to hear so good a composition so correctly played. The Minnets and Trio were omitted, the Finale being next given; here there was less of promptness than in the Allegro, the second violin having evidently a little too much to do. Thanks, however, to Mr. FRIES, who kindly and instantaneously rendered assistance, it passed off remarkably well, reflecting much credit on the skill of the conductor and performers. The second part of the programme opened with Mozart's glorious Overture to *Don Giovanni*, which was admirably given, and with thrilling effect. We heartily enjoyed it, as did also the entire audience. Of the chorusses, those of "When winds breathe soft," by Weber, and "The heavens are telling," (Creation) were the best performed. In the latter an evident improvement had been made since last winter; and as the orchestra was more efficient, its effects were far more apparent.

Of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club we need hardly speak. Their solos were magnificently performed, and WULF FRIES, in a violoncello solo, elicited a rapturous encore. We hope the time will not be long ere we again may listen to their marvellous harmonies. We hear it rumored that the Musical Institute are about to commence to rehearse the Oratorio of the "Messiah." May it be true! We know there is sufficient talent amongst us to get this up, and shall indulge the hope.

ANDANTE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 15. — The second concert of the Brooklyn "Philharmonic Society" came off last Saturday night. The Society has increased nearly fifty in number since the account I sent you of the first concert, so that they now number nearly five hundred paying members. The programme was as follows;

PART I.

1. Symphony: No. 4, Op. 90, in A, Mendelssohn. Allegro Vivace—Andante—Minuetto Allegretto—Saltarello Presto.
2. E strano, é strano: Aria from *Traviata*, Verdi. Mlle. Cairolì.
3. Romance and Rondo: From the Concerto in E, Op. 11, Chopin. Mr. R. Hoffmann.

PART II.

1. Najaden: Overture, Op. 15, W. S. Bennett.
2. Andante con Variazioni and Finale: From Sonata for Violin and Piano-forte, Op. 47, Beethoven. Messrs. J. Burke and R. Hoffmann.
3. Non fu Sogno: Aria from *I Lombardi*, Verdi. Mlle. Cairolì.
4. Overture: *Der Freischütz*, Von Weber.

Your readers know all about this famous Symphony, because you have often spoken of it in your *Journal*, and spoken of it in a manner, too, that enables one to understand the matter.

Mr. EISEL's picked band of forty performers did themselves and their leader ample justice. The audience was in most excellent humor, particularly the ladies, who were well prepared to enjoy this most delicious music, having availed themselves of the previous rehearsals, which enabled them, of course, the better to understand it. I take great pleasure in saying, that, so far, Fashion has but little to do with the success of these concerts, the prevailing and more general feeling being that of real enjoyment of the music.

Each movement of the Symphony brought forth earnest and hearty applause, and the Minuetto was repeated, the Andante barely escaping the same fate.

As to the vocal part I can say but little, at least in its favor. Mlle. CAIROLÌ might possibly sing Verdi's music passably well if she had any voice; but without any low notes whatever, a few disagreeable, thin notes in the middle register, even the clear, birdlike notes of the upper register can hardly make her singing tolerable. The audience were very kind, and tried to be pleased; but the applause was from a feeling purely of sympathy. Mlle. C.'s execution, however, shows her at least to be industrious, and determined that no effort shall be wanting on her part to ensure her success.

Mr. HOFFMANN played in his usual elegant and finished manner. He is one of those careful, conscientious players, who never forget themselves, but always remember that they are acting the part of the interpreter and not the orator. I assure you Chopin suffered no injury at the hands of Mr. Hoffmann. This received, as it richly deserved, an honest encore.

The Duo, by Messrs. HOFFMANN and BURKE, was most exquisitely played, and received an unanimous encore. Mr. Burke is too good an artist to be heard so seldom in public. Although I always considered him a much better player than many who have a larger reputation than he has, I was not prepared for the change, the decided improvement in his playing since I heard him last, some two years ago.

The ever fresh, ever welcome *Freischütz* Overture closed this really charming concert, and I am confident no audience ever left a concert room more thoroughly satisfied than that of the second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic of last Saturday night. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a new Comedy Overture by Julius Rietz, and Overture to "William Tell," are announced for the 3d concert.—The "Creation" is announced with an immense flourish of trumpets. Well, if the manager finds it necessary to resort to such means to get paying houses, no one should find fault. But it must seem very funny to you Bostonians to see us announce the Oratorio of the "Creation," "under the immediate patronage of the following [33] most distinguished members of the Rev. Clergy of New York and Brooklyn." Well, as I hope to be there, you shall hear how it is done. After all this flourish, surely we may expect something more than common.

BELLINI.

CARL FORMES — Our original friend FRY, in the *Tribune*, discourses thus characteristically of the great German basso and of bass rôles generally:

The Opera during the last four or five nights has enjoyed unusual success. The audiences have been ample, and in fact superior to the real accommodations of the uneconomically constructed building. The novelty in singing has been Mr. Formes; in composition, *Robert le Diable*. The eminent German bass vocalist appeared disadvantageously at first, as he had a cold, rendered evident by a physician's certificate, or what was better (or worse), by his diminished ability. For some economical reason, basses always take the part of candidates for the gallows—such as villains-in-chief, subterranean schemers of the flesh or the devil, or at best heavy fathers upon whom daughters lean during a bit of solo in the orchestra. But the bass being the manliest because the deepest voice, and alone capable of all the voices of giving black as well as white notes, (if we may so lay on the chromatic distinction), is really the truest voice for the heroic lover, as none but the

brave deserve the fair. Such a lover can be terrible as well as tender, diabolical as well as divine, and no tenor can have the same scope, even if he bring the immense intellectuality of a Duprez to bear upon his readings and declamations. Unquestionably the lyrical tragedy, where a Romeo or Othello burns, rages, and dies miserably of love's darts poisoned, would gain if intrusted to a great passionate bass voice. But with these truths, which ought to be patent, composers run in the old grooves, and their idea of the expression of man's love is the voice most closely approximating in vibration and quality to the feminine voice. The next innovation in opera, therefore should be the transmutation of the basso from the villain into the lover. If such were done, some of the greatest artists would show most excellent qualities little dreamt of in their present circle of operative action. Especially would this be the case with Mr. Formes. He is no hurricane-deck bass. He is a basso-cantante, the very man to show that manly volume and depth of tone are the best for the grand passion. Indeed, we were convinced of this in hearing him in *Martha*, where he has a little approach to a certain kind of sentiment not found in *Robert*—with its out-doorish word of command, and brimstone fatherly despairings. But to come to a more particular word as to the qualities of this artist:

Formes is a well-built, stout, intelligent-looking, agreeably-visaged man, with nothing fiend-like about him except what paint and plaister can effect. The quality of his organ is English, not Italian—and there is a distinction in national voice as broad and clear as in national facial type. This English quality is a certain healthiness, heartiness, to be considered apart from the spiritual beauty or intensified or tear-fraught expression which the voice may possess intrinsically. His method is not irreproachable, but capable of emendation in his mode of attacking the notes, which is sometimes deficient in vibratory force at the outset of the syllabification. This gives the impression of less volume in the louder declamation than he really possesses. His style is ample and flexible, for while large in serious parts it is easy and voluble in the comic. His intonation at first was egregiously faulty, but has mended since. As an actor he is good—best in comedy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 19, 1857.

First Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

II.

We were obliged in our notice last week to leave off in the middle of M. Oulibicheff's description of the fourth Quintet (in D) by Mozart, after translating what he says of the first two movements, Allegro and Adagio. He proceeds:

"Menuetto Allegretto (D major, 3-4). Another miracle. To look at this Minuet, or only hear the first violin part of it, you would think you recognized a purely melodic composition. The concatenation of the periods shows a clear and perfect musical design; all the chords show themselves logically involved in the melody; nor is there any undecided note, any lacune, from which one might infer the co-supremacy of another instrument; in a word, these detached lines are full of fire, of soul, of graceful, ornate passages; the reappearance of the theme through a succession of passages, which lead you to anticipate and wish for its return, and the splendor of the concluding sentence, border upon concert music. Usually, when a single voice shows this character, it excludes the contrapuntal style with its complex groundplan; or, if the composer in the accompaniment sets against it any conspicuous rivalries, the result is an overloading, which destroys the solo. A multitude of modern works give proof of this.

"We have already said what this Minuet must seem to be to the violinist who looks through or

plays through his own single part; let us now look at the score, and see what it actually is. When the violin, after expounding the theme in the first part of the piece, passes in the second to the melodic figures that succeed, the bass repeats the same, half in the minor, in his manly and expressive language; the first violin imitates in the octave the figure of the first violin; the other two parts by turns counterpoint the same figure, always following the course of the imitation. It is already pretty well complicated; but wait until the theme again comes round to the choir-leader, and we shall see how the viola at the same time gets hold of it and disputes its possession with him at the distance of an eighth-pause, with formal inversion of the rhythmical expression, as if the violin would say: 'You go entirely wrong! this is the way.' After the pause the second violin mingles in the controversy and addresses a word to his comrades; the others declare for the viola, and the Minuet becomes literally a canon for two voices. Apparently it is the low voices that are in the wrong, but Mozart did not err; he has not destroyed his melody by science. Had the Minuet been treated as simple counterpoint, it would have been a very pleasing little composition; but as it is, it is a precious masterpiece, that fills one with wonder and delight. . . . Mozart, who was all things at once, an ancient and a modern, a profound calculator and a great poet, so wrought, that the most complex work with him sprang from a single inspiration. . . .

"When Mozart wrote the Trio of this Minuet, he seems to have thought of the ladies. The ladies are much to be commiserated during our Quartet and Quintet Soirées, as much so as at a dinner in the English fashion." (What say our fair Boston devotees, so constant through eight solid seasons of the Quintette Club, to such disparagement of the musical stomach of the sex?) "Nevertheless we have always seen them suspend their light conversation to listen to this Trio, whose Rossini-like style, whose easy grace and concert-like *bravura*, contrast very agreeably with the fiery expression and irresistible impetus of the Minuet.

"The Finale, Allegro (D major, 6-8) is the fourth and last wonder of this Quintet. . . . You think at once of a rural festival, of a merry meeting of villagers, as in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven" (to which our author is unjust, by the way, in ascribing to it the too common error of descriptive music, that of describing objects literally and objectively). "The fancy, dreaming of country scenes, lets them pass before the mind's eye under various aspects, which divide themselves well enough into three pictures or repetitions. *First Picture*: a natural and graceful theme, a rustic ball, in which the roundelay is danced to the tones of the bagpipe; you hear its monotonous drone (a muffled bass); cheerful words of the swains, merry jests of the shepherdesses; a hearty Sunday afternoon's enjoyment. *Second Picture*: the joviality increases, until it occurs to the first violin to sing a rustic verse alone. On such occasions no one fails to want to join in the chorus; but it seems that not all know the ditty well enough, or that the good people's throats are not in tune together. In short, after some unfortunate attempts, the thing is given up. It will readily be divined, that the rustic verse is a fugue theme and the unlucky chorus a five-part fugue, of thoroughly scholastic regularity. What

a worshipful pedant this Mozart is! The fugue ends with a series of chords of magical effect. *Third Picture*: Let us try something else; let us tell stories. General pause: the ear expects the key E major, which has been announced by its dominant chord. But we have not yet got so far; the four subordinate voices fall into C and assume the gait of a simple accompaniment; the first violin begins to narrate. Its melodious introduction is finished; encouraged by the general attention, it is about to proceed, when its companion on the left arrests it at I know not what point of the story. A dispute arises, in which the viola mingles, under the pretext of harmonizing the opinions. You neither of you know the story; I will tell it to you: and now all listen to the viola, as they have done to the violin; but the viola twists the circumstances of the story wholly round. Do you know yourself, my dear friend, what you are saying, calls out the violin in mocking tones. But the other pursues its narrative: they give it the lie direct; it answers; they rejoin more sharply, and the modulation darkens more and more, so that the viola, instead of settling a trifling dispute, sees itself entangled in a bitter broil. This meets pretty frequently with mediators.

"So far the violoncello has taken no part in the quarrel; it has kept itself quietly and as if asleep on its bass side; then one or two short tones indicated its displeasure at the disturbance of the feast; at last it loses patience; and as is the way with all phlegmatic people, when they are once roused, to show themselves more angry than the rest, the violoncello abruptly starts a theme in G major, which looks like one of those energetic exclamations of which we commonly write only the first letters. O! now the affair is waxing earnest. The bass's manner of speech is far more weighty than the palaver of the tenor. Hence it soon brings to an end the ridiculous and pitiable contest which the latter would have raised about a trifle; but by the means a single combat gets to be a general strife, and from words it comes to fisticuffs. Each arms himself with the *motive*, which has been thrown like a torch of discord into the midst of the company. If it breaks in one place, they turn it round and strike all the better with it; the blows fall thick as hail; the chaos and confusion are hideous. Finally, when they have boxed one another to their hearts' content, and the dose seems sufficient, the originator of the tumult, ashamed of his excitability, finds that it is about time to put an end to the quarrel. To preach reason to madmen, were sheer folly. On such occasions a strong arm, that shall press the adversary to the wall, is the best argument.

"The bass resorts to this irresistible logic; he takes his deep A and holds it out for eight bars long, while the others try their utmost to hit one another, and keep up the fight; but crowded back, and cowering under the heavy note, which chains their evil wills, they are compelled to reach out their hands in sign of reconciliation, which they can no longer raise to strike. Gradually they come back to better feelings, to peace, to cheerfulness, to dancing, that is to say to the melodic theme of the beginning.

"In a third fugue fragment the composer, in true Mozart style, has brought together all the reminiscences of the rustic festival, by combining the leading ideas of the piece. We hear at the same time the melodic or pastoral theme, the

theme of the little song and that of the dispute, besides two other subjects, which divide and interchange between the voices, in a series of imitations in the fifth. A really remarkable and wonderful affair. After this the contest between the violin and the viola reappears once more, but only to end in the most friendly manner by a double trill upon the cadence. The piece closes in a tone of tumultuous merriment, quite in the spirit of a holiday gathering. The peasants toss up their hats with loud shouts, and disperse."

Thus Mozart's great admirer and expounder. May our Quintette Club soon give us another opportunity to listen to this fine work and judge of the accuracy of the Russian biographer's analysis.

Next Tuesday evening will be the second concert. (The Club would gladly postpone it to give any so disposed a chance to hear Mr. Everett's address that evening; but they find the room engaged for every other evening of the week.) They will play Beethoven's Sixth Quartet (op. 18), in B flat, an old favorite; the second Quartet (in D minor) of Mozart—old favorite again; and with the aid of Mr. HAMANN a piano Quintet by Spohr (often played in New York by Mr. Timm) and parts of a Trio by Rubinstein. Mr. POWERS, with his rich bass, will sing a song by Mendelssohn and Schubert's "Wanderer."

Mendelssohn's Music to the Greek Tragedies.

The "Orpheus Glee Club," in their concert this evening, offer to us the rare novelty of three Chorusses from the Greek tragedies of Sophocles, to be sung to music set by Mendelssohn. When we consider the sublime character of many of those chorusses, and the peculiar function of the Chorus in the Greek plays, serving as a sort of mediator between the actors and the audience, and commenting in some sort of rhythmical chant upon what is passing on the stage, we feel that there could not have been a truer artistic idea than that of setting them to music—realizing and carrying out their original (as it were embry) musical aspiration as it could only be realized after music in these modern times had become an Art. It may be an open question how far Mendelssohn's music has caught the spirit of the Greek; how far his inspiration in this effort sprang congenially from that of Sophocles. But the music which he has written to the *Œdipus* and the *Antigone* strikes us as of the freshest, most original and vigorous that he has left.

He took the suggestion from Frederic William King of Prussia, during a summer residence at Berlin in 1841. *Antigone* was the first experiment. He composed the music to it in the short space of eleven days; consisting of an overture; single and double choruses for male voices, with full orchestral accompaniments, for all the principal chorusses—at least all that are lyrical in subject—a dirge, melodramatic passages where *Antigone* descends into the vault, &c., and chords here and there accompanying the speaking voice. Mendelssohn had read *Antigone* in the original Greek, and so far got his inspiration at first hand. The piece was first played on the royal stage at Potsdam, and afterwards, on the 15th of October, the king's birthday, before a select audience. The venerable LUDWIG TRECK presided. It was afterwards given at Leipzig, and excited so much interest that a meeting of "learned Thebans" signed an address to Mendelssohn, thanking him "for having substantially revived an interest in the Greek tragedy by his own music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles." The play and music have since been produced in various German theatres, once at Paris, where it was coldly received, and at Athens itself in the original Greek.

The selections from *Antigone* to-night are two cho-

russe, one on man's wondrous powers and limitations, a rich, sweet, pensive and impressive music; the other the superb hymn to "Bacchus," in which the composer could give free reins to all his enthusiasm.

The music to *(Edipus Coloneus)* was composed at Frankfort in 1844, about the same time that he began *Eljah*, and wrote the Violin Concerto, and the music to *Athalie*. The chorus here selected is the one which recounts the beauties of Colonus and the glories of Athens. The music is wonderfully faithful to the higher and higher kindling enthusiasm of the words. We recommend to every one, if he be not at home in the Greek, to read the plain prose translation of both entire tragedies, which he will find in Bohn's Classical Library.

And we advise everybody to go to-night and hear these noble compositions sung, so effectively as they will be by the Orpheus. Other excellent attractions are set forth, too, in the programme below.

Musical Chat-Chat.

A letter from New York, from our esteemed correspondent, "——— t ———," comes just too late for this week. . . . The annual Christmas performance of Handel's "Messiah," which is fixed this time for the Saturday evening after Christmas, will be for the benefit of the poor, and for this reason the tickets (with reserved seats) are put at \$1.00. The Music Hall, for once, at least, must certainly be crowded. The old HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY will come out in full force, with a strong orchestra, conducted by CARL ZERRAHN, and with Mr. J. C. D. PARKER at the organ. The inspiring choruses will wake an echo of that great Festival last May; and what is more, they will be doing the same noble Christian work which they always did when Handel himself brought out this oratorio; he kept these his most inspired strains sacred to the cause of Charity. The solos, it will be seen below, are entrusted to our best singers. . . . Mr. ZERRAHN proposes a subscription for four Orchestral Concerts at the Music Hall. Success to him, must be the earnest wish of every lover of good music. Let no such person lose a day's time in putting down his name; for orchestras are costly and the risk great, and on the prompt filling up of the subscription lists depends our only hope of Symphonies and Overtures this winter.

GUSTAV SATTER is to give a concert at Dearborn Hall, in Roxbury, next Monday evening, assisted by Mrs. HARWOOD, whose singing has made so agreeable an impression. Mr. S. will also soon give a concert at Old Cambridge. His auditors may be sure of hearing some of the most brilliant and remarkable piano-playing of the day. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB had a second very successful concert at Jamaica Plain last Tuesday. Besides some of their choicest lighter miscellanies they played the entire second Quartet of Mozart, and the "God save the Emperor" Adagio by Haydn. Mr. POWERS sang Körner's "Battle Prayer" set to music by Hammel, and two of Verdi's bass songs, the *Infelice*, and *Il Balen*, which as the *Traveller* well says, was one too many, the second being but a feebler echo of the first.

The performance of the "Creation," which was to have been given on Thursday in New York, has been postponed to this evening on account of the indisposition of Herr FORMES. The cast also includes Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING. The Harmonic Society, over 300 strong, sing the choruses, under the direction of Mr. BRISTOW; and there will be an orchestra of fifty, conducted by Mr. ANSCHUTZ. The most remarkable part of the announcement is the long list of names of the Reverend Clergy, under whose "immediate patronage" the oratorio is given. Rather a left-handed compliment, whether to the musical or the religious feeling of New York, to intimate that the "Creation" there needs such endorsement!

The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER prefaced his sermon a few Sundays since by a brief discourse on

Music, suggested by two concert notices which had been placed in his hands to read to the congregation of three thousand. After speaking of the ennobling and refining influence of music, he showed the poor economy of giving up concerts. He told those of his people who were suffering from the pressure of the times, not to think, because retrenchment was necessary, that the concert ticket should be given up. It was far better to throw off the heavy, crushing burden of anxiety and care for an hour or two, under the soothing influence of music, than to drink a glass or two of champagne or brandy to keep up the spirits.

Sig. PERELLI, the well-known tenor and teacher of singing in Philadelphia, is said to be composing no opera, founded on Richardson's old novel, "Clarissa Harlowe," which is to be produced next Spring in Vienna. Mr. FRANK DARLEY, of the same city, has finished an opera, which Fitzgerald hopes to see produced at the Philadelphia Academy, when Sims Reeves, Lucy Estcott and Henry Drayton come over next season.

Advertisements.

THE FIRST PREMIUM

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Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. . . . SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.
Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

CLASSES IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING.

Mr. F. W. MEERBACH begs leave to state to the citizens of Boston and Roxbury that he is prepared to give instruction in Piano-Forte playing to small classes.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.
OCTOBER, 1857.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LANOTTE has the honor to announce that she has resumed her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte.

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ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

THE SECOND CONCERT (of the Series of Three) of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, at the MELODEON, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISEMANN. The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, the eminent Pianist, and Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Vocalist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—The Student's Departure. Franz Otto
- 2—{ a. Album de Portraits, No. 22. Rubinstein
b. Marche de Concert. Satter
- 1—Terzett, for Soprano, Tenor and Bass, op. 116. Beethoven
- 4—Wanderer's Night Song. Lenz
- 5—Recitative and Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart
- 6—Double Chorus from "Edipus Coloneus," Mendelssohn

PART II.

- 1—She is Mine. Haertel
- 2—{ a. Album de Portraits, No. 2. Rubinstein
b. Scherzo Fantastique. Satter
- 3—{ a. Waldfahrt. Robert Franz
b. Im Walde.
c. Er ist gekommen.
- 4—Serenade. Marschner
- 5—{ a. Zuleika. Mendelssohn
b. Barcarole. Schubert
- 6—Double Chorus from "Antigone," Mendelssohn

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, Oliver Ditson & Co., and E. H. Wade, and at N. D. Cotton's, Washington St.
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Second Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 22, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. P. H. POWERS, Vocalist, and Mr. A. HAMANN, Pianist. Spohr's grand Piano Quintette, Mozart's Quartette in D minor, Beethoven's B-flat Quartette, etc., will be given. See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.

Package of Eight Tickets (reduced price) Four Dollars. Single tickets will be 75 cents each.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

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Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE.—No. IV., GRAND OPERA—PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 20.—"There is something classical," was the sage reflection I made to myself one evening, as I was walking up the Boulevards des Capucines—"there is something classical about the Grand Opera, of Paris. The Theatre Lyrique may be very cheap, the Opera Comique may be very comfortable, and the Italian Opera may be very brilliant; but they all lack the glory which invests the *Academie Imperiale de Musique*—the memories of "first nights" of most of the famed operas of the modern repertoire! How many great works were first produced there! That wonderful trinity of operas, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, *Huguenots*, and *Prophete*, were first heard within its walls, and was not that glory enough for one opera house? Yes, there is truly something classical about l'Academie de Musique." Having made this observation I felt relieved, and directed a small boy the way to Rue Richelieu, very happy to have an opportunity of showing off to some one that I was quite *au fait* as regards Paris.

Just at that moment an acquaintance came up, and said, "Bon jour," and how did I do, and I was the very one he wanted to see, and he had a spare seat, and would I go to the Opera.

So I asked what Opera. And he said the Grand Opera; and would I go, he again inquired.

Would I go? The innocence of the creature! Just as if I would say anything but "Yes" to so reasonable a request. Of course I would go.

That same evening I made my debut at the Academie de Musique. It is a spacious building, at the corner of Rue Pelletier and Rue Rossini,

and very near the Boulevards; and, by the way, I notice that many of the streets in this vicinity are named after different musical celebrities, such as Rue Rossini, Rue Mehul, Rue Gretry, &c. &c. The edifice was erected in the short space of a year, and was intended as a temporary concern, the previous opera house, in Rue Richelieu, having been demolished by order of government, in consequence of the assassination at its doors of the Duke de Berri, in 1820. The present provisional building, however, has stood so long, and is so well adapted for the purpose, that it is not now likely to be replaced by any other. It communicates with three streets—the Rue Lepelletier for carriages, Rue Rossini for fiacres, and Rue Drouot for persons on foot, while two passages skirted with shops also form a communication with the Boulevard Italien. The front consists of a series of arcades on the ground floor, forming a double vestibule. At each end a wing projects, and between these wings, from the top of the arcades, is a light awning, supported by cast iron pillars, beneath which carriages can drive. On the first floor is a range of nine arcades, combining the Ionic and Doric orders, which form the windows of the saloon, and the entire elevation of the front is sixty-four feet.

As you enter, a life-size figure of Rossini, in a sitting posture, is seen directly opposite the grand entrance, and a similar compliment has been paid to the great composer by the management of the *Opera Italien*. The lobby is ornamented with Doric columns, and on each side of it is a staircase leading to the first row of boxes and the saloon, while two other staircases lead to the pit and orchestra. Between the latter and the lobbies of the stage boxes are two staircases, leading to the top of the building, while the outlets are so numerous, that the house, accommodating eighteen hundred persons, may be cleared in fifteen minutes. The dimensions of the interior are sixty-six feet from side to side, with a stage forty-two feet in breadth by eighty feet in depth; this width seems even larger by the absence of drapery or anything at the sides to detract from the open space. The wall between the house and the stage rises above the roof; and in case of fire the communication between the two can be entirely cut off by an iron curtain, while ventilators can be opened to carry the flame in any direction. Reservoirs of water are placed under the roof; and, as a whole, the Grand Opera is in many respects, especially in that of safety, a model for similar buildings.

I have never seen an auditorium presenting a richer and more elegant appearance. The decorations, in the usual style of gold and red, present little of novelty; but the tiers of boxes are

most agreeably broken by two pairs of fluted Corinthian columns that rise from the floor to the ceiling. They are beautifully gilded, and their brilliancy is increased by clusters of lights. Between each couple is space for one private box for each tier (one of which is occupied by Baron Rothschild), and the proscenium boxes are arranged in the same manner. A large and splendid chandelier depends from the ceiling. There are four tiers of boxes and an amphitheatre, and every seat in the house commands a good view of the stage.

It is a Government affair, and no expense is spared in the production and mounting of operas. The vocal performers, both soloists and chorus singers, are pupils of the Conservatoire de Musique, and, as well as the ballet dancers, receive a pension when they leave the stage. The scenic department is perfectly unrivalled, and I presume that in no house in the world are operas got up with more care and effect, or with more ample resources.

The opera, on the evening I first attended, was Halevy's *La Juive*, its 232d representation. It is in every sense a grand opera: comprises five long acts, requires the services of a full company, offers ample scope for scenic display, and as a musical work is scientific and elaborate. It also demands performers of more than ordinary histrionic ability, the plot being exciting, and strongly tinged with the horrible; for as a finale we have the heroine, the beautiful Jewess, a martyr for the faith of her fathers, actually thrown before our eyes into a caldron of boiling oil! The chief character is that of the supposed father of the Jewess, a stern, fanatical old man, whose devotion to his religion overcomes his fondness for Rachel, *La Juive*; and he allows her to meet an awful death rather than tell the bigoted Cardinal who condemns her to death, that she is his (the Cardinal's) daughter. This character, intended for a tenor, was superbly given by GUEYMARD, a noble actor and a glorious dramatic singer, while the equally arduous rôle of Rachel was taken by Mme. LAFON, another splendid dramatic singer. The character, however, allows her little opportunity to exhibit her vocal powers, and the interest of the opera concentrates too much upon the old Jew, her pretended father.

In this opera, which is generally allowed to be Halevy's masterpiece, the composer appears to be constantly struggling for melody, and only occasionally obtaining it. Once in a while he seems really inspired with genius, and some parts of the opera stand in glorious contrast to the general heaviness of the work. Of these I particularly remember a remarkable scene representing a Jewish religious ceremony, in which

the old Jew sings an adagio movement as he blesses the bread, while the chorus respond; an air for tenor: *Ma fille chérie*; another grand scena and aria for tenor in the fourth act; and, above all, a magnificent trio, in which the Jew and Jewess anathematize the Christian lover of the latter, who had pretended to have been of the same religion as themselves, and whose deceit they had just discovered.

The magnificent manner in which this opera is placed on the stage is undoubtedly one chief reason why it has been played here two hundred and thirty-two times. The opening scene is particularly striking, representing an open square in some continental town, with two streets branching off in different directions. To the right are the steps leading to some old Minster, while you can see that

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The Cathedral door above.

At the close of the act occurs a grand ecclesiastical procession, in which appear priests, cardinals, choristers, &c., with banners and other emblems peculiar to Roman Catholic displays, and the rear is brought up by a number of mounted cavalry, on noble steeds, who defile up one street, and disappear down the other. There was quite a sensation at the New York Academy of Music, when, in *Masaniello*, the hero rode upon the stage on a rampant steed—(how awkward and uncomfortable poor Brignoli did look!)—but what would they think there of a procession of over a score of noble chargers?

The *foyer* of the Grand Opera is 186 feet long, extending through the entire length of the building, and is one of the finest in Paris. It is adorned with a bronze statue of Mercury, inventing the lyre, cast from a model by Daret, the original of which was destroyed by the mob in the Palais Royal, during the Revolution of 1848.

The *claqueurs* are exceedingly numerous in this theatre, and I had an opportunity of gaining some information regarding them. They probably number from fifty to a hundred, and occupy seats in the parterre, very nearly under the central chandelier, where they applaud at the signal of their director, who sits in another part of the house. Any one can be a *claqueur*, and the *claque* is composed of a different set of people every night. If you want to be a *claqueur*, you must go to the *café* where they meet before the performance, and a ticket will be given you which will admit you to the parterre on payment of a franc—one quarter the regular price. At most of the theatres, the *claqueurs* are admitted freely; but for the Grand Opera there are plenty of people—generally poor students—who are willing to pay a franc for the privilege of listening to a good opera, though probably they could not afford to pay any more. Of course, it is not considered quite respectable to join the *claque*, though it must be confessed they were a very intelligent-looking set of people, and applauded in excellent taste, and always at the right time, but with a monotonous, heartless clap in unison, *à la machine*. The audience generally seem disposed to look upon the *claque* as a convenience; for, as my companion said, "they are much more familiar with the operas than we; their leader is a man of excellent taste; they always applaud at the proper place; and, in short, save other people much trouble and kid gloves." (Whether this was meant as a stab at me, for

having neglected to wear kid gloves, I cannot to this moment decide.)

The performances take place every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday. The troupe at present includes Mme. WERTHEIMER, Mme. LAFON, and Mme. BORGHI-MAMO, as prima donnas, ROGER and GUEYMARD, as first tenors, and one BELVAL, an excellent singer, as principal basso. Any lyric vocalist may be proud of being connected with the Académie de Musique of Paris, for it may undoubtedly be considered as affording the highest development of the Lyric-dramatic art.

TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 15.—Our musical horizon grows brighter and brighter, and ere long the clouds which the panic had heaped upon it will be quite dispersed. Last week a Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON introduced herself to the public in a miscellaneous concert, with the assistance of an orchestra under Mr. EISFELD'S direction, and several of the singers of the Opera. Those who, like myself, had never noticed the name in European musical annals, and went with little expectation of anything good, were very agreeably disappointed. The debutante played a concerto of Litolff and Mendelssohn's *Capriccio*, with orchestral accompaniment, and Liszt's *Patienceurs*, from the *Prophète*. Mme. Johnson has an unusual degree of power for a woman, and at the same time great delicacy and fluency of execution. In point of clearness, she was not always faultless; but this may have been caused by the nervousness almost inevitable in a lady's first appearance before a public new to her. She played with much expression, too, and, what is more, showed artistic feeling in choosing two of her pieces, at least, for their musical worth, and not merely for the purpose of showing off her mechanical powers. In the concerto by Litolff particularly, a very original and striking work, the orchestra plays an equally important part with the piano, and the handling of the latter requires much more of taste than finger-skill. All who heard Mme. Johnson on that evening must be glad to hear that she will be the pianist at Eisfeld's first *Soirée*, which is at last fixed to take place on the 29th inst.

On Thursday next we are to have, according to all promises, a real feast. The "Creation" is announced to be given at the Academy, with Mme. LAGRANGE, Miss MILNER, and Messrs. FORMES and PERRING in the solo parts, and the Harmonic Society (which *can* sing very well if it *will*) for the chorusses. Of the three last-named artists, we can be pretty sure that they will be good. With Lagrange it will be, I believe, her first attempt in Oratorio, at least with the English language. I fear the tremolo in her voice will be far more offensive there than in Opera. Still, there is a certain earnestness in all that she does, which makes one indulgent to her deficiencies. And when we hear that she supports her father, husband, and child, with another little girl (of poor German parentage), whom she has adopted, to bring up with her daughter, by her exertions; how she sang, last Spring, four evenings in succession, after packing all day for her journey to Havana; how she does "whatsoever her hand findeth to do" for her needy Art-brethren and sisters, and remains always the refined lady, untainted by any of the evil influences of a theatrical life, we cannot but admire and esteem

the artist in her as well as the woman, and wish her success in both capacities.

Robert le Diable was withdrawn last week, after four or five representations, and after one performance of *Traviata*, with the old singers, to a cold audience. *Martha* was given on Saturday, and repeated last night, to crowded houses. This lively, pretty little opera was exceedingly well performed. Herr FORMES, for whom the part of Plunkett was originally written, looked, acted, and sang the character to perfection. Indeed, it was universally remarked that he evidently felt more at home in it, and in the German language, than in Bertram (splendid as he made that), and in the Italian. He appears next (to-night) in *Puritani*, while on Friday there is to be a *matinée*, with *Norina*, in which Formes takes no part.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic gave their second concert last Saturday, with Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony, the overtures to the *Freischütz*, and the *Naiades* by Sterndale Bennett, BURKE, and HOFFMAN, and Mlle. CAROLI as soloists. These concerts are very well attended, and it is a pity that the hall is no larger, and not well adapted for acoustic purposes.

So much for Music; and now I must say a word for her sister Arts, Poetry and Painting, which are quite as well represented before us just at present. A fit minister of the former is sojourning among us in the person of Mrs. KEMBLE, who commenced last week a course of twelve Shakespearian Readings. She has, so far, read *Cymbeline*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Othello*. To-night we have *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the remaining two announced for this week are the *Tempest* and *Coriolanus*. It is a great drawback for holders of season tickets that these readings come so often: three evenings and one morning in each week. One would enjoy them more were there greater intervals between them, and other engagements must necessarily interfere with them. The room in which Mrs. Kemble reads is well arranged for hearing and seeing, but small, and always crowded, and the light very dim, and exceedingly trying to the eyes. She is indeed a woman of wonderful talent and power; but whether these are not at times misapplied, is another question. I will not now, however, enter into a detailed critique of her readings, or rather *actings*,—for they are more the latter than the former,—but wait until the end of her course, when I can give a better resumé of my impressions.

DEC. 16TH.—Since writing the above remarks on the Opera, I have learned that because of severe indisposition on the part of Mr. Formes, *Lucrezia* was given instead of *Martha* on Monday, and *Trovatore* substituted for *Puritani* last night. I hope his illness will not last till Thursday, and deprive us of the pleasure of hearing him in the "Creation."

PITTSFIELD, MASS., DEC. 22.—The closing *soirée* of another term of our Mendelssohn Institute took place last evening before a select audience. The programme, as usual, was of a mixed nature, containing some of the classic compositions of the old masters, such as Sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Clementi, a brilliant Rondo for four hands by Kuhlau, and a most beautiful transcription of *La Sérénade*, also for four hands,

by Bertini. For the vocal part, one of Mendelssohn's Two-part Songs, Abt's "When the swallows homeward fly," the charming sacred melody, "Come unto me," by Topliff, and a pretty chorus by some modern author. Lastly, though not least pleasing to the hearers, was performed the Overture to *Fra Diavolo*, for six hands, upon the fine Grand Piano, which spoke well for the noble depth of tone of the instrument as well as for the correct time of the players. Though perhaps the performances were not generally as brilliant as those of large concert rooms, they gave ample evidence of thorough instruction received, of purity of style and execution imparted, and of the earnest endeavor on the part of the Principal of the Institute, Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER, to instil a true love for the beautiful and refined in musical art, and to countenance none but pure and elevating classes of composition.

ANDANTE.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Playing vs. hearing Music.

There is no popular art or science about which so many and such gross misconceptions are entertained as about Music. In an extract from the biography of a certain female writer, which lately appeared in one of the daily papers, it was said that this writer counted it among her merits to have dissuaded an English princess from learning Music, on the ground that the latter's position and means would allow her to hear the best performers, which was better than playing herself.

Strange, that every one who can wield the pen believes himself competent to be a judge in musical matters! To dissuade princes from cultivating a noble art is a great mistake; for who can do more towards raising its standard than just they? and how, if they have not studied it, shall they acquire that taste and knowledge which alone can enable them to effect, with the vast means at their command, the highest and noblest? But in the present case the art and artists may easily comfort themselves for the loss of the said princess, since, had she possessed talent of the right sort, no one would have been capable to convince her that hearing music is better than playing. We have mentioned this instance merely, as it contains an erroneous opinion, common, more or less, among unmusical people, which we would like to correct. Not to speak of the immeasurably great influence which the study of Music exercises in developing the mind, the intellect, in short the whole man, it is a fact, which all true musicians will confirm, that the performer experiences a far higher enjoyment than his audience. To be sure, the learning of a fine thing is always connected with pains, and Music forms no exception. Sitting down at the instrument to practise dry finger or hand exercises for hours is not so pleasant a sensation as to sit down at a cheerfully smoking supper table after some hours' skating. But after a moderate degree of execution is reached, and a presentiment of the infinite beauties of the Art begins to dawn, what student does not rejoice at having persevered? and who would exchange, could it be done, the amount of skill, thus gained, for hearing even angels sing or play? What piano-forte player has forgotten the gratification it gave him to play a favorite piece to a sympathizing friend, or the high pleasure experienced in studying Beethoven's Sonatas, Bach's Preludes and Fugues, Mendelssohn's Songs

without Words, &c.? And now, when by continual striving he has finally attained to mastery; when he conquers even the greatest difficulties with ease and grace, and by his expressive delivery "rules the hearts" of thousands listening to him; when the world looks upon him with pride and admiration, and every one is eager to pay homage to his skill and genius, what master is there who could renounce his art for all the riches of the world?

Again, does it count for nothing to have learned to take part in the performance of a grand chorus or symphony?—to shout, in company with hundreds of equally enthusiastic singers, "Hallelujah, hallelujah!"?—or to strike out the powerful strains of Beethoven's glorious Fifth?

Farther, in all kinds of so-called Chamber Music, more particularly in quartets or quintets for stringed instruments, it is always the performers who have the higher pleasure, not the listeners. The writer of this article has known musicians and amateurs who played quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and others, from early in the evening until midnight with undiminished enjoyment; whereas he has never met one, either musician, amateur, or layman, who, after listening to perhaps three of those compositions, was not happy to escape the fourth.

These facts would suffice to show clearly that the enjoyment of hearing music, great as it may be, can never equal that of playing one's self; but the main point remains yet to be mentioned.

Music is a language in tones; like the language in words, it has its grammar, its literature, and its history. A good piece of music is to the musician what a fine poem is to the literary or cultivated man: it makes him feel and think; it affects and influences him, and gives his mind a certain impulse to what is higher and better. How, then, if you have not studied this language, will you comprehend and appreciate the beautiful, the grand poems written in it? The deeper and fuller their contents, the less you will be able to understand and enjoy them; you will hear nothing but a mass of mere sounds. Of course, where these sounds pass cheerfully and pleasantly by, one taking the lead, the rest following precisely its track, as is generally the case in light music, you will have some pleasure in the tickling of your ears, or the pleasant feeling that animates your feet; but where they go one this, the other that way; one up, the other down; one screaming, the other lamenting, the third murmuring, the fourth soothing as it were, now and then only uniting all together in one harmony, or suffering one of their members to rule the rest as principal, as is frequently the case in the highest kind of music, you will think it all a confusion, shut your ears at the discords, and say it is no music. However, you do not know what is meant by music, till you have studied it properly. Then only, and not till then, can you wholly understand the love and enthusiasm which the true musician feels for his Art. AD.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Conclusion.]

Petri (1782) remarks: "Formerly there were more bowed instruments in use than now; for example, the trumpet marine, which imitated the tones of the trumpet, but is now only used in nunneries where they have no *trumpetess*." "Trumpet marine (tromba marina) is played

upon, not by pressing down the string on a finger-board as in the violin, violoncello, etc., but by touching it laterally and gently with the finger, which serves as a rest or prop, in such a manner that the vibrations of the parts of the string, when struck, may pass freely to the part not touched, the sound of which will be chiefly and almost solely heard."—*Principles and Power of Harmony*, by Stillingfleet. 4to. London, 1771.

Now let us turn to the never-failing Mattheson. "In regard to the *sea-trumpet*, which was formerly much more used upon vessels than now, it is to be remarked, that they sometimes had two and sometimes even four strings. Such an instrument, heard from a distance, over still water, sounds like a chorus of trumpets."

Now, is there any difficulty in supposing that Castrucci had strung a violetta in this manner, and performed music upon it which sounded like a band of trumpets at a distance, and that Handel, so fond of the trumpet, concluded to try the effect? Perhaps the character of the air in *Orlando*, and the stage situation, may add probability to this suggestion.

The *sympathetic strings* which M. Schœlcher does not understand, are no longer in use, we believe, in any instrument. In old times, when the viola d'amore was the most fashionable of instruments, it was often fitted with from twelve to fourteen strings. Of these six or seven of catgut were arranged as in modern bowed instruments, and as many, fastened *under* the finger-board, ran down the instrument beneath the bridge. These were of metal, and being tuned to those above, vibrated with them and strengthened the tone. They were the sympathetic strings. In Handel's time, (see Mattheson's Orchestra,) the viola d'amore had four strings of steel or brass, and a fifth of catgut; later, according to Schilling, the five were of the latter material.

From this point onward, so far from pretending to add anything to the result of M. Schœlcher's labors, we can only thank him most heartily for the great amount of new, valuable, and interesting matter contained in his volume. We will only remark that in Mattheson's *Musica Critica*, vol. ii., is a letter from Handel, dated London, February 24th, 1719, closing thus:

"Concerning the second topic [of Mattheson's letter to him a few days previously] you can judge for yourself, that much research will be necessary, which I know not how to undertake at present on account of the pressure of business. So soon, however, as I am somewhat more at liberty, I will recall to mind the most noteworthy periods and incidents of my professional career, that I may prove to you that I have the honor," etc.

As to the plagiarisms which Mr. Macfarren has found, especially that of Handel's chorus, *And with his Stripes*, it must not be forgotten that the only works published by Bach during his lifetime, that is, until some ten years after the composition of the *Messiah*, were the following: *Klavierübung*, in three parts; *Arie*, with 30 variations; six three-voiced choral preludes for the organ; variations upon *Vom Himmel hoch*, in canon style, and the *Musical Offering* dedicated to Frederic II. If Mr. M. can find *And with his Stripes* in these, very well. The multitude of his other works, "the number of which no man knoweth," with the possible exception of Professor Dehn, of Berlin, were either published after his death or are still only to be found in manuscript.

We can not close without a reference to the noble manner in which Thibaut—the great professor of the Civil Law at Heidelberg—in his *Reinheit der Tonkunst*, more than thirty years ago, labored in the cause of Handel and his music. "Handel," says he, "was the Shakspeare of music, and well deserved to rest beside the great poet, in Westminster Abbey. Complete master of the mechanism of music, in a degree few others have attained, he shines forth in every phrase of musical culture an ever-enduring model for imitation, fresh, sparkling, and versatile, as though the highest efforts were but play. In all styles, from the merely playful and sentimental, onward to the loftiest sublime, he, with true inspiration and taste, was the creator of works most matchless.

For the grand, calm style of the church alone are his works few, because his church, and the circumstances in which he was placed, demanded them not; but that he certainly had the necessary genius and knowledge, the first chorus in *Susannah*, and the chorus, 'The earth swallowed them,' in the *Israel in Egypt*, are sufficient proof."

We have quoted but a single passage. It is, however, sufficient to show how Handel was esteemed by that great man.

Jullien's Last.

(From the London Musical World, Nov. 14.)

The long-announced "*morceau de circonstance*," "The Indian Quadrille and Havelock's Triumphant March," from the pen of M. Jullien, was performed on Thursday night for the first time, in presence of a vast audience. The production of this new piece was admirably timed, the reports of the occupation of Delhi having been authenticated only the day previously, and the relief of the garrison of Lucknow from imminent danger having been received only a few hours. No wonder the performance took the semblance of a demonstration; no wonder the public was wound up to a high pitch of enthusiasm; no wonder the success of the new composition was unequivocal. M. Jullien had provided everything which skill and judgment could suggest to ensure success. Circumstances, however, which he did not anticipate, served him materially. But independently of time and occasion, the "Indian Quadrille" must have succeeded, since, in it M. Jullien has surpassed his previous efforts. To illustrate in the most forcible way possible, and swell out the pomp and circumstance of General Havelock's march on Lucknow and the relief and occupation of that city by the British forces, M. Jullien found it necessary to strengthen his band by the addition of the drummers and fifers of three regiments of the Foot-guards—the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Coldstream Guards—together with new levies of trombone-players, cymbalists, cannon-drums, or "tom-tom," and Scottish bagpipes. Moreover, an efficient body of choristers was engaged, and, in short, nothing was left undone to give effect to the performance.

The first four figures of the new quadrille illustrate some of the customs and amusements of the Hindoos. No. 1 opens with the "Taza-bataza," or Brahmin hymn, which leads to the Military March of the Ghoorkahs, Mahrattas, and Sikhs. The latter has already been used with good effect by M. Jullien in the "Nepaulese Quadrille." The Brahmin hymn was very effective, and the employment of the Indian drum in the March was admirably characteristic. No. 2 leads off with the "Timbong-Boorong," or Bird-song, and introduces the dance of the Bayadères, which afforded excellent opportunity for the splendid solo playing of Messrs. De Folley, Pratten, and Viotti Collins. No. 3 illustrates the "Goonong-Sahnang," or Farewell Hymn to the Mountain, and the "Tuppahs," as played and danced in the procession of the Car of Juggernaut. The melody of the "Tuppahs" is strikingly original and is sure to become a favorite. No. 4 involves the "Song of the Muezzin," or Call to Prayer, as sung from the tops of the mosques and minarets; also the *Danse Ritale* of the Dervishes, the Elephant Driver's Song, and the music and endless trill of the Snake-Charmer. This figure is graphic and peculiar, and the various airs are blended with great felicity. The performance of the Snake-Charmer's song on the oboe, by M. Lavigne, is quite wonderful. He sustains the trill for such a length of time as to puzzle the hearer as to the manner in which he renews his breath. No. 5 represents the gathering and march of Havelock's division; the assault of Delhi by another general; the capture and occupation of that city; and the triumphant acclamation of the conquerors, concluding with "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen." The figure commences with a burst of the whole orchestra, which seemed to shake the very walls. The Ghoorkah March is again employed, as signifying that the enemy are close at hand. The 64th and Madras fusiliers advance, and "in the rear is suddenly perceived

a cloud of dust." Overpowered by numbers, the 64th and Fusiliers are about to give way, when "presently, in the distance are heard the familiar and welcome sound of the bag-pipes; the bonnets of the Highlanders are seen through the dust, and the 78th advance with their regimental and national air, 'The Campbells are coming,'" and the enemy, of course, is annihilated, though they too had their "Camels a coming." The Grand Triumphant March now succeeds. The entire orchestra bursts forth into a jubilant pæan, and while the chorus shout at the utmost power of their voices the following lines:—

Sing forth his praise!
Let us proclaim
Havelock's brave deeds,
Conquests and fame!
Sound, trumpets, drums!
Roar, cannons, roar!
Till echo's voice
Cease never more, &c.

In another part the brave troops are gathering round Delhi; the rebels begin to despair; the assault is made; the city taken; victory proclaimed. With a tremendous burst of enthusiasm the whole army breaks forth into shouts of "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen,"—although what the Navy had to do with the victory does not appear.

This *morceau* is a *Jullienesque* masterpiece. The animation never flags for an instant, and the shock, hurry, noise, and uproar of battle are depicted with irresistible spirit.

The reception given to the new quadrille was tremendous, and loud cries of "encore for the Triumphant March" resounded through the house. The demonstration, however, was brought to a stand-still, when M. Jullien came forward, with the evident intention of addressing the audience. Everyone felt he had something particular to communicate. "Ladies and gentlemen,"—said the *maestro*—"as we are honored this evening by the presence of Lady Havelock, the wife of the distinguished General—that British Lion who has so nobly hunted down the Bengal tiger—I am sure you will be all as delighted as I am to know that she is among us. There is Lady Havelock!" He then pointed to a box on the first tier on the Queen's side. The cheering which followed this announcement was deafening. All eyes were directed towards the box indicated by M. Jullien, and Lady Havelock with her two daughters came to the front and gracefully bowed to the multitude. The scene was intensely exciting, but M. Jullien was determined that it should become still more so. He again appealed to the audience as follows:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen! you shall join with me in three cheers for General Havelock. I will give the word, and you will all respond—'ensemble.' Now then—hip, hip, hurrah!" The scene which followed defies description. Suffice it, the acclamation and gesticulations were redoubled; and the Triumphant March was repeated and received with a perfect *furor*. Lady Havelock remained to the end, and hundreds waited without to give her a parting cheer as she left the theatre and entered her carriage.

Notes on Handel's "Messiah."

We make the following detached extracts from an analysis of the "Messiah," written for the Handel Commemoration in London, last year, by G. A. MACFARREN. They shed light on some points, not fully treated in the description that we gave last May. Particularly we would call attention to what is said of the group of choruses containing the fugue: *And with his stripes*, one of the most beautiful pieces in the oratorio, too commonly omitted in the performances here, the programme of this evening not excepted.

(No. 8.) REC.—For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

This is another instance of our Composer's great

power in declamatory recitative; and the Air is one of those extraordinary pieces of music in which Handel so eminently excels, which have the effect, without employing any of the trite, commonplace, and, indeed, burlesque trickery, of technical description, of raising in the mind of the hearer a grand image which, coincident and identical with his feelings, fulfils both in the Composer and his auditor the highest qualities of the ideal in art.

The almost incessant motion of quavers, the peculiar chromatic progressions of the melody, and the great prevalence of unison, are the technical characteristics of this song, and with these materials is produced an effect which one cannot hear without feeling the gloom that pervades it; and the bright burst upon the words: "have seen a great light," makes this gloom so much the gloomier.

Mozart's treatment of this song is almost the only instance throughout the Oratorio in which he has departed from what we have a right to suppose may have been the purport of Handel's intentions as to the general effect. Such departure consists in the addition of harmony to what was originally unisonous, not in the modernization of the character, since the chromatic progressions of Handel are modern as yesterday, and will retain their present seeming novelty to the end of time. This he has done, however, with such consummate genius, such masterly skill, and such exquisite effect, that even Handel would pardon him the aberration from the original idea for the sake of the lustre that is thus thrown upon it.

(10.) PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

REC.—There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

The introduction of this instrumental movement is a great stroke of art, for it forms a most graceful repose after the powerful excitement of the previous chorus, and a most appropriate preparation for the scene of the watching shepherds that succeeds it. It forms, also, a necessary break in the conduct of the subject, to divide the prophecies from the advent of the Messiah.

There is a further purport in the present movement, which has been lately, by means of the researches of Dr. Rimbault, explained. The custom of the Pifferari, or pipers, from among the Calabrian peasantry to celebrate the period of Christmas by a mendicant pilgrimage to Rome, where, before the principal shrines, some sing, while others accompany them upon their pipes, a hymn in honor of the Nativity, is well known, and has been made familiar by Wilkie's picture; this custom has prevailed from the earliest Christian ages, and the melody which they sing is supposed to be of still remoter antiquity; it is to be found in a manuscript collection of hymns, transcribed in 1830, and is as follows:



Upon this melody is constructed the Pastoral Symphony, and its appropriation to this purpose is shown to have been designed by Handel's having written "*Pifu*" at the head of his manuscript. Nothing could be more pertinent to the situation than this primitive hymn on the Nativity.

(17.) CRO.—Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows! He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

And with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

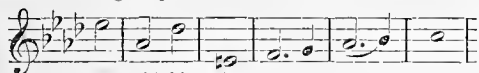
And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

This prodigiously grand Chorus, in three movements, appears to have been written with greater care than anything else in the work; the greatest, the most dignified advantage is taken of every opportunity for particular expression of the words, while the general character of the whole is in the highest

degree appropriate to the lofty, religious, and powerfully human feeling of the subject, and the musicianly treatment of this nobly poetical conception is, to the last degree, forcible and masterly. The expression of the opening words is broad and massive, but penitential even to pathos; it implies not the shrinking as in shame from the sense of evil, but its solemn acknowledgment, in the solemn humility of faith. "With His stripes we are healed," may be regarded as a doctrinal tenet, and is thus treated ecclesiastically—that is, in the severe school of art originated by the Church, for the purposes of the Church—not in the free style of impulsive expression that later times have developed; but the deep tone of penitence still prevails. I would willingly ignore the technical quibbles upon the words "turned" and "every one to his own way," and would even disregard the truly picturesque, pastoral character that illustrates "All we like sheep," in the consideration of the higher expression that embodies the voluptuous revelry of sin, which is thus fittingly and forcibly brought into contrast with the earnest solemnity of repentance that is most impressively resumed in the rendering of the concluding words.

The opening movement, in F minor, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," is a highly impressive example of choral declamation. The voice-parts and the words are most forcibly brought out by the measured march of the accompaniment, the break in which at the passage, "He was wounded," has a remarkably imposing effect. There is a grand modulation at the words, "He was bruised," and the resumption of the original figure of the accompaniment with another sudden change of key, the bold sequence which begins here, and the beautiful succession of suspensions that leads to the end of the movement, are all most admirable.

The termination of the first movement in the key of A flat is well contrived to give effect to the opening of the following movement in F minor, "And with his stripes," which is the first strict fugue that has occurred since the Overture, and is one of the grandest specimens of the severe style of writing that the art possesses; indeed, a masterpiece of close working and pure counterpoint. It is formed upon the following subject:



And with his stripes we are heal - - - ed.

which has also been employed for contrapuntal elaboration by Bach, by Haydn, by Mozart, and by Spohr.

The fugue closes upon the dominant, preparatory to the succeeding movement, "All we like sheep," which commences in the key of F major with surprising freshness. It is adapted from another vocal duet, "Altra volta incatenarmi," of the same period as the three already named. This Allegro has great musical excellence, and forms a fitting finale to the superb chain of movements, of which it is to be considered a part, and to which the few concluding bars of Adagio, with the affecting return to F minor on the words, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," most indissolubly links it. This final passage is one of the many striking examples of Handel's extraordinary feeling of propriety with regard to the more frequent repetition of some phrases of words than others; whereas the whole of the Chorus up to this point comprises but a few short sentences frequently repeated, these last words, once energetically given, effect a greater impression than all the rest.

(19.) REC.—Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness; he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

AIR.—Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

REC.—He was cut out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

AIR.—But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

The next four movements were all written for a tenor voice, and evidently intended as a connected series to constitute a complete whole; but by one of the many vagaries that custom has played with this Oratorio, the last Recitative and the concluding Andante are always assigned to a soprano singer in performance, the first two movements being allotted to the voice for which they were composed. I cannot but think the change injures the effect of continuity and connection that evidently was designed, and makes, instead of one whole, two fragments. Certainly each of the portions of this song has a beauty in itself; but the great merit of conception, the completeness, is lost, by thus dividing it between two performers.

The opening Recitative is a beautiful rendering of the words, so deeply pathetic and full of passionate intensity as cannot but touch all hearers; and this is conveyed in a series of chromatic modulations that anticipates the utmost development of the science of harmony in modern times, and proves how it is the province of genius to overleap the circumscriptions of the art in which it is exercised, and grasp the essentials of the beautiful, how remote soever these may be beyond the attainment of theoretical research. No one but Mozart has ever equalled our composer in the composition of impassioned Recitative; even Mozart could not surpass him, and the present is one of the most successful specimens of this form of writing, in which one such success shows the heart of the author to have been sensitive as his power seems to have been boundless.

The next exquisite fragment is, no more than the Recitative which introduces it, to be praised in words; its enlogium is in the sympathy of those who hear it, and none can hear it and be insensible to the feelings it embodies. I have called this movement a fragment because it ends with a dominant cadence, not with a full close, and is thus linked to the succeeding Recitative.

The intensely poignant expression that characterizes the setting of the first two divisions of the text is gradually modified in the ensuing Recitative, and the softness of the major key, to which a natural course of modulation gradually leads, beautifully illustrates the change of sentiment.—His heart is broken.—He is full of heaviness.—He found no man to have pity on him.—There is no sorrow like unto His sorrow.—but, all this He endured as the Redeemer of mankind.—for our transgression was He stricken; and thus is the tale of pathos an augury of hope, and so has Handel read.—so rendered it.

The concluding movement of this series, "But Thou didst not leave," is one of those delicious melodies that belong not to age nor style, the beauty of which at a century since its production seems new and fresh; beauty which is to be traced in the music of all those who have found their way to the very depths of the human heart; beauty which proves the consanguinity of genius in all schools; beauty which belongs alike to every period. The hopeful, the benign feeling embodied in this Andante has the charm of leading our aspirations from the pangs of earth and of earth's infliction to the blessings of that home which the Redeemer's endurance has purchased for us.

(20.) CHO.—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

No one can ever have heard this great production of genius adequately executed without feeling himself elated to the loftiest condition of intellectual excitement of which his being is susceptible, such is the overwhelming influence of its broad, massive, majestic and glorious effect; and (as with all great effects in art) this effect will bear the closest analysis in the closet, and there no less astonishes the schoolman with its masterly contrivance than in public performance it delights the uninitiated with the result of all the elaborate skill and learning that have been brought to bear in its composition. The opening is a dazzling blaze of splendor; the unison of all the voices upon the words, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," is most grand and dignified, especially from the strong relief it forms to the previous and alternate passages of full harmony on the repetitions of the "Hallelujah!" We must then admire the new and fine effect of the working these two subjects together. Now comes a piece of repose that is perfectly heavenly, the beautiful passage on the words, "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord;" there is much judgment in the introduction of these few bars, which, from the exquisite calm that pervades them, give a great additional force to the rest of the movement; we have, then, the fine and closely-worked fugal point, "And He shall reign for ever," and this leads to the superb ascending sequence, "King of kings and Lord of lords," the breaking off of which, by all the voices and instruments coming together in simple counterpoint is the most startling effect in the "Messiah;" and, finally, the winding up of the coda completes what all critics have pronounced, and the whole world acknowledged, to be the finest emanation of Handel's genius.

(32.) REC.—Behold, I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

AIR.—The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

This Recitative is a broad piece of declamation;

but the Air which it introduces I cannot—with all the reverence with which the composer everywhere, and especially in this work, impresses, me—I cannot—after the most careful study of the piece I am presuming to censure—I cannot but consider to be a complete misconception. The text appears to me to be suggestive as any in the Oratorio, and one peculiarly likely to have called out the noblest powers of Handel's genius. What a truly sublime image does it raise, even without the strong aid of musical enforcement, of the awful sounding of an overwhelming tone that bursts the bonds of death, and calls together from the widest range of space, from the remotest depths of time, all that have lived to live again!—tearing the, till then, impenetrable curtain from eternity, it discloses the everlasting Now, the vast understanding of Deity, the last sense new created, and merges was, and is, and is to be, in the mighty consciousness of the infinite and true; and how particularly does it strike us, firstly, that such an image, even one so superhuman, was quite within the province, and possibly within the power, of the composer of the *Messiah* to embody; and secondly, that it was for him, and for none other, to essay the human expression of so divine a subject. This is a rude presentation of the rude presentiment I feel of what was the glorious scope open to the musician who should exercise his art and his genius upon the composition of music to this passage; and I cannot but feel, and feeling cannot but regret, that the trivial—for so, compared to the theme, we must regard it,—the trivial song under notice, and the trifling conventionalities of the common-place trumpet accompaniment, must wholly disappoint all those who know the powers of Handel, and appreciate the unequalled susceptibility of the subject, of what they have the right to expect from his treatment of it. The tremendous summons of the last trumpet is reduced to the display of the executive excellence of a solo player, and the thrilling annunciation of the destiny of all mortality rendered by the unmeaning divisions of an expressional bravura. Yes, indeed, this song must be felt to be a misconception, and it is the more conspicuous, and the more to be regretted, that it is so, because, as such, it is the only failure in a work that would otherwise defy all question of its perfect propriety.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 26, 1857.

CONCERTS.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The second Concert, last Saturday evening, was even better and more fully attended than the first. Indeed, the Melodeon seemed to have no room to spare. The uncommonly rich programme, published in our last, was fulfilled in each particular, and generally in the most satisfactory manner. Encores were called, as usual, after almost every piece, but were wisely declined, except in one or two instances. The features of most intrinsic interest, as well as novelty, were the Choruses from the Greek tragedies, composed by Mendelssohn. We know no finer compositions for men's voices. Certainly our German Clubs have sung no other comparable to them. The ordinary *part-song* is a much smaller, humbler affair—simply, as its name denotes, a *song*, harmonized in four parts. But these Greek choruses are themes worked up, for single and double choir, with as much art and completeness, only not in the fugue form, (for the Fugue is Gothic, Christian, and not Greek), as the choruses in great oratorios. The poetic text demanded no less. Of course the problem with Mendelssohn was not and could not be to compose music that should be Greek; what was practicable, was to wed the noble words to music equally noble and expressive. A dignified, highly learned, as well as sympathetically poetic style was indispensable; and in these special choruses at least Mendelssohn has answered these requirements as happily and nobly as in any of his best

works that are better known. They should have been heard with orchestra, of course, to have their full effect; but the elaborate accompaniments were made to yield the *gist* of their meaning by the fine piano-playing of OTTO DRESEL assisted by Mr. LEONHARD. They would have derived more impressiveness, too, from a larger choir; and above all, from the theatrical completeness with which they were brought out, according to the original design, in Germany. Then the entire Greek tragedy was acted on the stage, with all its *paradoi* and *episodions*, and choregraphical manœuvres, circlings, and crossings of the chorus, &c. In short, the attempt was made, with all the means of the King of Prussia, and the classical lore of German Greek professors, to reproduce as closely as possible the whole machinery and method of the old Greek stage. Only music, which the Greeks had not, for which their rude chant had to suffice, was here for the first time by modern Art supplied. The detached specimens we heard on Saturday, and as we heard them, were highly interesting and impressive. Even on the general audience they seemed to tell with great force; and we may truly say, that they were beautifully sung, and will be remembered as about the best performances the Orpheus have given us,—as a standard of excellence which they have now set for themselves, and which they must never be content to fall below.

We suppose the "Bacchus" Chorus pleased the greater number by its fiery fortissimo. We were most interested in the chorus from the *Edipus Coloneus*. It is where the chorus (of old Athenians) welcome the blind, old, wandering king, led by his daughter Antigone, to Attica. A plain word-for-word version, such as we find in Bohn's Library, gives a better notion of the words than the rhymed paraphrase that was printed in the programme. Here it is:

Strophe.—Thou hast come, O stranger, to the seats of this land, renowned for the steed; to seats the fairest on earth, the chalky Colonus; where the vocal nightingale, chief abounding, trills her plaintive note in the green dells, tenanted the dark-hued ivy and the leafy grove of the god, untrodden, teeming with fruits, impervious to the sun, and unshaken by the winds of every storm; where Bacchus, the reveler, ever roams attending his divine nurser.

Antistrophe.—And ever day by day the narcissus, with its beauteous clusters, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, and the saffron with golden ray; nor do the sleepless founts of Cephissus that wander through the fields fail, but ever each day it rushes o'er the plains with its limpid wave, fertilizing the bosom of the earth; nor have the choirs of the muses loathed this elime; nor Venus, too, of the golden rein.

Strophe.—And there is a tree, such as I hear not to have ever sprung in the land of Asia, nor in the mighty Doric island of Pelops, a tree unplanted by hand, of spontaneous growth, terror of the hostile spear, which flourishes chiefly in this region, the leaf of the pale gray olive that nourishes our young. This shall neither any one in youth nor in old age, marking for destruction, and having laid it waste with his hand, bring to nought; for the eye that never closes of Morian Jove regards it, and the blue-eyed Minerva.

Antistrophe.—And I have other praise for this mother-city to tell, the noblest gift of the mighty divinity, the highest vaunt, that she is the great of chivalry, renowned for the steed and famous on the main; for thou, O sovereign Neptune, son of Saturn, hast raised her to this glory, having first, in these fields, founded the bit to tame the horse; and the well-rowed boat dashed forth by the hand, bounds marvellously through the brine, tracking on the hundred-footed daughters of Nereus.

After a few bars of bright and quickening prelude, one choir commences in unison the first strophe—a beautiful theme, that breathes the

peace and stillness of the place (the sacred grove of the Eumenides) falling on the weary spirit of the exile—all in unison, until the full-chord burst on the high climax note in the last line. Again the bright phrase of the instruments (but with a difference), and the opposite choir takes up the same strain (lovely enough to be repeated) to the words of the antistrophe, while the accompaniment, before limited to plain chords, melts into soft and liquid divisions at the mention of the dew-besprent narcissus and Cephissus' stream. Then the accompaniment sets out in hurried triplets, the music grows excited, and the first choir sings, in harmony, a higher and a bolder strain, about that wondrous tree, the olive, glory of Athens, swelled at length by entrance of the other choir to eight-part harmony. This strain, too, is echoed by the second choir, hymning that "other praise"; the enthusiasm mounts higher and higher, till it reaches its climax in the address to Neptune, where both choirs unite in a fortissimo, with full force of the instruments, and the first tenors soar to high B flat, as if unconsciously borne up above themselves. The descent from this high pitch of exaltation is exquisitely managed by a sustained monotone of the voices through four long measures (on the dominant), whence they slowly drop to the octave, holding the note while the instruments ascend and trill into the key-note, finishing the whole into perfection of symmetry with a modification of the bright figure of the prelude.

Two choruses were sung from the *Antigone*, instead of one as in the programme. The Bacchus Chorus was preceded by another (unannounced, and so misleading many) to these words:

Strophe.—Many are the mighty things, and nought is more mighty than man. He even sails beyond the sea, when whitened into foam with the wintry south wind's blasts, passing amid the billows that roar around; and the supreme of divinities immortal, undecaying Earth, he furrows, his plows circling from year to year, turning up her soil with the off-spring of the steed.

Antistrophe.—And ensnaring the brood of light-minded birds, he bears them away as his prey, and the tribes of the monsters of the wild, and the marine race of the deep in the invoven meshes of his nets, he, all inventive man; and he masters by his devices, the tenant of the fields, the mountain-ranging beast, and he will bring under the neck-encircling yoke, the shaggy-maned horse, and the untameable mountain bull.

Strophe.—And he hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom, and the customs of civic law, and to avoid the cold and stormy arrows of uncomfortable frosts. With plans for all things, planless in nothing, meets he the future. Of the grave alone he shall not introduce escape; but yet he hath devised remedies against baffling dense. Having beyond belief a certain inventive skill of art, he at one time advances to evil and at another time to good. Observing the laws of the land, and the plighted justice of heaven, he is high in the state; but an ontcast from the state is he, with whomsoever that which is not honorable resides by reason of audacity; neither may he dwell with me, nor have sentiments like mine, who acts thus.

The music to this is a sweet, tranquil, pensive *Andante con moto* in 6-8 measure; the voices for the most part in unison, the accompaniment in rich, smoothly-progressing harmony,—more figurative at the thought of the birds, &c., in the antistrophe—until the second strophe: "He hath taught himself language and lofty wisdom," where the strain becomes *pù mosso* and the voices part into harmony; strangely dark and thrilling is the modulation of the instruments at the thought of death! The same strain is worked up to the end with double chorus.

The Bacchus Chorus—fit conclusion to the

concert—is more in the vein of the Wedding March, full of pomp and splendor, double chorus from the first, in full chords, in the triumphal key of D major, waxing ever stronger and louder, and whirls itself away one rapid blaze of many-voiced and brazen harmony. It is quite Bacchalanian and Mœnadie, and stirs the blood in the true temper of the fine last lines of the words:

Strophe.—O thou, who art hailed by many a name, glory of the Theban nymph, and son of deeply-thundering Jove, who swayest renowned India, and president o'er the rites of Ceres, in the vales of Eleusis, open to all! O Bacchus, who dwellest in Thebe, the mother city of the Bacchanals, by the flowing streams of Ismenus, and the fields where the teeth of the fell dragon were sown.

Antistrophe.—Thee, the smoke beheld as it burst into flame above the double-crested rock, where roam the Corycian nymphs, the votaries of Bacchus, and the fount of Castalia flows; and thee the ivy-crowned steep of the Nysian mountains, and the green shore, with its many clusters, triumphant send along, amid immortal words, that hymn thy "Evœe."

Strophe.—To reign the guardian of the streets of Thebe, whom you honor highest of all cities, with your mother that perished by the thunder. And now, since the city with all its people is enthralled by a violent disease, come with healing steps, over the slopes of Parnassus, or the resounding gulf of the sea.

Antistrophe.—O leader of the choir of flame-breathing stars, director of the voices that sound by night, youthful god, son of Jove, reveal thyself along with thy ministering Moenads, the Naxian maids, who maddening through the live-long night, celebrate thee with the dance, thee their lord Iacchus.

These choruses were not the only interesting novelty of the concert. A very dramatic and impassioned Terzetto by Beethoven, one of his last works, for soprano, tenor, and bass, to Italian words: *Tremate, empi!* &c.,—very Mozart-like in style at first, but unmistakeably Beethoven before you get through, and wrought up with great wealth of accompaniment (it is intended for orchestra)—was effectively sung by Miss DOANE and Messrs. KREISSMANN and LANGERFELDT, especially an Adagio solo by the lady. The part-songs were four, three of them of a sentimental character, but of much beauty, especially that Serenade by Marschner to words by an old Minnesinger. Uhland's "Student's Departure: "Was klinget und singet die Strasse hinauf? &c., music by Otto, was a little too pathetic. "She is mine," by Haertel, made quite an agreeable impression. The rich, cool, solemn harmonies of the *Wanderer's Nachtlid*, by Lenz, were good to hear again.

Miss DOANE's selections were admirable and beautifully sung. We could wish however of the *portamento* in such pure perfection of melody as Mozart's *Del rienti, non turdar*; we shall never forget the perfectly sustained and even style in which it was given by Jenny Lind. Yet this time it was sung very sweetly. Mendelssohn's "Zuleeka" and Schubert's exquisite "Barearole," were as fine as one could wish, both in respect of singing and most delicate accompaniment.

Three fine songs by Robert Franz: viz. "Waldfahrt," "Im Walde," and *Er ist gekommen*, were sung with good expression by Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Mr. Dresel of course accompanying. Too much tendency to explosive emphasis seems a fault of this otherwise agreeable tenor, as it is somewhat of the singing of the club generally.

Mr. SATTER's piano-forte selections were hardly worthy of the concert or the artist. The two numbers from Rubenstein's *Album de Portraits* seemed to us aimless, uninspired, empty, especially the first, whose promising introduction was

only followed by a commonplace and tedious sort of Nocturne. Mr. Satter's own March, and *Scherzo Fantastique*, were brilliant concert pieces, well displaying the man's marvellous execution. Indeed, execution is child's play to him, and therein lies his great temptation as an artist, — a tendency to riot in incontinent excess of brilliant extravaganza. He showed a higher and a purer art, when he was recalled, in the perfection of his playing of that exquisite little gem of a Minuet and Trio from Mozart's E flat Symphony. Nothing could have been in more refreshing and instructive contrast with what had preceded; here was indeed a composition, a symmetrical, complete, vital whole; and all the audience felt it. Here every note seemed to follow by an inward necessity, as if the thing *could not* have been written otherwise, as if it grew like a flower. But the Rubinstein pieces were but strainings after originality and sentiment, by sheer force of volition, and might have been made so or so with equal reason; for it was the ambition to write something, and not any real sentiment or inspiration that produced them.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The audience at the second concert was somewhat thinned, both by bad weather and by Mr. Everett's address that evening in the Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
 1—Quartet, No. 6, in B flat, op. 18,..... Beethoven
 Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, La Malinconia Adagio and Allegro.
 2—Song: "The Wanderer,"..... Schubert
 Mr. P. H. Powers.
 3—Quintet, in C minor, op. 53, (for Piano and Quartet) Spohr
 Allegro—Larghetto con moto—Scherzo.
 Messrs. Hamann, Fries, Krebs and Meisel.
PART II.
 4—Quartet, No. 2, in D minor,..... Mozart
 Moderato—Andante—Minuetto—Andante con variazioni.
 5—Serenade from "Don Giovanni,"..... Mozart
 Mr. P. H. Powers.
 6—Andante and Finale from the Quartet in C, op. 17, No. 3.
 Rubinstein

This was by no means so rare a selection as the last. The two Quartets are among the most admirable of their kind and ever welcome; but they are also two of the most familiar to Boston ears, and did not help therefore to extend our acquaintance with their authors. A repetition of that later quartet of Beethoven, as soon as possible after the first wondering and ignorant impression, would have been wise. Still it is a delight to listen, were it for the hundredth time, to the old No. 6 of Beethoven's first set. How full of fresh young life and buoyancy it is! With what a triumphant sense of health and power springs forth the first theme of the Allegro! Yet a strange wayward passionateness and unrest breaks out here and there; the Adagio is full of heavenly tenderness, now and then mysteriously clouded; while the Adagio *Malinconia*, introducing the reckless frolic of the finale, is an anticipation of Beethoven's latest and most inward brooding period.

Mr. HAMANN showed a good deal of execution, and modest, musician-like earnestness in his playing of Spohr's Quintet; but there was some dragging, and a clumsiness of touch, owing doubtless in great part to the unwonted instrument. The composition, saving some of its brilliant show-passages, we found dull. After it what a life-like, pure emanation of genius, born as it were whole in one happy moment of inspiration, was that Quartet by Mozart! There every phrase, every note tingled with the one pervading, clear and certain meaning. It was all beautiful, all vital, all interesting; it really had something to say, and said it perfectly. — The two movements of the Rubinstein Quartet interested us more than anything else that we have heard by that author; especially the Finale, which has ideas, worked up with a peculiar richness.

Mr. Powers has a remarkably rich and ponderous bass voice, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer" in quite good style, though coldly. His *Don Giovanni* Serenade lacked grace and elasticity. He bids fair to become one of the best basses in our city.

CHRISTMAS! Surely no reader needs reminder or inducement to attend the performance of Handel's Oratorio "Messiah," at the Music Hall this evening. Christmas week were not complete without it. We shall not have fully heard the angels' song of Peace and Good Will to Man, renewing itself for ever, until we have called in this truest, highest ministry of Art, and listened to its strains made audible and real by the divine inspiration as it were of a genius like Handel's. And the whole soul will be much more open to that music, when we feel that we are at the same time doing something towards the fulfilment of the promise, as well as of the design of the composer. The concert is for charity. You shall listen and be giving to the poor, and the charity will be wisely and faithfully administered through the tried and admirable organization of the Boston Provident Association.

It certainly is pleasant, and it chimes well with the chimes of Christmas, to see Music working all around us in the cause of Charity. We hear of a charming amateur concert for that end given this week in Cambridge, and of amateur singing of most rare excellence. There were piano pieces, fine vocal trios from Rossini, Mozart, &c., and a tasteful selection of songs, among which several by our townsman Mr. BOOTH, which, we are glad to learn, gave general pleasure. In Salem, too, a concert, partly amateur, has been given under the direction of Mr FENELLOSA. There were 700 persons present. The programme included a Mass, a Quartet by Bishop, Beethoven's Sonata in F for violin and piano, the Quartet: *Mi manca la voce*, and Beethoven's *Ad-laida*, sung by an amateur gentleman with fine effect.

Mr. SATTER's concert at Cambridge will be next Tuesday night. He will play among other things the Minuet by Mozart, a piece by Chopin, and the *Tannhäuser* overture, which, as we have heard him play it, is about as wonderful a feat of piano-forte execution as we can well imagine; he makes it sound like a whole orchestra.

The "Orpheus Club" will visit Framingham and give a concert during the present moon.... Mr. Ullmann, it appears, has engaged MUSARD, the celebrated conductor of promenade concerts in Paris, to come to this country in February, with ten of his best soloists.

Messrs. Whipple & Black have made some admirable photographic copies of Gambadella's portrait of the late Rev. Dr. CHANNING. Strange to say, the photograph is even more true and life-like than the painting. As we recall the face of Channing, this is by far the most perfect representation of it that exists, and this we know to be the feeling also of the immediate members of his family.

Advertisements.

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Mr. GARTNER announces that their First Musical Soirée will take place Jan. 16, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

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Will be given at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SUNDAY EVENING, Jan. 3d, 1858, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian under the direction of Mr. A. WERNER.

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Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

My first tour to Europe was a beautiful poem, and after a few months' rest from travel, many of its finest episodes come up in the imagination, alike refreshing to heart and intellect.

It is generally fatal to the interest of the poem to analyze it in all its objective features. The tourist's inner world must lend its *matériel* to the outer, and American commonplace and practical thought dare not infuse the subject with too much cold calculation. In the ascent of the Rigi there was a blending of both pictorial and musical associations, and the artistic merit of Calame, as well as the melodrama of "William Tell," could here be fully realized.

The Rigi stands in the midst of these associations, and by the aid of some preliminary reading, and a moderate susceptibility to the influences of tone, modulated to the thoughts of a people whose life is essentially a poetical one, the arduous adventure of its ascent and descent leaves rich fruits within the memory, and sends you once more in quest of Schiller's "William Tell," and its exquisite passages.

The "Hotel Bauer an Lac," of Zurich, justly commended to all travellers for its chaste arrangements, looks pleasantly down upon the placid waters of the lake. As the sun had just risen, we emerged from the hotel to meet our friend G—e, who had promised to be our guide to the Rigi, and thence to many other noted objects of nature contiguous to it. Our romantic adventure opened with the interesting prelude of a choir of Swiss girls, all attired in the picturesque costume of a neighboring canton, who stood together beneath a grove just at the water's edge, and near the steamer's landing. The Swiss are extremely

prone to this species of music, and in all their primitive social gatherings and parties of pleasure a chorus of cultivated voices adds to the gaiety and simplicity of their national habits. The party in question were out for the day in pursuit of pleasure, and embarked with us on board the little steamer, bound for Horgen and other points upon the lake of Zurich. The girls were accompanied by their respective swains, and when seated on the deck of the vessel, once more resumed their favorite airs, accompanied by the tenor and bass voices of their party. All the passengers seemed interested in the simple group, and we regarded this opening scene on Zurich's waters a most fortunate precursor of the day's enjoyment.

Passing over the smooth waters of this classic lake, which in the earliest times of European literature had been the resort of the German and Swiss poets, among whom Goethe himself was its frequent visitor, borrowing from the scenery of the Rigi and its adjacent lake the materials for "Wilhelm Tell," which he subsequently presented to Schiller for elaboration into one of his finest dramas, we were aroused from the luxurious enjoyment of these recollections by the announcement of our arrival at Horgen, where a "diligence" was ready to convey us to Zug. Rising out of the vast amphitheatre of hills that encircle the Lake of Zurich, slowly and ploddingly over an excellent macadamized road, such as we meet everywhere in travelling on Continental highways, rounding the more elevated point of the Albis mountain, and then descending into a picturesque Swiss valley, disclosing the pastoral homes of a people who, above all others, still retain a rigid nationality in habits of life and costume, we increased our speed, and soon arrived within the precincts of Zug. Here you exchange the diligence for a cabriolet, and the interest of the picture is enhanced, as you pursue a route along the margin of Lake Zug. The waters themselves are a perfect mirror, placidly reflecting the objects on the borders of the lake.

We found ourselves within the heart of the Swiss lowland country, and among the sturdy natives, who address you with genuine warmth of heart and hospitable recognition. The Swiss rural homestead is the most picturesque and poetically suggestive object of the kind to be found in Europe. All its architecture is based upon principles of local necessity and primitive modes of life. The gable of every cottage is a study for the landscape painter, showing in all its simple arrangements the elements of an every day poesy. All this end of the house is clothed in the drapery of the vine, and occasionally the branches of the pear intermingle with this characteristic clothing

of doorway, trellise and arbor. The flower pots in the window are invariably seen in almost every story, while the windows are characterized by their round panes, forming, together with the long-eaved roof, the side shingling of the walls, and the exterior stone stairways, a marked feature of the Swiss rural abode. We transplant these architectural forms into our own country; but whether they can have any meaning, as applied to our life's thoughts, or to our pursuits, we are never led to inquire. In Switzerland the cottage and the shepherd's hut on the mountain slopes have an historical interest. They are the depositories of her past annals, as well as the interpreters of her poetry and her romance. The honest and homely Swiss can appreciate the atmosphere and all the sensuous influences of his mountain region better than the stranger — so much so, that the humblest peasant can point out and explain the merits of every grand and striking point in Nature. History, myth, and tradition have engendered a love of country within him; and as his old gray and mossy habitation grows older, and time marks its inroads upon it, he feels the love of ancestral recollections to wax in strength, and bind him to his home. Hence the Swiss are rarely naturalized to a foreign land; and where we find them apparently born again in our own hemisphere, still, silent yearnings after their lost country remain working within the deep recesses of thought. This idiosyncrasy may be attributed, in a great measure, to the power which the idyl of Swiss life has over the imagination and the early education of the heart.

But let us move forward towards the Rigi. Nine of the most pleasant miles to be found in Switzerland are enjoyed along the margin of Lake Zug, and much of my Swiss theme was drawn from this morning's ride. G—e, our companion, illustrated the whole ground passed over, as he, though an American, was perfectly at home on every inch of soil between the Swiss Athens and the Rigi Culm. The antiquated town of Arth lies at the upper extremity of the lake, and immediately at the base of the mountain. The Swiss landscape artist always chooses Arth as a favorite subject, allowing his rapture to dwell on the unrivalled sheet of water before it, the snowy crested eminences behind it, and a transparent sky reigning above. Our postillion brought us to the portal of an old inn, with that universal favorite on its sign: "Zum schwarzen Adler;" for no device seems more generally esteemed than that of the "Black Eagle."

Mine hostess of the "Schwarz Adler," a small lady, attired in black, but full of activity and naiveté, was not long in comprehending the nature of our visit, and the full extent of our wants,

and, with the aid of her garçon, made active preparations to call into requisition all the capabilities of her *cuisine*.

Our friend G——e was sufficiently elastic to storm the Rigi on foot, and I, in my verdant enthusiasm, proposed to accompany him in the performance of this formidable feat. G——e remonstrated with me upon the folly of the attempt, representing to me that the greater portion of those who started on foot failed midway up the mountain, and were obliged to send back for horses. My other fellow-traveller assented to all the preparations of G——e, and quietly acquiesced in the necessity of ascending heavenward upon the backs of two huge, black, well-shod steeds.

Whatever the amount of human ambition may be at the foot of the Rigi, as the eye glances upwards, the necessity of making provision for the wants of the inner man is quite obvious. The ascent to the Culm is nine miles, and requires three hours and a half for its performance. G——e, therefore, who was popular at the Black Eagle, used all his influence with mine hostess in the sombre dress, on the score of furnishing a good dinner. At the same time the preliminaries for the accoutrement of the two black steeds were made, and the Culm having no clouds hovering round about it, our anticipations were extremely high.

For good fare, genial Ivourne, and a communicative hostess, commend me to "Zum Schwarzen Adler." After the great prandial event had come off, and in a manner far transcending our expectations, G——e looked around for his "Alpenstock," of which an ample supply, at all times, stands ready for the wants of the tourist. Giving our valedictory to the small landlady in the black dress, and descending into the street among a group of Arth-ers, who were gathered there to witness our departure, we mounted the horses with carpet bag and cloaks securely placed in the rear of our saddles. Many years had elapsed since we had been addicted to equestrian sports, and a little effort was required to leap into our seats: but once securely there, we had no fears to entertain as to the grand result, for the guide walked in an obliging frame of mind by our side, urging on the unwilling steeds, and entertaining us by the way.

At a short distance from Arth, a sudden turn in the road leads directly to the lowermost slope of the Rigi, and here a rugged bridle-path commences the actual ascent of the mountain. You now exchange the fertile region of the Arth and Goldau valley for the more airy and fir-covered hills that precede this vast cone you are about to scale, and the enjoyment of the magnificent scene below, around, and above, increases in its intensity as you progress forward. In order to enter into a proper appreciation of this phase of Nature, as here disclosed, the light should be chosen which precedes sunset by some hours.

That dark, cypress green which characterizes the fir of Switzerland is thrown out most picturesquely in the early morning or evening light. I had been previously struck with the magical effects of this dense fir vegetation in an evening's and morning's study of the "beautiful horrors" of the Via Mala, one of the finest apparitions in which Nature discloses herself in all Europe. The fir is at home everywhere north of the Alps, and, although not identical, corresponds most

strikingly with our spruce. As the shadows were cast over us by this densely-growing evergreen, we were enabled the more fully to enter upon a realization of the peculiar qualities of the Rigi, as far as related to its pictorial merits. Behind us, in the distance, a small lake now appeared in view, which, a half century ago, had been partially filled up by a land slide, overwhelming the villages of Lowertz, Goldau, and Busingen, which lay at the foot of the Rossberg. The village of Arth begins to grow diminutive, the lake itself changes its proportions, and while the Rigi Culm swells in size, the world below you becomes more grand and indistinct.

As soon as the more gentle slopes are succeeded by the steep ascents of the hills, and we enter among the ravines and precipices, and look down upon rocky dells, watered by cascades which are most effective in all Alpine excursions during the month of June, we find ourselves entering the most difficult part of the ascent, which is the zigzag. Here the sagacity of our steeds was put to the test, and had they not been well shod, could not have surmounted the trials of these narrow and precipitous paths. In the cavalcade of which we formed a portion, a lady, borne by four men in a sedan, occupied the van. She had accompanied us from Horgen in the morning, and had disclosed, under the rose, the astounding fact that her weight was two hundred and fifty, *avoids*. This, as our Southern brethren might say, was certainly a constitutional objection to the ascent of the Rigi; but, notwithstanding this difficulty, the æsthetical endowments of the lady resisted all the preponderancy of the flesh, and although in her case the soul was enveloped in a double panoply of this earthly material, she used "Excelsior" for her motto, and cast her eyes towards the Rigi Culm.

Having surmounted the primary stage of zigzags, we arrived shortly after at the first landing, where a hospice, provided with sundry viands and potables of Alpine production, awaits the traveller. I here dismounted, and had the good fortune to find our friend G——e already arrived, resting, with Alpen-stock in hand, at the steps of the humble auberge.

A fifteen minutes' halt is required to recruit the horses; and after this respite, the task of climbing the Rigi is resumed. We now plunge in amid the shady forests of fir and beech. The objects encountered are all essentially Alpine, and both music and painting are called into play to absorb the imagination. The Swiss woman with her panier accosts you with a friendly greeting. She is returning from the upper mountain height, where the shepherds dwell, bearing supplies of milk down into the valley below. Then in musical tones the wanderer or the pilgrim greets you with his "Gelobt sey Jesus Christ." Occasionally we met the boys attempting the jodel, the natural vocal melody of the mountaineer. From the first auberge to the well-known Klösterle, "Marie zum Schnee," (Notre-dame des Neiges,) the wildness of the Rigi becomes most apparent, and all the melodic and pictorial elements the mind has gone in quest of can be realized. The strictly national character of the subject adds largely to the interest found in this pleasing combination of a tone-picture animating a visual representation. We can realize this drama of Nature in Switzerland only; we cannot find such a depth, naïveté, and earnestness of

character elsewhere. It is true, I studied these Rigi scenes through myself, passing into Nature, as here developed, by the medium of both tone and material creation. Man himself is here an ancient history, and his habits an antiquated romance. Poetry is recognized as a living fact, and the melodrama passes before the eye.

[To be continued.]

Mr. Fry on the Oratorios.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

"THE CREATION."

The Oratorio is universally and erroneously said to be the foundation of the modern drama and opera. It was, we are informed, originated by the Church scenes, taken from the Scriptures, being presented theatrically. Adam and Eve, the Old Serpent; Daniel and his friends, the lions; and all the most striking scenes of the Bible up to the Crucifixion included, were used to convey religious instruction to the rude peoples. But this did not engender the drama and opera of modern days, simply because the theatre never died out. It existed before and during the middle ages. It was sustained in some crude vagabond form by the troubadours and minstrels, and the Church simply took their "thunder." Of this there is ample proof. The modern Oratorio is a bastard of the old Oratorio. The dramatic interest is utterly destroyed. It has ceased to convey any religious instruction through the splendid vividness of dramatic characterization. It claims, however, to have *dramatis personæ*, while *dramatis personæ* there are none. The Elijahs, and Pauls, and Peters of oratorios now are simply poor farce. The Prophets and Apostles are gentlemen in citizens' dresses, with music-books in their hands. Angels and Prophetesses are done by young ladies in white crinolines, blue sashes, likewise with music-books. Adam even, the primeval hero, figures in a black coat and trousers and white cravat, and Eve in russet-toned silks. Adam with a music-book in his hand sings his loves to Eve with a music-book in her hand, and the *grande passion* under such circumstances reminds us of two owls in an ivy bush. The constitution of the modern oratorio is simply illogical. When the people grew too big for the raw objectivity of the original dramatic oratorio, then the attempt to keep up the whole action of patriarchs, angels, saints and devils, in drawing-room costume, was the result of inartistic perception. A thing is, or it is not: the oratorio is now dead, and this galvanization of it is preposterous. The proper mode of writing a religious composition of two hours or more long, is to take a religious subject of varied temper and tints, and compose individual and choral pieces thereupon. This may be sung effectively and grandly at a concert, without the farce of pretentious characterization, in the face of verisimilitude and common sense.

The music of Haydn's *Creation* is so pure and beautiful that it seems a pity it is mixed up with this dead and departed Oratorio of the middle ages, when the plastic arts and the drama taught boors and barbarians religious ideas. Haydn was a beautiful melodist, and in that he was more than a century beyond the clumsy inconsequential melodic phrases of Handel. His muse is sweet, gentle, noble. The loveliness of an awakening creation was a fit subject for his temper. The sweet satisfactions of Paradise were symbolized in the saccharine fluency of his phrases. There has been so much said in favor of Haydn's *Creation*, that to repeat any more of laudation is like praising the rainbow. Haydn did well to compose music apart from the theatre. His genius seemed capable of everything, except he undertook the triple-concentrations required to construct a scene for the opera, and then he failed.

On the performance of Saturday night strong words of commendation may be bestowed. The orchestra was composed of the best musicians in the city, led by Mr. Anschutz. The choral department was the entire Harmonic Society, choice young voices, some 300 in number, care-

fully disciplined by Mr. Bristow. The leading parts were sung by the notabilities of the opera and concert room: Madame La Grange, Miss Milner, Mr. Carl Formes and Mr. Perring. Very rarely does such a body of artists appear to sing in English. Mr. Formes had not quite recovered from his indisposition. Mr. Perring is a valuable addition to our English concert singers—a fresh, agreeable tenor. Miss Milner has a very pure soprano, and seems especially fitted for the concert room.

"THE MESSIAH."

Handel's "Messiah" drew a good house on Christmas night. The solos were entrusted to excellent hands in the main, and the chorus was particularly attractive. Of the merits of Mme. Caradori, the new soprano, we can form no opinion from her execution of the solo music of Handel, of which, with the solo music of its age, we were never admirers, and now less than ever. Emotion, passion, rhetorical progression and climax are necessary to show forth a great artist.

Arts must grow—and music, the last and most spiritual, has grown since it took shape for the first time, about two hundred years ago. Mme. Angri pronounces English so very badly that her execution of "He was despised," &c., was accordingly deficient. This solo, which is the most religiously dramatic of any in the oratorio, and free from perruqueisms and roudade work, without culmination or modern grace and definiteness, deserved better handling. Only at the close did Mme. Angri make a point worthy of her. Mr. Perring is too much a tenor of grace for the solos in which Braham by virtue of volume and declamatory force (not by delicate method or nobly impassioned style) made such effect. The solos of Mr. Formes were finely given, though he is not quite recovered.

We can find little or no musical interest in the sentiment of some of the words set in this and other oratorios. Music is for passion, emotion, aspiration, and not for abstract inquiries or didactics. The chorus came up to their work finely—all thanks due to Mr. Bristow. Fresh, beautiful voices abound among them. The orchestra was well led by Mr. Anschütz, and was very good. There being, properly speaking, no orchestral coloring or treatment in this work (the superadditions of Mozart being, like other things, added and not co-integrally evolved with an original composition), we may omit a special notice of that department. The supreme merit of the "Messiah" lies in the choruses, constructed according to the fugueistic theory. They all want the higher splendor and truth of modern composition, the majestic crowning coda. In point of fact, they have fugueistic, but not dramatic development. They must, accordingly, be judged by their central idea, and in this point they are models. "Like sheep" is a model of one kind; the Hallelujah chorus one of another kind. The syllabication of the latter has a double excellence for music. The shout Hallelujah is an old church piece of thunder, used, as Handel borrowed it, happily with the plagal chord. This worked-up specialty, with the words "ever and ever," the determined Saxon monosyllables "King of kings and Lord of lords," is the best verbal capital stock for such a master of fugue and powerful individual syllabication as Handel was. This chorus cannot ever give place to any with words chosen from the Bible, because there are not so good words for the purpose left; and it is the pioneer that wins. The performance of the Hallelujah chorus of Friday could have borne a thousand more voices and two hundred more instruments, large though the force was. The supposititious idea of an infinite quantity of angels filling the heavens and shouting Hallelujahs admits of any amount of power laid upon the execution of this work—of course within the capacity of executants and hearers—for beyond a certain number direction becomes impossible and effect diminishes, and does not increase. We have heard 1800 instruments in the open air. The effect was not good—too much of a good thing.

Carl Formes.

[Correspondence of the Boston Courier.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1857.

I saw and heard Formes last evening in "Martha"—Flotow's pretty little dish of melodious sweetmeats, a work remarkable as having been composed expressly for this great basso, and yet affording no possible opportunity for fair display of his powers as a singer. I speak first of having seen Formes, for certainly in this piece one is more immediately struck by his remarkable talents as a histrionic than as a vocal artist. "Martha" is a comic opera. Comic operas, often well enough sung in this country, are without exception most abominably acted, performers deeming it fit either to exhibit the most lugubrious and painfully impotent attempts at levity and airiness or to adopt a style of exaggerated vulgar burlesque. I have never seen a genuine piece of comedy on the lyric stage excepting that presented last evening by Formes in the part of Plunkett. From beginning to end it was quite perfect. His first step upon the stage bespoke the thorough artist. Even in acknowledging the repeated salutes of the audience he clung to his character, and during the long and rather stupid ballet that immediately succeeded his entrance, he remained always faithful to the rôle. Throughout the opera his personation was alike faultless in conception and portrayal. Plunkett is a well-to-do English farmer of about a century ago—sturdy, honest, hearty, whole-souled, a lion among his fellows, timid and a little boorish when brought over-closely in contact with the gentler sex. This character Mr. Formes gave with Ravel-like accuracy and humor, and higher praise I do not know how to convey.

Of Formes, as a singer, I cannot pretend to speak decisively, having only heard him in this one opera, which is really so unworthy of him. He has but one air, and that of no value. But even in this ungrateful part, he gave frequent evidence of the grand and noble quality of his voice and its immense capacities. To give his powers full play in "Martha," would be to sacrifice dramatic truth, and he is too much of an artist for that. It was easy to see, however, what he may do in the higher class of opera or in oratorio. His voice is of prodigious extent, and apparently of vast volume; but its most remarkable characteristics are its wonderful sweetness and delicacy and flexibility—such as I never heard before in any basso. It possesses in a great degree that peculiar tender and sympathetic quality which distinguished Mario's tenor, but wholly without Mario's effeminacy of tone. Occasionally he poured out a flood of sound like the majestic flow of a great river, and all the while retaining the gentleness and liquid smoothness of his style. Of display in execution he was chary, affording only occasional evidence of his ability in this respect. A here-and-there cadenza, and a now-and-then trill (a species of ornament usually intolerable for a man to attempt, but by him so clearly and neatly uttered that it was delightful to hear), showed well enough how perfect he is in this as in almost everything. Much has been said of his faulty intonation, but certainly last evening nothing of the sort was perceptible. Every note was true and firm.

However great Mr. Formes's talents as a vocalist may be, I imagine that he is even a better actor than a singer. His personation of Bertram, in "Robert the Devil," is said to approach the terrific. In "Martha" he shows no trace of this tragic power, but is merely the bluff, good-natured, tender-hearted yeoman. He must be an extraordinary man to represent these two extremes of character equally well. At present, it seems probable that Mr. Formes will not appear in opera in Boston, but arrangements have been made for him to take part in oratorios to be given with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Mr. Charles Salaman's Lecture.

A well-written and highly interesting lecture on Handel and some of his contemporaries was delivered on Monday evening at the Marylebone

Literary Institution, by Mr. Charles Salaman. The lecture embraced some of the most interesting particulars of the life of the great composer, and touched lightly on the merits of a number of musicians who enjoyed more or less celebrity at the same period. To the majority of the audience the names of Lampe, Galuppi, and Bononcini were myths; but for that very reason, if for no other, Mr. Salaman was justified in making known composers who once usurped no small share of the popular favor. Galuppi wrote no less than seventy operas, not one of which has descended to our times. Lampe made himself famous by his burlesque opera, "The Dragon of Wantley," which contains some really charming airs, but is entirely forgotten.

The illustrations were selected with much judgment, and, as the programme will show, contained some pieces unknown to all except the musical antiquary.

PART I.

Coranto, Bourrée, Rigadoon—Piano-forte (Almira), produced in 1703, Handel, born 1685, died 1759.
Canzonetta—"Tu lo sai quanto t'amai," Alessandro Scarlatti, born 1650, died 1725.
Aria—"Love leads to battle" (Canilla), 1706, M. A. Bononcini.
Recitative and Aria—"Lascia che io pianga" (Rinaldo), 1711, Handel.
Aria—"Per la gloria" (Griseldi), 1722, Giovanni Bononcini.
Overture—Piano-forte (Ottone), 1723, Handel.
Aria—"Dove sei amato bene" (Rodelinda), 1725, Handel.
Aria—"Tutta rea la vita umana" (Scipione), 1726, Handel.
Aria—"Dirti ben mio vorrei" (introduced in the Pasticcio, "Alessandro in Persia"), 1741, Leonardo Leo, born 1695, died 1745.
Duetto Buffo—"Lo conosco" (La Serva Padrona), about 1733, Pergolesi, born 1704, died 1737.
Aria with variations in D minor—(Third "Suites de Pieces") 1720, Handel.

PART II.

Bacchanalian—"Zeno, Plato, Aristotle" (burlesque opera, "The Dragon of Wantley"), 1737, Lampe.
Allegro in E minor—Piano-forte, Domenico Scarlatti, born 1686, died 1760.
Aria—"Lascia Amor" (Orlando), 1733, Handel.
Air—"Would you taste the noontide air" (Comus), 1738, Dr. Arne, born 1710, died 1778.
Bacchanalian Song—"Now Phæbus sinketh in the west" (Comus), 1738, Dr. Arne.
Aria—"In lascia si cara amante" (Enrico), 1743, Galuppi, born 1703, died 1785.
Duetto—"Caro, Bella" (Julius Cæsar), 1726, Handel.

Mr. Salaman, in the course of his research, has discovered the original of the lovely air—so great a favorite at our concerts—"Lascia che io pianga," in a saraband in "Almira," an opera written eight years previously, the first, we believe, which Handel produced in public. But Handel entertained no scruples about repeating himself. The air from Galuppi's *Enrico* is extremely expressive and melodious, and led us to regret that the author of seventy operas should be consigned to oblivion. The air by Leonardo Leo is not unknown, and is an admirable specimen of a love song of the olden time. The pieces which created the most effect were the air just mentioned, Galuppi's air, the buffo duet of Pergolesi, the song from "Comus," and the bacchanalian from "The Dragon of Wantley," the last a fine bold old melody.

The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Harriet Rothschild and Mr. Theodore Distin; and Mr. Charles Salaman performed the instrumental illustrations on the piano-forte, with the exception of the air and variations from the "Third Suite des Pieces," which he executed on an extremely old and withered harpsichord, which, contrasted with the grand piano-forte, gave forth an odd and weird sound. Mr. Salaman was loudly applauded in all his performances. Miss Harriet Rothschild, a pupil, we believe, of Mr. Salaman's, has a nice, well-regulated voice, and sings like an artist. She was, however, too nervous on Monday night to do herself justice. Mr. Theodore Distin acquitted himself in the performance of the antiquated music entrusted to him most creditably. He gave the bacchanalian song with much breadth and vigor, and displayed no small amount of comic feeling in Pergolesi's duet, which, by the way, was loudly encored.

The lecture was listened to throughout with

great attention by a crowded audience, and received with hearty applause.—*London Musical World*, Dec. 5.

Musical Correspondence.

AVIGNON, FRANCE, DEC. 2.—One balmy moonlight evening in December I strolled out to take a little fresh air, and enjoy the cool refreshing breeze. Lest the idea of a *balmy evening in December* may seem slightly preposterous to those who pass that delightful month in the States, north of Mason and Dixon's line, it should be borne in mind that at the time referred to I was in Southern France, and not New York or Boston—on the banks of the Rhone and not of the Hudson or Charles.

Passing across the *Place d'Armes* and pausing for a few moments to watch the effect of the moonlight upon that stupendous old structure, the Palace of the Popes, and upon the Cathedral, I passed up the inclined terraces that lead to the Dom des Rochers, a grand promenade, that occupies the summit of a huge rocky hill, overlooking the River Rhone, and the surrounding country for miles around. Expecting to meet a crowd of gay promenaders, enjoying the beautiful moonlight evening, I was surprised to find the place quite deserted, and not a single human being there beside myself. All the glorious panorama was unrolled before my solitary gaze.

Bye and bye I heard the roll of drums and the distant sound of a trumpet rising upwards from the city below and descending as far as the portal of the Cathedral, I saw in the bright moonlight a troop of richly uniformed soldiers defile up the narrow street, cross the *Place d'Armes*, and direct their steps towards the Palace of the Popes, which is now only a soldier's barracks. The drums beat, the "trumpets flourished brave," as they disappeared beneath the arched doorway, while from the inner court-yard echoed for many a minute in repeated reverberations the sound of their martial music, filling the old palace where once sat the successors of St. Peter, with its deafening noise.

Recrossing the *Place d'Armes*, and passing through a narrow street I soon came to the principal public Place of the town, flanked with elegant Cafés, while on one side were the superb façades of the new Hotel de Ville and Theatre. They seemed funny indeed, when compared with that gigantic Papal Palace which was towering up a few steps distant, but still they were both beautiful buildings. I looked at the bill of the Theatre, and saw that Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* was announced for performance.

It hardly seemed right, when in a city like this, so romantically beautiful of itself, and so replete with wondrous historical associations, to waste the little time I had to devote to it, in going to a modern theatre, and preferring the glare of gas falling on gilt and tinsel, to the rays of the moon silvering old Palaces and shining

"—on castle walls
And hoary ruins old in story."

but then I was alone, and nothing is more dismal after all, than groping about a strange, dark, half-ruined town, at night. So I did just what nine tenths of the most uncompromisingly romantic travellers would have done in my case—I went to the Opera.

The Theatre of Avignon, like most of those in

France, and in Europe generally, is a government affair. The present building, erected some ten years ago, is a great ornament to the city, and would not disgrace Paris itself. It is of white marble, rectangular in form, and standing quite isolated from any other building. The façade, which is very elaborately ornamented, presents a handsome porch, supported by Doric columns, over which is a large semicircular niche, adorned with bas-reliefs and medallions of Petrarch and Tasso. Petrarch, it should be remembered, lived at Avignon, at the period when the Popes sought to establish here the chair of St. Peter, and the Avignoneses claim him as their own. Here too Laura lived and died, and the famous fountain of Vaucluse, which the poet has immortalized, is still visited daily by travellers from all parts of the world.

The outer decorations of the theatre are completed with colossal statues of Moliere and Corneille represented as sitting, and in a state of profound meditation.

The interior is exceedingly beautiful, the general colors being gold and light pink. The auditorium, which is unusually high from the floor to the ceiling, contains three tiers of boxes and a gallery, and is illuminated by a handsome chandelier, and a few clusters of lights about the proscenium. Ventilation has received great attention, and the building is everywhere cool and airy—on the whole, in both interior and exterior elegance, I have seen few to equal it.

The opera, as I had before said, was Donizetti's *La Fille*, which was given entire, including one or two little airs generally omitted. The performers, though none of them first class, yet took their parts creditably; the prima donna, one Mlle. Voisel, with a fresh pure soprano, receiving especial applause. It was, it appears, the third *debut* of this promising young artist, and after her best effort—an air in the second act—cries were made for the *Commissionaire*. This functionary soon arose and announced, amid great applause, that Mlle. Voisel, having successfully passed three debuts, was henceforth a member of the company. Her fortune now is made, for she is sure of a regular salary, a pension when superannuated, and if in the meantime she exhibit sufficient talent, she will receive an engagement at Paris—the prize to which all French opera singers are striving to attain.

They do not have performances every evening of the week at the Avignon opera, excepting during the fairs, which are held several times a year; on other occasions the regular days of performance are Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays—the latter being always the great gala day for the theatre.

There is much—very much to be seen at Avignon. The view of the city from the opposite side of the Rhone is wonderfully striking, as at a glance all the features of the place—the Dom des Rochers, the Palace of the Popes, the Cathedral, the cupola of the Hotel de Ville, the church spires, and the battlemented walls—can be seen. It appears like the dream of an artist, rather than a reality.

The city itself is dismal enough when you get into it. The streets crooked, narrow and destitute of pavements. There are quite a number of music-stores, and the manufacture of brass musical instruments is extensively carried on. In the Cathedral, an old but by no means imposing

edifice, is a superb organ, with a gilded case, the pipes retaining the original color of the metal—just the reverse of the usual style of organ ornamentation. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 22.—The performance of the "Creation," announced for Thursday night, did not take place till Saturday, owing to the indisposition of Herr FORMES, who has been suffering since his arrival among us with the catarrh.

The Academy was full to overflowing, and for once it can be said that a very large number of people assembled together in the city of New York to hear an Oratorio. I think this may be considered as one of the indications of the moral advancement of the great city. Truly the times are improving with us when we are enabled to elect an honest man for our Mayor, and honor with our presence a performance of Haydn's "Creation," "under the immediate patronage" of the "reverend clergy of New York and Brooklyn."

The arrangements of the stage were such as to exclude a number of the members of the Harmonic Society from their proper places on the stage, and more space was allotted to the orchestra than necessary. For this reason the chorus did not, and could not, do as well as they might have done. I have heard them do better at their rehearsals. "Awake the Harp" was badly commenced, and it was several measures before it was fairly righted, and working smoothly. "The heavens are telling," was the most telling thing of the evening. "Achieved is his glorious work," No. 2, was admirably done. The Harmonic Society have a great deal yet to accomplish in the way of hard work and severe study. It was most noticeable in those passages where sudden modulations occur, or in chromatic passages. There was a palpable diminution of volume, a wavering hesitancy and general feebleness, greatly injuring the general effect.

Mr. ANSCHUTZ is more successful with the orchestra than with a large chorus and orchestra combined. There was a great want of contrast, so necessary in the effective management of such a performance. I mean as to *piano* and *fortissimo*, and *adagio* and *prestissimo*. Perhaps with more drilling, and a better acquaintance with his material, the result may be more satisfactory.

Madame LAGRANGE shows more signs of decay in this kind of music than any other. The pulsation in the voice, when the tone is to be sustained, is painful. Some call it a *tremolo*, but that is not the right name for it. It is not rapid enough for the *tremolo*, but is a quick pulsation, the result of an effort to produce a steady, prolonged sound with vocal organs that are worn out.

Herr FORMES sang exceedingly well, and with the exception of an occasional flattening on the higher notes, and a disposition to a drawling, affected manner, more especially in the Recitatives, his singing gave great pleasure and satisfaction.

Miss MILNER had the most to do with the solos, and no one regretted it. Her style is simple, unaffected, with a thorough, English school; and while she may not entirely satisfy you, she never offends. Miss M. seemed most perfectly at home in her part, but it was evident she did not always agree with Mr. Anschutz as to the time in which some of the pieces were taken up. Mr. FERRING sang his part very acceptably, but, with more practice in public, Mr. P. will do better still.

The "Messiah" is announced for Christmas night with the usual flourish of trumpets, minus the thirty-three "reverend clergy of New York and Brooklyn," but with the additional aid of Mesdames CARADORI and D'ANGRI.

BELLINI.

NEW YORK, DEC. 29. — The performance of the "Messiah," on Christmas night, by the Harmonic Society, assisted by the soloists, Mme. CARADORI, Mme. D'ANGRI, Herr FORMES, and Mr. PERRING, was, on the whole, more satisfactory than that of the "Creation." Mr. ANSCHUTZ was more successful in making himself understood by the chorus, but Mr. A. has much to learn yet before he can be considered a first rate conductor of an orchestra and chorus combined. Mr. ANSCHUTZ does not seem to be capable of always controlling himself, either from an exceeding nervousness or want of sufficient practice in this particular line of conducting.

The new candidate for public favor, Mme. Anna Caradori, obtained a fair share of success. I think she is *not* what her name would indicate—an Italian—but German, rather fine looking, florid complexion, black hair, and full figure. Her voice is mezzo soprano, of good quality, but not highly cultivated. Although Mme. C. created no enthusiasm, she sang her part very acceptably. I think, however, Miss Milner would have pleased better.

Mlle. D'Angri did as well as any one could who could not pronounce the words intelligibly. The music, too, is not as intelligible to her as that of Donizetti, or Verdi, so that it would be unfair to criticize Mlle. D'Angri's singing the music of the "Messiah" in the same manner as we would that of *Trovatore*.

Herr Formes has not fully recovered from his severe indisposition, and though there was an improvement on his singing in the "Creation," still at times he sang very much out of tune. The audience, however, were determined to be astonished, and roundly applauded all Mr. F.'s *subterranean* efforts, whether on or off the track.

Mr. Perring sang very well, but it requires a voice of heavier mould than that of Mr. P. to sing the tenor songs of the "Messiah." "Comfort ye," and that beautiful song from "Elijah," "If with all your hearts," are songs that Mr. Perring can sing exceedingly well.

The chorus: "For unto us" was most admirably done, the orchestra keeping time throughout. The same may be said of the "Hallelujah," but neither of these choruses excited any response from the audience, who, I suppose, were waiting to hear Mr. Formes sing some of those *awful* low notes.

BELLINI.

NEW YORK, DEC. 29.—I regret that, through a mistake, my last letter was mailed too late to reach you in time for that week's number. I see, too, that an interruption which obliged me to leave it unfinished made me forget to carry out my intention of mentioning the various galleries of which our city enjoys the advantage at present. We have, indeed, never before been so highly favored. The Dusseldorf, the French and English collections, all fairly represent their respective schools, while the Bryan gallery gives us specimens (mostly copies, but a few original) of the old masters, and the Belmont collection (bought by Mr. Belmont during his last stay in Europe, and now exhibited for the benefit of the

poor,) contains miscellaneous modern paintings. These, with the "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur, exhibiting at Williams & Stevens' (one of our "Cottons") can keep the Art-lover pretty busy. In the British gallery we make the acquaintance of the Pre-Raphaelites, though, it is said, in none of their best works. Indeed, none of these illustrations of their principles could ever convert me to their creed. I find far more enjoyment in the other portion of the collection.

The French gallery is, to most, much more pleasing as a whole. There are some fine Rosa Bonheur's, full of life and motion; many French landscapes and sea pieces, well executed, and doubly interesting from their giving the beholder an insight into the scenery of the country; and last, but not least, there are a number of little *genre* pieces by Edward Frère, L'enfant de Metz, and others, which are exquisite. They are mostly scenes from humble life, or small every-day episodes: but there is a truth and earnestness in them which cannot be surpassed, while at the same time the poetical element is not wanting. Of the Belmont gallery and the Horse Fair I will speak another time.

Mrs. KEMBLE finished her course yesterday with Antony and Cleopatra, after having read, during the past week, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Measure for Measure. Her choice of plays was rather strange, several of the most popular—such as Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice—being left out of her repertoire. Still, she always had crowded houses; and if it is true, as I have heard, that she is to give another course, she has probably reserved some of the more attractive pieces for that. It is, I believe, the fashion to admire Mrs. Kemble unconditionally; and I run the risk of being called a heretic if I do not follow the fashion. In many points I do admire her. Her voice and play of feature are wonderful, her conception of many characters *very* fine, and her versatility in representing them remarkable; but she *acts* too much, for mere reading, and frequently overdoes even her acting. This has for consequence that she is often coarse (as she cannot be otherwise in *acting* coarse parts, truthful as her conceptions are), and this again often makes her lose sight of her dignity. When I compare her with Rachel, who in her most passionate parts was always the woman, she loses by the contrast; but then the question arises whether Rachel could ever represent such a multiplicity of characters as well as Mrs. Kemble. In Julius Cæsar the latter approached nearest to my ideas of what a *reading* ought to be. There was ample expression and distinction of character, while there was none of the ranting and raving which often disturbed me in the other plays. Mark Antony was admirably portrayed throughout, a fit illustration of the poet's wonderful production. The comic pieces, such as Midsummer-Night's Dream and the Merry Wives of Windsor, were capitally given; but it was on these occasions that she sacrificed taste and womanliness to truth of representation. On the other hand, nothing could be more beautiful and touching than her rendering of the scene between Lear and Cordelia, on the return of reason to the former. In short, though I cannot praise her throughout, there is enough that is interesting and admirable in her to make me sincerely hope that she will continue her readings through a second course.

Of musical entertainments we have an almost unprecedented abundance at present. Mr. Ulmann does his best to make the season a memorable one. Evening opera, opera matinées, oratorios, &c., follow each other in quick succession. To my great disappointment, I was prevented, at the last moment, from hearing the "Creation." Some tell me I have not lost much, while others praise the performance highly. On Christmas night the "Messiah" was given, with FORMES, PERRING, D'ANGRI, and the new star, Mme. CARADORI. The choruses were about as usually sung by the Harmonic Society; hardly more than indifferent. Formes sang well and earnestly, as he always does, and Mr. Perring's beautiful tenor and chaste school showed to great advantage in his arias. Mme. Caradori has a fine, clear voice, of considerable power and compass, but evidently not as good as it has been. "And He shall lead his flock" was very sweetly sung, but "Rejoice greatly" seemed beyond her powers. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth" she was already evidently very much wearied, and by no means did justice to that glorious composition. Indeed, it is almost too great a task for even the strongest, freshest voice to sing all the soprano parts in the "Messiah." Decidedly the gem of the evening was D'Angri's rendering of her two arias, particularly of "He was despised." It is a sure proof of her being a great artist, that she does well and appropriately every thing, in however different lines, which she undertakes. I knew that she excelled in operatic and chamber music; but I must confess that I had not expected her to enter so thoroughly into the spirit of Handel, and the words which he has translated into music. Already, in the first aria, her glorious voice rang out the call for rejoicing with a new sound; but when it came to tell the story of the Savior's wrongs, there was an indescribable pathos and tenderness in it, which was only enhanced by the simplicity and seriousness with which the wondrous music was sung. The words, too, were enunciated most distinctly. Altogether, it was one of the few *perfect* performances which it has been my good fortune to hear, and I shall give it a place in my memory beside Jenny Lind's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Badioli's "The people that walked in darkness," and Mario's "Il mio te soro," in all of which, as in this, voice, singing, and composition, all combined to form one harmonious, perfect whole.

In the opera line, *Robert* has been reproduced twice, and *Martha* once (*Norma* was given at two matinées), and on Monday Formes appears in a new character, as Sir George in *Puritani*. For to-night—will you believe it?—*Fidelio* is actually announced, with Caradori as Leonora, and Formes as Rocco. The other parts, I fear, will serve only as a foil to these. It is a pity there is no good German tenor. The opera is subdivided into three acts, and besides the overture to *Fidelio*, two of those to *Leonora* are to be played. I forgot to mention, that in *Robert*, LAGRANGE took both the female parts, and acquitted herself, as far as acting went, very finely. One of these occasions was her benefit; but I am sorry to say the house was not full as she deserved. Formes is as excellent in Bertram as in Plunkett. The individuality of these two widely contrasting characters is so distinct, that it is difficult to believe them represented by the same person. I have never seen so fiendish an expression on any human face as he puts on as Bertram, nor can any one give more meaning to a mere motion of the hand than this wonderful actor.

To-night is EISELDE's first soirée, but less my letter should again be too late, I will defer my report of it until next week.

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From my Diary, No. 17.

Dec. 26.—Here is some conversation not so imaginary as it might be, and containing, chemically speaking, nine parts of truth to one of poetry. Omitting all the flattering things which have been said,—as is clear enough with an object in view,—about the writings of a certain contributor to the Journal of Music, and the long-projected and half-accomplished work which he has in hand, I come to the point at once.

Piper, loquitor.—My own opinions in regard to sacred music, I am glad to find, correspond perfectly with those of Mr. Dwight and yourself. And it has been my object in this little work to form such a collection as shall really elevate the tastes of the singers. You will not find a single piece made out of the popular German student and drinking songs, or the negro melodies of the day. Everything is chaste, and even the most joyous pieces I think you will find pervaded with a due solemnity.

Diarist.—Well, I like that, certainly.

Piper.—In our church, too, I am doing all I can to induce the congregation to join in the psalmody in certain of the hymns, and for this object I have brought a large number of tunes, which have stood the test of one and two centuries, together once more,—tunes which are grave, dignified, and yet of beautiful melody. See, here are St. Ann's, and York, and Mear, &c.

Diarist.—I like that, too.

Piper.—Another feature of my book consists of the great number of themes from the Adagios and Andantes of the best instrumental works of the great composers. These I have taken pains not only to give as nearly in their original melodic forms as a text will allow, but have, as far as possible, retained their original harmonies, so as to furnish for the choir a music as near perfection as is possible.

Diarist.—A most excellent idea.

Piper.—I am very glad to find my plan finds so much favor with you. It is just what I expected from your articles.

Diarist.—Has it cost you much labor?

Piper.—Labor? You may well say that! I have been several years about it, and every piece has not only been tried over and over again, with piano-forte and organ, but my choir has practised it thoroughly, until I could think of no farther possible improvement.

Diarist.—Such a book, if it is equal to your hopes and intentions, will give you a reputation, I should say.

Piper.—Of course I hope so, and all I want now is to bring it fairly before people of taste and musical knowledge. And this is the reason I have ventured to call upon you, and occupy so much of your time. The fact is, Mr. Dwight's paper circulates among just that class of people before whom I wish to bring it; and I thought, knowing, as I said, that you would be pleased with my book, you would like to examine and make a little notice of it in your Diary, as you call it.

Diarist.—Ah, so. Well, I can think about it. By the way, did you see a few words about congregational singing, which I had in the Journal a few weeks ago?

Piper.—No, I didn't happen to.

Diarist.—I wish you had. What did you think of the article about Handel, in which the writer takes ground that all the books are wrong in making his first visit to Hanover in 1709 or 10?

Piper.—What was it in?

Diarist.—Why, in Dwight's Journal, some time in the Fall.

Piper.—No, I believe I did not see that either.

Diarist.—How happened it? Did the paper fail? If so, you have only to call at the office; I am very sure they will supply missing numbers.

Piper.—The fact is, I—I—e—ah—I'm not a subscriber to the paper, and don't get hold of all the numbers.

Diarist.—Not a subscriber to the paper, and yet come wishing and expecting me to spend my time in filling up its columns with a puff of you and your book? Isn't that rather crowding the mourners?

Piper.—O, I did not expect you to do it for nothing, by no means. I am able to pay for what I have done for me.

Diarist.—Ah, that puts a different face upon the affair.

Piper, joyously.—I am glad to hear it. When will you set about it? And what will such an article be worth?

Diarist.—No matter about that now. Let us see. I want to put a case, Piper. Listen.

Let A, B, and C represent certain individuals—say the Editor of a musical periodical, your humble servant, and a certain Mr. Piper, who now does me the honor of a call with an axe, which he is desirous of sharpening upon my grindstone. Very well.

A establishes his paper. It being devoted to Art, it of necessity depends upon the artistic taste, culture and appreciation of musical people, and looks for support, in great measure, from such men as C, who, gaining their living by music, are naturally supposed to have the strongest desire to know what is taking place in the musical world. But C cares as much for his art, in itself considered, as a swine for pearls, and the four cents a week, which it would have cost him to do his share toward the support of the journal, and at the same time increase his musical knowledge, afford him not only a vast amount of original criticism by the Editor and his contributors, but also selections from the best essays in other musical publications, both home and foreign, and keep him acquainted with the principal musical events of the civilized world—these four cents loom up in his imagination as a sum which he cannot bring himself to sacrifice. He had rather give six for a glass of Lager.

But what is B doing? B has long cherished a design which has carried him across the ocean, which has cost him no matter what toil, and labor, and sacrifice—a design for which C aforesaid comes complimenting him in terms of flattery only employed by those who are mean enough to hope through them to be able to use him—a design which years of patient labor and waiting has only made him more determined to accomplish. Well. As one means of at length attaining its completion, he throws all the energies which God has given him into the labor of crowning A's periodical with success. He studies, writes, translates, and, when other labors occupy the rest of his time, the small hours of the night are devoted to that end. One year after another passes by, and the periodical attains a position. Its articles (at first stolen—copied without credit) begin to go the rounds. Foreign journals are happy to quote columns after columns of its contents, and treat its opinions with respect. A large class in the community—not the uneducated and unrefined either—cherish the paper as a favorite visitor, and some degree of kindness is felt not only for the Editor, but for his correspondent B.

C has gradually come to know this; and now, when he wishes to become known as teacher, composer, and compiler to that particular class in the community upon which A's paper exerts influence, he is ashamed to ask a favor of the Editor, and sneaks into the room of B, to endeavor by flattery, and the offer of a five dollar bill, to induce him to smuggle a puff of his wares into the columns of the journal.

(Piper grows fidgetty.)

A few words more, Mr. P. Had you been from the beginning a subscriber to the paper, and had you done all in your power to obtain that additional thousand subscribers, which would have enabled me long since to have finished my weary task, even then you would have had no claim upon me. If the paper was mine, I might perhaps think it my duty, even as it is, to recommend your work; for if it be really what you say, my readers would have a right to demand so much of me; but as I am only a contributor, my grindstone is not at your service at any price. Good morning, Mr. Piper.

N. B.—The man goes away offended!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1858.

Handel and Haydn Society—Christmas Performance of "The Messiah."

It was a raw night, last Saturday's, for music or for charity. Therefore the more need of both. And both were realized in fair, though not the fullest measure. There were for audience say more than half the Music Hall full of people; and most of these were such as came in earnest, paid their way and listened well. The services of the principal singers, and chorus, the use of the hall, &c. were free contributions, and the good work must have yielded several hundred dollars to the funds of our excellent Provident Association. It was of course right that a musical charity should tenderly regard the interests of musicians, of that class upon whom we always depend for our orchestral music, and whose margin of good fortune generally is so very narrow, that they would seriously feel the loss of their usual Christmas engagement. There could not be a truer charity than to employ and pay the orchestra.

What audience there was was of the best kind; we have never known an audience at an oratorio who sat it through so steadfastly and so attentively; even before and during the last Amen chorus, scarcely half a dozen rose to leave the hall. This proved two good things: that our public are learning to appreciate and respect great music, and that this time the noble work of Handel made its power and beauty felt. As to the performance, it must first of all be considered that we went to it with last May's Festival still ringing in the mind's ear; and of course the volume of those mighty harmonies seemed somewhat shrunken with a choir of but one third the size. Nor was the balance of the parts as good. The sopranos especially and the contraltos sounded thin and meagre, compared with the sonorous masses of bass and tenor, which answered all their points with ten-fold breath and ponderosity. Yet the choruses were well sung; for the most part clear and sure, and some of them highly effective measured by any lower standard than the Festival. "Worthy the Lamb," "Glory and Honor" and "Amen" were uncommonly successful; and the "Hallelujah" was a most inspiring service in which all "assisted" standing.

Next we have to consider the omissions. The great length of the "Messiah" necessitates some curtailment. Pity it could not be made more purely with reference to the continuity and meaning of the oratorio, rather than to certain here established habits, to the display of singers and to the popular spice of contrasts. Certain pieces, which are always sung, belong rather to the *bravura* order, as compared with the rest of this earnest music, and might be spared, if we spare any thing. "The trumpet shall sound" is a bravura song, which really mars the perfection of the oratorio, and sacrifices truth to the display of skill in the first trumpeter (capitally done it was by Mr. HEINICKE, we cheerfully admit); but why keep that in, when we must leave out so important and profoundly beautiful a chorus as: "And with his stripes," and what precedes it? Let the trumpet go, says every real lover of the oratorio, and give us the chorus. Again: "Thou

shalt break them with a rod of iron" is an air for no one but the most extraordinary and iron sort of tenor; it is much more than mere *bravura*, it is a truly poetic and expressive song, but it can be spared until we have another Braham here to sing it; commonly it only shows the tenor's weakness, dwarfs him, and makes us think of him instead of the music; and who would not be thankful for the minutes it feebly occupies to be given to some important chorus, such as: "For as by Adam all died," &c.?

The solo parts showed a good average excellence, and in some instances went beyond that. Mr. ADAMS sang "Comfort ye" and "Thy rebuke" in a voice that seemed more sweet and sympathetic than ever, and he has greatly gained in firm, well-graduated, artistic control thereof, and in expression generally. His power lies in the sweet cantabile, and falls short of the requirements of bold, declamatory passages. We found a very rich, large, musical contralto in the voice of Mrs. T. H. EMMONS (who is a sister of Mrs. MOZART), and who gave "O thou that tellest" and "He shall feed his flock" very respectably, but lacked life and pathos for "He was despised." Mr. WETHERBEE gave pure and excellent interpretations of the famous bass songs, sustaining himself through the long roulades with most artistic evenness. Mrs. LONG never pleased us more than this time in the great soprano solos. She has gained in voice, in execution, and in style. If we cannot have one of the world's greatest and inspired singers, we know not where to look for a more satisfactory rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" than she gave us that night. Mrs. WENTWORTH, too, renewed the impression of her fine, sweet, silvery voice, and finished, chaste delivery in "Come unto him" and "But thou didst not leave."

ELISE HENSLE. — The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan has a letter from Venice, which chronicles the appearance of our young Boston prima donna at the Teatro San Benedetto in November. We translate: "Mlle. Hensler is as it were a new acquaintance in our artistic world; Milan knows her, because it educated her and saw her on the stage of its great theatre encouraged by her first and deserved plaudits. Her beauty is singular: it is the true Anglo-Saxon type quickened by the American sun, a flower of Europe transplanted to the virgin soil of the new world. In this excellent singer we had the most effective proof of what a good artistic education can do. Scarcely does she open her mouth when her voice, though weak, sinks sweetly into your soul, and you are above all attracted by the purity of the sounds, the elegance of phrasing, the neatness of her limpid, fluent execution. She has no defect of syllabication, despite her Northern origin, and she takes breath at the right places. She has an expression more tender than impassioned, more sweet than inspired; her action, although studied, is noble, most judicious. In the duet with M. Carrion in the third act of *Mosé* she excited the public to tumultuous applause, and a repetition was desired every evening." Her next appearance was in *La Sonnambula*; the same writer says: "The sentimental rôle of Amia in some passages requires *abandon* and impassioned energy; but for the most part the tender peasant girl has on her lips only the sweetest words of love, accents and sighs ineffable: in these tranquil and intimate manifestations of passion Miss Hensler rose to a height not common; she modulated the song with a pure style, and the ornaments were rendered with precision and true intonation. A great merit of Carrion is

his not sacrificing to the taste of the day the true traditions of the melodious and ornate song, more sentimental than dramatic, which makes the part of Elvino so beautiful. He and Mlle. Hensler had the happy idea of restoring to the light that delicious duet of the first act: *Son geloso del zaffiro errante*, which from Rubini to this day has been omitted by nearly all the artists incapable of modulating in perfect accord the exquisite and difficult embroideries of the melody. And they did well, for a more splendid effect they could not have produced, for expression and fineness of coloring."

A correspondent from the same place writes to a French paper: "*Rigoletto* has taken the place of *La Sonnambula*. The generals did their duty, although not so the rank and file. By the generals I mean Mme. Hensler, who has shown herself as perfect in Gilda as in Amina, which is saying not a little; I mean Carrion, as duke of Mantua, surely much to be commended; I mean Varese, an excellent *Rigoletto*. Beautiful and sympathetic, very interesting in passages where sentiment predominates, full of dignity and grace, Mme. Hensler adds to all these qualities a charming voice of the nightingale. I said the nightingale, and I stand to it; it is love, love with all its fine shades and its contradictions: love with its beautiful smile all tears,—it is tender and devoted passion in which Mme. Hensler triumphs. I would risk my life that she would play the *Traviata* admirably, for she is one of the women who know best how to die, *ragazza dalla bella morte*."

The subscription lists to CARL ZERRAHN'S proposed Orchestral Concerts, now hanging in the windows of the music stores, have grown to a formidable length. It looks as if the concerts were a foregone conclusion. Mr. WERNER'S concert of sacred music, by the boys of the House of the Angel Guardian, to-morrow evening, is worthy of attention. There you will hear not only a choir, but an orchestra of boys, who have been taught to play the several instruments. The hymns, marches, Glorias, Ave Marias, songs, &c. will be followed by a series of *Christmas tableaux*, with accompanying music from Handel's "Messiah" and other works. THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer another fine programme for Tuesday: the Beethoven Quintet in C, part of a Quintet by Gade, and Quartets by Mendelssohn and Haydn, with songs (one from Mozart's *Titus*) by Miss MARIA FRIES, compose the attraction. THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have dropped "Israel in Egypt" for the present, and are rehearsing "Elijah" in the expectation of soon performing it with Herr FORMES and other artists of the Ulmann troupe at New York.

A notice of Mr. SATTER'S concert at Cambridge, from our Diarist, will appear next week. The Boston Music School (under charge of Messrs. BAKER, ADAMS, HOMER, PARKER, and SCHULTZE) commences a new term next Monday. The young ladies, pupils of the School, treated their parents and friends to a charming little social music party at Chickering's on Christmas Eve. Entering in the middle of the evening, we heard "With verdure glad" sung with good style and feeling by a voice of singularly rich and fresh quality. Robert, *toi que j'aime*, a two-part song of Mendelssohn, "He was despised," and other good selections, showed truly interesting voices and the fruits of pure and thorough training. The piano-forte performances were also highly promising; especially a four-hand arrangement of a fine overture by Mendelssohn, written originally for wind instruments. All the piano pieces were played correctly, clearly, with a good touch and honest style, and did credit both to Mr. Parker and his pupils. Remembering the first term's exhibit of this School last Spring or Summer, we were struck by the evidence of decided progress in the right direction.

Advertisements.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Third Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 5, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Miss MARIA FRIES, Vocalist.
Beethoven's Quintette in C,—Mendelssohn's Quartette in E flat,—Quartette by Haydn,—Songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn, etc., will be given.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.
Package of Eight Tickets (reduced price) Four Dollars. Single tickets will be 75 cents each.

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CARL ZERRAHN proposes to give a Series of FOUR SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS at the Boston Music Hall, during the present season. Tickets for the Series, Two Dollars. Subscription Lists are now in circulation.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. SUPPER at 9 o'clock.
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

[Continued from last week.]

We now find ourselves landed at "Marie zum Schnee." Here stands an old institution known by the Swiss as "das Klösterli," or the Cloister, inhabited by a few Capuchin monks, who are seen in and around the building as you pass by. An auberge is found near it, for the accommodation of the traveller and pilgrim, who, in conformity with his vow or sense of religious duty, comes to this venerable spot for purposes of devotion. In the pictures of the Rigi, the "Marie zum Schnee" is a favorite subject of the artist, as it combines with the rare beauties of Alpine Nature those mysterious influences of the Catholic poetry, which exert such an universal sway throughout the whole domain of Art. Our friend G—e, arrived at this point, showed evident marks of fatigue. My first suggestion, therefore, to him was to exchange my black steed for his Alpen-stock, an idea he seemed to relish with much gout. Surrendering my animal to him, I tried the winding paths of the mountain on foot, bearing my whole weight, at times, on the trusty Alpen-stock. This mode of travel up the Rigi certainly has its delights; for all along the sides of the pathway the banks are a soft, green sod, adorned with Alpine flowers. Here the Alp-rose flourishes in the vicinity of the perpetual snows; the humble gentiana, the oxalis, and the polygala, and numerous other diminutive but exquisite plants invite the botanist to a feast.

We enter the region of the shepherd's abode: the cows are seen grazing on the slopes, and their bells furnish a part of the mountain music, the shepherd usually lying listlessly at full length on the green sward. The grassy sides of the

mountain should be selected in preference to the gravelly paths, being softer to the tread, and, when exchanged, by turns, for the rough and washed out roads, alleviate the hardships of the adventurer.

Just as the sun began to sink beneath the higher eminences, the first anberge appeared in view, at the upper extremity of an ample but natural lawn, the verdure of which gleamed beautifully in the declining solar light. I found on my arrival there that a two miles' walk from the "Klösterli" had put my pedestrian abilities fully to the test, and was glad to resume my position on the saddle of my black steed, and surrender the Alpen-stock to G—e. Here, from the "Staf-fel," the first glimpse is obtained of the Lake of Luzerne, which, on a near approach to the vast precipice that overhangs it, is seen lying far below, contracted, from the small capabilities of the naked eye, into an apparently miniature sheet of water. Hence the ascent, over a new series of zig-zags, leads to the Culm, which is accomplished, by a fresh onset, in the course of thirty minutes. The traveller here finds two ample hotels, fitted up in comfortable style; and it may afford some idea of the immense rush of travel to the Rigi, during the months of July, August, and September, when it is stated that these two buildings accommodate five hundred guests.

The whole space of ground in occupancy on the top of this peak, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, cannot exceed a few acres, and the space left around the hotels is barely sufficient to enable the spectator to move to and fro as he surveys the wonderful scene around him. Being at length safely landed at the door of the hotel, we surrendered our horses to the guide, who, after attending to their requirements and his own, returned the same evening to Arth.

Having become duly installed in our new mountain abode, which we proposed to occupy for a single night, and made acquaintance with the interesting proprietor and his wife, who furnish the most luxurious provision for all the wants of their guests; chosen our rooms, and appointed our places at the table d' hôte, which always comes off soon after sunset, we strolled out, each with an extra coat to encounter the cold winds driving across this elevation from the adjacent snowy Alpine peaks. The sun was nearly touching the western hills, and the great exhibition of Nature we had come to witness was just about to take place. A few minutes prior to this act of the drama, one of the people of the Culm comes forward with a long wooden instrument, known in poetry as the Alp-horn, and sends forth, with all the shepherd's art, that peculiar melody which the Alpine solitudes have engendered, and which

the elves themselves delight to hear. Regarding this subject from a musical stand-point, the sunset scene on the Culm has its peculiarly fascinating features, although the Alpine melody possesses less positive material in itself, than force of subjective influence on the soul.

To myself, the whole was a preconception brought into realization by the facts of a visual picture. It would be useless to go in search of such an imaginative enjoyment, without a preparatory training in the poetry of Schiller or Goethe, who have defined with such depth of coloring the charms of Swiss scenery. The Alp-horn performs its wild strain, and the spectator listens in silence to tones that here can find no echo from neighboring mountains, and then gazes around on the distant peaks, and far down on the landscape already cast into an evening shade. Lake Zug sleeps quietly on one side, and that of Luzerne on the other. They are so far down within the vast abyss, that their size has diminished into the smallest proportions. Once more the Alp-horn indulges you with its pastoral tones, and, as these die away, the sun's orb touches the horizon.

Twilight now rests upon the world below, and the far distant hamlets, scarcely discernible, seem preparing for the coming night. But here our evening has not yet arrived. A bright, crepuscular light is thrown around you, and the still higher elevations seen to the left, as the Bernese Upper Alps, and the Jungfrau, are gleaming in their frigid, snowy whiteness. The evening picture of the Rigi Culm ranks above the capabilities of word-painting, of the pictorial artist, or of the tone-painter.

Its fame is not of that description which draws the curious after an imaginary wonder, but it owes its glory to that substantial material which gives birth to true Art. Before making the ascent, the mind is at a loss to conjecture what can impart such a magical beauty to a sunset on the Rigi; but when it finds itself suspended within that ethereal world, and traces all the remarkable features of Swiss mountain and valley, it finds itself placed within those realms of discovery to which it rarely gains access. No two minds are ever found to vibrate alike when touched by the musical wand of Nature, and thus each individual of the hundreds who gaze simultaneously on this grand spectacle from the Rigi Culm, listens to a distinct melody within his soul.

It is the wont of commonplace art to resort to all the puerile similitudes supposed to exist between great things and small, making only the objective the source of that which we define as beauty in Nature. But when I found myself placed in this position, no terms of word-descrip-

tion, no imagery drawn from lesser things, no tones expressive of emotional influences caused on the spot attempted to be described, were adequate to the purposes of that description. In music, certain conventional tones, corresponding with similar heart-vibrations, are productive of a language understood and felt by all humanity, of whatsoever clime or race.

In all the sublime creations of the natural world there is a similar appeal made to the æsthetic sense; and though the response given is not identical, it is still a kindred feeling.

In the description of emotion inspired by music lies the description of the music itself, and if we could succeed in any such attempt, we might furnish the most perfect critique on musical composition ever aimed at. Now, since we cannot do this, we have recourse to the individuality of the tone-master, and, by merely naming him, we unfold the whole story of the emotions inspired by him. Let me then say that the great display of Nature, as viewed from the summit of the Rigi, consists mainly of Switzerland and the Alps.

The general feeling pervading the groups standing here and there, wherever a foothold can be secured on the surface of this little airy territory, is evinced by the profound silence, which indicates a deep impression. In all the movements before you, Nature herself is the actress.

The effulgence of the sun's fading light now gradually disappears; the zenith, for a few moments illumined by the last reflections of this light, now sinks into that profoundly dark blue that characterizes the higher atmosphere of these elevated regions, and then we find night approaching. This generally forms the first scene on the Rigi Culm; the second is the sunrise on the following morning, provided all things prove auspicious, and no clouds mar the perfection of an eastern horizon. After reaching the summit, days sometimes elapse before either spectacle of sunset or sunrise is afforded to the impatient parties awaiting the event.

The cold evening winds soon compelled us to seek shelter within the comfortable auberge, now all cheerfully lighted up, with a bountiful table d'hôte in readiness for us. It might seem as if the magic of an Aladdin's lamp had been exerted to provide the feast, and all the other appointments of the house in which we were sheltered on this bleak peak of a lofty mountain. Every article used, and all the food consumed within the hotel, is carried up either in panniers or on men's backs generally the whole distance from Arth, nine miles. We were, therefore, not a little surprised to find such ample provision made for our palates within the low, long salle à manger of this Swiss auberge. Goethe relates that during his ascent of the Rigi, which took place eighty years ago, his evening's collation on the mountain top consisted of baked fish, eggs, and tolerable wine.

The enterprising citizen of Arth who dwells here during the season, and caters for a public drawn from all quarters of the world, has improved the cuisine of these cheerless heights since the time of the great German poet; and as we found our gastronomic propensities wonderfully exerted between one and nine P. M., we were delighted to accept what was set before us. The good Swiss Ivourne loses none of its generous qualities in this elevated atmosphere; and after the viands which constitute a legitimate French dîner had been discussed, the wine which

bears so good a reputation was called in requisition to crown the geniality of the feast in the clouds.

[Conclusion next week.]

From my Diary, No. 18.

Dec. 28th.—Lilla Linden! Lilla Linden! Sweet name! And how appropriate it is, for Lilla Linden is musical, and has had the "Linden Harp" printed for the author at 200 Mulberry (sweet name again) Street, in New York. Moreover the Linden Harp is "A Rare Collection of Popular Melodies adapted to Sacred and Moral Songs, original and selected." Original—mark that. So Lilla Linden is not only musical, she is a poetess. And such a *sweet* poetess too. See here:

O, see this Linden Harp,
'Twas just left at our door!
A prettier music-book
I never saw before.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Buy a Linden Harp?

Here are the melodies
We like so much to sing;
The sound of these sweet notes
Will joyful memories bring.
Will you, &c.

Here is the 9th stanza:

And then it is so cheap,
I'm sure I cannot see
How (with so much to please)
The book and price agree.
Will you, &c.

And here the 12th:

Of course Papa says "yes,"
For who could answer "no,"
When such a book as this
Their children to them show?
Will you, &c.

In writing upon such a delightful theme as this, one is tempted to linger until his manuscript is more extensive than the book itself. There seems to be no end to the pleasant ideas which Lilla Linden's Linden Harp awaken in the musical-poetic mind of the Diarist. But as there must be bounds to all finite things—"these be truths!"—I must bridle my steel pen, and curb my prancing Pegasus.

With groanings that cannot be uttered I pass over, with a single remark, the fact stated in the preface: "We have consulted the tastes of youth generally in the selection of melodies * * *." My remark is, that it must strike every unprejudiced person as a most excellent thought—this of giving up the old, antiquated and absurd notion, that it is our duty to form, guide, and cultivate the tastes of children and youth. Lilla Linden discards it. Let us all follow her example, not only in music, but in other things. What a stride in advance will education make as soon as the new principle shall be universal!

My limits forbid the notice of but a single point among the many which a perusal of the music forces upon my wondering and delighted mind—viz: the immense advantage which the generation of children now on the stage of life, with the Linden Harp in their hands, has over that generation to which ever so many years ago I belonged. I was taught by doubtless an ignorant and misguided mother—it was not her *fault* surely—only her misfortune—to sing "Mear," "Pleyel's Hymn," "Windsor," "York," "Medway," "Eaton," and other tunes of similar character, consisting of long-drawn notes, with nothing "lively" about them. I verily believed that they were music! In the ignorance to which I was condemned by the mistaken views under which I was reared, my small-boy heart used to swell in my bosom, and my whole being for the moment change,

as I joined my childish soprano to my mother's tenor, or whatever part she chose to sing, in those, as I then thought, heavenly strains. Alas! the effects of the prejudices then impressed upon my mind still remain; and as I at this moment transcribe the following exquisite adaptation of sacred verse to secular song, nothing but my entire confidence in sweet Lilla Linden leads me to admit how much better a Sabbath school tune it is than such as I learned in my childhood. What a pity! It is too late to help it—but children now are better off. Well-a-day! here's the tune.

Come let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and
ac - cents blend; Come let us sing of Je - sus, The
on - ly sin - ner's friend We love Je - sus! We love
Je - sus! We love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved us.

She has consulted the tastes—sweet Lilla Linden has—of children just so beautifully in her adaptations of "Barbara Allen," "Ben Bolt," "Cheer up, my lively lads," "Come rest in this bosom," "Comin' through the rye," "Crambambuli,"—with a bar too much in the melody—"Good old times," "I won't be a nun," "Lilly Dale," "O Susannah," (We'll not give up the Bible, &c.) "Thou, Lord, reign'st in this bosom," "Yankee Doodle," and others like them; and thus, "it will be observed, 'innocent sounds,' 'moving strains,' and 'melting measures,' are 'retained in Virtue's cause,'"

One defect must be noted in the Linden Harp; and this is, that it is far too small. Perhaps, however, Lilla has another volume in preparation. If so, I would suggest that she, if a New Yorker, walk occasionally down to Water street and the Five Poin's, and note down the lovely melodies in vogue in those sinful districts, and retain them also in Virtue's cause. By teaching these popular melodies in Sunday schools, she is doing one service to the public, of which doubtless she is quite unaware—many a Christian does his Master service without knowing it. It is this. As you walk the streets of a large city of an evening, and pass the engine-houses, and other places where the delights of song are known, your ears are painfully conscious how few of the singers have been properly taught the popular melodies of the day. Now, by bringing them into the Sunday schools, and drilling the boys and girls upon them until each note is correctly sung, we are raising up singers who in after years will but have to learn the original texts, and then all will go in smooth and delightful harmony. Lilla Linden is doing this good work. Let her persevere, and generations of Bowery boys, yet unborn, will, in after years, as they begin to "run wid der masheen," rise up and call her blessed.

So mote it be!

Dec. 30.—Last evening, concert in old Cambridge by Satter, assisted by Mrs. Harwood, vocalist, and Mr. T. H. Hinton, pianist. Audience small; hall cold; the performers therefore labored under double disadvantage. As a rule, Cambridge is a poor place for a concert-giver. The really musical public is small, and those who belong to the class are regular attendants upon the concerts in Boston. Besides this, they have a regular series of private performances by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club at their houses; and thus the inducements must be strong which will call them out to the Lyceum hall. Mere

displays of the virtuoso are not among these inducements, unless in the case of some world-renowned performer, who has not yet lost the attraction of novelty through oft hearing.

Now the reputation of Mr. Satter is that of one who has conquered all the difficulties of the piano; who is a master of the techniques of that instrument; who can do things in the way of finger gymnastics which place him in the same rank with Thalberg in this respect. People have the impression,—I think wrongly; but that makes no difference, the effect is the same,—that he values himself as a performer for these powers, and that his aim is rather to astonish and dazzle by what he can do, than to call out our finer feelings by showing us, through the works of the great masters, how he can feel. I very much doubt if Thalberg could draw more than a single audience here. Our musical people have had enough of virtuosoism, and ask now for solid, soul-inspiring music. A concert-giver must know the taste of his public, and here "immense power," "pearly runs," and all those qualities described by the stereotyped phrases of the day, possess little attraction. They like the Sonatas of Beethoven, the Nocturnes of Chopin, the Lieder ohne Worte of Mendelssohn, and the like. That is the taste. There is little curiosity felt to hear what is new. They attend a concert to get musical enjoyment, not to criticize new men and new music. Hence so very small an audience last night. A man whose power over the instrument should bear no comparison with that of Mr. Satter, but who had made himself known as a thorough lover of those compositions which our small musical public here delights in,—as a man, who enters fully into the spirit of the masters named above, and can at least respectably convey that spirit in his performances, would probably have had a full hall. Doubtless a man who, like Mr. Satter, has been reared in the city of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and who possesses unquestionably such great talent, might play those masters in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. We belong so much to the "old foggy" order out here, that the reputation for that sort of thing is worth double that of being the greatest conqueror of difficulties.

Liszt himself would "draw" but two or three times here had he not a well-earned reputation of blending the highest poetic conception of such works as the Beethoven Sonatas, with his almost superhuman mastery of the technique of the art. So much in explanation of the smallness of the audience.

The impression made upon me, the first time I heard Mr. Satter, by his remarkable command of his instrument, has been strengthened by each of his performances which I have attended. And last evening it was rendered still deeper. For instance, his playing of the "Tannhäuser" overture struck me as the most remarkable production of an orchestral composition upon the piano-forte that I have ever heard. It is a necessity of the case, that a work which depends so much as this upon the coloring of the different instruments, and the contrasts of quality in tone, which they afford, must lose much by being so transferred—for instance, the violin figures projected upon the full, mellow notes of the horns towards the close. But this consideration only adds to the surprise which one feels at so successful an arrangement and performance as was the one in question. In admirable contrast to the power with which he wrought out the mighty crescendos of this work, was that delicious Minuet from a Mozart Symphony, which, for delicacy of shading and neatness of execution, as Satter plays it, impresses me as a very remarkable specimen of piano-forte playing. A Fantasia upon Ernani, à la Thalberg, an Impromptu by Chopin, arrangements of Meyerbeer's Coronation March by the performer, and of the Sextette in *Lucia*, by Liszt, the Carnival of Venice, by Satter, and

a delicious melody set in showers of pearls, in answer to a call, completed Mr. Satter's share of the programme. He accompanied Mrs. Harwood in some of her pieces deliciously. Mr. Hinton, as I understand, a pupil of Mr. Satter, played a solo on the piano-forte, and accompanied Mrs. H. in a manner decidedly creditable alike to himself and his teacher.

Mrs. Harwood sang an Air from *Figaro* by Mozart, Eckert's Swiss Song, Aria and Cabaletta from *Traviata* (encored), and Horn's "Cherry Ripe." It is unfortunate that I have as yet only heard her in small halls, and can hardly record more than impressions. These, however, are in a high degree favorable. Not that she is yet an artist in any high sense of the term. To this she makes no claim. But no one who has had opportunity to hear much singing, who has frequented the opera houses and concert rooms of Europe, and heard great singers there, while their powers were still in their prime, can fail to perceive that this new candidate for applause has one of those natural organs, powerful and true, which, with proper and long-continued culture, may make its possessor a singer in the large and grand style so rare, alas! now. The compass is there, and, if one can judge from the effect in so small a hall, the power is there. Moreover, so far as could be seen in the pieces sung last evening, there is no break, so ineradicable in many singers of deserved reputation, between the registers, but from the highest down to the lowest notes all is even. Birdlike voices, which can play all sorts of vocal gymnastics, are not very uncommon. But those of real power are fewer than people are aware. The former are easily cultivated, the latter require long and arduous training. Pine and soft marble are easily wrought, oak and granite require hard labor. Very probably dozens of voices may be found in Boston, who in a year or two might attain a perfection in cadenzas and roulades which Mrs. Harwood could never attain. But put them upon a grand European stage, and what would their warblings be worth? They would be lost. But take the strong, powerful soprano which Mrs. H. seems to possess, develop that power in the lower notes, smooth off the tendency to harshness in the upper region, let it be exercised upon studies until it is fully under her control, let her learn to pour out her soul in its full tones, and, avoiding all meretricious ornament, sing for sentiment, and not for mere execution, and the reward will be ample for the long and tedious training by which alone those possessed of this kind of voice ever arrive at distinction.

Jan. 6—"The Handel and Haydn Society announce performances of the 'Creation' and 'Elijah,' with the assistance of Herr Formes," &c. &c.

Rarely does an announcement of this kind afford me so much pleasure as this, for I have heard Carl Formes. In the summer of 1849—being at that time in the Rhenish city of Bonn—my Wirth's son, himself something of a singer, spoke to me of a proposed concert, and advised me by all means to attend. The concert was to be given by a bass singer, named Formes, a native of Mülheim, a few miles distant, whose voice for its power and sweetness was something extraordinary. I had never heard of the man, and required some urging. At length I consented. What was sung I no longer remember. I received but little pleasure from the performance, however, as the main object of the singer seemed to be but to show his enormous power of lungs, and I desired something nobler.

Two years afterward I was in London, and "Elijah" was given at Exeter Hall, with the same Formes in the part of the Prophet. In the meantime he had been singing constantly in opera and oratorios, and with the best and grandest models of imitation before him. I had noted the criticisms in the London papers, and was prepared to hear a very different singer

from him whose efforts had given me so little delight in the hall of the Bonn Casino. But I was not prepared to hear Formes as he then sang.

A few chorals from the orchestra, and then a bit of recitative—"As God the Lord liveth, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word!" I shall not soon forget the solemn grandeur, I think I may say majesty, with which these few words of the prophet, in firm, deep voice, were uttered. The hearer was instantly carried away from the concert room—transported back to the days when Ahab and his court trembled at the word of Elijah. You felt it to be the word of the Lord—and true, as that God liveth. The overture, which followed with its "sullen, smothered, choking energy, fretting against chains self-forged," with its dark and murky pictures of "drought and famine; life denied its outward sustenance, and its starved impulses," thus introduced, became as clear to the musical comprehension as an allegro or andante by Haydn. The promise of this opening recitative was fully kept. Never have I heard elsewhere aught that so came up to my ideas of what constitutes a truly great artist,—one who has organs equal to his conceptions, and adequate to the interpretation of every shade of feeling, from the sublime invocation to God the Lord, down to the tenderness of the deepest pity, and sorrow, and resignation.

What effect six and a half years of constant service have had upon Formes' gigantic powers, I do not know. I can only say that if he meets my anticipations, if he is still the singer of 1851, his performance of "Elijah" will be a musical era in the life of every auditor no less remarkable than that rendered memorable by the first hearing of Jenny Lind.

A New Mass.

[Under this caption Mr. Fry, in the *Tribune*, airs one or two characteristic heresies, and states some truths quite pertinently, in chronicling an effort of a New York pianist in the higher walks of composition. It takes Fry to praise the "ornate, Italian" mass of a new man, and pronounce Beethoven's *Kyrie* the worst of all. But we more than half sympathize with him in regard to Palestrina.]

On Christmas Day there was performed at St. Stephen's R. C. Church, a new mass by Charles Wels, esq. If there be words eminently malleable for the purpose of music, and multicolored as to sentiment, they are those of the Latin Mass. From the *de profundis* darkness of the *Kyrie* eleison to the dazzling gush of the Gloria in excelsis; from the tranquil talk of the Beatus to the pantheistic grandeur of the Sanctus, there are found subjects for varied as well as excellent musical treatment. The religious sentiment, the ecstasy which seeks to connect the finite with the infinite—to bridge over the seen present to the unseen and endless future—being appealed to throughout, the composer has many points in his favor at starting, with a religious audience.

The music of masses has undergone many changes during the three or four hundred years in which composition has assumed a form; for it must be borne in mind, in writing about music, that of all arts and sciences, not excepting transcendental dynamics, electricity or chemistry, it has been the last to attain to eminence, or as the lyrical expositor of feeling and situation; and the reason is simple; for the other æsthetic divisions, painting, sculpture and architecture, are comparatively free of the mechanic arts in their outworkings, whereas, harmony, or sounds in combination, contradistinguished from melody, or sounds in individual sequence and rhetorical form, have only been achieved through elaborate, beautiful and complex musical instruments, whose invention was only possible under the highest state of the mechanic arts. The violin was not known to the ancients; nor the piano; nor the organ later than a crudity mentioned in the early part of the Christian era, in which water was its

motor. Then all the highest improvements of the flute, clarinet, etc., are of yesterday.

In regard to the style of music fit for masses, two different opinions prevail. The first is for the severe canticle style; the other for the more ornate and passionate. These terms are empirical as definitions of composition, but they convey the idea when the two different styles of music are heard. The Church formerly, like the Methodists now, went among publicans and sinners for the themes of the melodies of masses; and, indeed, it was once considered almost a *sine qua non* that a composer should take some "Sally in our Alley," or "I loves the Lad with the tarry trowsers," and work it into religious form, making it permeate the whole composition as a central idea. Then the Pope and Cardinals reformed the music—Palestrina being the genius of reform. Palestrina's music is the ultra severe style. Engendered at a time when melody was generally crude and illogical, the change was for the better; but the Palestrina music, notwithstanding the stereotyped puffs of it, is desolately dry as a whole—being nothing but chords and "counterpoints" or "imitations" where the subject is of such long-drawn notes that the "counterpoint" or "imitation" becomes nebulous. Kindred with Palestrina's style, but more rhythmical, is the Lutheran service music. With the growth of beautiful melody the Italian masters, Pergolese, Cimarosa and Trajetta, and the great masters of Italian melody, though German born, Haydn and Mozart, imparted a winning seraphic beauty to the mass, quite at variance with the antecedent writing in that department. Cherubini, an Italian, whose period lies between the masters of the last century and those of the present time, wrote the mass again more in the severe or old style, though with abundant modern resources, especially of instrumentation.

The mass of Mr. Wels, the one in question, is of the Italian or ornate school. It is well conceived and expressed. There is neither mud nor nightmare in it. If the Kyrie be not good (and we do not think it is) Mr. Wels has failed, in company with others. A good Kyrie has yet to be written. They all commence too business-like. They start like a four-horse omnibus. They have no tenebral painting; no mercy-seeking tears and agony. They are all bad. Worst among them is Beethoven's—least bad is Cimarosa's, in his Dead Mass. Of the other pieces of Mr. Wels we can speak in praise, except the opening of the Gloria, which is wanting in breadth and vigor. The musical profession here may be congratulated upon having one of its members capable of producing so fluent and elegant a work. It will certainly remain in the repertory of the Church.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The audience at EISENFELD'S Soirée was lamentably small, owing to the very inclement weather—unusually so, even for one of these ill-fated concerts. But it gave one a pleasant, homelike feeling, to be in the old, familiar spot again, and those who stayed away lost a very great enjoyment. The quartets were Mozart's No. 8, in F, and one of Beethoven's op. 18 series, in G; the former not as attractive as many others by the same composer, the latter an old and welcome friend, whom we can never greet often enough. In these the first violin was, as usual, not as true as it might be. As usual, too, the vocal part of the entertainment was the least interesting. Miss HENRIETTE BEHREND (said, by the way, to be Madame Somebody now), at best a mediocre singer, gave us a lively, dashing number from Rossini's *Soirées Musicales*, and a song by Mr. Eisfeld, which struck me as having less worth than his other similar works. The *pièce de résistance* was Mme. GRAEVER-JOHNSON'S playing of a Trio by Litolff. Why the

lady has such a predilection for this composer, I cannot imagine, unless it is because she has studied with him, which must, I think, have been the case. His writings are often rather far-fetched than original, with more phrases than melodies, and, though very difficult, rarely very "grateful," as the German has it. But in spite of all these drawbacks, Mme. Johnson won the admiration of all who heard her, meriting it even more on this occasion than at her own concert. The degree of force which she possesses is really remarkable in her, and, indeed, surpasses that of many male pianists. Her execution is exceedingly fine, and she plays with an *elan* and a spirit which quite carry one away. Her rendering of the Scherzo, a bold, dashing, reckless piece, in broken triplets, and requiring force and yet lightness and untiring skill, was magnificent. It remains yet to be seen whether feeling is as much an element of Mme. Graever's playing as strength and fluency; the Adagio in this Trio of Litolff's gave her no fair chance to display any such trait—it was in itself too cold and heavy. She plays to-night at a charity concert for the Italian Society, and again at the Philharmonic on Saturday. Indeed, she will soon win her way here. She is, so to speak, the *only* female pianist we have ever heard, for all who have visited us before dwindle into nothing before her.

Mr. Ulmann has begun the year with unheard-of splendor. Indeed, the close of its predecessor had some need of being eclipsed, for the performance of *Fidelio* on Wednesday was all but a failure. FORMES, of course, was splendid, and CARADORI good, but not equal to what previous announcements had led one to expect. But the other parts were only very indifferent, and in one or two instances even much worse. Thus the quite important and difficult character of Pizarro was entrusted to a mere chorus singer, who, as soon as he began to sing, was hooted and hissed, and hardly suffered to proceed. What a pity it is that this opera of operas can never be well produced in this country! How can the public ever learn to love and appreciate it, if they see and hear it in this way? On Friday, a "cheap night" was given, with *Lucrezia*. For a description of Saturday's attractions, however, words fail me, and I can do no better than send you a programme of the unprecedented array. Truly, Mr. Ulmann is prince of American opera managers.

THE THALBERG TESTIMONIAL

Will consist of Four Distinct Performances:—

1—AN OPERA MATINEE, to commence at 1 P. M., when will be given the whole of Donizetti's Opera, in three acts, of *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*.

2—A GRAND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, at 7½, by an orchestra of seventy, when will be produced the whole of BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY, (the fifth,) and for the first time in America, BEETHOVEN'S FEST SYMPHONY, (*Die Weihe des Hauses*), in C major.

3—THALBERG'S FAREWELL CONCERT, at 8½, on which occasion the great basso, CARL FORMES, and Madame CARADORI will make their first and only appearance in Concert, together with THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS.

The following will be the prominent features of the Concert: Carl Formes will sing "The Wanderer," with the celebrated obligato accompaniment by Thalberg—Thalberg will play for the first time a Fantasia on "Lilly Dale," written expressly for this occasion.—Mme. Caradori will sing the celebrated Aria from "Der Freyschütz."—The Huguenots Duet, by Thalberg and Vieuxtemps.

4—The Grand Oratorio (!) of MOZART'S REQUIEM.—The immense celebrity of this classical composition, the romantic interest attached to its history, the great number of Artists who will take the solo parts, combining the talents of four cantatrices, La Grange, Caradori, D'Angri, Milner; of four tenors, Bignardi, Labocetta, Perring, Simpson, and of Carl Formes; the imposing force of Chorus and Orchestra,—cannot fail to render this performance the crowning effort of the season. This most celebrated work has been rehearsed since September by the full force of the Liederkrantz.

The house was crowded to the utmost, and yes-

terday it was announced that "as the sale of tickets had to be stopped on Saturday night, and as Mr. THALBERG was to leave early the next morning, the 'Testimonial' would be repeated that day, with a few changes in the evening's programme, and the substitution of *Traviata* for *Lucia* in the morning." As I had no desire of being killed with weariness, I did not attend on either occasion; but I am told that all the performances were very satisfactory. I regretted losing the Fifth Symphony, the *Requiem*, and Formes in the "Wanderer," but not "Lilly Dale," I must say. I hope some other opportunity will offer to hear the great basso in chamber music. For to-morrow night the "Barber" is announced, with Formes in the minor rôle of Basilio, and a very good cast otherwise. Thursday is another "cheap night," with *Martha*, when the house will probably overflow with Teutons, both Christian and Israelite; and on Friday *L'Italiana in Algieri* is to be produced for the first time in America. Saturday is the Philharmonic Concert, with LABOCETTA and GASSIER as fellow-soloists to Mme. GRAEVER, and for Monday "Elijah" is spoken of. So one amusement-crowds upon the heels of the other, and the mere pleasure lover can employ his time well enough. There has never been such a season before in New York.

Mrs. KEMBLE recommences her activity by reading Hamlet for the benefit of the St. George Society on Saturday night. After that, she begins a new course of thirteen readings on Monday, the 11th. I am glad to see she has engaged Dodworth's Saloon, which is far more agreeable than the room in which her first course was held. For the first week are announced King John, Macbeth, Much Ado about Nothing, and the Merchant of Venice.

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NEW YORK, JAN. 5.—The "Thalberg Testimonial" is the most notable musical event of the past week. It consisted, to copy from the bills, of "four different entertainments," though three of them were rolled into one long evening performance, commencing at half-past seven, and closing about eleven, with Mozart's *Requiem*. In the afternoon we had "Lucia," with LAGRANGE, LABOCETTA, and GASSIER; but as it was only put on the bills to fill up and make a show, no special effort was made to do it well. Labocetta roused himself at the close of the second act, and gave us some idea of what he can do if he chooses. I must, however, except Signor Gassier, who always sings and acts like a thorough, conscientious artist. The mantle of our great and noble Badioli could not have fallen on worthier shoulders. The famous duet between Edgardo and Ashton was omitted altogether; Labocetta died as respectably as any one could who was in a hurry to get home to his dinner; Gassier, who could not help feeling very badly at the sad end of Lagrange (Lucia), put his hand on his aching head, partly to hide (!) his emotions, and partly to hide an expression of great satisfaction he no doubt felt at the opportunity he would soon have of drowning his sorrows in a bottle of champagne and a good dinner.

The evening performance opened with a "Philharmonic Concert," including Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (C minor), and his "Fest Overture." The Symphony was exceedingly well played, but

the confusion of people coming in, getting seats, "Young America" bobbing around, looking for expected friends and acquaintances, made it impossible to enjoy the music. Such music requires at least a perfect quiet for its full enjoyment.

The miscellaneous concert which followed was only "fair to middling." The programme was as follows:

- 1—Fantasia, Don Giovanni,.....Thalberg.
S. Thalberg.
- 2—Fantasia,.....Vieuxtemps.
Henri Vieuxtemps.
- 3—The Wanderer,.....Schubert.
Carl Fornes.
- The accompaniment by S. Thalberg.
- 4—Scena, Der Freyschütz,.....Weber.
Mme. Caradori.
- 5—Fantasia, Lilly Dale,.....Thalberg.
Expressly composed for this occasion and performed
by S. Thalberg.
- 6—Duet, The Huguenots,.....Thalberg.
Vieuxtemps and Thalberg.

The Fantasia, "Don Giovanni," is an exceedingly pretty, dainty *morceau* on the serenade: "*Deh vieni alla finestra*," and the Minuet. The Fantasia by Vieuxtemps is one of this accomplished artist's most elaborate and difficult compositions. There is enough in it to make the reputation of a regiment of good violin players.

The "Wanderer" was most capably sung by CARL FORMES. It was the first thing, so far, that fairly woke up the immense audience; tired, indifferent, lazy and sleepy, all were thoroughly aroused. I never heard a really good song, like the "Wanderer," whether German or English, *well sung*, that did not, as in this instance, give great pleasure. It has always been a matter of surprise with me that so few songs of this kind are used by our public singers.

Mme. CARADORI was not up to the mark in the Scena from *Freyschütz*. With a good voice and rather prepossessing appearance, she entirely lacks animation, or what is usually termed "musical feeling." She does not possess the power of exciting either the sympathies or emotions of her audience; and as her execution is not like that of Lagrange, of the astonishing kind, there is but little chance for her to become a brilliant star in the musical constellation.

The Fantasia, "Lilly Dale," although quite pretty in its way, was unworthy both the man and the occasion. The Duet from the "Huguenots," though admirably played, did not fail to leave the impression that in this, the only one of the "four different entertainments" in which Thalberg took a part, he had given us nothing worthy of his great reputation.

As much of your space has already been occupied, I must leave the last, best, and greatest thing of the evening with but a word. It is necessary for one to hear a composition like Mozart's *Requiem* several times, to be able to form an intelligent idea of it. The "Liederkranz" sang the choruses splendidly. I did not know we had a Society in New York that could sing music of this kind so *very well*. The Alti were too light, but the Bassi splendid. The soloists were CARADORI, MILNER, D'ANGRI, FORMES, LABOCETTA, PERRING, and SIMPSON.

It is said the receipts of the "Thalberg Testimonial" were \$4,000. It was repeated last evening, with some changes in the "filling up" of the programme.

Il Barbiere is announced for Wednesday night with a strong cast—Lagrange, Gassier, Labocetta, Rocco, and Fornes. For Friday night, *L'Italiana in Algieri*.
BELLINI.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Private Rehearsal

AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time, 3 P. M. Scene, the Academy *not* by gaslight. Present, the orchestra in their usual place, Mr. Anschutz on the stage, alternately conversing with a solitary lady in the solo singers' seats, and flinging remarks at the orchestra, (who are loudly laughing, talking, and cracking bad jokes.) Also divers members of the Harmonic Society scattered through the house. J., G., and M., having obtained a permit, enter by a side door, grope their way along the stage behind the scenes, and seat themselves in the parquette as listeners. The first sound that greets their ear is the voice of Mr. Anschutz, shouting in German: "Here, Thomas, I've just had a letter from M——r; he writes so and so;" upon which the "audience" are entertained with a portion of M——r's private history and opinions. The orchestra very lively. Presently, Mr. Anschutz, in English, requests the members of the Harmonic Society to come forward and take the front seats of the parquette. Upon which J., G., and M., not coming under this category, withdraw, and ascend to the first circle. While the conductor's request, after several repetitions, is being fulfilled, there rises from the hubbub in the orchestra the voice of Mr. Mosenthal, reading a German letter from an absent member, of which the following fragments strike the ears of our Trio: "Most highly honored sir, &c. Herr Kapellmeister . . . not to take me, on this holy Christmas Eve, from my wife and little ones . . . spoil our domestic enjoyment . . . not hesitate to come if the rehearsal would be out at 6, but as it will probably last till 8 . . . bachelor colleagues not appreciate the validity of my excuse . . . accept my apology," &c. Mr. Mosenthal finding it difficult to decipher the letter, Mr. Anschutz snatches it from him with: "Come, thou canst not read it," and finishes it himself, amid applause and witticisms from the musicians. Finally, the chorus being seated, Mr. Anschutz introduces the solitary solo lady to the orchestra, in German, as Mme. Caradori, while the president of the Harmonic Society presents her to that body in English.

At last, more than half an hour after the appointed time, Anschutz gives the signal, and the overture is played, during which Fornes and Mme. D'Angri make their appearance. The overture ended (interspersed with many correcting remarks), the leader calls loudly for "Perring"; but "Perring" not being forthcoming, after repeated summons and a search through the house, the orchestra play the accompaniment of "Comfort ye," while Anschutz and Fornes divide the vocal part between them; the former singing the high, the latter the low notes. "Chorus!" shouts Mr. Anschutz, and a few voices in the Alto timidly strike up: "And the glory, the glory of the Lord," the other parts falling in very negligently and tamely. Indeed, to hear the choruses throughout the whole rehearsal, it was a source of wonder to the listeners how they would ever sound like anything the next evening. J., who has never heard any oratorio music, cannot judge of it at all by these specimens. It would seem that the Society had sung them often enough to know them all by this time. Mr. Anschutz excitedly does his best to help them along. Now we hear his voice: "And he shall *poo—ri—fy—*

and he shall *poo—ri—fy—y—y*." Then, again, in "All we like sheep," he convulses singers and audience by "O, O! the sheep do go too slow, the sheep do go too slow," when the chorus lags and struggles; and his remarks, in bad English, to the orchestra, are just as amusing.

But all this levity and carelessness is singularly inappropriate to the glorious music and sublime words which the Trio have come to hear, and it is refreshing to find that the solo singers take a different view of the matter, and sing as earnestly and seriously as can be wished. Fornes' voice rolls out "The people that walked in darkness" splendidly, but still he does not quite equal Badi-ali in the same piece. In the slow minor strains of "Who may abide," and the rushing of "The refiner's fire," he satisfies completely. Mr. Perring, who has finally made his appearance, charms with his pure, sweet voice, while Mme. Caradori rather disappoints the listeners. But, O, the touching tenderness and pathos in D'Angri's "He was despised"! How exquisitely her full, rich, firm voice tells in those mournful, tear-laden tones! That wondrous music, those heart-melting words, were never more appropriately sung. That performance is enough to obliterate from the mind all trivialities, and to send the listener home bettered and elevated. And almost equally good, in its way, was: "O thou that tellest!" Truly, this woman is a great artist.

At 6 o'clock the rehearsal is about half over, and the Trio, called by home duties, reluctantly tear themselves away, lingering first to hear "The Lord gave the word," and then still lagging for the sweet tones of "How beautiful are the feet!" They find the foyers wrapt in darkness (calls for light have some time previous produced an illumination of the inner part of the house), and grope their way along with difficulty. G. tumbles half way down stairs, but recovers himself in time to avert a similar fate from the ladies; and at last they sally forth into the starlit night, and wend their homeward way, long to remember with pleasure their first impressions, the ludicrous as well as solemn, of "a private rehearsal in the Academy of Music."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 9, 1858.

New Things.

The week now closing has been, musically, not one of great things, yet one, to say the least, of new things. Night after night has brought us (by us we mean the lucky or unlucky few), for the most part in a semi-private and small way, a strangely heterogeneous string of novelties. They have been good, bad and indifferent. From a boy orchestra to a complete Motet of Bach, from Satter's bold and bizarre compositions with historical, romantic titles, to the private debut of a perhaps future Boston prima donna in the Italian school, and to choice tastings even of an original Italian opera by an American composer, there has been and is much to pique curiosity, and somewhat to instruct and gratify. We must lump together the whole motley array under one title, and despatch them with a few words for each.

1. Mr. GUSTAVE SATTER, in polite French, had *l'honneur d'inviter*, &c. &c. to a "Grande

Soirée Musicale," at the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening. It was an invitation to try the flavor of certain large and formidable fruits of the brilliant pianist's creative faculty, real or imagined. *Ece homo!* read the programme:

PREMIERE PARTIE.

- 1—Sardanapale. (Grand Trio).....Satter
Allegro molto—Romance—Scherzo—Fioale bacchique
- 2—La Pologne. (Grand Trio).....Satter
Polonaise—Légende—Menuet—Finale.
- 3—Song. By.....Mrs. Harwood

DEUXIEME PARTIE.

- 1—Conte des Fées. (Grand Trio).....Satter
Presto et Andantino—Allo. deciso—Pastorale et Scherzo—
Prière—Finale joyeuse.
- 2—La Hongrie. (Quintet).....Satter
Andante et Allegro—Allegretto et Friska—Scherzo Fioale.

TROISIEME PARTIE.

- 1—Songs. By.....Mrs. Harwood
- 2—Songs. By.....Mr. Schraubstaedter
- 3—Improvisation, in form of a Symphony in 4 move-
ments. On themes given by the audience. By...Satter

It was all Satter—Satter all in all—if we except the songs. Two grand Trios, a Quartet and a Quintet—equal in number and length of movements to four whole Symphonies,—all too by one man, in one manner, flashing and fatiguing with the same eccentricities, were certainly a dose for an evening. That there were, in almost every part, felicities of fancy brilliancies of effect, contrasts of themes beautiful and tender with strange flurries of incontinent impulse and sudden carryings by storm; that there was evidence of unusual talent, of energy not easily exhausted or kept pace with, and of a certain sort of skill to justify adventurousness, there is no denying. Yet seemed they for the most part crude, unripened fruits. There was great fermentation, sudden bubbling up and effervescing of ideas that often promised well. But full possession and good use of thoughts, or mastery of form in any fine, artistic sense, there was not. The young writer's genius, or whatever it is that would work itself out as genius, boils over too easily, hunting its wayside fancies into the limitless and aimless. He needs to contain himself, to learn that Art must ever round itself within chaste limits, and that unity of organic form or structure, what is usually called the classical or Sonata treatment and working up of musical themes, is by no means a pedantry to be avoided, but a vital and inherent law of genuine musical unfoldings.

Of the "Sardanapalus" Trio and the "Poland" Quartet we expressed ourselves last winter, and find now little to correct of our impression of their merits and their faults, except to add that it was now more than ever obvious that Mr. Satter's Trios, Quartets, &c., are not Trios and Quartets in the sense of the masters of that form, as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. They are mainly free, fantasia-like piano-forte Concertos, the string instruments playing mere accompaniment, without much interwoven melody of individual parts, or what the Germans call *Stimmführung*. Mr. Satter is no master, (perhaps some of his admirers would say, no slave) of the contrapuntal art. His works are of the glib, impromptu order; his themes and movements such as are struck out in the heat and triumph of his own unlimited technical execution, and are worked up more to suit its purpose and illustrate its power, than by any vital principle of artistic development. The "Fairy Tale" and the "Hungarian" Quintet contained some beautiful and striking passages; but before one was through the third of the four long compositions, the impression became one of a strange monotony of dazzling caprices and surprises; as if a return to a little of good old-fashioned unity and persistency of treatment,

indeed to any standard old work, would have been positive refreshment to the fatigued and jaded sense.

After hearing all the four, we doubt if we could have listened profitably to anything, even were it a Beethoven Symphony. Still less to a Symphony extempore. The bare announcement was sheer charlatanry. What has a real artist to do with things so obviously impossible except to superficial seeming? We borrow the *Courier's* description of the operation.

The themes were selected after the following manner. With ludicrous solemnity a hat was passed around, into which every person that chose so to do, dropped a paper containing the name of a theme. A benevolently disposed editor of a morning cotemporary, mistaking the object of the proceeding, and supposing it to be a charitable appeal, stretched out his hand and gravely deposited a healthy looking coin. Subsequently, four papers were taken at random from the hat; which suggested to Mr. Satter his themes. The opening movement was upon the first four bars of the "Eroica;" the second upon Schubert's "Serenade;" the third upon a few bars of music written out on the paper; the fourth on the opening phrase of the last movement of Beethoven's second symphony. The improvisation was most remarkable. In the last movement, a well-balanced fugue in several voices or parts was introduced.

We have no doubt the improvisation was "remarkable," but are quite sceptical about that "well-balanced fugue," as well as about the artistic working up in true Sonata form of those four first bars of the *Eroica*. Mendelssohn, or Mozart, might perhaps have done such things; but such men are the very last who would have challenged observation to in this public way.

2. As far as possible from private was the concert in the crammed and crowded Music Hall, on Sunday evening, by the Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian. It was a sort of Roman Catholic good time, and a very curious one. Part First consisted of "Sacred Music;" Part Second of Christmas Tableaux, such as "Shepherds tending their flocks," accompanied by Handel's music. The boys, some forty of them, were marched upon the stage in military uniform, with little caps trimmed with scarlet, scarlet epaulets, and scarlet stripes to their pantaloons. They ranged themselves along the half-moon front edge of the platform, heads erect. When their superior clapped his hands, they all bowed and touched their hats; a second clap meant "right about face"; at the third they filed off, some to the singers' seat, and twenty of them, who had instruments, to the music stands of the orchestra. Quite a miniature regiment of the church militant! The orchestra comprised about five violins, two clarinets, two flutes, two trumpets or cornets, a trombone, two or three big cousins of the Sax-tuba tribe, and drums and triangles *quant. suf.* There was also a *figlio del reggimento* in the person of a small four-year-old, in frock and red shoes, who was placed in front of all, with a small drum, which he belabored with uncertain, pattering strokes. Mr. WERNER, their teacher and conductor, takes his place in the rear, with violin in hand, and a somewhat flat and dead-sounding trumpet leads off, much too slow, the first piece of "Sacred Music," the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn; there is plenty of discord, the violins are scarcely heard, the effect is dismal, as might have been expected of the first public trial of an orchestra of boys; although for boys they showed a good degree of skill. Of course all allowance should be made.

The advantages of such practice in concerted music are obvious, but we must question whether any good can come from exhibiting a crude boy orchestra in public. Another orchestral piece was "When the swallows homeward fly." The singing of certain church pieces, such as *Veni Christe*, by Cherubini, a *Gloria* by Mr. Werner, &c., was highly creditable: good tune, precision, fresh and musical ensemble of voices. In some pieces the soprano and alto of the boys had an effective complement in the tenor and bass of a good choir of amateurs. The zeal and patience with which Mr. Werner labors to make musicians of these boys is worthy of all praise, but such orchestral and military exhibition of them is at least a questionable policy. Yet with time and continuance of proper training an effective and well-blended orchestra may one day put all incredulity to shame. Our Romanist friends may have their crudities in Art (and so have we), but we must give them credit for a warmer interest, prompting them to do the best they can. If we all had as much of it, we should be a much more musical people.

3. In contrast to the above, let us record the following programme, all as sterling and approved, and we may add as inwardly refreshing as it was unique and rare. Here at least we step on solid ground; no problems of a "Music of the Future" to be solved, no new-fledged idiosyncracies to be appreciated, no possibilities of genius to be predicated or guessed from daring first attempts. All musicians know that all the compositions named below are good intrinsically, and such as outlive fashions and caprices, whatever difference of taste there may be about them at any given time.

PART I.

- 1—Motette V (from Romans, ch. viii.) for Chorus in Five Parts and Solos.....J. S. BACH.
Corale—Coro—Corale—Trio—Coro—Fuga, Andante—
Corale—Trio—Quartetto—Coro—Corale.
- 2—Miriam's Song of Triumph. Cantata for Chorus and Soprano Solo.....FR. SCHUBERT.
Allegro: "Strike the Cymbal, sound the Timbrel"
Allegretto: "Out of Egypt like a Shepherd"
Allegro agitato: "Darkness o'er the sky is brooding"
Allegro: "In his wrath the Lord appeareth"
Andantino: Now thou diest, Pharaoh
Finale: "Strike the cymbal, sound the timbrel"—
"Sing unto the Lord of heaven"

PART II.

- 3—Psalm XLIII. "Judge me, O Lord," for Chorus in eight parts.....MENDELSSOHN.
- 4—May Song, for four voices.....ROBERT FRANZ.
- 5—Sacred Song, for Chorus and Solos.....HAUPTMANN.
- 6—Two Choruses from "Armida".....GLUCK.
"Great is the glory when laurels we gather."
"Songs of love in the grove sings the nightingale."
—"Great is the glory," etc.

The performers were a private Club of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, mostly amateurs, partly professional, who have for some time enjoyed the thorough training of Mr. OTTO DRESEL in this kind of music. The occasion was Charity—for the benefit of the "Channing St. Home;" the place, Chickering's; time, last Monday evening; audience, some 250 private subscribers, at \$2.00 each; result, exquisite musical impressions and material aid, to the tune of four or five hundred dollars, to the Charity afore-said.

Doubtless to many of the audience, the first hearing of a Motet in the severely contrapuntal style of Bach—a piece, too, lasting half an hour or more—was somewhat unintelligible and tedious. But to the musically cultivated it was a rare and welcome opportunity, and expectation was abundantly rewarded. Only one needs to

hear it more than once. And there are parts of it which *all* could feel and enjoy; the solemn, unaccompanied Chorale, for instance, which returns several times differently treated,—the last time especially with wonderful art and beauty. The perfect balance of the fresh, pure, musically blended voices, from the very first chords of the Chorale, made a delicious and profound impression. So fine an ensemble of voices has scarcely been heard in our city. Then that very florid, rapid Fugue, so full of life, so clear and perfect in its working up, and sung so admirably, must have delighted many besides scientific musicians. Such fugue singing was a new revelation to most ears; one would have to go to Leipzig, to the Thomas-Schule, where the spirit of old Bach yet haunts, to find much better. The Trios and Quartets were finely sung.

The "Miriam" Cantata was a truly Schubertian composition. There was something appropriately naive and simple in the jubilation of the opening strain—the solo of which (and of the whole Cantata), we may divulge, was beautifully rendered by Miss DOANE.—The eight-part Psalm by Mendelssohn was rich, wholesome, brief. The "The May Song," by Franz, remarkable alike for truest contrapuntal art and for poetic feeling, is as blithe and airy as the Spring, and, being admirably sung, one hearing would not satisfy. Hauptmann, the learned Leipzig professor, as he is called, passes for the type of what is most severe and dry in music; but we were surprised to hear a composition of such fluency and grace. The choruses by Gluck were quite inspiring, and like those from his "Orpheus" sung by the same Club last week, made one long for opportunities to hear more of that great lyric master.

As to execution, all these performances were models. If there were ever any fault perceptible, it was perhaps too great preponderance, not in volume, but in penetrating power, of the sopranos.

4. Besides the novelties recounted, there are more at hand. Two to-night. At the Meinnaon Miss FAY, a young Boston lady, pupil of Sig. BENDELARI, who intends to go to Europe and become a public singer, gives a private concert, aided by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. She will sing *Qui la voce, Com' e bello*, and other difficult operatic pieces. The other is

5. A performance at Chickering's of a number of pieces—airs, duets, quartets, choruses, &c.—from Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD's new Italian Opera, "Omano," the story of which is founded upon Beckford's oriental novel "Vathek." Mr. Southard, whose health requires him to pass a year or so at the South, gives these specimens of his composition in compliance with an invitation from several musical and literary gentlemen. He will have the aid of Mrs. LONG, Miss WHITEHOUSE, Messrs. ADAMS, T. BALL, POWERS, and LANG, (pianist) and a choir of amateurs. From the specimens we heard of his English opera, "The Scarlet Letter," a few years ago, we have high expectations of "Omano." The *Courier* critic, who has heard some of it, tells us it is "of the pure Italian school of music, but far more elaborately written than most Italian operas, and marked by extraordinary dramatic power." Tickets to this concert may be procured at the store of Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, Winter Street. The opportunity is too important to be lost.

6. On Monday evening another Catholic concert. The "Brass Band of St. Mary's Church" are to be musically complimented by the "St. Cecilia's Choral Society" and the "Mendelssohn Glee Club," assisted by the "Germania Orchestra."

7. The list of novelties ends, as it begun, with Mr. SATTER. This gentleman announces a celebration of Mozart's birthday, on the 27th inst., at Chickering's, to which the public is requested to *invite itself* (in limited quantities of course). The programme, we are told, although the announcement does not say so, will be purely from the works of Mozart.

Our notice of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB concert must lie over to next week.... Our hungering and thirsting lovers of orchestral music will rejoice to hear that CARL ZERRAHN starts with a good subscription, and will give the First Concert next Saturday evening in the Music Hall. He proposes to make the concerts a series of four Festivals, each being devoted (so far at least as the first part is concerned) to the music of some one master or school. Beethoven will come first; the programme will probably contain, among other things, the *Eroica* Symphony, the *Leonora* overture, and the piano-forte Concerto in G, to be played by Mr. Satter. There will also be a Mozart night, and a Mendelssohn night, and the fourth will give us perhaps Schubert's Symphony and other recent works.... Our HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have succeeded, after much negotiation, in engaging the great basso, Herr FORMES, and other principal artists of Ullman's company, as MME. CARADORI, Mme. D'ANGRI, Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRINO, to sing in the "Creation" and "Elijah" on Saturday and Sunday evenings, the 23d and 24th inst. This, especially the "Elijah," will be the musical event of our winter.

It will be seen by our advertising columns that the "German Trio," consisting of Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE, and JUNGNIKKEL, commence their fourth season on the evening of the 16th inst., by a concert at Chickering's Rooms. We understand that they will be assisted by the brothers EICHLER, and Mr. ZOEHLE, and that a young lady of this city will make her first appearance in public as a vocalist.

Advertisements.

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Particulars shortly. No tickets for sale; sold after Jan. 23d.

ART FESTIVAL.
Gentlemen who have kindly volunteered to the Festival, are herewith notified, that they shall not exceed twelve, and that I shall be as much as most suitable for the occasion. The first will take place January 13th, at my residence in the evening.
GUSTAV SATTER

Harvard Musical Association.

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HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.
Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co., or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Ascent of the Rigi.

(Concluded from last week.)

During a crowded season, the low, long dining saloon in which we sat is the scene of hilarity and gaiety, and the German students have been wont to spend the night, when all the rest of the guests had retired, to await the early sun, in singing their *Burschen-Lieder*, and thus ushering in the dawn in a waking mood. Prudence, however, dictates retiring at a seasonable hour, as the dawn breaks here at half-past three during the summer solstice; and resigning ourselves to sleep, which came without invitation, we dreamed of the day's adventures. In addition to the fatigue attending this little chapter of romance, the night winds that moan around the Culm lull you to a repose from which you are only aroused by the unique tones of the Alp-horn, the evening as well as the matin melody of the Alpine abodes. Not having anticipated them, these sounds took me rather by surprise; and with a half-dreamy, half-waking sensation, I listened to the pastoral salutation, and gazed out of my window on the frigid landscape around me.

At the summons of the Alp-horn a general stir is perceived among the guests; and each one clothing himself with extra apparel, many appropriating the coverlets of the beds, to meet the cold and penetrating winds of the morning, is seen to steal forth and stand ready near the outermost cliff, to witness the spectacle of sunrise. To communicate my own impressions I should feel inclined to refer to Haydn, as he is revealed in his "Creation." The opening scenes of this oratorio might properly be adapted to give a subjective description of sunrise on the Rigi; and although the word-painter could tell you of all the colors

that form the constituents of this striking scene, Haydn could succeed far better in the description of emotions, which all poesy and painting aim at. From the fact that this king of the planets comes into view every twenty-four hours, we are at a loss to conjecture where the secret of his glory and sublimity lies, or why the beauty of his rising and setting does not cease to interest the imagination. But certain it is that sunrise is ever new, and that melody of the soul never tires. As soon as his orb is fairly above the horizon, and the landscape is animated by the morning light, the eye is withdrawn from the spectacle in the east to the general effect on the adjacent mountains. The world below you is still wrapt in the incipient twilight of early dawn; no sun-ray has entered the hamlet far below; but its inhabitants have to gaze upwards to see the coming day on the mountain tops.

One may easily imagine that it was this moment and this situation that first suggested to Goethe the fine poetical passage of the Second Part of "Faust," since the masterly painting of the poem, and that imagery of nature, so skillfully drawn, were the results of his visits to these very spots in Switzerland.

"Hinauf geschaut! Der Berge Gipfelriesen
Verkünden schon die feierlichste Stunde;
Sie dürfen früh des ewigen Lichts geniessen,
Das später sich zu uns hernieder wendet.
Jetzt zu der Alpe grünesenkten Wiesen
Wird neuer Glanz und Deutlichkeit gesendet,
Und stufenweis herab ist es gelungen."

Having thus discharged our last obligations to the Rigi Culm, in paying our devotions to Nature as here presented, we prepared to re-enter the hotel to enjoy a breakfast, and then depart for Küsnacht. It may not be improper, however, to place on record, that, during the ceremony just witnessed, the ponderous æsthetic lady, who the day before had only succeeded in reaching the "Rigi Staffel," made her appearance on the scene of action, climbing up the steep zig-zags on foot, and supported by a sufficient escort. She arrived just in time to gratify the instincts of her soul which led her hither; but how she descended the Rigi, or whether her return was a successful one, rumor never informed us.

Consigning our effects to a young lad, who served both as porter and guide to the bottom of the mountain, we at length took our departure from the Culm, and directed our course towards Küsnacht.

The ground which we now trod teems with more romantic recollections than that of almost any other portion of Switzerland, and we were hastening towards the theatre of Tell's heroism and Gessler's tyranny. The descent on the

Küsnacht side is by no means easy, and, at times, more rapid than the lower limbs are willing to submit to. Fortunately, midway down the mountain, we found a pleasant resting place, where the declivity subsides into a green terrace, and a few "Sennenhütten," or shepherds' chalets, are found, with the cows grazing around them, and the shepherds themselves waiting on each passer by with a huge glass of milk, and of such milk as only Alpine pasture affords.

Here the adventurer usually casts himself upon the grass, and is glad to find a temporary repose. While enjoying the scene of the chalets, the shepherds, the cows, and their tinkling bells, the party of Swiss girls coming up from below, and resting before the hut, the frowning peaks above us, we found the interest of the picture, so essentially Swiss, considerably heightened by the sudden appearance of three pilgrims, with knapsacks and Alpen-stocks, coming down the winding paths of the mountain, reciting aloud their Aves. They had returned from "Marie zum Schneec," whither they had gone to pay their devotions. Having accomplished the descent, with results to my companion and myself which left a lasting impression for a whole week, although not as much so to G——e, who was, in all respects, perfectly Rigi-proof, a short walk found us at the entrance of the Hohle Gasse, the narrow pass or hollow where the tragical encounter took place between Tell and Gessler.

"Durch diese Hohle Gasse muss er kommen.
Es führt kein andrer Weg nach Küsnacht."

A diminutive building, called "Tell's Chapel," to all appearance built two centuries ago, marks the spot where this old, romantic, and world-renowned story had its origin. I felt an agreeable interest in treading upon this ground, since Tell's supposed history forms one of those strongholds of the imagination, which, by a natural blending of pathos with heroism, become fixed within the mind during youth, and can never be overthrown by the stern logic of a mature manhood. A guardian of the venerable edifice, under the figure of a very old man, stands at the door, and introducing you to the interior, hands you a book of registry, and solicits a small fee for the information he furnishes regarding the oft-told tale of Tell and Gessler. A painting over the door, much defaced by time, illustrates the scene as given by Schiller, where Armgart solicits Gessler's compassion, just as Tell is raising the fatal arrow to pierce him to the heart.

Having concluded our interview with the old man, and our musings along the "Hohle Gasse," we pursued the way to Küsnacht. Hence a short drive along the lake of the "Four Cantons," through a characteristic portion of Swit-

zerland, brings you to Weggir, where the steamer lands for passengers either to Fluehlen or Luzerne. An additional companion in this ride was one of our nation, in the shape of a gentleman who viewed the whole Swiss subject in the practical or anti-poetical light, and who, notwithstanding a two years' residence here, was not yet imbued with as large a comprehension of the beautiful as an ordinary Swiss peasant. He spoke of the quality of the land as being very indifferent, the houses "hard-looking" structures, and the people themselves an hundred years behind the age! Well said for an American, and coinciding with a great deal more of American sentiment, in discussing the merits of Europe.

It was extremely fortunate that my acquaintance with this matter-of-fact fellow-countryman was short-lived, or he would have driven away all the poetry the atmosphere of which I had been inhaling since first mounting the Rigi. In his exculpation, be it said, that he was engaged in the affairs of this life, which may be an apology for the blindness of many more of our countrymen in their estimates of the men and things of the old world. The magic which hovers over every spot in Europe springs from an ideal formed in youth, and nurtured through all the developments of education. To go to Europe without this ideal, to analyze things there down to bare facts, to judge them with an unimaginative philosophy, and strip them even to nakedness, would mar the whole poem and make it the most forbidding prose.

The little steamer here takes you on board, and still the scenes you move among are a continuation of the charming panorama. The Lake of Lucerne, in the direction of Fluehlen, is noted for its beauty, as well as the historical tales with which it teems. Between this and Altdorf, a small town beyond Fluehlen, and noted as the birthplace of Tell, lies nearly the whole scene of the great epic of Switzerland, on which Schiller founded his drama and Rossini his chef d'œuvre; for we cannot but attribute many of the finest parts of this opera to the pictures it borrows from the tangible world.

Another Tell's Chapel stands conspicuously on the rocky shores of the lake, with a shrine to the Madonna; on the other side, a small structure in memory of the famous leap on the rock, during the storm, in order to effect his escape from Gessler, is pointed out. In approaching nearer to Fluehlen, the Kueschen, a lofty peak, 9000 feet high, and the greatest elevation on the borders of these waters, rears its frigid form before you. These and many other points of attraction engage the study of the pilgrim to this home of his imagination; and in realizing what he had been so long dreaming of, he will find all that he desired, provided that his own mind is formed of the proper elements, and congenial, in all its parts, with the Swiss theme.

To have been educated within the influences of tone, will add to the realization I refer to, as Swiss imagery has all been melo-dramatized; and in recalling the music, along with the poetry of Schiller, the outer world becomes more productive to the sense than when viewed in its purely materialistic bearings. Indeed, the visual world is never perfect without tone; for as we see this principle reversed in the Opera, where the strongest efforts of the pictorial artist are deemed essential to convey the fullest beauty of modulated

sound to the soul, so we can demand that in the study of, and devotion to, Nature, the emotional language of Music should come to the aid of a complete realization of what the soul soars after.

J. H.

NOTE.—The position here assumed, in connecting the subject of music with the descriptions of natural scenery, is, that the tendency of all delineation of the outer world, either by pen or pencil, is to bring the soul of the reader or observer to a like condition. Every word representation has something higher in view than a bare detail of facts; and in appealing to the imagination by the medium of words, under poetical forms, either with or without rhythm, the same conditions spring up in almost every mind.

There is no merit even in the most elaborate and masterly effort at description, unless it awaken certain chords, always ready, yet dormant in the soul. The same law is applicable to pictorial representation. Hence the painter is not governed by the coloring of Nature in laying down her beauties, but by his own moods; and he conveys her various appearances to you through his own individuality. To gain you over to himself, he adds to the subject the poesy of coloring.

If, then, the enjoyment of the outer world, or its representative, painting, result in the excitation of like emotions, which come into play when the living creation or the wand of imagination call them up, it follows that there is a species of innate melody in man. This melodious impulse does not respond alone to tone-thought, but is also excited by the phenomenal world.

To render this theory more clear, and, at the same time, more plausible, we should substitute another expression for that of melody. The soul of all humanity has its states, its conditions; and it matters not whether the theme it dwells upon be the Ninth Symphony or the Alps, similar passages of feeling are produced, reproduced, and varied by combinations, such as we know, by our psychological experience, to take place. In the contemplation of outward Nature, the mind of the poet enjoys an ideal existence, since the study of the barely material leads to no such results as we find springing out of the poet's inventions. In the enjoyment of the finest tone-creations, we are equally led into an ideal sphere, since we are forced to reproduce our Self, and shape it into that ideal form which finds its most congenial elements within the world of tone.

The provinces of the eye and ear, therefore, are so nearly blended into one, that we must often be at a loss to trace the lines of demarcation. If the passages of emotion, or, in musical phrasology, the *motives* of the soul, coming to us by either medium, be the same, we might infer that the blind would need no outer world, or the deaf would require no audible tone-thoughts.

Acute inquirers into the philosophy of the human mind have discussed the question whether Music possesses any ideal contents, any positive subject of thought. While such thinkers as Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, Fischer, and Kahlert have opposed the theory, and regarded a tone-composition as a mere grouping of sounds, without reference to any descriptive meaning or design on the part of the composer, Krüger appears as the champion of the opposite ground, and defines the thought of Music as one of action, in contrast to Sculpture and Painting, which afford a mere passive representation, without action. Dr. Hanslick, a recent writer on the "Beautiful in Music," sides in part only with the philosophers; and while he admits with them that Music possesses no contents in the sense in which we would apply the term to Art in general, he ascribes to it those musical contents which are shadowed forth in every Thema. It is natural, that, between the mere philosopher and the philosophizing musician, there should

exist a great disparity of opinion upon such an abstract and perplexing point; and I could refer to no solution more ready for the purpose, than that derived from the analogous impressions of the eye and ear.

When we paint the outer world, either with pen or pencil, we describe, but do not analyze it. The same may be said of Music, which admits more of a description of themes, of tone-groupings, of characterization of the individuality of this or that composer, than of an analysis of what it really effects upon the mind. Should we go within ourselves, and inquire what Nature, Art, in painting, sculpture, and musical composition, accomplish, in a subjective sense, we should find they produce nearly the same results.

The ardent student of Sculpture often conveys his impressions of a master-piece through musical analogy; the musical critic, in order to lead you into his subject, will refer you to architectural sublimity or sculptural symmetry. The tone-master himself feels in the natural world what he has experienced, when building up and developing the fairy structures of his imagination in the regions of tone. The inner life, therefore, originating in the conceptions of vision and tone, must be one and indivisible.

J. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few Words to young Amateurs of Music.

BY DAISY.

I.

We will suppose, *imprimis*: You think you are "fond of music"; that is, you like to hear others play, and have come to the determination to take lessons yourself. The question arises: "How shall I learn my lessons to the greatest advantage to myself?" or, in other words: "How shall I study music?"

Many of you have an idea that all that is necessary on your part is to spend two hours in the week with your teachers, and to practice upon your instrument a certain (or uncertain) number of hours daily; and that when you can play through a piece correctly as to time and notes, you know a great deal about music, while some of you think it only necessary to play through the scales without stopping, and learn all the (so-called) fashionable music, to become proficient in the art.

We would not by any means assert that you are wholly in the wrong in your estimate of a musical character. Your statements include the necessary starting-point for every student of music, viz., regular and attentive practice, and a thorough knowledge of the scales in their different movements. But we do say that there is a secret gift beyond and above these acquirements, which will ever distinguish the true artist. This is, simply, the faculty of *interpretation*.

Do you remember, in your school days, the difference in the readers of your class? How some would read every piece alike in the same monotonous key, whether it was an account of a festival or a funeral dirge, recognizing neither comma nor period, and closing in the same unmeaning tone of voice? What a relief it was to see that other boy stand up! You could tell by the changes in his countenances if the story were grave or gay. As he spoke, every word of that clear, distinct articulation conveyed to the mind of the listener sentiments of joy or sorrow, exaltation or depression; and when the sentence was ended, you felt a sort of satisfaction that there was one, at least, who knew what he was about.

Now it was not because he knew his letters,

and had received more instructions than the other, but because he had the intellect to appreciate and give appropriate utterance to the lines before him, while the other thought only of getting through the piece.

And so it is in music. You do not know a composition when you can only play the notes and keep time, or even if you have learned to render some parts *piano*, and some *fortissimo*: but when you can so read it aloud (if we may use the expression), that the prevailing sentiment of the piece shall be apparent. Perhaps we can better express our meaning by copying from a treatise on the effects of bad reading, merely altering the text to suit our subject.

"A musical education should produce such results, that when we hand to a friend the compositions of Mozart, of Beethoven, or of Haydn, or of a musician who is perhaps the ornament of his profession, her intellectual culture should tell upon her instrument, and add the inspiration of a living tone to the thoughts of the departed artist, causing Music to fulfil its true office, in exalting and adorning our daily life."

If you have never studied in this way, just take some piece of genuine music, be it ever so simple, and endeavor to learn it as we have suggested. If you do not at first catch the ideas of the piece, attribute the failure to your own dullness, not to the composer's blindness, and try again. You will soon have a new interest in your musical studies.

Do not, however, mistake our meaning. We say not that you can find such a variety of expression in Music as in Writing, for it is chiefly in the delineation of the passions that Music finds its most appropriate utterance. Therefore is its language comprehended most fully, as a general rule, by people of ardent, enthusiastic temperaments, quick to perceive the images of truth and beauty which Music conveys so readily.

Thalberg.

The American tour of Thalberg fell in an unfortunate year, and yet his notes have not been at a discount. He has played in earnest all over the country, making it a great keyboard over which he has run from one end to the other, and now lifts his fingers, puts one hand upon his heart and one upon his pocket, and so bows himself gracefully away.

There has been no difference of opinion about him as there was about Jenny Lind and other famous musical artists who have come to us. The simple perfection of his performance was at once appreciated, and always enjoyed; and yet at last it cloyed. No one cared to hear for more than the twentieth time the same fantasia played in the same way. At the twenty-first hearing it began to sound a little trite.

But this was not the fault of the artist—if it were any fault at all. It was merely the limitation of interest in the instrument. Thalberg plays the piano as well as it can be played; but then the piano is a very circumscribed instrument. He seems to understand its resources perfectly, and to develop them with complete skill; but he is not a bit of a mountebank. He does not play with his shoulders, or body, or ambrosial locks. What the piano can do in the interpretation of a piece of music, he makes it do—and no more.

That is the difference between Thalberg and other equally celebrated performers. Thalberg's playing is not suggestive. It is entirely satisfactory in itself (with the limitation mentioned), but it does not leave the feeling that the player could do a great deal more, nor does it raise any haunting image of a great orchestra pouring force and fullness, blood and substance, into the music the

performer sketches upon the keyboard. He trills exquisitely, but he never thrills. There is exquisite symmetry in all he does; but in the greatest works of art, of every kind, there is a fragmentary and incomplete character. It is the nimbus of what might be hanging like a halo around what is.

Arion will take care that the great pianist sails smoothly wherever he goes. Triton will blow his wreathed horn before his bark; and, perhaps, some happy day hereafter, ladies of quality will part his glove among them, for souvenirs of that dexterous hand—as late befell his great rival Liszt, after a concert in Germany.

And who knows but that with much patience and many Thalbergs, even we Boetians may one day attain to a similar homage to art and artists? —*Harper's Weekly.*

Opera in New York.

ROSSINI'S "L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI."

(From the Tribune, Jan. 11.)

The production of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri* ought to be a good fortnight's novelty; but unhappily the variety less than the quality of the music afforded at the opera constitutes its claim upon our intelligent public. When a manager produces a new work—or revives an old one—in Europe, it signifies this much: Here is a production of genius—it has patent as well as recondite beauties; the latter can only be understood after several hearings, and after they are understood their interest increases and does not abate; then besides this, the production of the opera has cost weeks (or months) of careful study, rehearsal, and musico-dramatic coöperations, to which must be added the labor of scene painters and decorators, costume-makers, copyists and others, the whole requiring considerable outlay, only to be compensated for by a liberal sustentation on the part of the public of this particular piece. If it prove a *fiasco* or failure, why of course the manager, having run his risk, must swallow gracefully his defeat; but if a good thing, he expects, and generally finds, his remuneration in the run of the piece. Here, however, the object of the opera-going public appears to be to find out how many operas they can gulp down in a season, and not how much lyrical instruction they can derive from a repeated consideration of the same work. We are aware that an answer to this may be found in the fact, that on the whole, when an opera does please the public, it is played first and last a great many times, though at the outset it may hang fire, or fail to have a theatrical run. That is true; but then there are other operas whose merit cannot be denied, which though new to this public, have not been propelled into a second week—not even fairly launched, but, like the Leviathan, stick on the stocks. Of this class are the operas of Rossini, who certainly surpasses all other musico-dramatic writers in the variety and universality of his genius. Since the Garcia days, and we speak of course from tradition in naming them, it would be difficult to name an opera of Rossini's in Italian which has had a run in New York—Cinderella in English being a selection from various works of his, not properly coming under the list. The immortal *Barber* does not draw two consecutive houses; *Semiramide* cannot certainly fill three; *William Tell* fell, after an eruption of curiosity, dead; and so forth. We think if the public would study Rossini a little more, they would find him the noblest Roman of them all. Take, for example, the last presented work of his—*L'Italiana*—which, though not, as the play-bills have it, produced for the first time in this country, is brand-new for our public. The wondrous decorative power of Raphael is not more striking in his art, than Rossini's exhibits in this work. If he had not written the *Barber*, this *Italiana* would be the finest of comic operas, or dispute the palm with his *Cenerentola*. Every note is as fluent as the mountain stream; it seems propelled by an irreversible law, and to gambol in healthy activity. The plot of the piece is unreasonably bad, but notwithstanding, Rossini manages to cover it over, and really makes the audience think they are enjoying a consistent

whole. The overture is a gem, and there is no bad piece in the opera. As to the execution, Labocetta never sang so well; his *Languir per una bella* was, by all odds, the best of his efforts this season. Gassier, too, can do Rossini's music. It is satisfactory, at a period when musical studies have become partially obsolete, and bid fair to become entirely so under the present régime of clamorous mediocrity, to find artists who have learned their trade—have trained their organs to do something beside declamation, and that generally not of the highest calibre. While such a buffo as Rocco is on the stage, the traditional old Italian comedian—he who taught all Europe its dramatic business, Shakespeare included—is not dead. For it must be remembered that all our theatres have worked up out of Italy, and that even now in her sorrow she can yet out of her fullness produce a Ristori, as well as a Rossini. The contralto, Mme. Angri, is only second in the quality of her organ to Alboni. As an artist, Mme. Angri is great. She is equally good in the gipsy in *Travatore*, and in the lady in the *Italiana*. The introduction of *Non più mesta* at the close of the *Italiana*, as a scintillating wind-up, may be pardoned; for it is off the same piece with the rest of the music, and stands, from the day when it was written, some forty odd years since, up to the present moment, unrivaled as a great *tour-de-force* air. The same remark as regards propriety of introduction cannot be applied to a barnacle—a dislocated impertinence—sung by Mme. Carioli.

The public received *L'Italiana* with enthusiasm. The only finale encored this season was that of the second act. The audience would not accept the solemn walk of the actors before the curtain as an encore, but demanded the genuine article.

A little éminente diversified the performance. The chorus—the men, save three—struck for higher wages just before the curtain went up, and tho manager, very properly refusing to accede to their exaction, and to the satisfaction of the audience, went on without them.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 13.—The Philharmonic Concert on Saturday proved unusually satisfactory in every respect, and gave ample compensation for the deficiencies of the first one. The house was much fuller than on that occasion, in spite of bad weather, both performers and audience more spirited, and the programme incomparably better. First we had Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which, though not one of the most popular ones as a whole, yet is exceedingly interesting to the connoisseur, and contains many parts which must please even the uninitiated. Such, for instance, is the charming Allegretto, which, since its first production at these concerts, Jullien has made familiar to the public. As usual, it was encored. This number was followed by Sig. LABOCETTA's really admirable singing of [*Oh cara immagine*, from the "Magic Flute." He did full justice to this exquisite love-song, and rendered it with a simplicity and artistic truth of conception which cannot be surpassed. The composition, too, seemed just suited to the sentimental element which rather preponderates in this gentleman's voice. GASSIER, who was the vocalist of the second part, was not so happy in the choice of his contribution. A cavatina by Mercadante (particularly with piano-forte accompaniment) is not exactly the thing for a Philharmonic concert. I think all would have preferred to hear something of more value. Nevertheless, his rendering of even this insignificant composition, in spite of its heaviness and dryness, was so fine, that some satisfaction was to be derived from that. Mendelssohn's beautiful "Fingal's Cave" Overture, with its northern reminiscences, its

echoes, and the cool, grotto-like atmosphere which pervades it, concluded the first part, while the concert finished off with a novelty—the Overture to the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” by Nicolai. The latter is as devoid of character as that by Mendelssohn is full of it. The melodies are flowing, lively, and very pleasing to the ear; the instrumentation, too, is uncommonly fine; but there is little or no depth.

The instrumental solo was played by Madame GRAEVER-JOHNSON (or Johnson-Graever, or Graever, or Johnson, for by all these names is this lady called), who repeated on this occasion the “Concert Symphony,” by Littolf, which she performed at her own concert. I should have liked better to hear another piece, by another master, as this composition is even less attractive than the one we heard at Eisfeld's concert. It is built on “Dutch National Airs,” which are in themselves rather dry and uninteresting; and these qualities are transmitted through them to the whole piece. I would wish, too, to know whether Mme. Johnson can render other composers as well as this one. With regard to her playing, I can do no better than to refer to my remarks upon it in your last number. Only heightening the praise I give it there. The lady gives a morning concert next week, at which I hope to become still better acquainted with her admirable qualities as an artist.

I must not again omit to mention, as I have several times, the instrument which Mme. Johnson uses, the beauty of which strikes me anew every time that I hear it. It is one of Erard's, from Breusing's dépôt, No. 701 Broadway; and though it has been long and well used (by Thalberg, before Mme. Johnson), its tone and action are still as delicious as ever. Indeed, for tone, these pianos are unsurpassed; and though popular prejudice gives the palm for durability to native instruments, on account of the climate, I am told, on good authority, that with proper care the “Erards” will keep quite as well. Mr. Breusing, the obliging and gentlemanly proprietor of one of our first and largest music establishments, is constantly importing these instruments; and it is to be hoped that the day may not be far distant, when a grand piano will no longer be considered a luxury, but a necessity, by all musicians, both professional and amateur. Not all our American houses, however, are adapted, by the size of their rooms, for so large a piece of furniture as a “Flügel”; indeed, for some apartments, even a common square piano seems too large. To the inhabitants of these we would recommend the cabinet pianos of a Cassel maker, (whose name I forget just now,) which are imported by Scharfenberg & Lnis, one of the oldest music firms of the city. These instruments have sweetness and volume of tone, and are very agreeable to the touch. Just the thing for a boudoir, both outside and inside.

But I am digressing too far from my report of our musical doings. The Opera has again suffered a collapse. On Monday last, Mr. Ullman published the following cards in the various daily papers:

SIR: Through the medium of your valuable columns I would beg to state, that the male chorus still persisting in their conspiracy, not only to impose upon me their own terms, but likewise try to compel me to retain the ringleaders, I will take immediate measures for the formation of a fresh chorus under the direction of Mr. Paur, the excellent conductor of the celebrated Liederkrantz Society.

I seize this opportunity to declare that I have conducted the entire season upon my sole responsibility. In spite of the most strenuous endeavors, I have never obtained the slightest reduction from any person connected with the Academy, and have paid, since Sept. 1, all salaries, without exception, strictly at the appointed time, and even during the revulsion, in gold, as stipulated at the commencement of the season.

All that I could obtain since the last six weeks was the “permission” of requiring some other work, and even that is now denied to me, and the most degrading conditions are imposed upon me by the very persons whom I supported for many months, through incessant labor, and at the expense of the most trying mental anxiety.

Under these circumstances I hereby publicly pledge myself not to yield one iota in what I consider my rights; and, should I not meet with due assistance from the employees, to close the house without fear or self-reproach, being fully convinced that the public and the true artists will render me the justice of acknowledging that I have offered more varied entertainments, a more interesting repertoire, a better ensemble, and have paid more punctually than any of the Opera Managers who have preceded me.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c., B. ULLMAN.
New York, Jan. 9, 1858.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—NOTICE.—LESSEE AND DIRECTOR, B. ULLMAN.—The male chorus still persisting in their conspiracy not only to impose upon the Manager their own terms, but likewise to compel him to retain the ringleaders, he finds himself under the painful necessity to close the Academy until a fresh chorus will have been organized.

The sordid conduct of a few unscrupulous individuals is the cause of there being nearly 300 persons thrown out of employment for the better part of a week.

Mr. Ullman pledges himself to the public not to yield one iota in what he considers his rights, or dictated by the nature of present circumstances.

The Academy will open on Friday with a most extraordinary performance, the remembrance of which will not be so easily effaced. (Jan. 11.)

Public curiosity was all alive as to what that “most extraordinary performance that had ever been heard of,” would be, and the matter is not yet quite decided. *Don Giovanni*, with a strong cast, (FORMES as Leporello) new scenery, &c., is spoken of. Formes' performance of Basilio, in the “Barber,” last week, is universally pronounced to have been incomparable. He made the insignificant part the most important one of the whole opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was excellently given, but to a thin house.

In conclusion, I will give you an advertisement which is said to have appeared in some small town of Southern France: “*Robert Le Diable*, grand opera in three acts, music by Meyerbeer, will be given on — night. . . . For want of singers and orchestra, lively dialogue will take the place of arias, choruses, &c.”!

NEW YORK, JAN. 12.—The revolt at the Academy of Music among the chorus singers is the principal item of interest to note during the week past. The sympathies of the press and the public all seem to be with the manager. Whatever cause the members of the chorus may have for complaint against Mr. Ullman, the course they have taken to obtain redress is reprehensible in the extreme, and should be resisted to the last. But if we are to judge of the state of the case from the reports of it in the various newspapers, we shall be very far from arriving at a correct conclusion.

The *Daily Times*, for instance, makes it appear that Mr. Ullman has labored, both mentally and physically, twenty times harder than any of those he employs, and all for the single aim and purpose (!) of giving employment to about two hundred and fifty individuals, who otherwise would at least find it difficult to get through the winter,

and perhaps would actually be unable to live without the money Mr. Ullman pays them. This will simply provoke a smile from those who are acquainted with the present manager at the Academy. While I am willing to give Mr. Ullman all needed praise for his enterprise and unceasing perseverance, yet to say that he always deals justly with the public or those he employs, is much more than I am willing to admit. In relation to Mr. Ullman as a manager, I will not speak at present, leaving that to be discussed at some future time, when I intend to speak of the matter more fully. I am confident, however, that on examination it will be found, when both sides of the question are understood, that Mr. Ullman does not always treat those he employs in a manner to inspire respect or confidence.

I did not attend the performance of the “Messiah” in Brooklyn, on Saturday night last, but gathered a few particulars from a friend who was present. The chorus was not as large as in New York, and among those not present were many of the leading voices. The arrangement of the chorus and instruments on the stage was as bad as it could be, the parts being separated, so as not to be able to see or hear each other. The space allotted to the stage was much too small. The audience room was too small to hold people enough to pay expenses, but I am sorry to say even this small room was not full. I am told the “Harmonic Society” and Mr. Ullman together lost \$500. The whole affair was mismanaged from beginning to end. It would be unfair to criticize the performance of the Harmonic Society under so many unfavorable circumstances.

Mme. D'ANGRI won great and deserved applause in her admirable rendering of “He was despised.” It was full of pathos and a deep religious fervor seldom attained even by those who profess to sing it “with the spirit and the understanding also.” CARL FORMES pleased better than the last time he sang it in New York. I am impatient to hear Formes in “Elijah,” but I cannot learn that we are certain of its being given at present, though it has been talked of, and even the time of performance partially fixed.

I see by the morning papers my favorite *Don Giovanni* is announced for Friday night, with Formes as Leporello. This will test his singing and acting far more severely than anything he has done yet. BELLINI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DEC. 11.—Mr. Editor: I was much pleased with your *Diary*'s remarks upon the “Cambridge Concert.” They were written with judgment, taste, and appreciation; and he has meted out to SATTER full justice as a pianist, which has often been denied to him by incompetent judges.

There was one fault which surprised me. Is it possible that the *Diary*ist thought that Mr. HIXTON's solo was to be tolerated? Was it not one of the most extravagant of modern extravagances in composition and execution? Cambridge, though represented very scantily, had too much self-respect so applaud such a performance. Scales, octaves, semitones, all shaken together, were poured out without mercy to the ears of the audience. It seemed as if the young performer had been elected grand executioner of the piano, and the only surprise was that it could live under such severe punishment. It was like Forrest's worst ranting—a tempest, not sublime and grand,

like parts of the "Tannhäuser" overture by Satter, but composed of sudden gusts of wind, fierce flashes of lightning, hailstones of the size of ostriches' eggs, and ear-splitting thunder.

We have been delighted with Satter's performances: and though sometimes he errs in not playing the best compositions, yet his most palpable error has been in giving such a piece of music to a pupil, and allowing him to perform it in the way he did. We wished with Dr. Johnson, that "it had been impossible." I hope we shall have another extract from "my Dairy," strengthening these views. Playing, acting, or dancing to the pit ought not to go unscathed. Old Cambridge (though not strictly musical) enjoys quintets by Haydn and Mozart, and a solo so loud is not acceptable.

From my Diary, No. 19.

Jan. 6.—Several days ago I devoted some space to an enlogistic notice of sweet Lilla Linden and her delightful "Linden Harp." It is now my pleasing task to add that proper exertions are making to distribute that work thoroughly in all our Sabbath Schools, in every religious family, in every place where devout emotions are to be aroused by song or to find vent in it.

Time was—according to good authority—when the children of this world were wiser than the children of light. The nineteenth century has produced the Linden Harp, and the children of light are not behind those of this world in devising ways and means to spread it everywhere. Its missionaries have reached the benighted city of Boston, and one of their circulars now lies upon my table, rejoicing my eyes.

How delightful to an appreciative spirit it is to read the following:

"Linden Harp is having a very rapid sale. Canvassers say they rarely find an intelligent family who do not purchase,—[grammar is of no account—the fact is all we care about]—while Sabbath and Day Schools readily adopt it.

"Sunday School superintendents, teachers, parents, and all unite in saying,—We have long felt the need of just such a book as the Linden Harp illustrated. It is the best and most attractive work of the kind ever published. * * *

"To those who have the charge of youth we would say, if you would see the dear ones in your charge happy, if you would have an efficient aid in your government and labors of love, see that they are provided with HARPS."

By all means, say I also, provide them with Harps. See that they all have Lilla Linden's Linden Harp! Do not forget—"Lilla Linden's Linden Harp." That is the book. Now look at the back of the Circular:

Master Willie, the little philosopher (8 years old), will lecture, and exhibit a variety of scriptural, historical, astronomical, and philosophical illustrations and experiments, with the aid of a magic lantern, orrery, or planetarium, tellurian, celestial sphere, magnet, &c.; also, some curious and remarkable phenomena shown by the newly-discovered gyroscope, or mechanical paradox, which has of late attracted so much attention among scientific men.

By the movements of the orrery and tellurian, the relative sizes, distances, and revolutions of the planets, the causes of eclipses, changes of seasons, &c., are indelibly impressed upon the minds of the beholders.

By the moving dioramic slides of the lantern, very interesting scriptural scenes are brought to view; also, the chromatrope, or artificial fireworks; the phantasmagoria effect, or appearance of a person walking up to the spectators, and then receding from their view.

Every one who purchases a copy of "Linden Harp" will be entitled to two tickets for the lecture.

As purchasers receive the worth of their money in the books secured, it is hoped that none will neglect this rare opportunity of improving the mind and heart. Parents, teachers, and youth are especially invited to attend.

The audience are requested to bring their Harps, as the exercises will conclude with a concert, in which all will be requested to unite.

A voluntary collection will be taken, to defray expense of room and lights, and to provide for a gratuitous supply of Harps for Mission S. S. Schools, Charity Schools, &c.

By the way, it strikes me that an important point has been omitted in the Circular from which I have so largely quoted, and accordingly the following addition is suggested gratis:

"The importance of Lilla Linden's Linden Harp, as being so admirably fitted to awaken a true taste, and thus prepare the youthful mind for the larger works with which the public have been favored by divers musical clergymen, who, having studied theology, must necessarily be the best judges of sacred music, cannot be overrated."

But to return. What a generous spirit is here exhibited! You have but to purchase Lilla Linden's Linden Harp, and you shall have two tickets to hear Master Willie, the little philosopher (8 years old). "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," &c. Happy we, who live in an age when Master Willies teach natural philosophy! when the foolish prejudices against making a show of little children, as being likely to lay the foundation of their ruin in the future, have passed away, and when such a performance is no longer classed among "disgusting exhibitions." Let none neglect this rare opportunity—and be sure you bring your Harps. Moreover, forget not the advice of Iago: "Put money in thy purse!"—I say, put money in thy purse," "to provide for a gratuitous supply of Harps to Mission S. S. Schools." Remember!

And what a chance for young men who are poor but enterprising! Behold:

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY STATE—GREAT INDUCEMENTS OFFERED. Circulars free. Agents have earned from \$1 to \$2 an hour in the sale of the Harp. To any one who will act as agent, we will send, post paid, a package of circulars, with instructions for canvassing, &c. Apprentices, and other day laborers, find this profitable work for evenings. Postmasters please post this circular, and act as agents. Address, C. M. THAYER, Middletown, Conn.

To this name, Thayer, I must confess a secret kindness, and whatsoever bringeth it to honor delighteth me. It is an old and respectable name, although it has never shone in the office-holding world. Those who have brought it honor and respectability have been such as devoted themselves to the good of their fellow-men. In my copy of "Liber Faceti docens Mores hominum," printed at Basle in 1498, there is a manuscript note by some old German antiquary, to the effect that the authorship has been attributed to Thayr, Rector of the University of Paris in the twelfth century. And down to our own day, how many of the name have followed in his steps as teachers of youth, or have been clergymen, teachers of the people, or physicians as healers of their diseases, no man knoweth. One of the first converts—or perverts, according to your creed—to the Romish Church here in New England was Father Thayer; another of the name devised the plan of peopling the plains of Kansas with lovers of freedom, and still another claims the public gratitude for banishing the nauseous mixtures of the family pharmacopeia, and supplying their places with aromatic fluid extracts, which children cry for! And now last—not least—we find one who devotes himself to the noble cause of spreading sacred song among all classes, and who offers great inducements to us to act as agents for Lilla Linden's Linden Harp!

And here a pleasing picture rises in my mind. I seem to be walking the golden streets of Bunyan's celestial city, and suddenly I hear the sound of a multitude of voices,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

It approaches, and lo! in long succession, trains of glorified North Street and Bowery Boys, with their machines, draw near, and crowds of Sabbath School children line the way, all with Harps—not golden, but Linden—in their hands, and welcome them in sweet and glorious chorus. Now all open their books to the 54th page, and pour forth "Come let us sing of Jesus" to the inspiring music of "Wait for the Wagon," while author, and publishers, and agents, and booksellers and all, who in the vale of tears have labored in spreading the work, jingle the cash in their pockets, and cry, with streaming eyes, "Not unto us, not unto us be the glory!"

Jan. 10.—The great satisfaction which Mr. Southard's music gave the small audience which listened to it last evening, is an inducement to record a few particulars of his career as a composer, which have come under my personal observation.

I first knew of him some twelve years ago, energetically laboring to make himself a pianist, and saw no reason to doubt that he would before long take a high rank as such. But the merely mechanical labor of overcoming the difficulties of an instrument is something most distasteful to one who loves music for music's sake, and especially for one who adds to a natural taste for art and literature the advantages of a liberal education. It was, therefore, no cause of surprise, when, the similarity of our tastes in music having made us somewhat familiarly acquainted, I found that the career of a virtuoso had not charms sufficient to induce him to devote himself exclusively to the piano-forte, and that he was deep in the study of the full scores of the orchestral and dramatic works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, and especially of his favorite—a great master, almost unknown in America—Cherubini. Such zealous and earnest study—the only true way to study—I have seen in no other of our young aspirants to musical knowledge. Text-books by Rameau, Albrechtsberger, Marx, Weber, are all very well; but to learn to write scores requires thorough study of the scores of the great masters.

For some time Mr. Southard was organist and music director at the large Catholic Church in South Boston, and his first important attempts at composition which came under my notice were several masses. Of their excellence I can only judge from hearing them when two or three friends hummed them over at the piano-forte. They were, however, very striking, and from them a very favorable impression of their author's talent was derived. One of them was arranged for orchestra, and put in rehearsal. "The men and women singers, and those who play upon instruments," were engaged, and upon a certain Sunday morning the work was to be produced for the first time in the service. Saturday evening all was in readiness, and every thing looked auspicious. The next morning the church was a mass of blackened ruins. I believe not even the piano-forte score of the music remained! So there was an end to the hopes of the young man as a church composer.

A few years later I came on from New York, and in Boston heard much of a glee in the style of the English masters of the last century, which had been sung by a large choir the evening before at the Melodeon. This is a form of vocal music which I do exceedingly affect, and the works of Spofforth, Webbe, Calcott, King, and their compeers, seem to me equal if not superior to the four-part songs of any nation, not excepting the German works of Mendelssohn himself. The musical convention was still in session, and I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Southard's Glee, "When thou, O Stone." I thought it admirable, and think so still, and it added to my confidence in his abilities.

The next production from his pen which struck me was the song somewhat in the style of Schubert, and of Haiton's exquisite "Day and Night"—the words of which, by W. W. Story, he found in Dwight's Journal—the song "No More." Vocal part and accompaniment form an integral whole, and if sung at a Quintet Club concert could not fail of making its mark. I was therefore prepared for the very favorable notice of the "Scarlet Letter" music, which I read in Dwight's Journal, on the other side of the ocean. The only fear was that in his zeal to reach the highest musical dramatic effect, he might fall into the Liszt-Wagner error of endeavoring to do without simple and flowing melody, and make up for its want by his instrumental figures and combinations, and by abrupt and startling "effect music."

This proves to have been unfounded. One fact does surprise me, and that is that the vocal music of "Omano," as sung last evening, should be so thoroughly Italian in style, knowing the long-continued and persevering study which he gave to the great German masters, and those semi-Germans in style—Cherubini and Rossini. The full effect of those studies, however, is seen in the splendor and beauty of his orchestral accompaniments, so inadequately represented in the separate piano-forte score which he has written for the pieces given last night. I know of no first opera by any composer, save Beethoven, which offers so much that is beautiful and effective as "Omano."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 16, 1858.

Mr. Southard's Opera.

Those who assembled at Chickering's, that stormy Saturday night, to listen for the first time to some specimens of Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD'S new Italian opera, "Omano," were indeed a favored few. Yet in the number the musical taste, intelligence and character of Boston were well represented; and the unanimous expression was one of pleasure and surprise, mingled with regret that there could not be more to share it, and with a strong wish that the concert might soon be repeated. This wish, we are happy here to say, is in the way of speedy accomplishment. The concert will be repeated in the same place next Thursday evening. We feel it much more to the purpose to make this announcement, than to attempt a critical appreciation of the music after a single hearing. Enough, that it so deeply interested everybody present, as to excite a strong desire to hear again and learn to know it better. An elaborate opera, given in fragments, without scene or orchestra, with nothing but a piano accompaniment, to an audience ignorant of the plot, to ears entirely unaccustomed to the composer's way of writing, so far as it is in any peculiar sense his own, could not carry a clear and positive conviction of its precise worth even to the most apprehensive listener. But what it certainly did do, was to excite the audience to enthusiasm, to impress every one with respect for the musician-ship and talent of a quiet and to most men unknown composer, and to awaken a new hope, far more than any thing before, of something that may be called American music. All felt that our young countryman had at least earned for himself the right to be fully and fairly heard, enjoyed and judged. We say then earnestly to all our truly music-loving friends, do not neglect this opportunity of hearing some of Mr. Southard's music. It will by no means show you all that he can do or has done, but it will show you that he can produce things quite as fresh, as charming, as effective as much that has proved sure attraction in our operas and concerts. It will certainly give you a new pleasure.

"Omano" is an Italian opera:—Italian in its words, Italian in its general style of music. Mr. Southard's first opera, "The Scarlet Letter," was in English, and his musical studies and partialities have been mostly, we believe, of a German tendency. But he is quite eclectic. Without asking whether he could not do a better thing than be writing an Italian opera, we simply re-

mind ourselves that none but an Italian opera would have the slightest possible chance of being brought out on the stage in this country. He procured, therefore, an Italian libretto of Sig. MANETTA, author of *La Spia*. We have not seen it, but the plot, we understand, is somehow founded on that wild and gorgeous dream of Eastern romance, Beckford's "Vathek," the names of the characters being changed, and a thread of more human interest introduced into the story. The programme of the concert embraced seven pieces, the dramatic relations of which we find thus explained in the *Courier*:

Number One on the programme is a duet for mezzo-soprano and bass voices. The characters are Omano, Caliph of the race of the Abassides, and Mirza, his mother. The duet opens with an allegro, in which Mirza urges her son to pursue remorselessly a war he has declared against the Ghebers. This is interrupted by a verse of a romance, supposed to be sung within, by Hinda, a captive Gheber Princess. The sound of her voice distracts Omano from his warlike thoughts, which Mirza, in a repetition of the first allegro, seeks again to inspire in him. The second verse of the romance follows, after which comes the first movement once more, the whole closing with an andantino, Omano declaring his passion for Hinda, Mirza urging him to more ambitious emotions.

Number Two is an andante and cavatina for tenor. Rustam, the hero of the opera, pours forth his affection and admiration for the fair Hinda, in the usual language of lyrical lovers. The rapid movement of this piece will be found very spirited and effective, after the pure Italian style.

Number Three is a quartet for mezzo-soprano, tenor and two basses. Albatros, an evil spirit disguised, with hiss voice of course, refuses to reveal to Omano the secret of a mystic inscription. Omano threatens—Mirza and Rustam warn Albatros of the danger of disregarding the Caliph's will.

Number Four is an andante and a cabaletta for mezzo-soprano. Mirza sings a description of the scene in which she finds herself. It is by the tomb of her ancestors, whither she has come to witness a midnight meeting between Omano and Albatros. This scene is continued in Number Seven, the last on the programme.

Number Five is a duet for soprano and tenor. Hinda and Rustam, having come to an understanding, exchange words of fond fidelity, &c., &c., &c.

Number Six is a scene and cavatina for soprano, in which Hinda indulges in a retrospect of her captivity and Omano's perfidy.

Number Seven is a quintet, with chorus, for soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor, and two basses. The scene is that alluded to above—the tomb of the Caliphs, at night. Omano is supposed to approach the tomb, and calls upon Albatros, who presently appears. Mirza watches the scene, herself concealed from view. Hinda and Rustam are present, but unseen, by means of a shield of invisibility. The first movement of the quintet is an allegro, in course of which Omano renounces his faith, in obedience to Albatros' demand, and is induced to promise the sacrifice of a maiden of his harem. Mirza, rushing from her concealment, insists that Hinda shall be chosen, to which Omano reluctantly consents. Rustam, meanwhile, assures Hinda that no harm shall come to her. During this allegro a unison chorus of disembodied spirits—the shades of Omano's sires—is heard. The quintet winds up with an andante movement of superb dramatic effect. The climax is splendid, being approached by a twice-repeated phrase of five notes, for three voices in unison, which we cannot describe without the aid of musical characters, but which will be instantly recognized as a master-stroke, and culminating with full vocal and instrumental force.

Our first impression of the music we must state very briefly. We say nothing of *originality* in the highest sense—nothing of *creative genius*. These are questions too great to be settled in an evening. Much that sounds new once, much that takes you by surprise, subsides after several hearings to the general level of a whole class which it resembles, and the witching melody is found to be but one more variation of an old tune too well known. The experience is too common to allow any one to trust the glowing first impression. On the other hand what seems indifferent may some day, when you have it in a true light, and your inner eye is clear, reveal itself like some old painting in the richest colors and the rarest forms of beauty. And there is a vast difference between cleverness and genius. We

need not be in haste to recognize and to proclaim the latter; if it be there, it will be good occupation for a generation to get gradually convinced of it.

1. Leaving all this for time to settle, we can truly say that we found Mr. Southard's music Italian in style, but not weakly Italian; not of the hot-house sentimental, or the mere physically intense and passionate kind. It is even true that we were oftener reminded of Verdi than of others. He seems master of Verdi's best arts of effect, his climaxes and bright bits of white light unison in concerted pieces, his syncopated soarings in impassioned melody, &c., &c.; but he does not run those tricks into the ground; he uses them to illustrate finer qualities. We doubt if even the gems of Verdi's later operas contain much of equal intrinsic art or beauty. On the other hand, the general impression was more fresh and wholesome, more essentially musical, more Italian in the best sense.

2. There was melody, grateful alike to the voice of the singer and to the ear. Not sickly, commonplace melody, but fresh, natural, dignified, expressive. We only dare not say decidedly original or individual. When we think of Mozart's melody, of those wonderful melodic thoughts that spring to life on every page of Rossini's "Barber" or in Weber's music—melodies that haunt the mind,—we are forced to postpone the question of original melodies, in the sense of positive spontaneous new creations. But there was at least a good style of melody, agreeable and to the purpose. Much of this melody seemed to us a clever, thoughtful, elaste use of the old stock of Italian song, that never dies.

3. In musical structure, contrapuntal treatment, richness and sometimes *recherché* charm of harmony and modulation; in unfailling abundance and beauty of orchestral illustration and coloring (so far as one could judge from a piano-forte engraving of the painting); in general effectiveness, it showed a deep and well-rewarded study of the best models, classical and modern. For this reason alone, if for no other, it was always interesting. The Quartet, and more especially the Quintet finale, were splendidly effective; and the effect would bear analysis. There was a charming figure of accompaniment running through the last duet, quite novel and felicitous.

4. It was thoroughly dramatic. Everywhere the note, the phrase, the harmony and accompaniment, was fitly married to the word and action. All was wisely, conscientiously subordinated to dramatic truth; yet without any Wagnerian sacrifice of the musician's loyalty to his own Art. It warranted high expectations of "Omano" as a lyric and dramatic whole.

We have only room to allude to the admirable manner in which the pieces were executed. The performers entered into the work with their whole hearts; the pianist, Mr. B. J. LANG, played the difficult accompaniments with remarkable precision, fluency, and tact. Mrs. LONG sang her best, and truly her voice found grateful occupation in the music. Her bright high notes were perfect in the Quintet. The same of Mr. ADAMS, who rendered the tenor cantabile with true style and feeling. The soprano of Miss WHITEHOUSE, in the romanza heard from within, was truly beautiful; and the bass solos by Messrs. POWERS and THOMAS BALL told well. So far as a small concert would allow, nothing was wanting to the true effect of the music, and we but state the general feeling, when we say that it was so effective as to make it the duty of the musical world both to itself and Mr. Southard, to see to it that "Omano" be soon brought out true and whole upon the stage.

DEBUT OF MISS FAY.—By invitation of Miss FAY and Sig. BENDELARI, her teacher, there was a large and intelligent assemblage of music-lovers at the Meionaeon last Saturday evening. Miss Fay is a young Boston lady. She has determined, as we understand, to devote her life to music as a public singer. The following programme was performed:

- PART I.**
 1—Scena and Air from 'Robert le Diable,' (arranged for Quintette).....Meyerbeer
 By the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
 2—Aria Finale, "Fidanzata—No maledetta,".....Pacini
 Miss Fay.
 3—Adagio Scherzo, from the 35th Quintette in E min. Onslow
 4—Star of the North, Coconcerted Air with two Flutes, Meyerbeer
 Miss Fay.
PART II.
 5—Introduction—Allegro and Adagio, from the Quintette in D, No. 3.....Mozart
 6—Aria, Purliani: "Qui la voce,".....Bellini
 Miss Fay.
 7—Song without Words, and Canzonetta, from the Quartette in E flat, op. 13.....Mendelssohn
 8—Cavatina, Lucrezia Borgia: "Com'e bello,".....Donizetti
 Miss Fay.

There seems to be a general chorus of surprise and admiration among those who were so fortunate as to hear the lady. We were not feeling bound to hear all that could be heard that night of Mr. Southard's opera. All agree that she has a rare voice, and much talent, and that her execution reflects great credit on her teacher. Yet as the danger in such cases always is from praise unqualified, we think we may do well to cite here the impressions of a friend in whose opinion we have confidence.

"My impression was that her voice was of good quality, rather unsympathetic, of correct intonation, of extensive compass, and brilliant in the upper range of tones; the enunciation wanting in distinctness. She exhibited a facility of execution quite remarkable—a fatal facility, it seemed to me—something analogous to the faculty which young persons often exhibit of writing graceful and pleasing verses, and very likely to mislead a young artist and her injudicious friends. The evidence of musical feeling, of sentiment, was not there to my apprehension, neither did the passages requiring breadth of phrasing, and largeness of style, as the first movement of *Qui la voce*, exhibit either. The rapid execution of familiar and difficult music by so young a singer startled and astonished the audience, and their applause was unbounded."

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening, after long pause, the Music Hall will ring with grand orchestral music. CARL ZERRAHN has organized his orchestra, and gives the first of his four subscription concerts in the form of a "Beethoven Night." The first part of the programme will consist purely of three of the noblest compositions of that mighty master; to-wit, the "Heroic Symphony," with which our public is less familiar than with almost any one of the nine; the piano-forte Concerto in G, to be played by Mr. SATTER, who has composed *cadenzas* for it; and the wonderful *Leonora* overture, in C. Here is already enough for a feast, and of the best kind. The second part is more for the non-classical portion of the audience, and will be light and miscellaneous; yet it will lead off with that splendid overture to "William Tell." Mr. Zerrahn is always as good as his word, and will do all he promises and more. It will be the public's fault, if this does not prove an admirable series of concerts. ...We are also to have Afternoon Orchestral Concerts in the same place, and with the same conductor, commencing next Wednesday. These will be essentially of the same character as in past years, embracing commonly a good symphony and overture, and varieties of light and sparkling music. As they may be continued indefinitely, these afternoon concerts will afford opportunities of presenting various Symphonies, by Haydn and others, which we seldom hear. The four nights, dedicated to great composers, naturally require that the best (and as it happens) the most well-known Symphony of each should be selected.

The "German Trio" (Messrs. GAERTNER, JUNG-NICKEL and HAUSE), on account of the Orchestral Concert, have judiciously postponed their first concert to next Monday evening. Their programme is excellent, including the glorious B flat Trio of Beethoven, a string Quartet in D, by Haydn (first time), and Mozart's Quintet in G minor; these sterling solids to be relieved, not by a dreary length of small things, but simply by a couple of songs from Meyerbeer by a "promising amateur."....The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB yield place next Tuesday evening to the young vocalist, Miss FAY, who will then make her more public debut.... Add to all this, that Mr. SOUTHARD's music is to be repeated on Thursday evening, and that HERR FORMES is to sing in the "Creation" on Saturday and in "Elijah" on Sunday evenings, and have we not indeed a musical week before us?

The New York Academy was to re-open last night with a "grand Mozart celebration," being the first night of *Don Giovanni* "on a scale of colossal splendor and magnificence,"—new scenery "of the most dazzling description," new dresses, new properties, and with the ball-room scene done for once as it ought to be, with two extra orchestras upon the stage, a chorus of 150 voices (including the Liederkranz), to say nothing of the "twenty candelabras" and "three hundred lights;" and with FORMES (as Leporello), GASSIER (the Don), LAGRANGE, CARADORI, D'ANGRI, LABOCETTA, ROCCO, &c., in the principal parts. This is the last night but three prior to the departure of the company for Philadelphia.... There is a very unpleasant rumor about the Maretszek troupe in Havana; to the effect that the yellow fever rages there, that AMODIO, the baritone, had died of it; also a tenor singer; and that BRIGNOLI was very sick. This report leads THALBERG, after so many farewell concerts, to postpone his departure for Havana. (Later news speak only of the severe illness of Amodio.)

Advertisements.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

GRAND BEETHOVEN NIGHT!

CARL ZERRAHN

Will give his FIRST CONCERT ON SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 16th, at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

Assisted by

Mr. GUSTAV SATTER,

On which occasion the first part will be selected from the master works of the immortal composer, Beethoven,—the second part of the programme being devoted to miscellaneous music only.

Single tickets, 50 cents each, and packages of four tickets, good for any of the remaining Concerts, at Two Dollars, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

POSTPONEMENT.

The GERMAN TRIO respectfully announce, that their first Concert, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, is postponed from Saturday to Monday evening, Jan. 18, on account of the first Concert of Mr. Zerrahn.

Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

POSTPONEMENT.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Third Concert is necessarily postponed two weeks, to Feb. 24.

MISS FAY will give a Concert on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 19th, at 8 o'clock. She will be assisted by an Orchestra, and sing "Qui la voce," "Fidanzata," "Com'e bello," and an Echo Waltz composed expressly for her by Sig. A. BENDELARI.

Further particulars in the daily papers.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS

By the Orchestral Union,
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

CARL ZERRAHN.....Conductor.

Doors open at 2—Concert to commence at 3 o'clock.

Package of Six tickets, \$1. Single tickets, 25 cts.

MR. SOUTHARD'S SECOND CONCERT.

By universal request there will be a repetition of Mr. Southard's Concert—Selections from the MS. Opera, "OMANO"—on Thursday Evening next, Jan. 21st, at 8 o'clock, at Messrs. Chickering's Saloon.

The following resident artists will take part in the performance.

Mrs. J. H. LONG.

Miss S. E. WHITEHOUSE.

Mr. C. R. ADAMS.

Mr. THOMAS BALL.

Mr. P. H. POWERS.

Mr. B. J. LANG, } PIANISTS.

Mr. T. H. HINTON, }

Tickets, Fifty Cents, to be obtained at the bookstore of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter St.

MOZART FESTIVAL,

At the Rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons,
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 27th, 1858, (MOZART'S BIRTH-DAY).

A limited number of cards for admission delivered, on a written application to

GUSTAV SATTER,

3 Van Rensselaer Place.

N. B.—Further particulars shortly. No tickets for sale; no applications received after Jan. 23d.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested.... SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

CLASSES IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING.

Mr. F. W. MEERBACH begs leave to state to the citizens of Boston and Roxbury that he is prepared to give instruction in Piano-Forte playing to small classes.

Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends.

For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co., Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

WILLIAM SCHULTZE,

GIVES instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY OF MUSIC. Address at his residence, (U. S. Hotel), or at the Music Stores.

G. ANDRÉ & CO'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VOCAL MUSIC.

AET, op. 82	Thirty Three-part Songs,	50
Brindisi, from "Macbeth," in two flats,	25	
Caro nome, (Dear name), from "Rigoletto,"	30	
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Herdsmen's Mountain Home,	25	
How could I leave thee. Popular Song,	25	
I dream of thee,	Ch. Merz, 30	
I'll pray for thee, from "Lucia di Lammermoor,"	35	
Over the Sea,	Groom, 30	
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Allegretto Scherzando,	Beethoven, 30	
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Happy Return Polka,	30	
King Pepin Polka, by D'Albert, for Piano,	30	
Do. do. do. for Piano and Corset,	10	
Kitty Tyrell, (Charming Tunes, No. 21),	40	
Lancers' Quadrille, New Arrangement,	A. Tatzel, 30	
Louisa Miller: Bouquet of Melodies,	Th. Moelling, 50	
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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Life of an obscure Musician.

I remember well the time when, still a boy, I was compelled to play the violin at a dancing saloon, frequented by the farmers from the neighboring hamlets, who came into the fair, which five or six times every year was held in our town. I still see them whirling round in their long linen coats, the skirts of which fluttered behind them like flags on the topmast of a ship: each man holding his partner, a stout, blooming girl, with both arms by the shoulders. On one occasion, after I had just finished a galop, in which, to heighten its effect, I made all sorts of trickery with the bow, an old farmer, who stood watching me attentively from the distance, pipe in mouth, came up, and touching me on the shoulder, said: "Well done, boy, well done!" He then told me that I played better than the tailor in his village, whom they engaged for their harvest festivals and like occasions, and who used to accompany his playing with violent gesticulations of his head and feet.

The old farmer was soon joined by others, so that in a few moments a large crowd had collected around me, all expressing their delight at that piece, and paying me all kinds of compliments for the agility with which I moved the fingers and the bow. One of them, a man with a grave and important air, whom the rest regarded with much awe, said that one day I would surely be a good tone-artist. I afterwards learned that he was from a hamlet some miles off, where he taught school in the forenoon, and in the afternoon went round to extract teeth, and perform surgical operations on the farmers and their—cattle. I could have guessed this long before, since I noticed several girls, belonging as I knew, in the

same hamlet, who bore still the marks of his malpractice on their swollen cheeks, tied up in cloths and cushions.

The prophetic remark of this surgeon school-master pleased me highly. That some day I should be a great musician, haunted my mind ever since; perhaps only because I desired it. We know that men always believe what they wish to see fulfilled. However, I am able to trace that presentiment back to its source.

When about eight or nine years old I was very fond of reading fairy tales, so much so that my mother often found it necessary to take the book away from me. A favorite story of mine, was one in which a little fellow by the name of Fingerline, acted as hero. The description given of him suited exactly my own little figure; at least I thought so, and when, therefore, Fingerline heard a voice in the air crying: "Fingerline, Fingerline, thou art destined to great things!" I supposed these words addressed to myself, and could never forget them. As for Fingerline, it really happened as that spirit-voice had spoken. He was commissioned to relieve a little princess who had been stolen by three giants, living in a large cave in the woods. Guided by the good genius of the princess, he found the path to the cave, and then slew the giants one by one while they were sleeping; after which feat of youthful heroism, he seized the child by the hand and brought her back to her father, the king. The king thought that it was worth while to educate a boy who had performed so smart a deed—a deed which had baffled the skill and valor of all his knights; therefore he brought him up like his own son. Fingerline, of course, married the princess afterwards, who, from the moment he had delivered her from the claws of the giants, very much inclined towards him. And when the king, worn down by old age, found the empire too much of a burden for him, he ordered his ministers to tell the people that his son-in-law, the heroic Fingerline, had succeeded him on the throne, and was ready to receive the homage of his faithful subjects.

Now, that I should ever rise to the throne of an empire, I did not believe; but I felt that like Fingerline, I was destined to perform great things in some way; and when I had already made some progress in music, which I chose for my profession, it began to dawn at once upon my mind, and I saw clearly that one day I should be a king in the realm of sound.

The more my talent became developed, the stronger grew my dislike for playing vulgar dance music to entertain the lowest class of people. I felt it was a disgrace to the art and a waste of my talent. Besides, as not only honest farmers, but

"rowdies," "loafers," and the like, assembled at those saloons, it was altogether a dangerous affair. Frequently drunk to their fingers' ends, they were unable to keep time, or even to stand upright, and supposed it was the fault of my playing, so that I was in continual fear of receiving a sensible token of their displeasure. I resolved, therefore, to entreat my guardian to relieve me from this penance. But he grew very angry, and said he gave me board and instruction, and it was just that I should do whatever he deemed proper. He had been obliged, in his younger days, to do the same, and even things more unpleasant. However, he had long since perceived that I entertained high ideas, and strove beyond my sphere; but as long as I was under his control, he would know how to humble me.

That I received board and instruction from him, he gave me to understand at every opportunity. Now in all the five years I was with him, I may have received three lessons. Board, yes, this he gave; but even this needs considerable qualification, when I remember the ravenous appetite that haunted me half an hour after those poor meals had taken place. His business, in fact, consisted in keeping a kind of boarding music school for boys. The salary paid him by the scholars was small; but they were bound to remain with him five years, and to be used for his profit in any way that he saw fit. Thus we were sent to balls, parties and, as above intimated, to places where the lowest class of people held their nightly revels. Those of the pupils who, like myself, were already able to play a dance tolerably well when they entered the institution, were at once put in the harness. About their artistic education he never troubled himself at all. Others, on the contrary, who could do nothing as yet, were taught just as much as was necessary to make them available for his money-making projects, and you may judge how they got farther. The elder pupils had to teach the younger—it was an extraordinary case if he himself gave a lesson. The consequence was, that those who with great talent made great efforts, got along tolerably well; the rest never advanced much beyond the rudiments; so that after their five years had passed, many were obliged to choose another profession, or remain dance-fiddlers all their lives. As for myself, my contract with him was considerably better than that of any of my comrades; because I paid no salary, and he even renounced the bed, the silver spoon and fork, which all the rest were obliged to bring with them. This privilege he granted me from professional courtesy, out of regard to my father, who was a very skilful violin and piano-forte player, but labored under that odious disease

which seems to have been epidemic among the musicians of his day, as it suggested the Latin proverb: *cantores amanti humores*. He died when I had hardly seen four summers, leaving his family entirely destitute. When I was about thirteen my mother was advised to put me into this music-school, since I haunted her continually to let me become a musician.

I passed a most unhappy time in this "school of scandal." As there was no oversight or discipline whatever, the greater part of the boys were the most mischievous fellows. My nature, which was deeply religious and poetic, made me shrink from such bad company, and accordingly I kept alone as much as possible. Seeing that I imagined myself their superior, they mortified me whenever they could. I was smaller and weaker than any of them, and hence they found it not difficult to abuse me. True it is that I aggravated my situation through my own behavior. As I was very irritable, I easily took offence. A slight trick played on me was sometimes enough to make me furious. I would then pounce upon the offender, at a moment when he least expected it, seize him by the hair and toss his head to and fro until my rage was cooled. He made no effort to extricate his wig from my firm grasp, but was delighted to see me so angry. However, my anger never lasted long. If I was easily provoked, I was still more easily reconciled; though an offence, once received, left a mark on my memory.

As for my character in general, I was considered a strange fellow. My mother, relatives and benefactors reproached me constantly for being reserved, and shunning company. If I continued so, said they, I should become a misanthrope, and never make my fortune. Sometimes they succeeded in inducing me to join in an excursion or some pleasure party; but then I was again reproached for being too extravagant in my demonstrations of joy and merriment. However, they all loved me, and I was deeply attached to them, as I was, indeed, to every one who had the slightest claim upon my love and gratitude. Only my guardian I did not like, because I knew he disliked me; he often told me that I was of a haughty, obstinate, and fault-finding disposition, and threatened to cure me of it. Such coarse treatment on his part grieved me deeply. I was so sensitive that an angry look almost sufficed to make me weep.

It was a lucky thing for me that there existed at that time in our town an amateur club, who gave a series of instrumental concerts every winter, and who took from our school the most advanced pupils to complete their ranks. In this way I had opportunity to become acquainted with some of Beethoven's Symphonies, and other works. To be sure it was difficult even for one more accomplished than myself, to form a correct idea of these compositions, since the performances were most miserable; besides, all the subordinate parts, as second flute, second hautboy, and so forth, were left out. Nevertheless these concerts became highly advantageous to me. The more kindly disposed members of the club, seeing how eagerly and zealously I strove onward, became interested in me, aided me by word and deed, and invited me to their houses. Occasionally I was called upon to perform a solo. Once I played the first concerto in D major, for violin, by De Bériot; which, all assured me, I delivered

with much feeling and expression. I do not doubt that I deserved this compliment; but generally speaking, my execution was stiff and inelegant, as is always the case with players who have been mostly their own instructors. At another time I treated the audience to an improvisation on the piano-forte; but I forgot myself so much that the leader came up and told me to leave off, as I had already played more than half an hour. I of course awoke from my reverie, and rose from my seat, when a tremendous applause broke loose at once. I was deeply mortified by this joyous demonstration, and in consequence, made a very awkward bow. It was plain that they did not intend to applaud me for my playing, but merely to express their gratification at being ultimately delivered from my fantasia, which threatened to last to all eternity.

Notwithstanding the praise and encouragement frequently bestowed on me; notwithstanding the love for my art, and the fine hopes whose fulfilment I believed I saw distinctly in the future, there still were times when I was actually sick of my violin, my piano-forte, and even my pen (I had long since commenced composing). At such periods I strove to persuade myself that I had not a spark of genius, and must give up music altogether. When the attacks of this malady were most severe, I used to run to some delightful spot in the country, throw myself on the ground, and moisten the green grass with floods of tears, till I became so exhausted that I fell into a profound sleep. On opening my eyes again I always found the blue sky, the golden sun, the trees and flowers far more beautiful than before, and a feeling came over me as if I looked right into the eyes of God, and he smiled on me. Thus strengthened and comforted, I walked home, went up to my cheerless garret and resumed my studies.

This love for natural scenery has remained with me undiminished, so that, when walking in the country on a fine day, I am sometimes so full of joy that I cannot refrain from singing, with a loud and clear voice, a certain favorite song, in which the beauties of nature are glorified.

Nature and Art,—mother and daughter! Pity on the man who is insensible to their beauties ever new and ever young!

My five years of apprenticeship drew towards the close. Bodily, I had now grown to that state where the moustache begins to make its appearance under the nose, and where writing love letters forms so sweet an occupation. I cannot conceal that I was an exceedingly handsome fellow. In saying this I do not boast, but repeat only what the girls assured me many times, who, I suppose, are the most competent judges in this matter. I cannot omit to remark that it was a peculiarity of my nature to be continually in love; but my affections never fell on those who moved in my own sphere, and who would have been happy by a smile or a favor from me; on the contrary, my chosen ones belonged always to the highest and richest classes of society and were so situated that I had no opportunity whatever to approach them. So, to ease my burthened heart, I wrote poems, and composed melodies which, as some of my elder friends said, were touching to tears. Every Sunday morning I wrote a letter to my beloved, and in the most glowing terms confessed my passion. After I had finished, I put it into my pocket and walked out.

Here, in the open air, on some secret spot, I read it over once more, and then tore it up. Scattering the pieces about me, I implored the winds to waft them, as messengers of my love, to her for whom all my pulses beat.

My five years, as observed before, were now finished; and one day in the month of August, I found myself on the road to a large city where resided a celebrated teacher of composition, of whom I intended to take lessons. As I had no money to ride, I made the whole journey, a hundred and fifty miles, on foot, in five successive days. On my arrival I went immediately to present myself to the famous Professor. My heart beat vehemently when I approached his house; because, timid and reserved as I naturally was, I feared to converse with so great a man. Besides, I entertained doubts whether he would find my talent and progress great enough to receive me among his scholars. On my telling him that I desired to become his pupil in composition, he asked me who I was, and whence I came. I then gave him a brief account of my life; told him that under adverse circumstances I had advanced so far that at different times I had played solos on the violin and the piano-forte, at concerts; but that neither of these instruments gave me much satisfaction, for my talent inclined decidedly to the creative side of the art; I loved far better to write than to play, and believed, therefore, that I was destined for a composer. "A year and a half after I had received the first lesson in music," continued I, "I began to compose, without knowing how, or why; and from that time I have been writing whenever I have had leisure; sometimes till late into the night, or the dawn of the morning. The fruits of my labors are, Sonatas, Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, &c., heaps of which I have left behind me in my native town. My brain is continually crammed with musical ideas; all I see and hear turns to music within me, and I must write it down lest my head should burst. I never had any instruction; occasionally I tried to instruct myself a little from books which fell into my hands, but I found them too scientific or unintelligible. I feel that I need personal instruction from a teacher who, like yourself, sir, is able to recognize and develop a talent according to its peculiar nature. If it is true, as you say in one of your books, that a man is gifted in proportion as he loves the art, then I have talent, surely, I have great talent."

I became so animated, so inspired, that I felt my cheeks burn like fire; and Q. looked at me with profound astonishment. After I had finished, he said: "You please me, indeed; I like to hear a musician speak so. But can you not let me see some of your compositions which you mentioned just now?" I immediately drew forth from my pocket the score of a Quartet for four stringed instruments, which I had taken with me to show him. He read the first movement over, and said that it betrayed great power of invention; however, it was evident from the treatment of the themes that I had had no instruction. A studied composer would have made three whole quartets of the thoughts contained in this movement. Of course he would accept me as his scholar; "but," said he, "have you considered the path of the composer is a thorny one?—are you prepared for struggles of all kinds, for disappointments and even mortifications? If you have no fortune, it were better that you per-

fecting yourself more on those instruments, and chose the career of a virtuoso."

"I have no choice;" returned I, "either I must compose or I cannot live."

The instruction commenced. I took three lessons a week, studied day and night, and made progress with gigantic strides. My teacher was highly pleased with my talent and diligence, and assured me repeatedly that a glorious future awaited me. The interest he took in me was so great that he not only instructed me for nothing, but favored me also with his friendship. We took long walks together, and I passed many a happy hour in social intercourse with his family.

Alas! his prophecy has not been verified. From incessant study my health began to fail, when the Revolution broke out. Losing all his pupils, and believing himself and family in danger, collected his valuables and left for a distant country. At the same time misfortune occurred in the parental house, and I received word to come home as soon as possible. Thus my studies were interrupted, and my prospects, my dearest hopes, destroyed forever. I am still an obscure musician; no one knows me, no one cares for me, save a few fellow-artists, as obscure as myself.

The proverb that every man is the builder of his own fortune, is not true; at least it needs considerable modification. Suppose a man is born without hands, as sometimes happens; or no money to buy the tools wherewith to erect his building,—what shall he do then? We sow and we labor; but the fruits we must await patiently; they lie beyond our power.

However, I am resigned. It was, after all, a phantom for which I was striving! I cannot deny that my aspirations, noble as they were in themselves, were accompanied with a morbid desire for fame and notoriety; and these, I am now wise enough to know, are things which one should least desire. Suppose your fame extends over the whole world, and you are praised and admired by millions! what happiness do you derive from it? Surely it does not smoothe a single fold on your troubled brow. How much sweeter is the soft, consoling voice of a faithful friend, a virtuous sister, or a loving wife! However, if you have not even these, but only the painful consciousness of a lost career, lost, notwithstanding your sincere and earnest striving—then, God comfort you!

ADOLAR.

Mozart's Son.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I extract from Mrs. Jameson's "Diary of an Ennuyée" the following:

"Dr. Holland once told me, that when travelling in Iceland, he had heard one of Mozart's melodies played and sung by an Icelandic girl, and that some months afterwards he heard the very same air sung to the guitar by a Greek lady at Salonica. Yet the son of that immortal genius, who has dispensed delight from one extremity of Europe to the other, and from his urn still rules the entranced senses of millions—Charles Mozart, is a poor music master at Milan!" p. 315 note.

This was, of course, written a good many years ago—more than thirty, if the note was in the first edition of the "Diary." Was it a correct statement, and do you know the fate of this Charles Mozart?"

F.

Mozart, of six children, left but two boys alive at his death—Karl and Wolfgang Gottlieb (Amadeus.) The latter became quite a distinguished

musician and composer, although overshadowed by the greatness of his father's name, and Nissen, at the close of his Biography of the great Mozart, devotes much space to him and his letters to his mother. He died in 1844.

Karl is passed over by Nissen in almost utter silence! Why? A curious question, considering that he was his stepson.

We can give a few notes, however, in relation to him, which seem to lead to the conclusion that Mrs. Jameson's "poor music master" was such only in the sense in which a wealthy English traveller would use the term, especially if it points a sentence epigrammatically. We have not the means at hand of determining the date of his birth—doubtless Holmes gives it—nor of his settlement in Milan. But that he ranked well in that city among the musicians and teachers, is clear, from the fact that he directed the private concerts in the house of a wealthy Italian named Casella. For instance, April 16th, 1824, Beethoven's "Christ on the Mount of Olives" was sung there, Karl Mozart directing, and his pupil, Constanza, daughter of Casella, playing the accompaniment upon the piano-forte.

In 1827, a concert was given in Milan, with the following announcement on the bills:

"Madame Ester Vansuest, wife of the artist for whose benefit the concert is given, and daughter of the celebrated master of music, Monsieur Mozart, will execute," &c.

Karl Mozart, not knowing that he had a sister, called upon the dame to get an explanation. She had presence of mind enough to attribute the announcement to an error of the printer, saying that she was an American by birth, and daughter of a Monsieur Moysard. She was unable to explain how her father had obtained the title of "celebro maestro di musica"—but had a crowded house, and gave great satisfaction!

In 1844, Karl Mozart was still in Milan, and held an office under the Austrian government.

Two years ago he was invited to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to be present at the centennial celebration of his father's birth. The following is his reply—at least in substance, for the style of the letter is not such as to make a translation very easy.

MILAN, JAN. 17, 1856.

Most valued and dearest Friend:—My answer to your interesting letter of the 7th inst. has been delayed by a slight indisposition. I consider it a happy omen for the whole of the year which has just begun, that I have been made to rejoice through the reception of a letter from such a valued and dear friend—a friend, who has ever proved himself such, during a period, the length of which may be reckoned by the measure of generations. Were it possible to add to the joyful feelings thus awakened, it would be done, my dear friend, by the precious and touching topics of your letter.

"How happy should I be, were I able to undertake the journey to so important, beautiful, and refined a city as Frankfort! I cherish for it an especial reverence and inclination, both on account of the many worthy people whom I have had the privilege of knowing there, and from the affection for it which I have inherited from my deceased father. Am I deprived the happiness, however, of being present at the festivities, which will celebrate his centennial birthday; am I cut off from the delights, which the compositions

of my father, as performed by the artists there would afford—artists whose fame and excellence reach back to remote times; and, what I chiefly lament—can I not have the satisfaction of proving my thankfulness to those who took the first steps toward, and will take part in, the celebration, which will add new lustre to the name of Mozart, and place him still higher in the opinions of the present generation; am I deprived, I say, of all these delights: still, I pray and charge you, my dearest friend, to be the organ of communicating those feelings by which I am penetrated. You will certainly do this more adequately than I can, although not with more warmth. Especially do I pray you to communicate my best good wishes and thanks to Herr André, whose father, as well as deceased sister, Madame Streicher, I had the honor to know, and whose family was always most warmly attached to mine. At the same time I send you a thousand sincere good wishes, and embrace you most tenderly.

Your devoted friend and servant,

KARL MOZART.

We believe this gentleman was never married; when, therefore, the now old man has passed away, there will be an end of the Mozart family!

A. W. T.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in Paris.

(From the London Musical World.)

Elijah, or rather a part of *Elijah* (the first part), has passed the ordeal of Parisian criticism, and, as sincere admirers of Mendelssohn's genius, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep satisfaction at the knowledge of this result. At all events, half of *Elijah* may now, without danger, be cited, by universal Europe, among the classics of music. Paris has proclaimed it; and we have some right to cherish the hope that the remaining half, when brought before that dread tribunal, may be equally fortunate.

A perusal of the French papers which record the event has thrown us into an ecstasy. *Beati sumus!* True, some of the critics divide their admiration between the "Triple Clavier" of M. Alexandre (with the triple clavier playing of M. Daussoigne Méhul), and the oratorio of Mendelssohn. But that is germane to the national character. *Elijah* was the pill, and the new invention of M. Alexandre the sugar, which concealed or modified the bitter flavor. You may see, in the midst of the glowing apostrophes of the *feuilletonistes*, an enthusiasm which is rather affected than real. Their descriptions of the music are warm, and, in many instances, graphic and correct; but even those who profess the greatest reverence for its beauties are prone to apologize to their readers for the unhappy drawback that it is not exactly French. How, indeed, these gentlemen reason with themselves, *can* everything and everybody be French?—which is a synonyme for perfect. M. Maurice Bourges himself, who translated the book into his extremely inharmonious vernacular, and was instrumental in bringing *Elijah* before his countrymen, is compelled by insinuation to whisper "Peccavi—as though he had transgressed against the laws of decorum. This enthusiast recommends, in the last issue of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, the curtailment of the recitatives, as follows:—

"In future auditions, which M. Padeloup, faithful to his mission will necessarily provide, we recommend him to suppress a portion of the recitatives, which become useless, *since the comments of the programme replace them.*" (!)

If M. Bourges can point out one single recitative throughout the whole of *Elijah* which is not absolutely essential to the plan of the work, the interest of the story, and the natural progress of the music, he must be a shrewder man than we take him for. Where, we should like to know,

would he begin; Upon what number would he first lay profane hands? M. Bourges himself owns, in a paragraph where French conceit is displayed to admiration, that making the proposed curtailment would be throwing treasures into the shade:—

"The ruling virtue of Frenchmen is not the German patience. Curtailments made with intelligence often decide a success which unimportant *longueurs* might compromise. Great riches have at times their danger. More accommodating than probably Mendelssohn would have been himself, it is necessary in his interest to know how to throw into the shade a part of his treasures. This will insure to what remains the privilege of shining without detriment, and attracting the eye by a more lively brilliancy.*"

M. Bourges is right in one conjecture. The composer of *Elijah* (the "austere biblical bard," as the *France Musicale* entitles him) would not have shown the least desire to accommodate the French "*dilettanti*" by mutilating his work. *Elijah* has experienced ten years of decided success without the aid of paste and scissors. M. Bourges, to suit his own taste and that of his compatriots, can easily, if he pleases, manufacture, by means of the process he recommends to M. Pasdeloup, an edition *sui generis*—a Parisian "*édition de luxe*," with the cuttings required to conciliate the absence of that "*patience germanique*" which is not the dominant virtue of "the metropolis of European civilization." But he had best not send it to England, unless for the recreation of boarding-school misses. Perhaps, after all, M. Maurice Bourges, when suggesting so monstrous a piece of Vandalism, was ironical. Perhaps he merely intended to convey, through the medium of an amusing paradox, his real opinion of M. Pasdeloup, who not only pays Mendelssohn the ill compliment of splitting his oratorio into halves, but devotes the time that might have been so much more worthily filled up by the remaining part of *Elijah*, to a fantasia on the "Triple Clavier," and a second "meditation" (!) of M. Gounod—for chorus and orchestra—on that same unhappy prelude of Bach,† which had already been so curiously travestied, for violin, organ, and piano, by the composer of *Sappho* and the *Nonne Sanglante*. If such be the case, the translator of the text of *Elijah* has our entire sympathy; if not, we cannot rate him much higher than M. Pasdeloup, who makes the first part of *Elijah* the last clap-trap in an ordinary "concert-monstre."

DON GIOVANNI AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The representation of Don Giovanni at the Academy of Music, last evening, had this advantage over all preceding ones—the part of Leporello was rendered with an intelligence never before witnessed on our stage. The character has been strangely misunderstood by all who have previously attempted it. Leporello is not a mere buffoon, whose knavish tricks and humors are intended to amuse the audience from beginning to end of the extraordinary drama in which he takes part, but a shrewd man of the world, who never neglects his own interests amidst all the extravagance in which he indulges, and yet shows that he is not without some sense of humanity. The master gives the reins to his lusts without feeling and without remorse, but the valet occasionally experiences some twinges of conscience, notwithstanding an uncontrollable propensity to aid the crimes of his master and a sly enjoyment of the intrigues in which he shares. This is shown in the saddening change which sometimes interrupts the gayest strains of the music, in his occasional determination to leave the service of so base a master, in the terror which he shows when compelled to address the statue of the *Commendatore*, and in his unfeigned agony and remorse in the terrible closing scene. It was in this scene, which has hitherto been made one of the funniest in the opera, that the personation of Formes, last night, was most masterly. Instead of the grinning and chattering buffoon, who takes refuge under the table, where he contrives to keep the

audience in good humor until the curtain drops, he was natural, earnest, repentant, and in the midst of his terror, like a faithful servant, not forgetful of his master. Nothing could be more moving than the tone in which he implored him to repent while there was time, or more genuine than his terror at each fierce *crescendo* from the orchestra. So completely did he divest the character of its ridiculous attributes, that it became absolutely pathetic, and Leporello, the knave and jester, suddenly enlisted the sympathies of the audience, by showing that he was sensible of his own and his master's crimes. Throughout the opera the proprieties of the part were sustained with equal felicity. The music was rendered with the artistic finish peculiar to Formes, and his voice told admirably in some of the concerted pieces.

The remaining parts were sustained with average ability. Madame Lagrange, as Donna Anna, was artistic and careful, and sustained the part with dignity, but her voice has not the *timbre* to express the deep-settled grief which the music embodies. Madame D'Angri sang Zerlina's music very pleasingly. The *Vedrai carino* barely escaped an encore. Madame Caradori made a less successful Donna Elvira than we have seen on the same stage. She has not the sympathetic quality of voice which the passionate music of this love-lorn lady demands, and the part gained nothing of dramatic power in her hands. Gassier's Don Giovanni was a good performance, less mercurial and impulsive than some that we have seen, but utterly free from extravagance. The *mise en scène* at the end of the first act, was the most brilliant that we have ever witnessed on the Academy stage. We cannot congratulate Mr. Ullman on the success of his representation of Hell at the end of the piece, although great pains had evidently been bestowed upon it; and would suggest that he leave it out altogether in future performances. The effect of the finale will be in less danger of being marred or destroyed.

Exc. Post.

From my Diary, No. 20.

Jan. 11.—All things considered, the most thoroughly delicious, enjoyable, soul-satisfying music, thus far, this winter—excepting, of course, Handel's "Messiah"—I heard this evening in the Motet by Bach, the "Miriam's Song" by Schubert, and Father Hauptmann's Sacred Song, as sung at Chickering's Rooms, last evening, under the direction of Mr. Dresel.

Ah, me! will the time never come when some large choral and orchestral society in Boston can afford to sing this Schubert composition, Haydn's "Storm," Beethoven's "Opfer Lied" and "Meeresstille," Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and the many other exquisite pieces of this character, which the greatest masters have not disdained to write?

Jan. 12.—Here is a bit of a "puff"—but an honest one. The subject is a lithograph—a bird's eye view—like those of which every American traveller brings home more or less as remembrances of foreign cities. It is a portrait of our Alma Mater—old Harvard—taken from an elevated point on the eastern boundary of the College grounds, and looking to the west. We have had nothing like it before; and if a sincere commendation in Dwight's Journal can assist those who executed it to draw from it some daily bread in these times, when their business is almost entirely cut off, that commendation is heartily bestowed. Besides the main view of the College grounds and edifices, new chapel and all, we get the distant landscape, including Mt. Auburn, away to the fine-wooded hills which limit the prospect to the west, and separate views of Longfellow's house, Washington's Headquarters, the Law School, Prof. Agassiz's residence, the Observatory, and Divinity Hall.

Where, of whom, and at what price, it may be obtained, the reader will learn as soon as it is—advertised.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—You have heard, of course, of our "Children's Aid Society." This institution has lately extended its sphere of usefulness beyond the original limits, and opened a branch office, from whence unemployed females are sent to the West, to be provided with homes and work. For the furtherance of this special object, our young resident artist, Mr. GOLDBECK, (who has lain *perdu* since last Spring,) gave a concert last Saturday night, assisted by various other artists. This was the programme:

PART I.

- 1—Hymne an die Musik,.....Lachner.
The German Liederkrantz, Conductor Herr Paur
- 2—Trio in D minor, op. 33, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.
1. Allegro molto, 2. Andante, 3. Scherzo, 4. Allegro molto.
Messrs. Mollenhauer, Bergner and R. Goldbeck.
- 3—Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa,".....Rossini.
Miss E. L. Williams.
- 4—La Fée des Fleurs, Morceau fantastique pour le Violon,
Mollenhauer.
Mr. Mollenhauer.
- 5—The Mill, Lyric Poem, for Voice, Piano and Violoncello,
Kreutzer.
Messrs. Guilloette, Kletzer and King.
- 6—{ a. "Impromptu," Etude favorite de Liszt, F min., Chopin.
b. 2d Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31,.....Chopin.
R. Goldbeck.

PART II.

- 7—Serenade,.....Abt.
The German Liederkrantz.
- 8—"Idylle," for Violoncello,.....Servais.
Mr. F. Kletzer.
- 9—Hooting Tower, Ballad,.....Trab.
Miss E. L. Williams.
- 10—El Torreador,.....Adhemar.
Mr. Charles Guilmotte.
- 11—Andante con moto and Finale from the Grand Sonata
Appassionata, for the Piano, op. 57, F min., Beethoven.
R. Goldbeck.
- 12—Potpourri from the Daughter of the Regiment.
The German Liederkrantz.

Mr. Goldbeck was warmly welcomed back to public life by the audience. He has employed his summer retirement well, having composed the Trio mentioned on the programme, and also a Symphony. The Trio, of which one hearing can hardly give a correct impression, did not seem to me quite as attractive as some of his minor pieces. It appears to be a very fair, and in parts quite elaborate composition, but it is wanting in that melodiousness which distinguishes the "Aquarelles," for instance, and some passages are more far-fetched than original. It struck me, too, as if the string-instruments were not always rightly treated. However, take it all in all, it is a very praiseworthy effort for the first Trio of a young composer, and promises much for the future. Mr. Goldbeck's performance of this piece was excellent; still more so, and very beautiful indeed was his rendering of Beethoven. I only regretted that he did not give us the whole of the glorious *Appassionata*. That *Andante con moto*—what a heart-stirring thing it is! In the *morceaux* from Chopin, the pianist did not please me as well; they were correctly played, but without the true spirit.

The Liederkrantz were admirable in their first two numbers. It gives the music-lover great enjoyment to listen to so well drilled and understanding a chorus of men's voices. By careful and frequent practice, this Society have improved greatly since last Spring. A beautiful solo in the "Serenade" was very finely sung by a gentleman with an exceedingly agreeable tenor voice. MOLLENHAUER and KLETZER both gave great satisfaction. The latter is quite equal to *Vioux-temps* in drawing from his instrument the most beautiful tones which it possesses. He plays with feeling, too. Dr. GUILMETTE regaled us with a German *Folkstied*, which was sung by FORMES, in answer to an encore, at the Thalberg

* "Par un plus vif éelat."

† In C—No. 1 of the *Clavier bien Tempéré*.

Testimonial, and it was unmistakably evident that this gentleman did his utmost to closely copy the great basso. *He* may have thought he succeeded; indeed he seemed to; but I believe few of the audience did, and in my opinion he would do better another time to leave those "awful low notes," and confine himself to a smaller compass, in which his voice is really quite fine.

It only remains for me to notice Miss WILLIAMS, and "thereby hangs a tale." This poor girl, (who rejoices in the rather absurd title of the "Welsh Nightingale,") was inveigled to this country by an agent of Barnum's Museum, with the representation that she was to appear under the same circumstances, and enjoy a similar career as Jenny Lind and Catharine Hayes, or whoever else it was whom Barnum brought out. Very inexperienced must she, or particularly her advisers, have been, to believe this story; enough, it was believed, and Miss Williams came over here, to find that she was engaged to sing at Barnum's Museum, (as it is still called, though it has long since passed out of Barnum's hands,) a place which, though by no means disreputable, is very far from refined or genteel. I believe she got rid of her engagement as soon as possible, and has since been travelling about the country, and given one concert here, endeavoring to gain the money to return to her home. She has an uncommonly fine, clear, strong voice, which is also quite flexible, and well trained. Her singing of *Una voce* was correct and spirited, but rather unpolished; but in the ballad she was quite in her element, and sang it exceedingly well. May her efforts prove successful!

This afternoon Mme. JOHNSON-GRAEVER gave the first of three Matinees at Dodworth's Saloon. The programme was, unfortunately, not a very attractive one, though the larger share of the performance thereof was in every way excellent. She gave us again the Trio of Litolff, which we heard at Eisfeld's Soiree, and which is much more attractive than the Concert Symphony by the same composer. Besides this, she played a delicate, tinkling *Campanella* by Taubert, most exquisitely, and Liszt's *Galop Chromatique* with great spirit and execution. In her performance, too, of a duet with violin, from *Oberon*, there was no fault to find. It is indeed, interesting to notice how she unites the force and fire of a man, with the soul and tenderness and delicacy of a woman. I can hardly imagine any female pianist who could excel her, though I suppose there are a few who do, such as Clara Schumann and Wilhelmina Clauss. But the former is older than our Mme. Graever, both in years and experience of every kind; arrived at her level, perhaps her young sister will equal her. Yet in this case again, the often repeated observation holds true, that woman's creative genius seldom equals her imitative and reproductive powers. Mme. Graever would have done better, had she left two pieces of her own composition which were on the programme, unplayed. The first, "*La prière d'un Ange*" was beneath all criticism; many an amateur student of music could write better things. The second, *La chasse*, was somewhat more effective, but not significant enough to merit being produced in a concert room. In the drawing room it might have passed for a lively, pretty piece. The fair *pianiste* should no endanger her laurels by mixing weeds among them. In the Trio, we missed Mr. NOLL, whose place

was supplied, but not made good, by Mr. APPY. This gentleman's tone is perhaps purer and smoother than Mr. Noll's, but it was very evident both in the Trio and the Duet, that the one does not equal the other as a musician. Miss MILNER and Mr. PERRING were the vocalists, but, by the choice of their songs, did not much enhance the interest of the programme. Mr. Perring's delicious voice it is always pleasant to hear, in whatever he sings; but with Miss Milner the case is reversed.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 23, 1858.

ORCHESTRAL.—The first concert of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, with the inviting title, "Grand BEETHOVEN Night," came off on Saturday evening, with most encouraging success. The audience, far larger than had been expected, filling at least two thirds of the Music Hall, proved that the enterprising conductor had not overrated the hunger and thirst for good orchestral music, even in these hard times. The orchestra was made up, to be sure, on the rather economical scale of six first violins, 4 second, 3 'cellos, 3 double bass, to the usual complement of wood and brass; but no one could expect Mr. Z. to incur greater risk in these times, and his band was, for the number, remarkably select and effective.

The first part of the programme was entirely music of Beethoven; and nothing could have better met the preference of cultivated Boston music-lovers, as the presence of that noble statue of the master there, by the lamented CRAWFORD, beareth witness. Three of his noblest works were given. First his third Symphony, the "Heroic," in which the master first stood forth in fully pronounced individuality of thought, sentiment and style, divested of all trace of any Mozart or Haydn influence; a Symphony, in which, as measured by his first and second, the composer's genius took a prodigious stride; a work in every way as unique, as full of inspiration, vigor, infinite suggestion, as almost any work even of Beethoven's latest period. It has been more seldom heard here than most of the nine Symphonies, and it is the one which never has been really quite mastered by any of our orchestras. This time it chiefly needed a broad mass of strings; otherwise, bating a few roughnesses, it was clearly, beautifully rendered, with much spirit, and a good deal, though hardly enough, light and shade. The entrance of portions of the band now and then in *pianissimo* was not so distinct as might be; the strange episodic changes, especially in the last movement, need to be most carefully indicated; but the Funeral March (second movement) was very impressively rendered, and the whole work profoundly occupied the attention of the audience, eliciting spontaneous and general applause after each movement. The *Eroica* made its mark; but it ought to be heard again. Why not introduce it in one of the Afternoon Concerts?

The Piano-forte Concerto, in G, one of Beethoven's most poetical works, tinged throughout with a deep and exquisitely dreamy feeling, was executed with perfect ease and graceful accuracy by Mr. SATTER. Nothing can exceed his

passage playing. As to poetical conception, sympathetic merging of the player in the music, there seemed something wanting. There were one or two affectations of manner, too, that were offensive; such as that flinging of the hands high in air, and thus striking the chords thinly, and not with that close grasp which gets out their full body of tone. Sometimes in soft passages the sound failed to reach us in our remote seat; it was never so when Jaell played. Mr. S. introduced two elaborate *cadenzas* of his own, in places left for them by the composer, after the traditional way. The one in the first movement was artistic and in keeping; that in the third movement less so,—mere bravura for the fingers. The wonderful *trill* cadence in that tender little episode, the Andante, is Beethoven's own and the trill was given (with both hands) with a fine nervous, passionate crescendo. But the general style of rendering the Andante was too *ad libitum* and sentimental. The orchestral parts went none too smoothly. Some of our modern critics scout the piano-forte Concerto altogether as a monster in Art, an absurd attempt to blend the piano with the orchestra. Whether they be right or wrong, the Concertos of Beethoven have too much of immortal beauty and poetry in them to be buried as a sacrifice to any theory.

The happiest achievement of the evening was the superbly dramatic overture to *Leonora*, the great one in C, or number three of the four he wrote. It stirred up true enthusiasm. One only wanted the splendid dozen of first violins which we had at the May Festival, to sweep up and scale the ramparts of that glorious *crescendo* near the close.

The second part of the programme was all "light" music—too light for the dignity of a *Philharmonic* concert, if we except the splendid overture to "Tell." To that "Coronation March" (or even to a fine set of Waltzes) by Strauss we could not object for once; but that "Carnival of Venice" burlesque, with its dozen solos, and droll trickery, seems, with all respect to our excellent Zerrahn, "milk for babes" too young to go to evening concerts. Mr. Satter in place of his *Ernani Fantasia*, gave his piano-forte transcription of the *Tannhauser* overture. We know how remarkable it is as a piece of executive pianism; it is very well as an extravaganza at the end of an evening before a small company; but with an orchestra present it was wholly out of place.

GERMAN TRIO.—We were unable to attend the first of the six concerts of this the fourth season, which took place at Chickering's on Monday evening. We are told there was a good audience and well pleased. The programme, at least the instrumental part of it, is worth recording:

- PART I.
1—Grand Trio, op. 97, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven
Allegro moderato—Scherzo, Allegro—Andante cantabile—
Allegro moderato.
Carl Hause, Carl Gaertner, H. Jungnickel.
PART II.
2—Cavatina, Meyerbeer
2—Quartette in D. for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, Haydn
C. Gaertner, H. Eichler, C. Eichler, H. Jungnickel.
4—Aria: "Ah! mon fils," Meyerbeer
PART III.
5—Quintette, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas and Violoncello, Mozart
Allegro—Menuette Allegretto—Andante ma non troppo—
Adagio—Allegro.
Messrs. C. Gaertner, H. Eichler, F. Zoehler, H. Jungnickel.

The vocal selections (from *Robert* and *Le Prophète*) were by a young lady announced as a

very promising amateur,—her first appearance. We are requested to state that her name is Miss CORDELIA M. HARDWICK; that she has been a pupil of Sig. Guidi, of Mr. Arthurson, and more recently of Mr. Gärtner; and that her friends regard her as having great talent and as destined to become "a prima donna of the America."

CONCERT BY MISS ANBY B. FAY.—Tremont Temple, Tuesday evening, Jan. 19th. Decidedly an interesting debut. The young lady prepossessed us from the outset by her simple, modest, unaffected manner. There were even genuine and not unpleasant traces of timidity in the first breaking of the ice before a large audience, a real public. Her voice we found very beautiful in quality, clear, powerful, always true, and if not positively sympathetic, yet not at all hard or glassy, but soft and rich and truly musical. We should say it is not so much unsympathetic, as indifferent; not that it is incapable of becoming the vehicle of passion, but that the experience is wanting; it warbles in a childlike manner out of a fresh and undeveloped nature. It is a true soprano, reaching not very high, and soon growing slightly veiled and filmy as it descends, even among the middle tones. This took so much from its general character of freshness, that we could not but suspect the influence of a cold.

Miss Fay's pieces were the same, with one exception, as those sung at her first (private) concert: viz. *Fidanzata*, by Parini, *Qui la voce*, and *Com' e bello*. In all the first observation to be made is this: She executes the 'difficult' things far better than she does the simple ones; she vocalizes better than she sings. She is uniformly tame, indifferent, imperfect in the slow melodies, the introductory arias, in all pure cantilena; these she delivers as a good school girl recites verses. Her spirit is first roused and she shows signs of life, only when she dashes with her bright voice into the bravura passages. Then she revels with a birdlike joy and facility in rapid runs, trills, staccatos, chromatic scales, echos, &c. and seems in her element;—though we do believe her capable of more; more and deeper must lie in her undeveloped, else we should not have found her song so interesting. Her trill is beautiful; her echoes (in an "Echo Waltz" composed for her by her teacher, Sig. BENDELARI, and full of all sorts of curious phrases echoed) were among the most ringing, airy and perfect that we have heard. But her most finished art lies in the bright staccato passages in the high notes. Otherwise her feats of florid vocalization are more remarkable for facility and naturalness than for much artistic finish. But there is in them the promise (or at least the possibility, with wise and thorough training) of a great singer in that kind.

The wisest training, though, it seems to us, were that which should make her mistress of plain and simple melody, of the pure, expressive cantabile style—in short of singing, rather than of vocalization. There is danger, as our friend wrote last week, of a fatal facility in this latter. To sing well the opening Andante melody of *Qui la voce* were the higher, worthier art; but this art Miss Fay has not. What does she need so much as such education both of voice and feeling, as would be found in the careful study and practise of some of those songs of Mozart, which are the very soul of melody, even the simplest, as *Vedrai carino*?

With all the coldness just remarked—only a virgin coldness as we trust—there were certain acquired mannerisms, imitations of expression, not only false in point of taste, but dangerous in the long run to the integrity of the voice itself. Such were a habit of too frequent and exaggerated accent, (a modern and Verdi-ish affectation), and a way of whipping out, as it were, a strong first note, instead of striking it

fairly and squarely. The plain, large, honest Italian cantabile is what most of all she seems to need. We feel in duty bound to state frankly these impressions, because the lady indicates so much real talent; and it is all in her favor, that she is indifferent as yet to the matter of expression, instead of having fallen like so many into the over-intense and physical thing which some lovers of the modern Italian opera call passion. With fine voice and talent, she has truth of nature, and the best culture is her due.

We have to thank Miss Fay for the good taste with which her concert was made up. Instead of the usual feeble or clap-trap miscellany, a small orchestra, led by AUGUST FRIES, gave us a couple of movements each from Beethoven's first and Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; also a couple of lighter pieces. Sig. Bendelari's graceful piano accompaniment added much to the charm of the vocal pieces.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting of this Association of the musical sons of Harvard and such kindred spirits as have joined them, was held on Monday evening, Jan. 18th, at the Revere House. The society during the twenty years of its existence has been strictly private in its nature; its doings and delightful anniversaries have not passed into the newspapers. It has not borne any direct or public part in the musical movement of our times; but indirectly it has exerted not a little influence in that movement. The enthusiasm of its members, and the interest of its annual business and convivial meetings has increased from year to year; and it seems now time to lift the veil and let all whom it concerns know what good times may be had, what good things done, by making music as it were the bond of union between the various arts and branches of a liberal culture,—by an association of educated gentlemen for the promotion of the cause of Music. At least it becomes this Journal, which was originally in some sense the child of the Association, and which has ever been its only organ, read as it is by all its members, to furnish to those members some slight record of hours too bright to be forgotten.

The H. M. A. grew out of a little musical club of undergraduates at Harvard University, called the "Pierian Sodality." It was formed in 1837, on Commencement day, and was at first a union of actual and past "Pierians." The objects were partly social, partly practical. It was hoped that such a union would lead to a fuller recognition of Music among the branches of a liberal culture in the University; that funds might be raised in course of time for the foundation of a Musical Professorship; that a Musical Library might be collected; but above all, that the mere association of educated men in such a cause would tend to raise the general respect for Music, at that time not by any means profound or hearty. The Professorship is still in the future, though Alma Mater has done something, has employed a teacher of singing in the College walls. The Library has become a notable and solid fact, as we shall see. But the chief fruits of the union are found in the social impulse which it has given to musical culture in the highest sense. Confined chiefly in its memberships to graduates, it has also added to its numbers not a few other gentlemen of musical, literary and artistic culture, and now combines a weight of character which cannot but have influence. By the exertions of its members our noble Boston Music Hall became a fact; in them this Journal of Music found its first encouragement; the first Chamber (Quartet) Concerts were given in Boston under their auspices; and constantly suggestions spring up at its meetings which lead to public action.

But our space forbids us to pursue this history now.—To return to the Annual Meeting. The hours from 7 to 9 P. M. were devoted to business, the President, Henry W. Pickering, in the chair. Reports of Treasurer, Librarian, and Directors were read, showing the affairs in a flourishing condition; assessments were paid in with much alacrity; new

members were elected, and as an honorary member, the distinguished organist of Temple Church, London, EDWARD J. HOPKINS, Esq., author of the celebrated work on the "History and Construction of the Organ," a gentleman, whose wise and friendly counsels are warmly appreciated by those who have had in charge the procuring of the grand organ for our Music Hall. The deaths of our late treasurer and valued member, CHARLES H. F. MOERING, and of the sculptor CRAWFORD, who was an honorary member, were noticed by fit resolutions and remarks. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows, (the President holds office for four years):

Vice President,	J. S. Dwight.
Cor. Sec.,	Dr. J. B. Upham.
Res. Sec.,	Henry Ware.
Treasurer,	J. P. Putnam.
Directors at large,	{ Dr. F. E. Oliver, C. F. Shinnin.

At nine o'clock the folding doors were thrown open, connecting three sumptuous parlors of the Revere House into one, and revealing tables furnished with every luxury of taste and sight and smell. It was indeed a most artistic supper. The zeal and tasteful inventiveness of "mine host" Pearson cannot be too highly complimented. The splendid vases, the profusion of sweet-scented flowers, the elaborate emblematic ornaments, in which confectionary had risen to a Fine Art, combining fiddles, harps with a thousand strings, and horns of plenty, in a manner most appropriate to the occasion, were the theme of general admiration. About forty members and invited guests sat down to supper, after the good old English convivial prelude of *Non nobis, Domine*, sung by a choir of members, led by brother J. C. D. Parker. The same would steal away from the table, at intervals between the toasts and speeches, to a noble Chickering Grand, and sing part-songs by Mendelssohn, and other pieces. We had also a piano duet by brothers Parker and Wilcox, songs, &c.

Many bright and serious sentiments were offered and happily responded to in the course of the evening. The President evinced the happiest faculty in calling out; no one escaped. George S. Hillard spoke to "The Association," and toasted the "Musical Press," which responded with allusion to "The Poets," of whom anon. Dr. Upham spoke in a charming vein of his "Organ" pilgrimage in Europe. The worthy Treasurer, always prompt and eloquent, tantalized us with a description of *Don Giovanni*, as he had just heard it in New York, and said the Hades scene was "wonderfully life-like—at any rate as near the reality as he hoped ever to witness"! "Beethoven" (his colossal bust frowned from behind the president's chair,) of course called up the "Diarist." The music of Mr. Southard (who is a member of the Association) called out glowing tributes from brothers F. H. Underwood and others; and there were speeches, witticisms, sentiments, from Dr. Bowditch, Dr. H. G. Clark, Dr. Derby, and brothers Sturgis, Chickering, and many more, too numerous to mention.

But the poets. There sat Longfellow, who whispered that he would "fold up his tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away," if pressed for speech or song (we had himself, and that was the main thing). With Holmes, the "autoerast," we were more fortunate; he read us verses, one of his truest, sweetest lyrics, of which he here sends us, not precisely the original, but

Variations on an Aria played without music at the meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, Jan. 18th, 1858.

One molten cluster let me claim
Of grapes that wore the purple stain,—
No maddening draught of scorching flame
But leaf and blossom-filtered rain,
Sweet with the musky earth's perfume,
Red with the burning glow of dawn,
Still flower-like in its breath and bloom,—
The soul of summers dead and gone!

Ah, not alone their sunsets lie
Dissolved in this empurpled glow,
But sounds and shapes that will not die
Run with its current's crimson flow!
The music of the silent tongue,—
The flying hand that swept the keys,—
The broken lute, the harp unstrung,—
We listen and we look for these.

Hark! while the dimpling fount is stirred,
The far off echoes move their wings,
And through the quivering past is heard
The murmur of its myriad strings.
Once more that old remembered strain!
The Prima Donna's loudest-cri!
And hush, for memory breathes again
Some lost "Picrian" melody!

And so we will not call him thief
Nor hold him guilty of a sin
Who plucks away one ivy-leaf
Or smooths the panther's spotted skin;
For if we steal the brightest wine
We do the thyrus little wrong,
Since all the jewels of the vine
Were thrown her by the God of Song!

Lowell, too, not to be outdone by the Doctor's "barrel organ," took out "his revolver" and made most felicitous hits in a series of the wittiest impromptu verses, full of musical allusions. They ought to grace this narrative; we don't despair of getting them after the poet has had time to see how good they were—And so we must break abruptly off, postponing what we have to say of the Musical Library of the Association, except (because in type, and time to go to press) a good part of the

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

The additions to the Library during the past year have not been so numerous as in some former years, about one half of the Library appropriation having been expended in binding and repairing such volumes as required it. * * *

The new Catalogue is now at the service of the Association, with a slip, giving the additions made during the past year. It will be observed that several works have been presented to the Library by the gentlemen whose names are given beneath the titles; those not so designated, having been purchased by the Library Committee.

I desire to notice especially, in this connection the continued liberality of Mr. Nathan Richardson in presenting to the Association the magnificent edition of the works of J. S. Bach, published by the "Bach-Gesellschaft" of Leipzig, which is perhaps the finest musical publication of the time. The sixth annual volume of this work was received a few days since from Mr. Richardson, on the eve of his departure for Europe. I should add that Mr. Richardson has shown the same liberal spirit, in all the purchases that the Association has made from him, at various times.

I wish however, to commend this example to the members of the Association. In past time a large proportion of the additions to the Library accrued in this way. Glancing over our collection, one is struck by the fact how largely the Association is indebted for its Library to some of its earlier members. It is not, I trust improper to mention here, the names of the President of the Association, of Henry Gassett, Esq., and the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wainwright, as among the most conspicuous for this virtue. The annual assessment of members is merely a nominal sum, and it would be an easy matter for every individual connected with us to make an annual offering to the Library to testify to his allegiance. Many members have in their possession, works upon musical subjects, books of history, biography, criticism or theory that would find their proper place upon our shelves: compositions, too, MUSIC, modern or ancient, that illustrate the history of the art should be there. I would not, with the bibliomania which should undoubtedly animate a diligent and faithful librarian, ask for *everything* and *anything*. I would not, like a Mohammedan, file away and preserve every scrap of paper, on which St. Cecilia's name might, by chance, be inscribed; I do not ask for the trash that comes every day from the modern press, but would rather consume some that we already possess.—But I would ask that books or compositions of enduring, permanent value, which may be in the possession of any member, and not essential to the comforts of his daily life, should be given to the Library of our Association. A fragment may sometimes supply a *hiatus valde defensus* existing in some treasure that we already possess, and any complete work of a great

master will always find a vacant place awaiting it. Duplicates even, are desirable, for opportunities often present of exchange with others, for works in which our catalogue is deficient. Gentlemen who may not have such works in their possession, or who cannot dispense with them, might always compound the matter with our Treasurer, who would be glad to receive at any time subscriptions to the Library fund of the year.

Attaining our majority at this Twenty-first annual meeting, we may congratulate ourselves on having, in a very quiet, modest way, done *something* for the cause of music in the community in which we live, and something for our ALMA MATER, whose honored name we bear. And it cannot but be to all of us a gratifying fact that we number among our members, a recognized officer of the University whose function it is to instruct in Music. His name, as yet, is far down in the Annual Catalogue, among the Proctors, the Academical officers of Justice, and is not yet thought worthy to be put into choice Latin to make one among the solemn periods of the Triennial; but the art of Music has got a foothold within the College walls, and sacred music under this instructor forms a part of the daily worship of the College Chapel, so that we have good ground to hope for better things. Looking forward to the distant day when the Professor of Music shall have a chair upon the foundation of our Association, which was one of the objects proposed in the origin of our Association, let us endeavor to collect for him a Library worthy of his office and of its founders.

I have in former Reports alluded to the fact of our Library having outgrown its shelves and become too valuable to be longer exposed to the chances of accident to which it has always been more or less liable, while in the custody of an individual. I am happy therefore, to be able to state to the Association that the Directors, in the exercise of the power given them have been for some time, in conference with the Librarian and Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, and will probably be able to effect some agreement with them by which our books can have an abode in the Athenæum Library, where they can at all times be conveniently consulted by our members, and be delivered to them by the Librarian of that institution, thus gaining a safe and commodious place of deposit and reference, and the attention of the Librarian in receiving and delivery; the details of the arrangement have not been concluded, but we have reason to believe that our proposal will be accepted by the Trustees, in which event the books will be shortly removed there where they may probably continue until we inaugurate the Harvard Professor of Music.

Apologetic. Here we are at the last moment, columns full, press waiting, and there are still concerts to be noticed, letters, good things from the "Diarist," news, reviews, chit-chat—every thing we meant to have had in—vainly crying for admission. But the press is inexorable; the forms are not made of India rubber; the clock will not go back. Verily we have cut our cloth out wrong this week.

Advertisements.

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Tickets admitting one person to both Oratorios, with Reserved Seats, at \$2, will be for sale on Tuesday morning, January 19th, at the Music Store of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, No. 291 Washington Street, and on the evenings of the performances. Single Tickets without reserved seats may be had at \$1 each.

Doors open at 6: Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.
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3—Sonata concertante, in 3 movements, (D),
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1—Variations (in D), for Piano and Violin, W. Schultze & Satter
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Beethoven's E minor Quartette will be repeated, and a new Quartette in E flat by Mozart. Mr. Lang will play in Beethoven's C minor Trio, etc.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to Young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

11.

In Painting, the artist depends upon his sight for accuracy. The Poet has rules for the construction of his verses. But the Musician in his studies, relies solely on his delicate sense of hearing; and he must hear not merely with his outward ear; he must first recognize the power of music within his own soul, to be able to reproduce it for the benefit of others. This is the reason why we so seldom, even among those who call themselves Amateurs, find one who is really deserving of the title. They will perhaps attend every concert within their reach, and extol to the skies this or that performer, but of the merits of the music they care nothing. If you were to inquire why they wish to be thought lovers of music, you might be answered in one word:—Fashion.

But we will suppose, dear reader, that you are truly an Amateur—you love Art for its own sake. You delight to awaken the spirit of Music, and listen to her descriptions of the beautiful ideals which your fancy has created. You desire to touch your instrument as a musician.

Be particular, first of all, to lay aside all petty vanity, the instant you strike the first notes of your piece. Do not flatter yourself that when you are requested to play, you can add to the merits of the music by any display of affectation. If you possessed the beauty of an Apollo or a Venus, you would never show to advantage by twisting your body into contortions, or by suffering your hands to spring up and down as if each key were a coal of fire. We have seen persons attempt to perform pieces of unquestioned merit,

but which they rendered with so little propriety of movement, that the mere sight of the performer was intolerable. They would sway from side to side like a ship in a storm, and roll their eyes as if they were trying to discover the capacity of those organs for the first time. And when they came to difficult passages requiring more power of execution than they had acquired, they would cast down their eyes, and protest with a simper:—"Really, they had learned the piece so long ago, they had forgotten it!"

Play conscientiously. Do not put in unnecessary trills, or ornaments of any kind. Stick to your notes. In undertaking to play to an audience, you tacitly agree to give them as nearly as you can, the ideas of the composer. You might as well take Shakespeare, Milton, or any other author, and intersperse your reading with sentences of your own, as pretend to improve the compositions which you have learned, by additional "phrases" of your invention. If the music will not stand on its own merits, it is not worthy your attention at all.

Carl Formes.

Carl Formes is of Spanish descent. His great-grandfather, Formes de Varez, was secretary to the Spanish Legation at the Hague. His son was born there, and became a prominent and distinguished soldier. The father of Formes was also a soldier, and fought under the banner of Napoleon. Carl was born on the 7th of August, 1818, in the little village of Mühlheim, on the Rhine. He received instruction in music early in life and displayed great love for the art; but his father, being a practical man, proposed that he should follow some other occupation. The course of life decided upon for him became extremely distasteful to the young artist, and he took the only way in his power to free himself from it—he enlisted in the Austrian service. This step fortunately brought him to Vienna, where his intelligence and fine musical organization soon attracted the attention of Bassadone, who at once offered to direct his musical studies. He pursued his art with enthusiasm and such rapid strides that on the 6th of January, 1842, he made his *début* in Cologne in the character of Sarastro in Mozart's opera of "Die Zauberflöte." His success was unequivocal, and he was admitted into the community of artists from that night. In 1843 he was chosen a member of the Court Opera at Manheim, and in 1844 he became a primo basso assoluto at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, where he receives the largest salary ever given to a German artist, and which is to be paid to him as long as he lives.

In the Revolution of 1848, Formes discarded the gentle allurements of Art, and took up arms in the cause of the people. He was among the first to erect barricades and was unwearied in the cause of liberty. When Vienna surrendered, he went to Holstein, still hoping that the cause of the people would triumph. But finding that liberty had no foothold anywhere, he resumed his profes-

sion, and for a while resided in Hamburg, where he gained both additional experience and renown. His siding with the liberal cause effectually shut him out from Vienna, so he sought a temporary home in England, and became a member of the celebrated German Opera company which was organized and gave performances at Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1849. In this company were Caradori and Radersdorf, with Reichardt as tenor, Formes as basso, and Carl Anschütz as director. Formes labored in this enterprise incessantly and magnanimously, for, the affairs going badly, he not only sang day after day and produced the operas himself, but absolutely refused all remuneration, that the poorer subordinate artists might receive enough to live upon. This generous and liberal conduct was fully appreciated by all his brother artists and served to make his reputation as solid as it was brilliant. His next step in England was to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, then under the direction of Mr. Gye. He created a perfect enthusiasm in Meyerbeer's operas, "Les Huguenots" and "Robert Le Diable," and became at once established as a popular favorite both with the aristocracy and the people.

But that which endeared him to the English public was his performance of the grand oratorios of Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn. Singing in the language that they understood, they fully appreciated his earnest manner, his artistic excellence and his superb and all-pervading voice.

Nature has bountifully showered her gifts on Formes, and his own perseverance has added all the qualities which are desirable to make him the greatest basso artist of our day. His face is that in which we see the spirit both of the scholar and the soldier happily and nobly blended, and his form is full, manly and commanding. Thus, in every respect, Formes may be deemed the most attractive vocalist of the age in the rôles which he assumes; and he has won, by his artistic triumphs, the highest position everywhere in Europe. He has been received with the highest distinction by Queen Victoria, who has selected him as the musical tutor of her royal children. The greatest composers have acknowledged him as the best basso living, and to prove it, "Martha Stradella" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" were composed for him. Mendelssohn delighted to honor him. Costa composed "Eli" for him; and, in fact, wherever he has been he has commanded the admiration alike of artists and the public. It is a treat of the most delightful kind to hear him sing the songs of Schubert, and in the "Erl König" he produces a magical effect upon his auditors. In English he can sing with wonderful effect, as will be universally conceded when the public have an opportunity of hearing him utter the "Bay of Biscay," which to the present generation must be in effect like that of Braham forty years ago.—*Leslie's Illus. News.*

MADAME CARADORI.—No reader of the German, French and English musical periodicals for the last fifteen years, can have failed to notice her name often, accompanied with criticisms and notices in the highest degree favorable. She is not to be confounded either with Caradori-Allan, or the Caradori, daughter of the violinist of the name. She is a native of Pesth, where she was born of Italian parentage in 1823, and where she

received her musical education. She made her first appearance about 1810, at the great Kärntnerthor Theatre in Vienna, and was successively engaged in all the principal operas of Central Europe,—Lemberg, Warsaw, Berlin, Breslau, &c. In 1851–3 she was in Constantinople, Bessarabia and Moldavia. In Moldavia she sang at Court, and was employed as a teacher of the princesses. In 1853 she came to London, and in connection with Formes, established an opera at Drury Lane.

Since that time London for the most part has been her headquarters, although she has visited, in company of Formes, Reichardt and Benedetti, most of the large cities of England, Scotland and Ireland. In 1855 she went to Lisbon as a star, where she had great success; in '56 she had an engagement in Barcelona, where she turned the heads of the people, and during the winter of 1856–7 she was prima donna at La Scala, in Naples.

Madame Caradori is a blonde, and, like Angri, of large and imposing person.—*Courier*.

Mademoiselle Rachel.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

On the 24th of March, 1820, in a poor inn at Münf, in Switzerland, Ester Haza Felix, wife of a travelling Jew peddler from Metz, gave birth to a daughter who received the name of Elizabeth Rachel, and who died of consumption on the morning of the 5th inst. at Cannes, whither she had gone in the vain hope of escaping from the malady from which she was destined never to recover. Between these dates she had passed through scenes in real life almost as strange and as strangely contrasted as those to which, for a passing hour, she gave a mimic reality on the stage.

Her parents were, at the time of her birth and for some years afterward, barely able to support their large family by diligent exercise of their wandering profession. They at last settled at Lyons; the mother trading in second-hand clothes, the father—a man of some education, and prevented only by poverty from having studied law—helping at the shop by giving lessons in German; Sarah, the oldest of the daughters, singing at the cafés, and accompanied by Rachel, whose business was to play on the guitar, which she did poorly, and collect the charitable sous, which she did well. About the year 1830 the family came to Paris, where the girls continued to sing at the cafés. It was at one of the poorest of these that a clerk employed in one of the Government bureaux, was impressed with the manner of the child Rachel, as she recited, not sang, some verses—her sharp, wild-looking little face showing a remarkable power of expression at that early age. By his influence she was placed at a school of elocution and declamation—the head of which, an actor at the Theatre Français, soon interested himself in his pupil, and took the utmost pains to cultivate her natural talent for the stage. It is a little curious that Rachel herself, or Elisa, as she was then called, preferred comic to tragic parts, and indeed, up to nearly the close of her brilliant career, would not relinquish, despite repeated failures, belief in her capacities as a comic actress. From the school, with which was connected a small theatre for the pupils, she went to the classes of the Conservatoire, and thence to the Gymnase, where she had an engagement for three years at 3,000 francs a year. Here she took again the name of Rachel, and made her debut in a piece written for her, in which, notwithstanding a full attendance of Israelites in the cheap parts of the house, and a passing recognition of her promising talent by Frederic Soulie and Jules Janin, she had but indifferent success. The play was withdrawn after a few nights, and she was obliged to fill unimportant parts in the vaudevilles and light comedies, which were the speciality of the Gymnase.

To be thus kept in the third or fourth rank, out of all rank in fine, must have been the gall of bitterness to the future "queen" not only "of tragedy," but queen of the Theatre Français.

The 12th of June, 1838, she made her first appearance on this last named stage as Camille in the *Horaces*. Her talent was instantly acknowledged and warmly praised by Jules Janin and other critics. But the "town" was out of town, and for the first few nights of her engagement she played to almost empty houses, or, rather to empty boxes, for the chosen people came in zealous aid of her to the pit and galleries. The third night the receipts were but \$60, and on the fourteenth night amounted to only \$125; that was the beginning of September; but the fifth night after, in the same part, she brought \$425, and again in the same part, on the 19th of October, \$1,225 to the house. The last time she appeared on that stage was in March, 1855. The sum of receipts obtained for this theatre by her acting, from 1838 to 1855, amounts to 4,394,231 francs. But during this period, it is to be remembered, she played oftener elsewhere than at the Theatre Français. During the yearly vacation accorded to her by her contract of engagement, she was capable of extraordinary fatigue. Sharply spurred by the love of gain, she gave no less than 74 performances in less than 90 days, during her congé in the Summer of 1849, at 31 different towns. To make such an expedition possible, she had a large diligence which held, if it did not accommodate, herself and all her troupe—kings and queens and ancient heroes and modern lords and ladies, with their crowns, robes, sceptres, etc., were all contained in and piled and hatched upon this diligence. It was carried by rail when railroad served, and drawn by horses when steam was lacking, the true motive force residing in the passionate will of the great actress.

Grasping to excess, as she is said to have been in money matters, she certainly was not avaricious, as she has been represented. To all the members of her own family she was generous in the extreme, and, excepting passing gusts of passion, to be attributed to her excessively nervous temperament rather than to any badness of heart, there is no reason to doubt that she performed faithfully and lovingly all the duties of daughter, sister and mother. Fast as she rose in fortune she drew her family after her. Though she is said to have accumulated by her professional labors more than 2,000,000 francs, she thought less of herself than of her two sons.

It would not be worth while here to repeat any remarks upon Rachel's acting; as for saying anything new on that point, it is impossible. On the French stage she has no successor—which means that the classic drama, the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, are likely to disappear with her. There is no one who can pose as an ancient Greek or Roman dame so statuesquely as she. In modern, live, panting drama there are, no doubt, her equals in Paris to-day, and Ristori, in the expression of every passion but hate, is her superior.

But, considering her origin and early association, Rachel's life off the stage is perhaps more remarkable than any of her performances before the footlights. While she was yet a girl, almost a child, she was received and courted in the truly "best society" of Paris; and never, either then before titled dames and high church dignitaries, nor later, in presence of royalty, did she appear otherwise than in her natural place; a modest, graceful dignity never forsook her, nor was there any of the nervous agitation which embarrassed, and almost convulsed her at a "first performance" throughout her long theatrical career. Among her fellow actors, she was often imperious and unreasonable; yet none of them could quarrel with her to her face unless she chose—the witchery of her attractions was irresistible. Although her education was defective, and her literary tastes but little cultivated by study, her letters are often admirably turned, and her conversation was charming to men of judgment as well as to men of wit. This was due not only to her own quickness and brilliancy of repartee, but to a singular justness, wisdom and breadth of understanding, which she knew how to exhibit.

The fatal malady of which she died was contracted in this country during her visit to Boston in the Autumn of 1855. It was greatly aggra-

vated at Philadelphia, where she played a single night in a cold theatre, the performance being followed by a violent pneumonic attack. Her last appearance on the stage was at Charleston, S. C., where she played *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. A lady in the audience, on that occasion, wrote the next day to a friend in this city, that Rachel would never act again—a prophecy but too exactly fulfilled.

She died a tenacious adherent of the Jewish religion, though it has often been reported that she had been baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. A Rabbi from Toulon, attended her death bed; and she was to be buried in the Hebrew Cemetery at Paris.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

Rachel.

The fiery genius which poured its lava through the marble veins of Racine and Corneille, "creating a soul under the ribs of death," which made the blood even of Englishmen hot or cold, at will; which strung the souls of Frenchmen to madness, as, in her Marseillaise, she prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of Revolution, and which (one would have thought) could have driven death himself back terrified with one look of those eyes, and one movement of that forefinger,—has gone!

That person, delicate and slender almost to attenuation, at times tottering under its weight of woe, yet lithe, supple, enduring as if nerves were steel, and of perfect symmetry; those lips, as capable of witchery beyond all rivalry of mere sensuous beauty as they were of hissing out words of death; those introspective, passion-burnt, yet beautiful eyes, from which, in high passion, "flew terror;" that brow almost too full but for its rounded beauty and its appropriately crowning person and face with supreme intellect; that strange and simple grace and beauty in repose, and that serpent-like beauty and fiendish power in passion,—shall never be looked upon again except as they are burnt into the brain and memory of every one who saw her in the light of that terrible Hebrew genius.

Whatever may have been the queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of Mrs. Siddons; whatever may be the genius of Ristori,—Rachel, "of all this world," stands supreme for the intensest apprehension and most intellectual interpretation, and for the fiercest and subtlest representation of what is most fearful and fiendish in passion.

There is ever something almost miraculous in the coming of genius. Nature herself seems to step in to transcend her own laws, superbly disdaining distinguished ancestry for her favorites, and denying genius to their posterity. Like King Cophetua wooing the beggar-maid, she laid her richest gifts at the feet of this child of a Jewish hawk in the village of Münf, in Switzerland, on the 24th day of March, 1820; followed her when a little girl gathering up the few coins which rewarded her elder sister Sarah's singing in the cafés of Lyons; then to the cafés of Paris, in 1830, when she was old enough to sing with her sister; then to her admission, through the appreciation of M. Choron, to the Conservatoire; then to her struggles in 1837 as an actress, producing no sensation, but mastering with the rapidity and completeness of genius those processes indispensable to art, and gathering up strength for ultimate victory; and then to the Theatre Français, on the night of the 24th of June, 1838, where she saw all those original gifts and perfected acquirements blaze in Camille, and Paris place upon the head of Rachel the crown which death only could remove.

Nature strangely vindicated herself against the antipathies of mankind, in selecting—to be admired for her surpassing beauty as well as her consummate genius—one of that mysterious race whose origin is a puzzle to ethnologists, whose national qualities have flowed and are to flow as long unmixed, whose biblical history is one long struggle of obdurate evil propensities with an ingrained and tyrannizing religious faith, and whose latter history is ever connecting itself with the greatness of its past by examples of

genius, of which Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Rachel and Disraeli are but a few of the brilliant illustrations.

It is one of the noblest traits of humanity that, next to the loss of near kindred and dear friends, we mourn over the lights of genius just set,—whether in Art, in oratory, or in poetry, they have filled our imaginations and become a part of our intellectual life. And, perhaps, closer still to our hearts comes the loss of one possessed by that intermediate and interpretative genius which conveys, with the subtlest magnetism and most impassioned identification, the poet's thoughts and conceptions to even the dullest hearts and brains.

How vividly her death calls up in imaginative review her varied and transcendent impersonations—but above all we now love to recall her in the Camille in which she won her first fame. In no other character was she so beautiful. There she stands, to our minds, in the first act, with that exquisitely simple drapery held together by the right hand upon her bosom—young, fresh, lovely, and as unconscious herself of the terrible power which flamed in her final curse, as she was of the awful events and struggles which produced it.

W.

From my Diary, No. 21.

Jan. 20.—Tap, tap, tap.

Diarrist.—Come in.

(Enter anonymous correspondent.)

D.—Ah, yes, my lady, about Hinton, poor fellow.—Wait a moment, I'll find you a place—you see I am like that great philosopher whose quarters were too small to swing a cat in—like him, too, because I don't want to swing a cat. By moving my table back, tossing the boots under the sofa, and relieving the chair of coat, hat, books and newspapers, I'll soon give you a seat by the fire. There, that will do. I pray be seated, and we will have a chat upon that matter "autocratically."

Ahem,—Now, my lady, honestly, do you not think that you were a-t-t-h-e-r severe upon the young man?—You ask, if I could possibly think his solo was to be tolerated?—That depends, as people say now-a-days. "Was it not one of the most extravagant of modern extravagances in composition and execution?"—Why, it was Satter's *Marche de Bacchus*, or some such title, and very probably requires extravagant execution—I cannot say. But, before speaking farther about the young man, I wish to adjust certain preliminaries—to get at some principle, which may be applied to the case. In fact, my lady, you have opened the great "Pupil question," and I am disposed to devote a few minutes to it. I ought rather to say the "Pupil nuisance!"

Did you ever read "Thinks-I-to-myself?"—Then you remember the scene in which the fond mother calls upon her boy to exhibit his oratorical powers, and he does it in some such style as this:

"By dabe is Dorval od the Grabpiad hills
By father feeds his flocks a frugal swaid," &c.

You remember the comments made to the mother, and those made about her. Very well; but that, say you, was only a case of a fond, foolish mother, and her "dear, little, ducky darling." True, but it will do for a starting point. Let us go a step higher.

Living in Cambridge, you have sometimes attended the College and High School exhibitions, and heard the boys speak pieces, and derived a certain satisfaction from it. Whence did it arise? Surely the interest which you took in one who began with "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation," was very different from that which you would have felt had you heard Webster saying the same words on Bunker Hill. So, too, at the public examination, it gave you pleasure to hear one of the girls—one of the good readers—read the piece which she had carefully studied under her teacher. You went to hear boys declaim, and girls read—you went to hear pupils, not masters, and were very well satisfied.

Suppose, now, some stage-struck young man should become a pupil of Vandenhoff, or young woman a pupil of Mrs. Butler, and at the readings of their teachers should be brought out to give specimens of their abilities; you would aver with Dogberry this "is most tolerable and not to be endured;" or that, in your family circle, you ask the young theatrical aspirant, pointing to your table loaded with the last magazines and reviews, to read something; whereupon she rushes to the book-case, seizes a volume of Shakspeare, disposes the lamps to suit her, makes her formal obeisance, and inflicts some half dozen scenes of Macbeth upon you, as nearly *a la Kemble*, as she happens to be able. How very delightful! You would join me in calling this "the pupil nuisance." Your College and High School boys and girls would soon get their "quietus" should they inflict upon you, at evening parties, at the Lyceum lecture, or even in the family circle, the declamations and readings, which they had been drilled upon week after week by their instructors.—"Quite right," say you? Why, very well, I hope here be truths!... Don't be impatient, I shall reach the piano-forte by and by.

Suppose next season our Athenæum gallery should be half filled with the copies of pictures made by the pupils of Church, and Brown, and Page, and so on, or with busts executed (in the sense of murdered) by the pupils of our sculptors. You would indignantly cry, "pupil nuisance, pupil nuisance!" Or suppose that the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly* should be half made up of College themes and High School compositions. Bless me! I shudder at the thought, and so do you! And thus you have attained unto a realizing sense of what is meant by our phrase "pupil nuisance!"

Now, it is remarkable, that precisely that thing, which, in all other departments of Art we vote at once, unanimously, to be unbearable, is not only tolerated but positively encouraged in Music. A, B, C, and D, and Misses and Madames E, F, G, and H, become pupils of Herr This, Signor That, Monsieur One, and Madame 'Tother, teachers of singing, and take lessons by the quarter; some one, some two, and some more, we will say up to a dozen. After a while the great scena from *Der Freyschütz*, *Casta Diva*, *Qui la voce*, *Ah mon Fils*, or some other piece of like character, which has thrilled our very souls when sung by Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Angri, Salvi, or Perelli—which, like Sir Toby's catch, might "draw three souls out of one weaver"—is given the pupil to study. Week after week it is rehearsed before the teacher. Here must be a *crescendo*, there a *ritardando*, in this bar an explosive tone, and in that a *staccato*: this passage must show a grand *portamento* and that one must be trilled; at this precise point you must take breath—Jenny Lind did—because immediately afterward comes the cadenza, which we have been practising for a fortnight past,—and so forth. After a year, or perhaps two—it is of no consequence—Lilly Dale has achieved three of these things; a scena and aria, a romanza, and a cavatina. Of course it is time she should appear in public, and so it is announced on the placards of Mr. So and So's concert that "Miss Lilly Dale, pupil of Herr This (or Madame 'Tother, as the case may be) will make her first appearance and sing the great Scena from *Der Freyschütz*." Cheap way that for the teacher to advertise, but no matter.—And so the people go, and applaud, and make a great fuss, and call the young woman out, and throw her a nosegay or two, and the next morning, about the only thing one reads in the notice of Mr. So and So's concert, is, how Lilly Dale sang, and the writers talk learnedly about voice, and style, and method, and give marvellous advice, and the reader after laying down the paper, thinks a moment, and says to his neighbor,—“You were there last night, but how *did* the girl sing, though?”

Mark you, my lady, I have not said a single word against this sort of thing. I find no fault with it, not a word; it is our way here in Boston and New York, and it is all right, of course—though, between me and thee, I like the way Miss Fay came before the public last evening at least four score times better. It was her own concert; the concert of the pupil.

When Sontag sang the *Freyschütz* Scena with German words, and all the people with tearful voices exclaimed, "Oh, how superbly beautiful this Italian singing is!" we listened to it for the sake of the beautiful music and its superb performance. When Lilly Dale sings it, we listen to see how she will do it. Mr. Brown remarks: "Quite good for a beginner." Mr. Smith: "I that girl bids fair to be a singer some time." Mr. Jones: "I think she lacks expression somewhat," and all over the hall the people are sitting in judgment upon her, here and there one groaning in spirit and thinking of the difference between our pupil and Jenny Lind.

Now, my lady, you tolerate all this, and would be indignant should I declare Lilly Dale's scena a specimen of the pupil nuisance. I do not; because, as hinted above, it is the recognized thing. And yet how many Lilly Dales would produce ten times the effect and gain ten times the reputation, if they would sing some English song, which they really love and feel. I remember at a New York Philharmonic concert, a few years ago, two German girls sang some two-part songs by Mendelssohn. Everybody was delighted. The applause was loud and sincere. So Miss Minnie must needs show what she could do, and afterwards attempted one of these difficult Italian airs. Result—suicide, i. e. musical. There was an end of Miss Minnie as a singer. Moreover, when Lilly Dale tries to sing Sontag's airs—through natural and unconscious imitation,—she is apt to put them on.

Mr. Hinton at last. Will you not allow, my lady, the same privilege to the young pianist that you do to the young singer? If not, why not? Is the pupil nuisance greater in the one case than in the other?—I wot not. *Per se* I cannot tolerate Lilly Dale's cavatina, nor can you Mr. H.'s solo. But their cases are perfectly analogous, it strikes me.

Here is quite a young man, who I suppose has not had very much regular instruction, but having a strong love for the piano-forte and intending to make music his profession, he concludes to become a pupil of Satter. After a few lessons, being employed of an evening to play accompaniments, he is surprised to find himself on the programme, announced to play a solo. It is no wish of his, but his teacher has put him there; he takes a composition of that teacher, and does the best he can under the circumstances—the best not being up to his usual mark, knowing what is immediately to follow—and how the contrast between him and his teacher must tell! The performance may not be a very good one, it may be worse than Lilly Dale's Scena, and yet, upon the whole, one may say of it, that it was creditable to his teacher and himself. Was it, now really, so very bad?

No wonder, my lady, you are tired; I had no idea of talking so long!

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 1.—I am still unable to report to you of any signs of upward progress—so long desired and needed—in our Art; and least of all in our dramatic music. Berlin has been so famous as a rallying point of intellectual resources, and has maintained such a reputation for critical acumen and profundity, that I should like to tell to the "New World," from this Art metropolis of

our old Europe, some really notable thing in the way of cherishing and developing our noble Art, something which might serve for a model and example; alas! after an impartial, conscientious survey, I find but very little I can offer. And although I have the consolation that it looks not much better in nearly all other places, that everywhere the same languor, hankering for effect and lack of taste hold back all earnest strivings, still this consolation is a very feeble one; and we might almost look with envy on the life and progress that we hear of in your "New World" (supposing these reports not to spring from the exaggerations of vanity), were it not that every sort of envy in the true artist's heart is checked by hearty joy in all reports of further progress and perfection in our Art, although they come from the youngest child of our Civilization, outlying us in our exhaustion.

So long as we have not men of greater genius for kapell-meisters in our once world-famous Royal Opera,—so long as these posts and that of our present unmusical Intendant are not filled by true, self-sacrificing artist natures, we cannot hope from this stage any more complete or freshly rounded artistic performances; and whatever praiseworthy matters I may tell you of this time, they still remain but isolated facts and offer us no compensation for the want of an artistic whole. Especially does our musical activity lack measure, symmetry, *juste-milieu*. In the concert season we have a bewildering storm and deluge of concerts, soirées and matinées. Among them we have Quartet and Trio Soirées, which many times before have celebrated their jubilee, with such stoical perseverance have they played to us these twenty years the classical chamber music. We have the famous Liebig's Capelle, which with equal perseverance plays the classical orchestral works; but while on the one hand I must praise it for opening the doors of true Art to the poorer classes of the people, dog-cheap, and thus contributing in an uncommon measure to their elevation: on the other hand, almost all these societies lack the genuine artistic fervor; their execution is so stereotyped and mechanical, that the noblest and most edifying part, the spiritual nerve and marrow of the whole is lost, and makes a not more sympathetic impression than Shakspeare's sublimest poetry in the mouth of a dry, monotonous reader.

In contrast with this mechanical routine all other productions move in the extreme of a nerve-harrowing, breathless, stunning, and strangling eagerness for effect. Against this, many a youthful talent, full of noble purpose and striving after the highest ideal, has excited itself until there is nothing left but the burnt out crater of the Reviewer's misanthropic rage. Hence on the one hand the want of independent power of judgment, on the other the astonishing contentedness of our public.

Among the best performances at the Royal Opera I may specify that of *Don Juan*, although our always excellent Frau Köster has not recovered full possession of her once enrapturing powers of voice. As compensation for that she gave us a nobly inspired presentation of the part of Donna Anna, which was only occasionally lame in the too slow and dragging delivery of some airs. This was followed, in sharp contrast with a host of Italian and French things, by *Oberon*, *Orpheus* and *Fidelio* in quick succession, and with Fraü-

lin Maray from London as the star. Her sun of song alas! is sinking; her greatness, which has been recognized as without question, belongs to the past; this is too plainly told by the sharpness and thinness, the continual *tremolo* in her higher register. Yet one always feels that all has been formed by the most careful study; both in her singing and in the movement of her plastically beautiful limbs, all is graceful and carefully thought out,—often too much so, till it seems manneristic, like everything which seems to spring more from indefatigable labor than from the divine energy of talent.

For a make-shift opera, we had Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*. Lortzing's light and charming operas, by their sterling, wholesome music, like the masterly comic operas of a Dittersdorf and a Shenk, have become truly German national operas; their innocence and freshness animate and please us; and the *Czaar und Zimmermann* especially has become a famous favorite among German operas. Unfortunately the ensemble, which requires great care and energy, wanted the necessary precision, and the only part which had high worth was the Burgomaster of our veteran Zschiesche.

On the Queen's name-day *Iphigenia in Tauris* was brought out as a festival piece. Gluck regarded this work as an immediate sequel to his *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and most intimately connected with it. Hence he wrote for the two operas but one overture; hence the second is full of reminiscences of the first, whose significance is only rightly appreciated by acquaintance with the preceding work. How wonderfully, for example, this appears in the sacrificial chorus of the wonderful second act! There stands the same Iphigenia, that we have once seen as the honored daughter of the king of kings, Agamemnon, as the princely bride of the godlike Achilles, hailed with shouts by all the peoples of Greece, upon a desert island, to which she had been borne when rescued years before by miracle from the sacrificial altar at Aulis, about to make an offering to the manes of her beloved brother. And here returns again, solemn and serious, that noble melody, with which the Greeks once celebrated her upon the fields of Aulis, but winding now through the most painful modulations. How can we enough appreciate all these large traits of Gluck's genius, which extend to the very word, nay even to the single sound! We can only wonder and admire, as we keep drinking from the spring from which flow beauties ever new and not observed before. Mme. Köster shone in her deep-felt, plastic rendering of Iphigenia, especially in the wonderful aria: *O lass mich tiefgebeute weinen*, emulating the oböe in the most touching manner. Herr Krüger, the Pylades, was here as a star from the Dresden theatre, where he has made essential progress.

How different the case with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*! In almost no opera are text and music so much at variance. While the text is a conglomeration of the most dismal, bloody horrors, Donizetti's music goes its own way, and weeps or frolics on its own account, quite unconcerned about the text. But for this very reason it may be, that this hybrid work is found so enjoyable. Who would not have listened smiling to the melodiously beautiful first finale, where the most dreadful cruelties are related with a naive contrast of most harmless sounds? Frä. Wagner,

by her own artistic force, makes a real tragic heroine out of the dramatically unsubstantial figure of Lucrezia. Her characteristic presentation is based upon the warmest inward feeling of the part, to which her vocal means unfortunately are no longer equal. She has therefore made judicious alterations in the part and laid aside the embellishments as much as possible. It is a singular phenomenon, that Frä. Wagner latterly has lost something of her fine deep tones, and on the other hand has won back more of the high tones. —More to-morrow. JF.

WORCESTER, MASS. JAN. 20. —The lovers of music in this city are favored this winter with a series of really fine popular "concerts for the million," which are given under the auspices of Fiske's Cornet Band. Under this title are combined three distinct bands, viz: a full brass band, a serenade band, and an orchestra, all of which are composed of thorough musicians, and all under the direction of Mr. ARBUCKLE. They also have the assistance of a fine glee club, and occasionally that of solo singers. Notwithstanding the variety and talent employed, the price of these concerts is merely nominal, twelve tickets being sold for one dollar. You will see by the programme of last night's concert, which I enclose, that these entertainments are not composed of the hacknied style of music which brass bands (those in this vicinity at least,) are wont to discourse, but are of an order which ought to satisfy the lovers of good music, of whom there are many here.

PART I.

- 1—Airs from Nabucco,.....Verdi
Cornet Band.
- 2—Spirito Gentil—from La Favorita,.....Donizetti
Orchestra.
- 3—Song of the Lark,.....T. Comer
Mrs. Doane.
- 4—Star of Love,.....W. P. Wallace
Serenade Band.
- 5—Glee for 3 Voices—We hail the mirth,
Glee Club.

PART II.

- 1—Miserere and Aria from Trovatore,.....Verdi
Cornet Band.
- 2—Clarinet Solo—O love, for me thy power, from Son-nambula,.....Bellini
Mr. Hobbs.
- 3—Napolitaine, I am Dreaming of thee,.....Lee
Mrs. Doane.
- 4—Deh con te—from Norma,.....Bellini
Orchestra.
- 5—Rosalinda Waltz,.....D'Albert
Cornet Band.

We have had concerts of a similar character at intervals for the past eight months, and their legitimate effect is already visible in the marked improvement in the musical taste of those of our citizens whose means do not permit them to frequent more expensive entertainments. The fact speaks well for our public, that the audience increases in number with every performance, and I hope ere long to see our splendid Mechanics Hall packed with those who go there from a genuine love of music. Mr. Arbuckle, the leader, is a universal favorite here, and richly he merits his good name, for his whole soul is in the good work of bringing those under his charge as near perfection as possible, and at the same time giving the public an opportunity rarely offered in small cities like this, of hearing the best class of instrumental music. Rumor speaks of an orchestra of about twenty five pieces under his direction, which is soon to appear. I sincerely hope it may be so, for if we have such an orchestra, it will certainly be a good one. Mrs. DOANE, the vocalist of last evening, is new to me as a solo singer, although I believe she has for sometime been connected with one of our choirs. She has a very sweet soprano voice, which shows considerable cultivation, and a very pleasing style; but the effect was somewhat marred by a slight nervousness of manner which was probably incident to the novelty of her position. Mr. Horns, as a clarinet player, is said by those competent to judge to have no superior in the State. Whether this is true or not, he always fully meets the expectation of

his audience. I think he has never played without an encore, and on the occasion of his own benefit he was called out twice to respond to the applause of the multitude.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1858.

Oratorios—Carl Formes.

The exertions of our public-spirited HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to give us a hearing of this famous singer in great sacred music, were well rewarded on Saturday and Sunday evening, both by the number of the audience and the complete success of both performances. There were at least two thousand listeners the first night, and many more the second. The Music Hall was in its glory again.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was the crowning triumph of our Festival last May. Then it went off as a whole with spirit; the choruses were larger than before or since, and the orchestra, much larger than at present, was superb. It made a lasting impression,—to whose completeness, however, then as before, one element was wanting. We had never heard a competent Elijah; the grand and central figure of the prophet was not palpably before us. This time we had him and we felt him. FORMES was the man. The first sight of him—his commanding person, his fine, intellectual, noble head and brow, relieved by masses of dark flowing hair, his speaking eye, and frank and genial countenance (many saw in him a marked resemblance to Pierre Soulé, and some to Edmund Kean),—and still more the large and ponderous tones with which he delivered the first sentence of the oratorio—even before the overture—namely the recitative which forms the text and key-note of the whole: *As God, the Lord of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word*,—gave us assurance of a man. The great famine chorus, that followed, and all the great choruses, now seemed justified; the cause was equal to the effect. These words were uttered in a calm, majestic manner, in great organ tones of equal volume; no excess of emphasis, but with all simplicity, and evidence of plenty of reserved force. In the dialogue with the widow, there was sweetness and tenderness, mingled with the grandeur of his style. The prophet is as truly human as he is inspired and God-commissioned. In the challenge to the priests of Baal, all is self-possessed and quiet, no force wasted, yet every word distinct and strong and unmistakable, until the closing sentence: *Then we shall see whose God is the Lord*, which he uttered with an inspired energy, each word and ponderous tone surcharged with an electric force. Equally remarkable was the withering sarcasm of *Call him louder; peradventure he sleepeth*, &c. It was sublime musical declamation, all, as the part required.

By this time the attributes of his great voice were patent to all listeners, and more than made good expectation. In power and weight and volume, in clear and perfect resonance, in manly and commanding quality, we have had no bass voice equal to it. The compass, too, as indicated in "Elijah" and as proved in the "Creation," is un-

usually large, from a clear and ringing tenor F down through two octaves and a third. And with all this power, through all this compass, every tone is sweet and musical; he does not smite with hard, dry knocks of sound, but fills the chambers of the ear and soul with warm and vital tone. As a rule he is remarkably true in intonation, for a heavy *basso profundo*: the exceptions only proved the rule; once or twice he would commence a little flat, but the voice soon found its way to true pitch. It is not that kind of singing out of tune which detracts much from the charm of a great artist.

In art of delivery he is consummate. He has wonderful distinctness of enunciation; you never lose a syllable; and his English, if except two or three sounds, is purer than that of most Englishmen. His tone-stroke is sure and firm; if he indulges sometimes—not habitually—in more of the slide or *portamento* than we can think to be in the best taste, it is not that he is any slave to such affectation, or that he has not complete power to avoid it. In recitative, in solid declamation, doubtless, lies his forte; but there was touching tenderness and melody in his rendering of such airs as: *It is enough*. The pathos of that song was equal to the grandeur of the prophetic denunciations. That he possesses also great rapidity and accuracy of execution was shown by his rendering of that tremendous bravura-like air: *Is not his word like a fire*. For the first time we heard that song sung; here was the iron energy of voice to grapple with it; yet there was something wanting: the quick, crackling notes seemed to run too easy, too equal; a little more spasmodic emphasis were truer to the thought.

Certainly, except Jenny Lind, we have heard no such satisfactory singer of great sacred music as Herr Formes. His text inspires him, and his voice is equal to the utterance. Besides its manly dignity and power, there is a fine intelligence in all his singing. He studies meaning and expression, and conveys it in the simplest, surest way. He wastes no force, as we have said; has learned that high artistic secret of *repose*; is calm and strong for the most part, and only pours out the great blasts of fire-tone where they will have all effect. We are told that he is a great actor and can well believe it. But Elijah seems preëminently the part for him. Its grandeur, pathos, and dramatic interest give scope to his best powers. For the first time in his singing do we feel how perfectly Mendelssohn has embodied the idea of the prophet in his music.

The whole air and conduct of Herr Formes was in keeping with his own earnest and refined performance. Not the least charm about him was the hearty interest he took in the whole work; he seemed to be heart and soul in every part of it, as much as in his own, rejoicing when the great choruses went well, and sympathizing with the success of every singer. That marked the true artist, and was in refreshing contrast to the flippancy of many public singers, who think of nothing but themselves on such occasions.

Such was the Elijah. Naturally the rest of the performers seemed to catch his spirit. There was an unusual turn-out of the choral forces, and never, even at the Festival, have the choruses gone off so grandly. The balance of parts among the 300 or more voices was unusually good. There was breadth and fulness of soprano; and the fugue

points, the bits of choral recitative, &c., were taken up with promptness and decision. The great dramatic chorus, describing how the Lord was not in the whirlwind, nor in the fire, but in the "still, small voice," commanded breathless attention. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting to the whole performance.

Of the artists who came with Formes from New York, we were most pleased with Mr. PERRING, who has a very sweet, true, musical tenor, a pure and finished style, and sings with feeling and expression. But there is equal charm of sweetness and more of elasticity in the tenor of Mr. ADAMS, whose single air: *Then shall the righteous shine*, was beautifully sung. Mme. CARADORI has a large and powerful voice, an energetic delivery and considerable execution; but there was little that was sympathetic or inspiring in her voice or in her singing of the great song: *Hear ye, Israel*. It is a hard, coarse kind of German voice. Miss MILNER sang the part of the widow; there is sweetness in her highest notes, but generally the voice is worn and quite unequal; she has a good English style, but either of the last named parts could have been as well or better rendered by more than one of our own Boston singers. Miss HAWLEY, who made a pleasant impression here last year in Costa's "Eli," still preserves the "tear" in her contralto and recites and sings with tender feeling; but her song is almost of a too melting quality. The palm among the female solos belongs to Mrs. HARWOOD of this city, the freshness, vitality and sweetness of whose soprano charmed all, both in the quartets and in the recitatives of the Youth and of the Queen. It was only once or twice that a strong high note was screaming. For her short experience as a public singer, her style and execution were highly creditable.

Thé double Quartet, for the first time in our experience, went smoothly. The single Quartet: *Cast thy burden*, &c. was by some accident thrown out of tune. But generally the Quartets were far better than on former occasions. The unaccompanied Angel Trio: *Lift thine eyes*, was sung by the three boys from the Church of the Advent, Masters WHITE, CHASE and RATCLIFF, and with silvery purity of tone. It was taken a little too slow, which caused a voice to flag once, but the effect was quite angelic; Herr Formes led off a great round of applause. A repetition was declined.

On the whole, even apart from Formes, it was our best performance of "Elijah"—incomparably the best with him. Nothing but the great orchestra of the Festival was wanting—especially to lend force and brightness to that violin cascade in the rain chorus. Mr. ZERRAHN, the conductor, seemed self-possessed and ready at all points; his courtesy of manner established the pleasantest relations between him and the leading artists. The government and members of the Handel and Haydn Society may count that night an era in their history, as it is in the musical history of Boston.

SUNDAY EVENING. HAYDN'S "CREATION."

It has uniformly been our experience after listening to the "Creation," that we found it impossible to tell whether the last chorus, and indeed much of the last portion of the oratorio, had been well performed or not. There is so much sameness in the exquisitely melodious music,

that the sense grows dull before it is two thirds over; there is a cloyed and listless feeling. Uniformly too we have listened with delight to the beginning, and to all before the appearance of Adam and Eve. But this introduction of the human element after the recital of the wonders of creation, seems a weak afterthought; the con-nubial rhapsodies sound tame and sentimental; already have the angels sung: "Achieved is the glorious work," and there might it fitly end. No song that follows is comparable to those that go before; nor is the concluding chorus one of the great moments of the work; indeed the only really great chorus in the oratorio is: *The Heavens are telling*.

But the first part is ever beautiful and interesting, despite the questionableness of those quaint literal imitations. This time the opening "Chaos" symphony, and all the orchestral accompaniments came out with beautiful clearness of outline and freshness of coloring, and the whole rendering of the music was remarkably successful. The chorus *pianissimo* before the bursting forth of Light was lovely. The great climax in *The Heavens are telling* was splendidly wrought up. The firm, sonorous, bass of FORMES was again admirably suited to the recitatives and airs of Raphael. There was a sublime, a superhuman, all-pervading majesty of sound in the "large utterance" of those sentences: *And God made the firmament, &c.; And God said, &c.* The grand voice lent a dignity, too, to those descriptions of the "living creatures." It was the perfection of musical recitation; and when he came to: "*In long dimensions creeps, with sinuous trace, the worm,* the way in which his voice went slowly and firmly down to the D below the lines, and closed there on a full, round, musical organ tone, electrified the audience. In the air: *Now Heaven in fullest glory shone*, especially in the last part: *With heart and voice his goodness praise*, there was a rapturous gush of real melody as he sang it, showing that his gift is not confined to the declamatory.

Mr. ADAMS was very successful in the first tenor recitative and air; the others were sung by Mr. PERRING, who still improved upon acquaintance. Mrs. HARWOOD sang only the solo with chorus: *The marvellous work behold amazed*, and with bright, clear, sweetly ringing voice and brilliant execution. Miss MILNER made a better impression than she did the night before. She sang *With Verdure clad* and *On mighty pens* in a chaste, sustained and finished style; the inequality of her voice being the principal drawback.

The pretty billing and cooing strains of Adam and Eve were sung by Mr. WETHERBEE and Mme. CARADORI. We have heard Eve sing better—both with a more melodious voice and more in earnest. Mr. Wetherbee, placed in no enviable position after the great basso of the two evenings, gave his music admirably, with true artistic style and finish. Were his quality of tone somewhat less dry, and had he a more ponderous volume, he would be one of the most effective of bass singers, as he is already one of the most conscientious, tasteful and expressive.

CONCERTS.

Mr. SATTER'S MOZART FESTIVAL—(Wednesday evening, Jan. 27, the 102d anniversary of that great composer's birth-day)—was a very enjoyable affair. Chickering's saloon was nearly filled with an intelligent and interested audience. It was indeed an eve-

ning with Mozart,—and that we are glad to get at any time. Music more purely genial and inspired than Mozart's has no man written. The programme (for which see last week's paper) therefore, being *all* of Mozart, is one of the very few best worth recording of this winter.

There was a feast! True, the works were presented on a small scale; but with a Chickering "Grand," with such a pianist as SATTER, and such a violinist as SCHULTZE, much could be done. Fine engravings are next to any but the very best copies of fine paintings. And we like Satter's playing of Mozart, better than anything he does. His unlimited execution enabled him to give good impressions of the orchestral works. The entire "Jupiter" Symphony was a great achievement, the quadruple fugue of the finale coming out distinct and strong. The witching little elfin fugue theme of the *Zauberflöte* overture was rendered with delightful grace and clearness. So was the *Figaro* delightful.

The piano pieces proper were particularly relished, as being mostly new to our ears, and very choice and characteristic. The Rondo from the Concerto was an admirable piece of playing; so was the Fugue. The Fantasia is full of poetic moodiness. The Violin Sonata, and the Variations (especially the Minor one) are full of interest, and were finely played. In the Sonata for two pianos, Mr. S. was really quite well supported by the young lady, who is said to be his pupil. The famous tenor airs were sung with feeling.

The stage was tastefully decorated by Mr. C. W. Roeth. There were illuminations, festoons, vases, flags (the American and German Revolutionary, black, red and gold); in the centre a wreathed bust of Mozart stood before an illuminated star, and at the sides tablets inscribed with the titles of his great works.

This artistic tribute to the genius of Mozart was wholly Mr. Satter's own, his free gift to the listeners. Probably more artists would have coöperated with him, but for a certain eccentricity and ambiguity in his arrangements with regard to invitations, &c. The ways of Mr. S. are certainly eccentric. It might have been a larger affair, but we could hardly wish it better than it was. We thank him for two hours of music unalloyed.

Mr. SOUTHARD'S MUSIC, from the opera "Omano," filled Chickering's saloon with an eager audience at the second performance; nearly every piece elicited a very general and warm applause. The Quintet and Quartet especially confirmed the first impression of their effectiveness and beauty, and the duet of soprano and tenor was greatly admired. The singers, however, were nearly all hoarse with colds. We found our first impression of the music very little modified, and still hope to hear the work produced in full. Mr. Southard himself was not present, having accepted a position of organist and teacher in Norfolk, Va. for the coming year, his health requiring change of climate.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The two first Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have drawn good audiences, both of the listening and the flirting classes. ZERRAHN's orchestra were in fine drill, and played for solids the first afternoon: Mozart's charming Symphony in E flat, and the "Tell" overture; the second afternoon, Haydn's Symphony in D. These were well played and much applauded; and so were the "light" and bright things, waltzes, Carnivals, &c. which must be played so long as young folks seek amusement, and only thereby can be drawn within the deeper sphere of music.

Musical Ghit-Chat.

This evening offers us another feast of fine orchestral music,—CARL ZERRAHN's second concert. He has partially, it seems, abandoned his idea of a "Mozart night," although his programme contains Mozart's greatest Symphony, the glorious "Jupiter," in C, with the fugue finale, and the light and genial "Marriage of Figaro" overture;—besides some kind of a Jack-o' Lantern reflection of Mozart in the shape of a "Papageno Polka" on airs from the "Magic Flute," in the "popular" half of the pro-

gramme. The orchestra will also play a Fantasia with solos, by Lumbye, with a thread of sentimental story running through it, called "The Dream of the Savoyard," and Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor." For virtuoso talent we are to hear the Hungarian violoncellist, KLETZER, who has made so fine an impression in the Vieuxtemps-Thalberg concerts in New York. Mr. Zerrahn has amply proved his night to a general and generous support in these concerts, and we hope to see this evening a larger audience even than that of the first night.... The German ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB announce the third and last of their delightful vocal concerts for next Saturday evening. They come always welcome. Programme in our next.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offer a rich programme for their fourth (postponed) concert next Tuesday evening. They will repeat that very interesting Quartet of Beethoven in E minor (No. 2 of the Razoumoffsky set), and will play for the first time a Quintet in E flat by Mozart. Mr. B. J. LANG, a young pianist of much promise, will play Beethoven's first Trio with the brothers FRIES; and Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, a new vocalist of whom we hear fine things, will sing two excellent pieces: the *Ave Maria* by Franz, and a Cavatina: *Parto ben mio*, from Mozart's *Titus*.... The second concert of the German Trio (Messrs. GAERTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNIKEL) will take place at Chickering's next Monday evening.

The *Transcript* gives a good description of the outward man Herr FORMES:

Great singers do not always manifest their gifts in their physical proportions—a ponderous voice often belying an insignificant frame, and a grossness of fat (as in Alboni's case) concealing a refinement and exquisite grace of musical expression—yet Formes stands confessed a great singer before a vocal utterance;—a noble and generously moulded throat gives assurance of the volume of sound within; and a large, expressive mouth betokens no hindrance to its easy outflow. Long and wavy black hair typifies the poetic inspiration that will dash his song; and the keen and restless eye, the nerve and passion that will vitalize it—the bold, high forehead foreshadows the culture and intellectual finish of his performance; and the open, manly features, the heart and soul that he will infuse into it—added to all these a compact and well-knit frame, and a form inclined to be burly, dispel any idea of Italian sentimentality, and bespeak an Anglo-Saxon heartiness and vigor of tone, and a herculean force of delivery that one might think would incline to the rough and the boisterous, were it not that the traits of a gentle and subdued nature beaming in his countenance, and a certain grace and simplicity of manner, denote that these positive qualities will be tempered to the true purposes of his art.

It is now confidently rumored that we are to have Herr FORMES in Opera at the Boston Theatre in the course of a few weeks. Meanwhile the Handel and Haydn Society have taken to rehearsing the "Messiah"—perhaps in anticipation of a performance with Formes. This would be very fine; but why keep rehearsing the "Messiah"? Why spend all the winter on old things? What has become of "Israel in Egypt," on which some six weeks work of the Society were nobly spent, leaving the half of it unlearned! The bringing out of this sublime work of Handel would give more éclat to the season than any repetitions of the more familiar works: indeed our Handelian loyalty here will always lie under some suspicion until we shall have brought out and appreciated the "Israel in Egypt," which is one of his two greatest works, and which here very properly claims precedence as being the one unknown.

Of Mr. Ullman's Opera in New York a correspondent of the *Traveller* says:

The success which has attended the operatic season just closed is unexampled in New York; sixty-four representations have been given, of which fifty were of Italian opera; we have had the *Robert le Diable*, the *Fidello*, the *Rigoletto*, the *Don Giovanni*, the *Italiani in Algeri*, the *Martha*, the *Messiah*, the "Creation," the *Requiem* of Mozart, besides all the old

stock operas: *Norma*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, et hoc omne genus. Night after night the opera house has been crowded to suffocation; the receipts of the last four evenings alone, reached \$12,000. Four prima donnas, three basses, three tenors, a contralto, a baritone, all worth hearing, belong to the company: 'twas bright, 'twas beautiful, but 'tis past. Part have gone to Philadelphia for ten nights.

Messrs. WILLIAM MASON and THOMAS commence to-night in New York a series of six Classical Matinees, the programmes of which are so inviting that we copy them in full:

- I. *Matinée*, 30th January.
 1—Quartet. (In D dur.) No. 3. Beethoven
 2—Trio. Piano, Viola and Violoncello. Volkmann
 3—Solo. Piano.
 4—Quartet. (In A moll) No. 1. Schumann
- II. *Matinée*, 13th February.
 1—Quartet. (B dur.) Haydn
 2—Sonata. Piano. Beethoven
 3—Solo. Violin.
 4—Solo. Piano.
 5—Octet. (In Es. dur.) Mendelssohn
- III. *Matinée*, 27th February.
 1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 8. Beethoven
 2—Sonata. (D moll) Violin and Piano. Schumann
 3—Trio. Wolff
- IV. *Matinée*, 13th March.
 1—Quartet. (D dur.) No. 10. Mozart
 2—Andante and Variations. For two Pianos. Schumann
 3—Quartet. (G dur.) First movement. Allegro. Schubert
 4—Trio. (D dur.) Piano. Beethoven
- V. *Matinée*, 27th March.
 1—Quartet. (F dur.) No. 2. Schumann
 2—Sonata. Piano and Violin. (A dur.) Beethoven
 3—Concerto. For two Pianos. Bach
- VI. *Matinée*, 17th April.
 1—Quartet. (Es. dur.) No. 12. Beethoven
 2—Solo. Piano.
 3—Chaconne. Bach
 4—Quintet. Piano. (Es. dur.) Schumann

PHILADELPHIA is once more the focus of operatic interest. The Ullman company opened at the Academy of Music Friday evening of last week, with the "Barber of Seville." The local pride of the Philadelphians must have been gratified; *Fitzgerald* thus describes the scene:

The carriages formed lines along Broad street, and for three quarters of an hour there was a steady stream of lovely women and handsome men pouring into the Opera House, so that when the overture began every seat was occupied, and parquette, circle and balcony were radiant with beauty, and resplendent with the elaborate toilettes of our city belles. After the gloomy, darkly dressed, bonneted and shabby looking audiences of the New York Academy, the vocalists of the troupe must have been most agreeably impressed by the hundreds of magnificent opera cloaks, brilliant ball dresses, and the perfect style and taste of the Quaker village; certainly the contrast must have been strong.

The orchestra, according to *Fitzgerald*, was brassy, noisy, scratchy, and the arrival of conductor Anschutz from Boston (with Formes) was anxiously expected. Gassier was the Barber; Rocco, Dr. Bartolo; Sig. Androvani, Don Basilio, in which part he "proved himself a capital vocalist, and a comic actor of superior rank;" and Mme. Lagrange was Rosina.

Nothing half so fine has yet been heard in the Academy, for La Grange was in uncommonly good voice, and inspired by the boundless applause of her auditors—who hung upon her breath and then thundered forth their approbation—she sang with all her former perfection. No one observed the least falling off in her abilities, nor in her voice; indeed the excessive tremulousness of which all used to complain in former days was less noticeable than usual, and she regained triumphantly all those admirers who—in the past year—have faltered in their allegiance to La Grange, the Queen of Song. Encores, bouquets, and the acclamations of the audience proved the delight afforded by her magnificent performance, and those who last season thought nothing was so desirable in opera as dramatic power, now begin to think that vocal gymnastics are quite as essential.

On Saturday evening the piece was *Semiramide*. Lagrange "never sang better;" Gassier's singing of the part of Assur is pronounced "grand;" D'Angri's entrée and singing as Arsace created as much enthusiasm as Lagrange. . . . Monday night, *Rigoletto*, for the first time in Philadelphia. The music of Gilda was found "not suited to the present condition of Mme. Lagrange's voice;" nor was Sig. Taffanelli "equal to the part" of Rigoletto. D'Angri, Bignardi and Rocco filled the other parts. . . . On Wednesday night

Herr Formes made his Philadelphia debut as Plunkett, in Flotow's *Martha*, which was sung in German by Lagrange and a part of Bergmann's troupe, viz: Mme. Von Berkel, Herr Oehrlein, and the favorite tenor Pickanesser. Great was the crowd and great the applause. . . . On Thursday there was an afternoon performance of *Norma*, for the debut of Mme. Caradori. Bignardi and Gassier were also to appear. . . . The Germania Afternoon Concerts, Carl Sentz conductor, continue to draw crowds.

NEW ORLEANS. While in our other cities the opera has but a fitful existence, in New Orleans it seems to have attained quite a permanent foothold. In looking over the musical notices of the *Picayune* for the last three months we are struck with the variety, excellence and number of works, which have been performed at the Theatre d'Orleans. We find the following mentioned in the cuttings which we have saved, but have doubts if our list is complete.

- Le Caid. by Ambrose Thomas.
 Robert le Diable. by Meyerbeer.
 La Favorita. by Donizetti
 Huguenots. by Meyerbeer.
 Jaguaria, l'Indienne. by Halevy.
 Guillaume Tell. by Rossini.
 Trovatore. by Verdi.
 Les Amours du Diable. ?

Two or three pieces are unknown in our part of the world, having been, so far as we know, only played by French opera troupes.

We gather the following short notices of certain new singers also from the *Pic's* reports.

Mr. Julian's *Fernand* in "Favorita," enabled us to form a more satisfactory opinion of his status as a singer than his previous efforts had done. We find him possessed of a pure tenor voice, of fair compass, as it regards register, but lacking in force. It has been cultivated in a good school, and for what it lacks in power it makes up in sweetness of tone and taste in execution. It is peculiarly sympathetic in quality, and in some of its utterances appeals irresistibly to the heart of the appreciative listener.

Yet it would be unfair to say that the *Fernand* of Julian was at all a tame performance, for it was not. He evinced feeling and fire in the great scene in the third act, where the young Marquis upbraids the King with having dishonored him by wedding him to his "favorite," and in the grand duo with *Leonore*, which immediately precedes her death, he soared with the warmly manifested sympathy of the audience to the achievement of a greater success than we had previously believed it was in his power to command.

The new baritone, Mr. Rauch, made a decidedly favorable impression at least upon such of the audience as condescended to abate so much of their dignity or frigidity, as to manifest any interest at all in the performance.

He has abilities which will in the end overcome all doubts, if any exist, and will compel the favor that his audience, at the debut, seemed to be determined not to be surprised into awarding him, without due trial. He has a fine face and presence, graceful carriage and manner, a well cultivated, and artistically methodized voice, of the pure baritone quality, and if not as powerful as that of some of his predecessors in his role, is still ineffably sweet and expressive. He sang his music like an artist, and showed himself to be as good an actor as singer.

Mr. Vila, the secondo basso of the company, who filled the part of *Balthazar*, the monk, has a voice of power. Its prominent characteristic is its immensity of capacity. It soars higher, and sinks deeper, comes out fuller, heavier, and more voluminously than any other bass voice we ever heard. "Junco" roars like a sucking dove," compared with Vila. His utterances remind us of the vibrations of the thirty-two foot pipe in a cathedral organ.

New Orleans has, too, in addition to its Opera, a "Classic Music Society," which began its series of six public performances with the following almost unrivalled programme.

- PART I.
 1. Overture to "Il Magico Flauto." Mozart.
 2. Symphony No. 2, in D. (op. 33.) Beethoven.
- PART II.
 1. Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn
 2. From Symphony No. 7, in A. (op. 92.) Beethoven.
 Allegretto. Scherzo. }
 3. Overture to "Oberon." Von Weber.

We have already accredited the information given in this article to the New Orleans *Picayune*, but do it again, that we may bear our testimony to the uncommon excellence of its musical department, in which we know no daily paper that can rival it, except the Boston *Courier*, and—in spite of its heresies as they often seem to us—the New York *Tribune*.

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 2—a. Adagio for Violoncello. Mozart
 b. Fauraski, "Dom Sebastian," (Elegie for 'cello). Batta
 FÉRY KLETZER.
 3—Overture—The Marriage of Figaro. Mozart

PART II.

- 4—The Dream of the Savoyard—Grand Fantasia for the Orchestra, with Solos for different instruments (First time in this country). Lumbye
 (A description will be found on the Programme.)
 5—Grand Fantasia on Schubert's Waltz "Le Desir," for the Violoncello. Merk
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 6—Romanza from the Opera *L'Eclair*. Halevy
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FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

Mrs. Johnson is a treasure!

She and her sister, both widows, live in the little brown cottage, beyond the river, and have made it almost the prettiest place in Hildale. She is a small, dark-eyed woman, I suppose over fifty years of age, but retaining a good deal of beauty still, witty, full of life, always ready for a joke, generous and open-hearted, one who passes over the foibles, hides the faults of her neighbors, and seeks ever to bring out their good qualities. She is of course a general favorite. Moreover she is one of the most independent persons you will meet in a month—but never intrusively so. She does what she believes right and leaves consequences to take care of themselves. I met a classmate in New York, who had tried in vain for a year or two to gain a livelihood here as village physician. Upon my telling him that I should soon return to my native place, he advised me by all means to cultivate the acquaintance of the music-teacher, assuring me I should find in her a person well worth knowing. He was right. Mrs. Johnson is a treasure. She is one of those persons who never grow old—yet is free from the vulgarity of affecting youth; simple and unpretending in manners as a child, she is nevertheless surrounded by an atmosphere of grace and refinement—the perfectest of ladies.

To tell the truth, I had rather dreaded my first call at the cottage. I had heard too much good music, been too much with real musicians at home and abroad, to expect much from a country village teacher of the piano-forte, and one too, who had long since passed her prime. I supposed I should find a little, old six-octave square in-

strument, out of tune, with a tinkling, brassy tone; upon it a copy of Cramer's Exercises, and two or three of the old Boston instruction books; upon a stand hard by, a small pile of such sheet music as the Russian March, Tigers' Quickstep, and the twopenny waltzes, galops and polkas of the day; a lot of sentimental songs upon "old arm-chairs," and other such topics, together with an odd volume of the Social Choir, an Odeon, and three or four collections of Psalmody.

However, one afternoon, being over the river and near the cottage, and finding my wasted frame in need of rest after my walk, I rang at the door. Little Phebe Peters answered the bell.

"Mother and Auntie Johnson are both out," said she, "but will be in soon. Please walk into the parlor."

A glance showed me how much I had lost by not calling sooner. The room was large, indeed out of all proportion to the size of the house, and evidently intended for music. Upon the walls hung two or three portraits full of life and expression, excellent likenesses, I could have sworn, but wanting that artistic finish which can only come from fitting, early instruction and study. One I recognized as Mrs. Johnson, as I now recollected her in my childhood. There were also a small copy in oil, of the Virgin and Child, half length, from the Sixtine Madonna at Dresden, capitally done; a view of the Drachenfels, which I instantly perceived must have been taken from the bridge at the end of the Poppelsdorfer Allée, back of Bonn, just as you enter the garden of Clemensruhe; another of the old church at Schwartz Rheindorf, over the Rhine from Bonn, with its curious mixture of Byzantine and Romanesque architecture; several sketches in oil of Rhine Scenery, and two or three pretty views in Hildale.

A Chickering Grand Piano-forte was so placed at one side of the room that a singer should have the dead wall behind him and not before him, as is so often the case, and upon it stood open a *heft*—of an early Leipzig edition—of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Looking over the music in the rack hard by, I found it to consist mainly of German editions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Moscheles, Czerny, Ries, Schumann (early works), Mendelssohn, and even Bach for the piano-forte, with quite a collection of the vocal works of those authors, and additional Songs from Schubert, Löwe, Kalliwoda, Fesca, and so forth. A couple of large volumes contained a collection of English and American songs and ballads, sufficient in number to prove that a true taste had guided in the selection of the music, and that nothing which was really good was

despised. A volume or two of gems from Rossini, Bellini and the Italian masters of their day—German editions—and piano-forte scores of a dozen or more operas by Mozart, Gluck, and other giants, proved that the collection must have been made in "Vaterland."

In the bookcase, too, were several of the works of Goethe, Schiller, Hoffmann, Tieck, Fouqué, the Grimms, Musæus, and other popular authors thirty years ago in Germany, all in foreign editions, and bearing marks of thorough perusal. From all this I drew the conclusion that the collector must have resided for some time in Germany and learned thoroughly to love and enjoy its music and literature.

Little Phebe—just such an intelligent, gentle child as I love—in ten minutes after meeting me at the door was sitting on my knees and prattling merrily of "Mother and Auntie."

Uncle Johnson, who died, oh, ever so many years ago, before Phebe was born, painted the pictures. He used to live in Germany with Auntie, and when she came home, she brought all these books and pictures and music, and "whole lots" of pretty things, such as I saw about the room or were to be seen up stairs.

When mother came, if she had no objection, she would take me up into her own little room and show me her little Bonn women with great baskets of coal and potatoes on their heads, and her Altenburg girls with narrow, short gowns and petticoats only coming down to their knees, and great stout stockings and shoes; and the peasant people near Minden—queer old men with knee-breeches, broad-brimmed hats, and coats slit up behind—quite up to their shoulders, and the Baden woman driving the donkey, with her hair all pulled back from her forehead, and fastened under the funniest little black cap, with two long streamers, that ever was! "Some of the Hildale girls wear their hair so now," added Phebe, "but Auntie says almost all those peasant women soon grow bald, and that it is a bad fashion—so I keep my curls—and I think it is prettier so, don't you?"

I told her that I had lived in Germany a long time, and knew all those places on the Rhine that were pictured there on the walls. She looked up at me with open eyes.

"And did you live in Bonn?"

"Yes."

"And do you know where Achter Strasse is? and the Römerplatz? and did you use to go and hear mass in the old Cathedral? and did you see the dead, dried up monks up on the Kreutzberg? and did you ride across the river in the floating bridge?"

To all of which questions I answered, yes.

"And did you ever drink coffee in the inn on top of the Drachenfels and look down upon Roland's Eck, across the river?—Auntie says that means Roland's corner—where the river and the road make a turn."

And so she chatted on, and I could see how deep an impression had been made upon "Auntie Johnson" by her residence upon the Rhine, from the effect which her descriptions had made upon little Phebe.

By and by—perfect little lady as she is—she begged me to excuse her, as she had a lesson to learn, Mother and Auntie would soon be back, and in the meantime I could amuse myself with the books and music or the pictures. So turning up her sweet, innocent face for a kiss, she slipped from my knees and skipped away. I took down Hoffmann's 'Kater Murr,' but could not interest myself in the fortunes and misfortunes of Kreiser and Julia, for the portrait opposite carried me back—away back more than thirty years to my earliest childhood. Like a vision came back, living to memory, the children's party at the village Doctor's, and above all the dark-eyed young woman who impressed my childish imagination as beautiful exceedingly, who assisted us in all our games, who sang to us, told us stories, but above all, played the piano-forte for the children to dance. How loving and kind she was! I could see myself—"Little Pinky Brown"—refusing to dance, that I might stand at her right hand, watch her flying fingers, drink in the sweet tones, and sometimes catch the kind glance of her deep, tender eyes, and look my delight into them—for the emotions which made the little breast heave, could find no expression in the little child's scanty language, her amused looks at her little admirer—how clearly they all come back again! and how distinct my recollection of the longing I felt, when eight o'clock came and we must go home, for a kiss from those smiling lips, and my fear to ask it. She must have read the expression of the small, wistful face, which followed her every motion as she prepared the children for their walk; for when all were ready she called to me: "Come here, little Pinky"—took me into her lap, brushed the curls from my forehead with her soft, white hand, fixed her eyes upon mine with a long, earnest look which somehow filled me with trouble, then pressed me to her bosom and kissed me upon my forehead, cheeks and mouth.—Has the man ever enjoyed a more ecstatic moment than that was for the child?

Memory affords me no other distinct picture of our Music-teacher; but the proverb "little pitchers have long ears" is based upon a sure experience, and mine were rendered preternaturally long, by the strange feeling of devotion which I cherished secretly as a holy thing toward her. So now the sight of her portrait recalled to mind the village gossip, which my Madonna's marriage excited, and how deep it sank to my heart as I heard the old ladies talk of "its unaccountable imprudence"—ridiculously thrown herself away, said one—given herself to a beggar, said another,—left all her fine prospects and gone off into foreign parts with a man old enough to be her father, and who will never earn his salt by his daubing, said a third—why did she not marry the squire, who would give his eyes for her! asked the fourth—and so on. This and much more to the same effect, iterated and reiterated in the presence of little Pinky, made the child's heart heavy; a

cloud came over him, and his pillow was wet with tears of sympathy and sorrow, that the happiness of the beautiful music-teacher should thus be forever blasted. But the bitterest cause of the child's grief was an impression made upon his mind, that she, in some incomprehensible manner, had violated the rules and customs of society and had acted with questionable delicacy and propriety. But how and to what extent, I could form no idea. And when I asked about it, people only laughed and said little children must not ask questions. So it was until as I grew older she passed completely away from my memory, that something mysterious and saddening tinged all my thoughts of her. Now as all this, after having been forgotten for a whole generation, came flashing back into my mind, I could but smile at little Pinky's trouble on our music-teacher's account, for experience—yes, my own experience—had long since taught me the little consequence of village gossip, especially when half understood by "little pitchers." It needed not even a glance at the broad, thoughtful brow, the piercing but gentle eyes, the beautiful and expressive mouth of the middle-aged man, whose likeness formed a companion portrait to that of our music-teacher to convince me that no very dreadful circumstances had attended that marriage, and that the tears of her child-lover had been uncalled for.

At length the sisters came in. In five minutes we were upon the footing of old acquaintances, and a merry hour we had. Since that call our acquaintance has ripened into a firm and sincere friendship. Two or three times a week, when the weather and my strength and health admit of it, I creep over there and return with new life and spirit in my broken frame.

[To be continued.]

(From the London Musical World.)

Ferdinand Hiller's "Saul."*

Not only in the history of the musical matters of the City of Cologne, but in the annals of music generally, the 15th December, 1857, will be mentioned as the day on which a masterwork of our own age was performed for the first time; the work is one which will move and delight generations yet to come.

The work is question is the Oratorio of *Saul*, by Ferdinand Hiller. It achieved a brilliant success, such as, in the case of so serious and grand a composition, we have not witnessed since Mendelssohn's first appearance on the banks of the Rhine. The audience of the Gesellschafts-Concerts, whom it is not, as a rule, an easy task to warm, was generally excited in a manner we have scarcely ever seen: wherever a pause in the music allowed it, there was the most lively applause, and, at the conclusion of the first part, the fifteen hundred individuals, who, as auditors and executants, filled the room, the musicians' stage, and the galleries, broke out into a real jubilee of delight in honor of the composer. This operation was repeated with the same enthusiasm at the end of the second and third parts. The oratorio is long; it contains fifty pieces, and lasted from forty minutes past six o'clock until ten, including a pause of twenty minutes, and yet the anxious interest of the public was the same from beginning to end.

If we seek the reason of such a success, we shall find it, first, in the combination of the principal conditions necessary for the success of every great vocal work; in the appropriateness of the text, the rich imaginative power of the composer, and his perfect mastery, by sterling education and natural capabilities, of everything pertaining to composition. In the present case, however, there are two additional causes, which, in our

opinion, contribute materially to the effect of the new work—a masterly combination of polyphonic labor with a free style, which pervades the whole; and secondly, the genial treatment of the orchestra.

We can no longer write like Bach and Handel: we cannot do so, from deficiency on the one hand, and superfluity on the other. We are wanting in the creative power to inspire, as they did, purely intellectual forms; and, perhaps, too, in that trusting belief in the spirit which actuated those heroes when engaged in the task of creation. On the other hand, Haydn, Mozart, and, above all, Beethoven, have opened for us the romantic domain of music in a manner of which the old authors had no notion, and the direction thus given to music has, in its turn, produced an abundance of musical means to which we are now so accustomed, that not to employ such a mine of wealth has become a perfect impossibility.

When Mendelssohn revived the Oratorio, he again joined the broken chain to the old traditions of Bach and Handel, but he felt that his time, which was a child of the French Revolution and the War of Freedom, had produced, even in music, an immense chasm between the Past and the Present, over which it was no longer possible to spring back. He endeavored, therefore, to take a middle course, and was successful. In his *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, Hiller followed the same path, and his work, too, made the round of Europe. At present, however, he has gone a step further. His last two great vocal works, *Die Weihe des Frühlings* and *Saul*, have altogether banished the epic element of the Oratorio, and are especially dramatic, so that the lyric element, on the whole, only lays claim to the same place which it occupied in ancient tragedy.

While in the first-named work, the antique subject—the mystic historical background of the building of Rome, in consequence of an oath—rendered the new musical form and treatment less striking, that form, in connection with the biblical subject, in *Saul*, to which, according to the usual traditional ideas, it constitutes a contrast, is much more visible and intentional: and pretty nearly the same is true of it as of the grand D major Mass of Beethoven—instead of the usual and dogmatically sanctified, we have the ideal and elevated element, appealing to our purely human feelings. This same *Saul* is only an oratorio inasmuch as the subject is borrowed from the Old Testament; the style, in spite of all its freedom, possessing, at the same time, the essential qualities of the oratorical style, that is to say, polyphony in the choruses combined with seriousness and profundity in the melodic treatment. A more appropriate name for the work would be, "A Biblical Drama, set to Music."

Thus, by these two oratorical works, Hiller has created a new kind of vocal composition with orchestral accompaniment; its roots are struck in the character of the present time: it is modern music, but it everywhere pays homage to the laws of what is musically beautiful, which laws the development of music has established by means of the classical masters. It differs materially from similar efforts of Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner; from those of the first-named composer (in *Paradies und Peri*, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*, etc.), by the grandeur and dramatic character of the subject; from both by the sterling polyphonic style, and from Wagner's style more especially by the melodically and harmonically beautiful treatment of the orchestra—a treatment which endeavors to produce its effects not by abrupt contrasts of chords and absolute noise, but by harmonic combinations, which, from their variety and novelty, never offend the ear—and by the beautiful melodies that twine around the principal musical ideas.

The execution was admirable, and reflects the greatest honor upon all engaged without exception. It is something to say that, during a three hours' performance of a work of such difficulty, there should not have been a single hitch. But the excellent manner in which it was conducted, and the zeal of those engaged, were not the only things which contributed to the complete success

* Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

of the work; there was another important cause—namely, the fact that the composer had not overrated the capabilities of the voices or the instruments.

It is scarcely possible for any one who has not seen it with his own eyes and heard it with his own ears, to conceive the powerful effect of the choruses in the large hall. The very first chorus of victory sung by the people: "Saul hat Tausend geschlagen, David zehn Mal Tausend!" opens the action in an imposing manner. The other more remarkable features in the first part are the chorus for female voices: "Heckel ihn nicht," while Saul is asleep, and the entire chorus: "Wehe, die Geister der Nacht sind neu erwacht." We may, also, mention as a perfect gem in a melodic and harmonic view, the hymn of thanksgiving for David's preservation from Saul's lance: "Der Herr hat seine Seele vom Tode errettet." Yet this is surpassed by the finale of the part, a piece for three voices, Michal (soprano), Jonathan (tenor), and Saul (barytone). The beauty of this is so soft and moving that it almost revives and strengthens the belief in the creation, now-a-days, of melodies full of soul.

In the second part, an admirable effect was produced by the chorus of shepherds, who accompany as warriors the fugitive David into the desert: "Werst ihm den Birtenstab;" then by the destruction of the population of the city of Nob; by the chorus "Wie schön und lieblich ist es, wenn in Eintracht Herrscher wohnen;" but, above all, by the mourning chorus for Samuel's death, and the final chorus, which is one of the most spirited in the whole work.

In the third part, the battle-picture in the orchestra, with the chorus of women, who observe the fight from the heights, and describe its various fluctuations, is truly grand. The mourning chorus for Saul, "Streifet ab die Prachtgewande" is especially original. A brilliant hymn of David, with the chorus, forms the conclusion of this powerful work.

The characters of the drama are: King Saul, barytone (Herr M. Du Mont-Fier); Michal, his daughter, soprano (Mlle. Remond, of the Stadt-Theatre); David, tenor (Herr Göbbels); Jonathan, tenor (Herr Pütz); Samuel, bass (Herr Reintaler); the Witch of Endor, alto (Mad. B.); a servant of Saul, a warrior, Jesse, David's father, bass (Herr Schiffer).

The vocal solo pieces are partly recitatives and *ariosos*, immediately preceding the choruses, or appended to them, and partly more important compositions in the form of airs, duets, and trios. They are all impressed with a serious and noble character, and many of them are melodic embellishments to the whole work. A most extraordinary effect was produced by the anointing of David by Saul; the scene where Saul falls asleep in the cave, admirably given by Herr Du Mont-Fier; the aria of Michal in the second part; the trio, already mentioned, of Michal, Jonathan, and Saul, at the end of the first part; David's *arioso* in the first, and the Hymn to Jehovah in the last part. The recitative passages are full of truth and musical expression. We perceive in their treatment, and especially in the accompaniment and intermediate pieces of the orchestra, the hand of the master, especially if we compare their lively declamation with the psalmodies in *Lohengrin*. L. BISCHOFF.

"Le Caid," and "Jaguarita."

The following accounts of the plots of these two operas, the former by Ambroise Thomas, the latter by Halevy, we copy from the New Orleans *Picayune*:

"Le Caid" is an opera of the pure buffa school, and is peculiarly French in its story, and its dramatic and lyric treatment. As at present put upon our stage, it is one of the best productions, in the way of comic opera, we have ever been favored with.

The scene is laid in Algeria, whither, soon after its conquest by the French, a Parisian modiste (Mme. Colson) and a Parisian hair dresser (Debrinay) have gone over to ply their several trades. Biroteau is the hair dresser, Virginie

the modiste. Of course they are affianced, but to their great regret have not the means to make matrimony a prudent arrangement. The Cadi ("le caïd") of the village, Aboul-y-far, (Dutasta,) is a great coward, and is much in awe of the mob, who insist on waylaying him in his nightly rounds, and bamboozing him most truculently. Biroteau conceives the notable design of raising money on these apprehensions of the Cadi, by promising him the knowledge of a great secret, whereby he will be protected against the assaults of the mob; the price of this being a smart sum in cash. The Cadi's intendan, (a cunuch of the harem,) Ali-bajon, (Carrier,) being wheedled by Biroteau, brings about a meeting with the Cadi, when the proposition is made, but the miserly old fellow demurs to the price of the secret, and offers to the young coiffeur, instead, the hand of his daughter, Fathma, (Mme. Latouche.) Biroteau seems to assent—is invested with a badge of honor, as the intended son-in-law of the Cadi, and is carried in triumph through the streets. Meanwhile, Michel, a drum-major of the French army, (Vila,) slips into the Cadi's house, and makes Fathma, who has been informed by Ali-bajon of what was awaiting her, believe that he was her father's choice. Subsequently, she is waited on by her opposite neighbor, Virginie, with articles of bridal attire, and the poor modiste learns enough to fear that the Cadi's daughter is her rival in the affections of Biroteau. She is soon undeceived; but Biroteau is soon after introduced, returning from his triumphal procession, and finding himself in such fine quarters, begins to think it would not be so bad after all to be the son of a Cadi. His reflections are interrupted by the entrance of his betrothed, and subsequently of the drummer, the first jealous of Fathma, and the last of Biroteau, who is thus in a most embarrassed and amusing situation. The complication gives rise to a scene of indescribable fun. The end of all is that Biroteau declines the Algerian alliance, declaring his unalterable fidelity to Virginie. The Cadi demands the secret that is to protect him from the cruel wrath of the populace, and the hair-dresser demands the money. The Cadi, sore with a recent beating, consents. Biroteau gives him the secret in the form of a prescription for making a famous pomade, and recommends Michel to the old fellow as his son-in-law, and this offer being accepted, the curtain falls, after a finale in which the chorus bear a most amusing part.

Strongly and decidedly as Mme. Colson had impressed herself upon the New Orleans audience, as a prima donna in comic opera, it cannot be gainsaid that she has won her brightest laurel in her performance of the Virginie in this piece. It was as perfect a thing in its way as anything we have ever witnessed on our lyric stage. In acting, as well as in singing, in all the nuances and espiègleries of a finished comedienne, as well as in the execution of music which, though of the comic school, is yet scientific and artistic, she met all its exigencies in the most satisfactory manner. The rôle is full of little gems, not a situation in the progress of the piece being without its brilliants; and it is not too much to say that she imparted to them all the lustre which belongs to them. From the gay little chansonette, *Comme la fleur de la vallée*, to the finale of the opera, she was equally excellent. No performance would better bear analysis, that we ever witnessed.

The orchestral and choral part of this opera are very taking. The overture is brief, but brilliant and sparkling, and the closing ensemble is exceedingly effective, with its odd and laughable action and situations, as well as its fascinating music.

Le Caid richly deserves to be placed, in the operatic library, on the same shelf with Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, or Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and *Elisir d'Amore*.

Jaguarita, was written for Mme. Marie Cabel, and was one of the greatest attractions at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris. It has been considered the *chef d'œuvre* of Halevy, and with the exquisite story of St Georges, will doubtless prove a rare treat. It is full of melody, and includes, with all the charms of the opera comique, all the

startling beauty and sweetness of the grand opera. The tale runs as follows—the scene being laid in Dutch Guiana—Van Trump, (Debrinay,) a Major in the colonial service, is sent out with troops as a reinforcement to subdue the Indians. Maurice, (Holizem,) a young Captain, accompanies him. Maurice is really a brave man, while the Major is an arrant coward, and Petermann, (Dutasta,) a sergeant, is continually adding to his terror by relating to him the most doleful tales of the horrors of the country, and mistakes his ill-disguised terrors for real bravery. Heva, (Mme. Latouche,) is the betrothed of Maurice; Mama Jumbo, (Vela,) is a trapper, a *Coureur des Bois* and a soi-disant ally of the whites, but in reality in league with the Indians and in love with their Queen, Jaguarita, (Mme. Colson,) whom he brings in to the whites a pretended captive, but in reality to be a spy on their movements.

Maurice no sooner sees the Indian beauty than he falls in love with her, and she, by her smiles, induces him to believe that his love is returned; and he, in consequence, is overpowered and taken captive by the Indians. Van Trump meanwhile gets so disgusted with the country that he flies to the woods and hides, intending to wait a favorable opportunity to leave as soon as he can. While so concealed he hears a noise and in his terror his pistol goes off, and he hears a heavy fall, but is too frightened to find out what it is. His people coming to look for him find the dead body of a notorious Indian chief of the warlike tribe, and the Major's pistol lying by him. Of course this was another proof of his bravery; and they making so much noise over the event, he overhears them, comes out, and is duly praised. Meanwhile Maurice, Petermann, &c., are captives with the Indians, and Jaguarita's heart relenting, for she now really loves Maurice, she allows him to escape while watching over him as a sentinel, and consequently, by the laws of her tribe, her life is forfeited. The Indians, who have sacked the whites' villages and have got gloriously drunk, now insist on her death, but succumbing to the influence of the spirit, they fall senseless ere they can execute their intentions. Mama Jumbo, who is the only one that retains his senses, sets the prisoners free and tries to carry off the queen; a shot is heard, he falls wounded and dies, and in rush the colonial troops to the rescue. Jaguarita falls at the feet of her lover, who, when he escaped, went immediately for his regiment, and, as we have seen, arrived happily in time. A happy re-union takes place, and the glorious chorus *Au Milieu de l'ombre* is heard and the curtain falls.

Shelley.

That genial and pithy writer in the *Transcript*, the "Democrat of the Tea Table," among many good things, says these best things about Shelley.

Little, Brown & Co.'s edition of Shelley is disfigured by misprints and bad punctuation. Four-fifths of the poem of Queen Mab, as well as the notes, (which are much longer than the poem) are omitted. The style of the memoir is graceful, but the writer wants "feeling of his business" in treating with indecorous and supercilious sportiveness some of the errors of the most purely imaginative poet of the last hundred years. I would not defend Shelley's conduct further than to say, that he lived up to his own standard of right and duty with more devotion and self-sacrifice than did any other literary man of his time save Wordsworth,—and that his nature was discolored by no stain of grossness. In this respect, it is an insult to his memory to breathe his name with Byron's,—or with those of men and women who could never touch his position except as extremes meet. Heloise might as well be classed with Nell Gwynn! The natural movement of Shelley's mind was in a series of imaginative processes. He had not only studied Nature with large range and minute observation, but his imagination had so transmuted the results of study of her elements and manifestations, that she seems to have handed him the key to her mys-

teries, and taught his ear the rhythm of her movements.

See, in "Prometheus," how he deals with her elemental forces, and how he uses thought and emotion in poetic illustration of nature, instead of the converse and usual method. It is no wonder that Ruskin—who has imagination enough to state, but not enough to fuse the results of his marvellous observation of nature—grows flippant just where he should grow reverential in his treatment of Shelley. A man of even Ruskin's power, when he reaches the end of his tether, in the absence of creative imagination, becomes dogmatic, theoretic and bigoted, and consequently has the least value in what he values himself most.

Shelley's character wanted personal, constitutional and passionate force, and his mind lacked that great solvent and reconciler—humor; hence his poetry, as a whole, is too exclusively and etherially imaginative, and his characters wanting in "blood sympathies" with mankind; hence, quite as much as from his warring with custom and convention, come the harshness and screaminess of his few political poems; and hence the fact that he can never be generally popular. But to every one gifted with imagination or imaginative apprehensiveness, his poetry comes with a Greek freshness from the prime fountains of creative thought—is pure and far-darting as light—elemental in its airy scope and firm grasp and embodiment of the grand pantheistic forces and tender ministrations of nature—and full of love for everything human but human wrong. He was ever wooing beauty as a bride and tingling in every pulse and word with her inspiration.

Critics should learn one great lesson from Shelley's "Cenci." Had that poem not demonstrated that he had true dramatic imagination, they would have maintained forever that he had no capacity for "objective" creation of human character. Of his longer poems, read the "Prometheus" first, and the "Revolt of Islam" last. Of the short poems, read the "Ode to the West Wind" first, and the political poems last—or not at all. Read his "Defence of Poetry" as a model of English prose style, and as a clear, rich, and philosophical treatment of a great theme, and read all his translations from the Greek—of which they are almost the only perfect specimens in our language. Poetry can be translated only by poets, and genius represented only by genius.

It seems strange that one has to turn from other English criticism to Macaulay's article on Southey's Life of Bunyan for a recognition (at all adequate) of Shelley's genius. Leigh Hunt borrowed his money, and quarrelled and chirped over his grave. Capt. Medwin's Life of Shelley is altogether wanting in insight and understanding of his character, and in true appreciation of his genius. Even Mrs. Shelley never comprehended the greatness, though she deserved the love of her husband.

With a nature so pure,—an imagination so powerful and vital to the last detail,—and an intellect so fiery, keen and logical,—Shelley only needed years to bring him to a serene and reconciled life and faith. Would to heaven that he had left behind him a poet able to build over his head a rhyme as lofty as that which he raised over the new grave of Keats!

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? *

From my Diary, No. 22.

Feb. 2.—Last evening a concert of the "German Trio"—heard a delightful Sonata for piano-forte and violin by Mozart; Solos for violin and violoncello, in one of which Jungnickel surprised me by his execution—the strictly musical pleasure, however, being algebraically $x = 0$ —, and a trio by Rubinstein, for bowed instruments and piano-forte.

With every new work of Rubinstein my disappointment increases. How much I was impressed with him and his works three or four years ago is on record in Dwight's Journal. He gave great promise

then, and the old Berlin critics, who remember the days when Beethoven's works were appearing one after another from the press, exciting wonder and astonishment, and not seldom ridicule, and yet always exhibiting something easily recognized as part and parcel of that grandeur of thought and mastery of form which made even his bagatelles noteworthy—these old critics hoped much from him. But Rellstab in particular, said that with his hopes were mingled fears—those fears seem now to have been too well grounded.

The fatal facility with which authors now-a-days can rush into print, is the ruin of many a young talent, which by due culture might enrich our literature. It is precisely so with the musical composer. The presses of Germany, France, England and America teem with crude attempts at composition, in which the deficiency of thought and idea is sought to be covered up by novel effects and curious passages.

Each new work of Rubinstein seems to show more distinctly the effects of this fatal facility. The amount of idea grows ever less; mere prettinesses of effect, and strivings to make an orchestra of his piano-forte and accompanying instruments, and thus startle the auditor, seem to be more than ever his aim. He seems to be oppressed with the "scribble-omania"—his pen must be constantly in use. Now it is not in the nature of things that any very young man can have such a fount of inspiration in him, combined with such a knowledge of the science and art of composition as to be able to go on thus without exhausting himself.

Dehn said four years ago: "The young man has talent but will not 'hasten slowly,' he will not study form." There is the trouble. He has never given that time to the study of other masters, which alone can enable one to determine upon the novelty and value of his own ideas and teach him how to use them effectively, when an idea of real value occurs to him. In music as in literature, one should write because he has something to say, not seek something to say because he wishes to write. Rubinstein seems now to be governed by the latter motive. Still, I find one ray of hope in his case. There is a possibility that he may work himself out, and that a period of rest may come, in which judicious and unsparing criticism may have its beneficial effect, and he may see the feebleness of much of that which he has given the world, and learn wisdom by hard experience.

Like other compositions by him which we have heard recently, the Trio last evening is hardly worthy the name. It is a piano-forte solo—and not a very good one at that—with violin and violoncello accompaniment—hardly obligato. The piano-forte is always thundering along, with no points of rest for the surfeited ear and wearied attention. As it was one of his earlier works—op. 15—there was hope that it would prove less fantastically feeble than some of the later ones; but while little better in this regard, it was worse in regard to the crudeness of its ideas and the want of elegant treatment of the musical thought.

I fear he is not "the coming man."

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 2.—To conclude my summary. Boieldieu's "White Lady" still remains the masterpiece of the French opera music. The originally conceived and worked-up choruses and ensembles, the tender, naive, partly original Scotch melodies, still preserve their power and charm. Boieldieu's accurate knowledge of the soul's various states is expressed in every number so potently, that one is in doubt whether it is the

simplicity and truth of the thought or the lavish use of the most innocent means and effects that enchains and moves us so powerfully. The most perfect instances are the introduction and the second finale, which remind us of Mozart's treatment. Mme. HERRENBURG-TUCZEK was very successful in the part of Anna, in which she again appeared before us, after a long illness, in all the bell-like purity of that voice which has enchanted us so many years. FORMES (tenor) has taken an unsurpassed model for himself in ROGER, as may be remarked in his unquestionable improvement in the part of George Brown.

A novelty of the most peculiar character has been the performance of a "Funeral solemnity of Alexander the Great" (a requiem for the death of a hero) by the composer of the opera "Mahomet," Dr. ZOFF, director of the Opera Academy here. This work, which is based on the concluding scene of the sublime poem by Dr. Märker, the Trilogy: "Alexandria," was produced a few days since at a soirée at the poet's house, under the direction of the composer, by distinguished artists, in the presence of a select circle of men of high position and of learning. Although full of the most modern and most Southern melodies, it yet bears the stamp of antique dignity and enchained (in our military state) the princes and generals who were present, by its splendid military processions at the tomb of Alexander. Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek transported the audience by her exceedingly touching delivery of the grateful part of Roxana, whilst Herr BÖTTCHER (too soon departed from our stage), as the admiral of Alexander, in the hymn of Freedom on the ocean, made all tremble by the gigantic powers of his bass voice.

I think it not out of place here to make honorable mention of some readings of ancient tragedies by a person highly worthy of notice, Fräulein ELISE SCHMIDT, who with a full-sounding, powerfully affecting delivery has given us the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Bacchantes" of Euripides and the "Electra" of Sophocles. If her delivery seemed to us too romantic, still her intelligent characterization of the persons of the drama, supported by the eloquent play of her features and motions of her plastically fine head, enchained most powerfully the too small circle of students and admirers of the incomparably sublime Greek tragedy.

It is much to be lamented that in a great city, thirsting for music, like Berlin, all attempts at other theatres to permanently found a Popular Opera, are continually wrecked upon unfavorable circumstances; chief of which are the great expense, and the lack of sympathy on the part of the public. Thus they tried it again in October with a light comic opera in the Friedrichstadt theatre, and brought out a succession of in part very bravely rehearsed operas by Dittersdorf, Schenk, Fioravanti, Lortzing and Auber. But already the new enterprise seems near the point of being abandoned again. When shall we see the time again when a similar popular stage, that of the Königstädter theatre, may rival the Court theatre by the possession of a Sontag, a Fodor, a Fiorentini, &c.!—Quite recently Signora Fiorentini presented herself, with the ruins of her fine powers, in Kroll's theatre, as a concert singer; but in spite of her admirable school she was eclipsed by the Spanish singer Fortuni, with her fresher voice and Spanish naïveté. With Flo-

rentini in the concerts at Kroll's appeared the brothers WIENIAWSKI, whose performances I have before noticed. A sonata composed by the piano virtuoso Wieniawski, a pupil of Marx, met with no very favorable reception in spite of its praiseworthy delivery. New performers to us were the contrabassist BOTTESINI, and a virtuoso on the ophicleid, a gigantic wind instrument of colossal bass and startling tone; his name is COLOSANTI. Both virtuosos were admired for their technical skill and for the tender tone which they knew how to woo forth from their ponderous instruments; yet the impression was somewhat strange and unnatural.

Of great Oratorio performances the most successful were those of the *Paulus* by Stern's Gesangverein, and of "Alexander's Feast" and the *Requiem* by the Sing-akademie. After so often recognizing that Stern's Society by its peculiar devotion to Mendelssohn keeps the works of this favorite and intellectual Berlin composer always fresh before our minds, I may now remark with praise an opposite symptom which has appeared very recently; and that is, that this most brilliant of our amateur choral societies is no longer confined to its one-sidedness, but has also brought out the most important works of Bach and Beethoven. The Englishman, stiffly encased in the forms of his national religion, may suffer himself to be led off into one-sidedness, because since Handel no composer has so happily met this sympathetic side of the English nation as Mendelssohn in his great Oratorios; but we must not, in spite of our present veneration for a talent that sprang exclusively from our own city, shut our ears against the ever great and classical. But the commemoration of Mendelssohn's death was a most appropriate occasion for the repetition of one of his finest works, "St. Paul." It was one of the most brilliant performances of this gigantic chorus, under the most genial director in Berlin; and not less brilliant were the solos in the hands of Mme. KÖSTER, Fraulein JENNY MEIER, and the opera singers MANTIUS and KRAUSE.

Not less worthy, considering the now much smaller size of the chorus, was the performance by the Singakademie of Handel's "Alexander's Feast," a work so full of youthful freshness and so powerfully affecting. But the solos were in part extremely unsatisfactory, because our Intendant very rarely grants the services of the theatre singers, and when he has once granted them, commonly recalls the permission at the last moment.

I cannot omit mentioning an original concert which our military general music director WIERRECHT gave in the Opera-house, as the hundredth concert for the benefit of our theatrical fund. It was purely made up of works by princely composers, namely by the Prussian kings Frederic the Great and Frederic William III, by Prince Louis, by Prince Albert, by the Princess of Prussia, by the Duke of Coburg, by the Grand Princess Olga, &c., &c. This concert reversed the customary relation, in which the artists proceed from the people and seek the favor of the princes; this time the artists were princes and sought the favor of the people. *f.*

NICE, SARDINIA, DEC. 20, 1857.—One morning from the top of the diligence I peeped abroad, and lo! the Mediterranean, that most glorious and classic of waters, was before me. I thrust

my nose outside of the huge coverlet, and it was greeted with the delicious fragrance of orange blossoms. I poked my head far out at a dangerous angle and feasted my eyes with the sight of roses in full bloom. I felt a gradual thaw extend over my benumbed body, and soon began to acknowledge the genial effect of an Italian climate. We were entering Nice.

From Marseilles I had come by diligence to the frontier of Sardinia—and while on the subject may as well remark, that at Marseilles they have a fine Opera House, where Halevy's everlasting *Juive* was announced for performance, the night I was in that famous old port. The house is spacious and comfortable, but calls for no special comment. Donizetti's *Martiri*, one of his very finest works, and one totally unknown in America,* was alternating with *La Juive*.

Nice is probably the most delightful place of fashionable resort in the world. It possesses every attraction, both natural and artificial; it enjoys an ocean beach equal to that of Newport, and is completely hemmed in by mountains, which, while they protect it from cold winds, give a variety and grandeur to its scenery that it is alone in the power of the "everlasting hills" to bestow. In the centre of the city, and dividing it into two parts, familiarly known as the Old and the New Town, rises a beautiful hill, which is used as a promenade. It is easily ascended by terraced walks, fringed with rose bushes, and with those huge exotic cacti, that in New York and Boston are so carefully preserved as hot-house rarities, while from the grand level promenade on its summit, the eye enjoys a glorious view of mountain and sea, with the intervening town of Nice, and the little port filled with vessels. But it is not its natural advantages alone that makes Nice so delightful. It is a little world of itself—a miniature Paris, with its brilliant stores, its fashionable crowds, its noble boulevards, its opera houses and its wealth—all set down by the sea shore, and enjoying the genial warmth of a continual Spring—such a "gentle Spring" and "etherial mildness" as Thomson wrote about, and not such a raw, damp Spring as Tom Hood so happily and truthfully describes.

You must know that the New Town of Nice consists exclusively of superb hotels and elegant villas, and these are built with considerable taste, producing on the whole a very pleasing architectural effect. Between the group of principal hotels and the sea-shore is a little triangular plot of ground, laid out in walks and flower-beds, which of itself has little to attract attention; yet it is really the most attractive feature of Nice, for at this spot, at a certain hour of the afternoon, all Nice assembles to look at itself and to listen to the music of an excellent band. It forms a most brilliant sight—the numerous carriages are gathered on the roadside, and the occupants have descended to mix with the gay crowd. There are representatives among them from every quarter of Europe. There are innumerable deputations from the land of John Bull—there are Signors from New York, as the Nice newspaper calls the American gentlemen, who rejoice in the simple name of Smith or Jones—there are Russians and Italians, and numbers of petty German princes and princesses. The Grand Duchess of Baden is the most distinguish-

* Donizetti's "Martyrs" was performed in Boston eight or nine years since, as an Oratorio! Ed.

ed of the late arrivals, of course excepting the illustrious "Trovator."

Well, to be sure it is a gay sight, and a gay company! The band is playing one of Strauss' intoxicating waltzes, and everybody is talking to everybody, and keeping time with their forefingers. Ladies in carriages are receiving visits, dandies arrayed in the latest Parisian style are promenading up and down, and among all move here and there a group of peasants from some of the neighboring towns, their curious costume contrasting singularly with the silks and laces and broadcloth by which they are surrounded. Then on all this gay and happy assembly the bright afternoon sun is shining and the old Mediterranean is beating on the beach a few feet distant. In the pauses of the Strauss music you hear his regular heavy boom, and glancing between the brilliant equipages you can catch glimpses of his white and dashing surf.

After the sun has set the band disperses, and the concourse of listeners follow their example. A great many of them go to the opera.

Now in Nice, this little town of 30,000 inhabitants, they have two fine operas—a French and an Italian. The former appears to be the most fashionable, and has certainly the finest building—a spacious, handsome theatre, very plain in its decorations, but still possessing every requisite for comfort. It was filled to repletion the night I attended by an appreciative audience gathered to listen to the second production in Nice of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, which was given in admirable style by an excellent troupe with one JULIA DROUET as Valentine, and JOURDAN, a Paris tenor, as Raoul. But the finest artist of the company and the one who was received with greatest approbation was Mme. NUMA, a prima-donna of the very first order of merit, who undertook the other soprano rôle in the *Huguenots*.

At the Italian Opera, the management, to compete with the success of Meyerbeer's work at the rival establishment, offered an attractive bill comprising the whole of Rossini's *Barbiere* and the third act of Verdi's *Ernani*. It is not customary to give the names of the artists on the posters as with us, so I did not learn the personnel of the company of the Theatre Varty, as the Italian house is called.

Perhaps you would suppose that at a fashionable place of resort like Nice, where most of those who support the opera are persons of almost unbounded wealth, the price of admission to the opera would be very high. But such is not the case. At the French opera the boxes are let by the season, and the parquet is thrown open to the public for twenty cents; ladies can visit this part of the house. The "gods" are provided with an upper gallery for eight cents. At the Italian opera the prices vary from sixty cents, for the most expensive seats, to five cents for the upper gallery, including between these two extremes, prices at thirty, fifteen, and ten cents. Add to this that living at Nice is very reasonable, that the climate is preferable to that of Florence or Rome, that the scenery is unequalled, the society everything that could be desired, and where could a lazy man with a little money find a more delightful spot in which to enjoy his *dolce far niente*. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—Last Saturday Messrs. MASON and THOMAS gave their first Matinée at the Lecture Room of the Spingler Institute

(Mr. Gorham D. Abbot's school for Young Ladies), a small hall, amphi-theatrically arranged, which is tolerably good for music. It was quite filled on this occasion, and the audience was evidently well satisfied with the performances. These consisted of quartets by Beethoven and Schumann, a trio by Volkmann, (who is he?) and some piano morceaux played by Mr. William Mason. I was glad to find that the quartet have improved greatly (three of them, at least, for the violoncello is in new hands) since winter before last. They give evidence of careful practice in the interval. The Beethoven quartet was one of the op. 18 set—which are all lovely. Schumann's No. 1 is a grand, splendid composition, the many obvious difficulties of which were finely surmounted. It appeared to create universal enthusiasm. The Trio was full of pleasing melodies, and quite taking, though not at all deep. The effect of Mr. Mason's excellent playing was marred by the piano, one of Steinway's Grands, which was unpleasantly harsh and loud in tone. It appeared to be the same instrument used at Goldbeck's concert, where I had already been struck by its unfavorable qualities. These were also very disadvantageous to Mr. Mason's solo-pieces, which were an *Etude* of Chopin (op. 10, No. 7), a transcription of Weber's *Schlummerlied*, by Liszt, Henselt's pretty little *Etude*: "*Si oiseau j'étais*."

For EISELDE'S Soirée, last evening, we had, for a wonder, good weather—but a lecture by Edward Everett was in its way. However, Dodworth's pretty hall was fuller than it has been in a long time at these occasions. The concert was, as far as instrumental music was concerned, a most enjoyable one; the vocal part was only calculated to serve as a foil, being even more indifferent than usual. We had a charming quartet by Haydn—so like him, in its freshness and simplicity, its jolly bag-pipe sounds in the first movement, its beautiful harmonies in the second (the variations on the Austrian National Hymn) the airy grace of the minuetto, and pretty melodies of the finale. The execution of both this and the quartet by Rubinstein, which we heard twice last year, was admirable. The "*Music of the Future*" was farther represented by a song by Johannes Brahms, a wild, weird, very original thing—so short as to be hardly more than a musical idea, which was the only thing worth listening to, or even mentioning, sung by Mrs. BRINCKERHOFF, the vocalist of the evening.

The remaining number of the programme was filled by Mr. GOLDBECK, in his own Trio. Of this composition I find that I hardly judged correctly in a previous letter. I have hardly ever known anything to improve so much by a second and third hearing. In a measure, indeed, this was owing to the difference in the voices, the pianos (we had here a Chickering) and in the violins (for though Mr. Mollenhauer is unquestionably greater as a solo player than Mr. Noll, yet in concerted music the contrary is the case), as well as to Mr. Goldbeck himself playing with far more spirit and fire than before. But setting all these outward circumstances aside, the composition itself seemed to me far more praiseworthy than at the first hearing. It contains passages of great power, some very effective parts, (such as a crescendo progression in the first movement, or the whole of the scherzo) and melodies which a bet-

ter acquaintance makes much more pleasing. Parts of the Andante are very beautiful, but there is a little sort of a "quirk" going through the accompaniment of the whole, which sounds affected and far-fetched, and could very well be dispensed with. I am glad to say, that this now seems to me the only really unpleasant thing in the whole work. The latter is, indeed, quite an uncommon production for one so young, and gives promise of much higher things. Its chief fault is, that too many musical ideas and conceptions are crowded together; the young artist has not yet learned to assort them sufficiently, or to save his powers. He has undeniably very great talent, but it is not yet enough under his control. It is to be regretted that he could not have studied longer under some great master; he is not yet firm and clear enough to be left entirely to himself. The best thing for him would be, to return to Europe and be a scholar a little longer. In that case one could almost certainly predict for him a noble name in the Art-world; whereas it is much to be feared that if he continues to steer his own bark, his undisciplined genius will soon gain an unfortunate mastery over him, and he will wear himself out, both mentally and physically, before his career is fairly begun.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The third concert of our Philharmonic Society came off on Saturday evening last. The programme was as follows:

- | PART I. | |
|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1—Symphony—No. 7, | Beethoven |
| 2—"Il Placer,"—Aria from <i>Lozza Ladra</i> , | Rossini |
| | Madame de Lussan. |
| 3—"Rerete," | Alvars |
| | Harp—Mr. Aptommas. |
| PART II. | |
| 1—"Lustspiel," (Comedy.)—Overture, | Julius Rietz |
| 2— <i>a.</i> "Autumn," | John Thomas |
| <i>b.</i> "La Tarantella," | Aptommas |
| | Harp—Mr. Aptommas. |
| 3—"Ricci Waltz," | Ricci |
| | Madame de Lussan. |
| 4—"William Tell,"—Overture, | Rossini |

These concerts have been the most thoroughly enjoyable of anything we have had this winter. The "Brooklyn Athenæum," though large enough for ordinary purposes, is too small for any large gathering—its capacity being only about 1200. But what it lacks in size, it makes up in its admirable acoustic qualities.

Now imagine such a room well filled—all the good seats and standing room occupied, the audience not dressy, or, at least in appearance, "fashionable"—but looking more as though they had "just dropped in to hear the music." The room is full some time before the concert is to commence, and as almost everybody is acquainted with his neighbor, there is pleasant chatting, and—of course a *little* flirting, until a rap from Mr. EISELDE'S baton restores perfect order, and the first notes of the glorious "seventh" announce the concert fairly begun. The orchestra under Mr. Eiselde's able leadership goes through the symphony most splendidly. There is not a superfluous instrument or an inefficient player among the whole "forty performers." The sparkling Scherzo laughed and frolicked, the Andante was grand and sober, the Finale Allegretto earnest, dignified and emphatic.

Mme. DE LUSSAN is a lady with a pleasant, flexible, light voice, of good style, agreeable and unpretending in manner. She sings in Dr. Peace's (Catholic) church, in Sidney Place. The choir in this church are much noted for their excellent singing, great numbers attending every Sunday, and some regularly, only for the purpose of hearing the music!

In her first piece, Mme. Lussan was somewhat disconcerted and nervous, and did not do herself justice. In the "Ricci Waltz" she was more successful and received an encore. I have the same fault to find with her, however, that I did with Miss Behrend at the first of these concerts; and that is, in their choice of pieces to sing. Had Mme. du Lussan chosen something less pretentious, something that we have not heard sung by the greatest of living artists, the impression left would have been much more to her advantage.

Of course Mr. APTOMMAS played delightfully and pleased immensely; he always does. Both pieces were warmly received and encoired. In answer to the second encore, Mr. Aptommas gave us "Sweet Home," which, in its turn barely escaped the same fate.

The "Comedy Overture," by Rietz, contains some beautiful passages, and is sure to be popular if given at chamber concerts, but is not of the kind to please large, popular audiences. It seemed to me very much like Mendelssohn's music, not that it imitates Mendelssohn except in style.

The "Tell" Overture was finely given; had it been anywhere else in the programme but the last, it would surely have been encoired.

For the fourth and last concert of the season, we are to have Gade's Symphony in C, the Overture, "Calm sea and happy voyage," by Mendelssohn, and "Masaniello" Overture. BELLINI.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 6, 1858.

CONCERTS.

ORCHESTRAL.—Mr. ZERRAHN'S second concert, (Saturday evening, Jan. 30) will be remembered:—not for its rare excellence, but for the signal lesson that it gave. Seldom have we had a more uninteresting, seldom a more *useful* concert. In what way we shall see.

Of course it was not possible that one of Zerrahn's programmes should contain nothing of the highest and most sterling order. He is too true a musical enthusiast for that. The trouble was that the circumstances of the times, the multifarious hints and clamors from all quarters had forced him into a new chapter of *experiments* in the very delicate and critical matter of programme-making. He came nobly forward in a time of "panic," when few had courage to think *any* concerts practicable, and least of all such concerts as appeal to real taste and culture for support. We were thankful to get orchestral music upon any terms, and Zerrahn had our sympathy and best wishes when he undertook to give us the best music that he could in the cheapest way, and by mingling the "light," "popular" elements in his programmes in doses large enough to attract paying audiences. No blame to him then; the result is such that we rejoice—so must severer classicists than we—that he has fully tried this plan of pleasing the unmusical,—that he has tried the zeal and gratitude of those who cry out upon all occasions for "light" music.

The programme, take it all together, was about the lightest and the dullest that we remember in our twenty years of orchestral or (as they say elsewhere) "Philharmonic" concerts. It failed to draw more than a very moderate audience, and failed to interest or keep there those who came. Yet, as we said before, it did have points of interest. It opened nobly. The greatest Symphony by Mozart, that in C,

(which some Englishman, struck by the large, majestic and triumphant character of its three livelier movements, especially the four-fold fugue of the Finale, called the "Jupiter," or King of Symphonies), was very finely played, and listened to with deep attention and delight. No other piece that evening, and few pieces any evening, so enchanted the entire audience. After an interval of instrumental solo, came the *Figaro* overture, also Mozart's, which flew by with the swift and shining wings of a brief merry moment. This ended the first part, and with this the musical interest of the evening was exhausted.

The second part consisted of a very flat and worthless piece of picture music ("The Dream of the Savoyard") by Lumbye; another solo; the Romanza from *L'Eclair*, for English Horn and Flute, pretty enough; a "Papageno" Concert Polka on airs from the *Zauberflöte*; an indifferent overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai. The solos were by a young Hungarian violoncellist, FERY KLETZER, one of Mr. Ullman's importations. His manner is simple and modest, he draws a very sweet, singing tone from his strings, and his chief point seems to be a highly finished, although rather sentimental, singing or *cantabile* style. In *bravura* he indulged comparatively little, which was to his credit; that little was in the last variation to his last piece, the *Le Desir* waltz. His chromatic intervals were not always precisely true; and what made the matter worse sometimes, especially in an Adagio by Mozart and a fantasia on *Don Sebastian*, was the clumsy and confused instrumentation of the orchestral accompaniment, as far as possible from Mozart's manner, which made frequent discord. The solos were creditable to Mr. Kletzer, but hardly an "attractive" feature in the concert. The fact is, the great majority of concert-goers are weary of solos as such, unless the composition itself have intrinsic charm, like a Concerto by Beethoven or Mendelssohn. And how long will our concert-givers be deceived by this very superficial and unsignifying matter of clapping of hands. It is not the real audience who clap; it is hardly natural to clap hands when we enjoy deeply. First blow away this froth, and then you come to the real sense and feeling of an audience. Not the hands of the unmusical, but the hearts of the musical are the thermometer that may be trusted. Yet it is the children in almost every audience, even of our so-called highest concerts, whose verdict seems to be most courted in the trying-on of programmes.

But to return to Lumbye. The "Savoyard's Dream" will be an era in our music. It is an orchestral fantasia, by a famous Polka writer, on a very flat and sentimental story of a girl going off in a steamship, the lover's pains of absence, and dreams of her return; full of clapping description of winds and waves, in very, very feeble imitation of Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* overture; of stale, sentimental hurdy-gurdy melody, and low tricks, such as rubbing sand-paper to imitate the rustling of water. Some laughed at it, nobody seemed to like it. It fell flat. The "light" music movement had run itself off its legs. The "Dream" was the last struggle in a poor, and false direction, the turning point, at which we bid good-bye, we trust forever, to a mistaken concert policy. It convinced the lighter portion of the audience even that poor things are not quite so pleasant after all as good things; it convinced the musicians and the newspaper paragraphists; above all it convinced Mr. Zerrahn that this was not the way to do it; he has tried the experiment out, and learned a lesson, as he makes haste to show us by his next programme, from which he discards all "dreams" and "panic" pieces. There is but one way in the long run to secure an audience for concerts of a high class; it is to make up the programme without regard to names, as "classical" or "light", but solely with regard to what is good intrinsically. Study contrast,

study variety, proportion, but let every piece be good. By persisting in this policy, the public must come round to the high standard; but undertake to enter to every whim of false taste or ignorance, and take the vote of hands alone, and very soon you know not where you are; you are entirely afloat; there is no right and no wrong; no principle or fixed point anywhere; no part of the last year's experience survives as a foundation for the next year; no steady growth or progress upward; but all is chance, caprice and chaos.

The next concert will be one week from to night. The programme is a grand one, wholly free from nonsense. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; the playful Allegretto from the Eighth Symphony; the overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *Der Freischütz*; these are the orchestral numbers. Then Mr. COOPER, one of the very first of English violinists, will play either Mendelssohn's or one of Beethoven's Concertos; and Miss MILNER, who sang so finely in the "Creation," will sing some pieces worthy of such a concert.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. We are two concerts in arrears in our notices of the choice feasts still prepared us by this Club. The third of the present series occurred Jan. 5, and with the following programme:

- PART I.
1—Quartet No. 2, in E flat, op. 44.....Mendelssohn
2—Aria from "Titus," Deb per quæstio.....Mozart
3—Quartet in C, No. 47, (first time).....Haydn

- PART II.
4—Allegretto from the Quintet in E minor, op. 8.....N. Gade
5—Song: "Das heimliche Teufel" (Secret Sorrow).....Spohr
With Violoncello Obligato.
6—S. cond Quintet in C, op. 23.....Beethoven

If we remember, luck went against the perfect sympathy of strings that night in several pieces. It is a delicate matter, that of getting a quartet in perfect tune and *rapport*; it depends on moods, on magnetism, states of air and temperature, &c. But the most part of the music was enjoyed, the Quintet by Beethoven especially, the first movement of which is among the very finest of his early period. The Adagio is more Mozartish. The vocalist was Miss MARIA FRIES, who is to be honored for her choice of pieces, which she had studied well, and sang with fair execution and with a clear and true, if not very sympathetic voice.

The fourth programme (last Tuesday evening) was one of the very best:

- PART I.
1—Quintet in B flat, (first time).....Mozart
Allegro—Tema con variazioni—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro assai
2—Ave Maria.....Robert Franz
3—Piano Trio, in C minor, op. 1, No. 1.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Andante con variazioni—Minuetto—Finale, Prestissimo.

- PART II.
4—Two movements from Posthumous Quartet.....Mendelssohn
5—Cavatina from "Titus," Parto ben mio, (with Clarinet obligato).....Mozart
6—Quartet in E minor, op. 59 No. 2 of the Three Razumovsky Quartets.....Beethoven
Allegro—Molto Adagio—Scherzo and Trio: Theme Russe—Finale, Presto

The great feature was the Beethoven Quartet, a work in every way one of the most original and full of character of the great master. It is extremely difficult, but went remarkably well. There is something strangely intellectual and rare in the quaint theme of the Allegro, in its echo on a strange key and in the whole development; it is a pure creation of the mind, and bears no taint of commonplace. The Adagio, long as it is, is one of Beethoven's noblest and profoundest, full of feeling and of beauty, a zeal *de profundis*. The Russian theme is

The Mozart Quintet was delicious, though not one of the very best. It is quite dramatic in parts, having considerable recitative and solo. It suffered some from impure intonation in the highest tones of the first violin. The Mendelssohn specimens were of the best, both of his pensive and his fairy vein. Perhaps most persons enjoyed most the Beethoven Trio, which abounds in exquisite ideas and contrasts. The piano part was played by Mr. B. J.

LANG, with a precision, cleanness and expression that would have done honor to far more experienced artists. We do not remember a more promising debut in this kind.

The vocalist was Mrs. M. N. BOYDEN, another *debutante*, of youthful and interesting appearance, who seemed to enter into the spirit and feeling of her music, especially the *Ave Maria* by Franz, but whose vocal style is rather crude as yet; nor was the voice always true. She has scarcely execution enough for the cavatina from Mozart. The accompaniments to the *Ave Maria*, as arranged for muted strings, had a beautiful effect. On the whole it was one of the best Chamber Concerts we have ever had.

The "ORPHEUS" offer fine attractions for their last concert this evening. Those glorious double-choruses from the Greek tragedies will be repeated; so too the Trio from *Euryanthe*; Miss DOANE will sing; Mr. LEONHARD, the pianist, will play Mendelssohn and Chopin; and there will be part-songs grave and gay, and of the best....In Philadelphia the Opera still flourishes. The debut of FORMES, in the part of Phœbe, was an ovation; for the rest *Martha* was badly done. *Norma* still worse, in an afternoon, by Mme. CARADORI, Mme. SIEDENBURG, and Messrs. BIGNARDI and DURRILL. Chorus and orchestra are still complained of, in spite of the arrival of conductor ANSCHUTZ. *Puritani* was never so well performed, they say, in Philadelphia, as last week by FORMIS, GASSIER, TIBERINI and LAGRANGE.

Advertisements.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

THE LAST CONCERT (of the Series of Three) of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 6th, at the MELODEON, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN. The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, Pianist.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1—Double Chorus. From *Edipus Coloneus*.....Mendelssohn
2—Lebenslied Soprano Solo with Chorus.....Hiller
3—Capriccio. Piano Solo.....Mendelssohn
4—Wasserfahrt.....Mendelssohn
5—Duet from *Figaro*.....Mozart
6—Double Chorus from *Antigone*.....Mendelssohn

- PART II.
1—Ballade. In A flat major.....Chopin
2—Aria with Chorus from *Romeo and Juliet*.....Bellini
3—Trio and Chorus from *Euryanthe*.....Weber
4—Waltz. (By request).....Vogl
5—Trio with Chorus.....Kuecken
6—Turkish Drinking Song.....Mendelssohn

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores, and at the door on the evening.
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

CARL ZERRAHN

Will give his

THIRD GRAND CONCERT

(AND LAST BUT ONE.)

On Saturday Evening, February 13th,

For which occasion Mr. Z. has succeeded in securing the highly valuable assistance of

MISS MILNER,

The Celebrated English Songstress, and

MR. COOPER,

The Great European Violinist.

PROGRAMME

- PART I.
1—Symphony in A major (No. 7).....Beethoven
2—Scena and Aria from "Titus,".....Mozart
MISS MILNER.
3—Concerto for Violin, with orchestral accomp.....Mendelssohn
MR. COOPER.

- PART II.
4—Overture: "Tannhäuser,".....R. Wagner
5—Scotch Ballad, MISS MILNER.
6—Allegretto Scherzando from the 8th Symphony, Beethoven
7—Duet for Violin and Voice, MR. COOPER and MISS MILNER.
8—Overture, "Der Freischütz,".....C. M. de Weber

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FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

[Continued from page 354.]

Mrs. Peters is a noble woman, but Mrs. Johnson is the treasure!

What endless conversations we have upon music! Our tastes agree, having been developed under similar influences in Germany, although our visits there were years apart; and there is no limit to the topics, which rise spontaneously when we are together. When Mrs. Johnson was there, Beethoven was just passing away; Schubert was beginning to be appreciated; that wonderful youth, Mendelssohn, was raising hopes destined in great measure to be fulfilled; Hummel, Seyfried, and many others still remained, who had known Mozart and Haydn; Rossini and Bellini were in the meridian of their glory; Liszt and Paganini were the marvels of the concert-room; Malibran, Pasta, Sontag, Lablache, Rubini, were the singers; Beethoven's last works were the bugbears of the critics, and incomprehensible to almost the entire musical public. How much she has to tell of those days and of some of those great artists, whom she saw and heard! Then it was that she made herself the accomplished musician that I find her to be, and attained that excellence which causes me daily to marvel that she thus buries her talents in this little out-of-the-way country village.

In spite of my better judgment, the impression made upon me in my childhood, by what was said of her marriage, was so strong, that I long hesitated to speak of her deceased husband, so fearful was I of awakening unpleasant recollections in her mind. I was afraid of touching upon some sore spot; and yet the desire to know her story—to clear up the mystery—increased with

every interview. Last week, however, while chatting with her, the conversation took such a turn as enabled me to relate my childish recollections of her as I have sketched them above. I do not now remember how I concluded my tale, but I suppose it was with some very solemn, absurd, and in her eyes, comical expression of sympathy for her fancied troubles and sorrows; for my sentimentality was shocked and all my thoughts thrown into sudden confusion by a hearty burst of merriment.

"I declare," said she, "it is almost a pity to spoil so pretty a romance as you have evidently imagined about me. I can understand now the mysterious references which you have occasionally made to my past history. Now, I assure you I have no more story to tell than Canning's knife-grinder had, unless it be made worth telling by the simple fact, that the regularities of courtship, and a wedding party, and the distribution of cake and cards, and the various *et ceteras* of such an affair in a country town, were dispensed with,—and that the affair was somewhat sudden, and I chose to marry Mr. Johnson, a poor man, rather than two or three others who were well-to-do in the world. As a matter of course all the village gossips had their say upon the matter, and knew my business best—but I was far away and not troubled in the least by it all—the reports of their talk in my sister's letters only made me laugh."

"I should like to hear the story, though," said I.

"Do you remember Mr. Johnson?"

"I have no distinct recollection of him—not distinct enough in fact to make me sure that I ever saw him. He did not belong to Hildale?"

"No. He was from Roxbury. While in College he taught our school two or three winters—and became a favorite in the place—but that was before I was old enough to attend. After graduating, he studied medicine and surgery, and during the last war was persuaded to join a privateer fitted out by some Salem merchants, as surgeon. The vessel crossed the ocean, and at the close of the war was sold in one of the Dutch ports. Several prizes had been taken, and the Doctor's share of prize-money was sufficient to enable him to remain some time in Europe. From his childhood his earnest wish had been to become a painter, and nothing but the want of encouragement for art in those days and the earnest desire of his father had led him to the study of medicine.

"Being now in Europe with funds sufficient to support him for some time, he gave himself up to Art. The spoils of the continent were then in the Louvre, and having made the Rhine tour, he hastened to Paris and devoted himself to study.

But the great political events which followed had their effect upon his fortunes and drove him back to America, but not to his profession. Medicine had less charms for him than ever, and he chose to leave his father's house, depending upon his ill-paid labors as an artist, rather than live in comfort and ease as a physician. People had not much money to spend upon superfluities from 1815 to 1825, and Mr. Johnson lived in poverty. His efforts in portrait and landscape painting were by no means despicable in point of art, though they were so in point of remuneration for the labor bestowed upon them. I mentioned that he had been a favorite among the Hildale people when schoolmaster, and he used to come up and spend his summers here, boarding at the tavern, spending his mornings in sketching and painting, and the afternoons in fishing or visiting and chatting with the neighbors. He was very fond of children—especially of us little girls; he painted little pictures for us, sometimes wrote us verses, sketched us singly and in groups, weighed us upon the grocer's scales, feasted us upon the grocer's nuts and confectionery, and was never happier than when half a dozen of us were playing about him in his studio, while he was at work. So we all loved him, and the sight of his easel upon the stage-coach, as it came up the plain, in May or June, was a signal for general rejoicing.

"His was not a course of life fitted to secure the approbation of the wise and prudent. True he had no bad habits, as all knew, but people said he was wasting his time and talents upon what was of no earthly use, except to look at, and the old ladies who had marriageable daughters, did not encourage his visits to their houses, although they enjoyed them amazingly.

"As I grew older a taste and talent for music developed itself in me, and I spent several years of my girlhood in Boston, with an aunt, where I fitted myself for the profession of music-teacher. I returned to Hildale when about nineteen, and began to teach. My principal instructor had been Graupner, who awakened in me a strong love for German music, which had been strengthened by the production of 'Der Freyschütz' at the Boston Theatre as a melo-drama, with much of Weber's music, and by the vocal works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and others, which I had heard at the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boylston Hall. I had read also a few works upon music in Germany, had seen some English musical periodicals, and had been a diligent reader of the 'Euterpeid.' All these causes had combined not only to make me love German music, but to give me an unconquerable desire to visit its home—a desire whose gratification, for a

poor New England girl in those days, was ludicrously hopeless.

"In the summer after my return home, Mr. Johnson came again. The years which had elapsed since I had happened to see him, had left their mark. He was now a man of middle-age—his locks were streaked here and there with white. But his eyes were kind as ever, his smile as beautiful, his conversation as lively—though a vein of sarcasm, at times, and even a tinge of bitterness colored it;—his love for children had, if possible, increased. He was now regarded as a confirmed 'old bachelor,' and as such was upon a footing of intimacy with the young women, to which 'eligible parties' could not aspire. Such a man, you know, in small country towns, is bea-general for all such as have no beau-particular. As an old bachelor, also, he was the target for all the sharp-shooting of the would-be witty young women of the village—and for that matter, of some no longer so *very* young. But it was hard to find him at a loss—he had reasons plenty as blackberries for not marrying.

"The next summer when he came he wore a weed upon his hat. His father was dead, and the report ran through the village that he had come into possession of a 'handsome property.' This set the tongues of the women, old and young, a-going faster than ever, and some half a dozen persons were named, one of whom, there could be no doubt, was destined now to become Mrs. Johnson—your humble servant, however, was not of the number. It was soon remarked that he was graver than was his wont, that he spent more time in rambling by the river and over the hills; that he confined his calls more to two or three families, and especially that he sometimes exhibited annoyance at the thousand old jokes upon his celibacy. Well. One afternoon in early autumn, half a dozen of us sat sewing and chatting at widow Bedloe's, as he passed the house returning from a walk. Lily Jones—perhaps you remember her—a strong, masculine girl, with a tremendous tongue—called him and he came in. The girls were all ripe for a frolic, and Lily's tongue soon became a two-edged sword. I sat quiet—I was as rattle-brained as any of them, if the truth must be told, but very probably owing to an artistic sympathy with him, there was that in him which restrained my nonsense in his presence. To-day he became graver and graver, and dropped some pretty severe remarks in reply to Miss Lily.

"'If the truth was known,' said she at length, in answer to something he said, 'you are waiting to find perfection. I should think you were old enough to have found out, if not, I can tell you, that girls are not perfect—no more than you men. And now that you have come into possession of a handsome property, if you were disposed to do your duty, you could not do better than look with pity upon these poor damsels and try to make one of them happy.'

"'Perhaps you, Miss Lily,' said he with a quiet smile.

"'No Sir. I am used to living alone, and can hoe my own row without help of you men!'

(She afterwards married Smith, the cobbler.)

"'Very well,' returned he, with a ceremonious bow, 'and now, girls, if you have badgered me long enough, permit me to make you a parting speech—for when you will see me again God only knows.'

He said this sadly, and it sobered us all.

"'Some of you have known me,' he began, 'since I first came to Middle—you, certainly, Miss Lily, for you were one of 'the great girls,' when I taught school here some seventeen or eighteen years ago.'

Miss Lily winced under this stroke.

"'You know that my determination to devote myself to Art cost me everything—the assistance and approbation of my father—the girl I loved—the bright prospects which opened to me as a physician. You know how I have toiled, in what poverty I have lived—no! you cannot know that—what it has cost me to live up to the maxim, "owe no man anything"—and you know how sadly I have come short of the goal toward which I have striven. You do *not* know that the one great leading idea for long and weary years has been again to stand upon European ground and, ceasing to make a mere mechanical trade for bread of my profession, to drink once more at the pure fountains,—to study and contemplate and fill my soul with the beauty of the great masters. Had I been disposed to marry, this ruling idea would in my circumstances have made it impossible. But let that pass. My desire to see Europe again is as strong as ever, and the means are mine—not ample—but enough for me. I shall go.

"'To hear you talk to me, a stranger would suppose that I have only to toss my handkerchief to any girl in the place, and she will be mine forever. I have not the vanity to believe this, nor if I had, would my conscience allow me to try it. Honesty is our duty in so small a bargain as the purchase of a bushel of potatoes—how much more so when the happiness of two persons' lives depends upon it. For either man or woman to conceal facts, which may cause a life of bitterness to their future partner, is, of all knavery and cheating, the basest and most sad in its consequences. But you all, save our good little music-teacher in the corner, who has so precious little to say for herself, seem so anxious that I should marry and thus make way with myself, that I have determined, with all candor and honesty, to declare myself and—make a proposal!'

At this there was a great laugh and not a little fluttering.

"'Mark you, I shall be perfectly fair, candid and honest; so, be on your guard, and never say I deceived you. Well, then, in the first place, girls, you see in me a man of forty, who sincerely believes that no man can reach the highest happiness in this world without a home of his own and a wife in it.

"'Secondly, he believes in a love all-conquering, that supercedes all other emotions and feelings, and becomes the grand main-spring—at least for the time being—of his life. Of this love he is no longer capable—it was his once—it can never be again.

"'Thirdly, he has no profession upon which he can rely for daily bread, his entire dependence beyond his unremunerative art, being upon a few hundreds—not thousands—of dollars which have recently come into his possession.

"'Fourthly, this small sum is already consecrated to the one great purpose now of his life, a student visit to Europe.

"'Fifthly, a life of lonely disappointment, defeated hopes, and unsatisfied expectation has left its impress upon his whole character. He is

moody, exacting, excitable, and poorly fitted to make another happy.

"'Sixthly, his youthful enthusiasm has departed—is buried in the grave of his hopes—although he is determined again to be a student and thus carry out his plan of years, he looks not for success, he has not the feeblest expectation of ever becoming known and honored in his art.

"'Seventhly, he loses more and more his relish for society—lives more and more alone—loses old friends and makes no new ones—living to himself and for himself—but above all, sadder than all, his constitution is slowly giving way under an insidious, internal disease, which may in a few years hurry him to the grave, or render long years miserable with suffering, both for himself and any one, who should, knowing all this, dare unite her fate to his.

"'Girls, this is the solemn truth!'

[Conclusion next week.]

From my Diary, No. 23.

Feb 9th.—On several occasions lately, when speaking of works by Beethoven, which one would gladly hear, and which would probably become favorites with the public, the question has been asked: "But where shall we find the music?" Now it is not to be expected that music-dealers, with large rents to pay, and obliged to meet a thousand expenses of which the uninitiated know nothing, should fill up their shelves with a huge stock of unsaleable works, however great in character and however important to the student of music and musical history. Yet every person at all conversant with music in its higher departments, and interested in it, must see at once how important and gratifying an addition to our means of improvement would be a complete collection of the works of any one of the great masters; and for all whose tastes have been cultivated in the direction of instrumental music, the complete works of Beethoven would be invaluable. It has occurred to me that this want might easily be supplied. Every citizen of Boston has now at his command a library destined in a few years to rank among the finest in the United States—and possibly to rank with at least the second class of the great libraries of Europe. Our friends, who seek in music their means of living, whatever be their native tongue, are cared for with all other classes, and have equal privileges. For them, too, will be made in process of time, a collection of works which bear upon their art; but it will hardly be thought proper to devote any large portion of the funds of the Library to purchase music. We can hardly, with due modesty, ask this. But the Library is established. It is for the good of all. And in the building space will be accorded to any collection we might give; and, while it would be carefully preserved, at the same time it would be free to us all.

When Mr. Everett proposed that everybody give a book, it occurred to me, that many who can ill afford to do this, could still give some little time and labor to an object, which mediately or directly, should be for the musician's own advantage as well as that of the public.

I said we want in Boston a complete collection of the works of the great masters of music. Suppose now that our musical societies of all kinds should see fit to join in an effort to obtain this for the public Library; could it not be done?

Take the works of Beethoven for instance.

The 26th of March next is the anniversary of that great man's death. Why not on that day—or on the next, as the 26th falls on Friday, and our orchestras would be more at liberty on Saturday evening—have a concert in which our musicians and singers should all take part, the programme to be made up of Beet-

hoven's works alone, and the proceeds to be given to the object of obtaining the complete collection of his works for the public Library? If all would take hold with a will, something might be done, which the public would heartily support—for, to the honor of Boston be it said, in such cases our people are never backward.

Such a concert might be arranged with a programme which should contain much that is new to our public; at all events little of the music need be what has often been heard. The Heroic Symphony would seem to be demanded by the occasion—for Beethoven himself was a hero.

As pertinent to the occasion, the music performed and sung at his funeral might be given by a band and the Orpheus Club, as on that occasion, by brass instruments and men's voices. The choral societies might join in giving with the orchestra that delicious piece the "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt," and the grand finale chorus of the "Mount of Olives,"—or perhaps "Eugeni" entire. Some one of our women singers might give the "Ah Perfido," or the trio "Tremate, cupi, tremate!" might form an interesting feature. "The Ruins of Athens" furnishes beautiful music for chorus and orchestra—the "Egmont" affords, besides its noble overture, a couple of songs whose simple beauty would strike people by surprise, who only know Beethoven as the great symphonist. Or something might be done from the Masses—I say nothing of the Ninth Symphony—for there is no time to rehearse it properly.

This is, to be sure, but a hint—will anybody take it? In case of success why not have one annual festival, when all the musical talent and taste of Boston should unite and do something for the musical department of the public Library? Yes, why not?

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, ITALY, JAN. 3.—Having safely arrived at the City of the Medici, [that's an entirely new title for Florence, and I shall prosecute anybody else that makes use of it] I engaged, after infinite deliberation, a couple of little apartments in Via Maggio, at a ridiculously low sum of money, and prepared for a month of economical living in what Bayard Taylor calls the "most delightful and cheapest city in the world." I decided to make an experiment, both for my own good and the good of the world at large, and see how cheaply I could live for a month "In Italy." I argued to myself, with a shrewd sagacity, which I cannot but admire: "In Italy, one of the chief products is macaroni—*ergo* macaroni cannot be an expensive article—consequently, I will subsist on macaroni. Operas are a staple product of Italy; I must go to the opera; but to lessen the expense I will go up to the highest tier at ten crazie, rather than pay twenty for a comfortable, Christian-like seat. Being beneath the balmy skies of Italia, I will need no fire, and will thus escape the expense of fuel. Indeed I shall live so cheaply in Florence, that the interest of my fifty dollars will be lying idle in the bank!"

Well, I got fairly into my rooms, which cost me about eighteen cents a day, attendance included. A day or so passed pleasantly enough in doing the lions of Florence, but that duty accomplished, and my intense study of the language; (which carried on in the Ollendorffian system, consisted of the translation of such practically useful sentences as: "Have you the red cow which I have?—No; I have not the red cow which you have, but that which my good uncle's grandmother

has.") needing some relaxation, I decided to hire a piano-forte. The opera season had not yet commenced, and Florence was as destitute of music as if it had been a new settlement in Wisconsin, instead of one of the chiefest cities of the Land of Poetry and Song.

Having decided to hire a piano, I thought it would be but a proper duty to notify my landlady. She is from England, but nevertheless, I always address her as *La mia Cara Padrona*, because it sounds more as if I had an intimate acquaintance with the Italian tongue. So when the lady presented herself one morning at the door of my apartment with my breakfast (regret to state parenthetically that the macaroni system did not work as well as expected) I exclaimed in my blindest tones:

"*La mia Cara Padrona* has, I suppose, no objection to my hiring a piano-forte?"

The Padrona had no objections—none at all—quite the contrary—but perhaps the Russian gentleman on the lower floor below, who was confined to his room by rheumatism, might have objections.

Would the Cara Padrona confer with the Russian gentleman, or would I call on him myself, I inquired. The Cara Padrona thought it would be best for me to speak to him, if I could speak Russian, for the Russian gentleman spoke no other tongue. I sadly confessed to the Cara Padrona that I was ignorant of the language of all the Russias; so the Padrona promised to speak to him herself.

And I must here remark that there are more polyglots in Florence than in any city I have ever visited. The Padrona, accustomed to have lodgers gathered from all quarters of the globe, had acquired the gift of many tongues; the garçons at the restaurants are equally skilled in linguistic lore, and when a stranger enters, they try first one language on him and then another, till he recognizes his own. Of course this is owing to the constant stream of foreigners that go through this city, which is perhaps, with the exception of Paris and Rome, the one which attracts more visitors than any other.

The Cara Padrona having conferred with the rheumatic Russian, and the latter having interposed no obstacle, I proceeded to hunt up a suitable piano-forte, the chief requisites being—I was not fastidious in the matter—strength and delicacy of tone, a full complement of octaves, a respectable looking case, and a very moderate rentage. In the land of music, I argued, piano-fortes ought to be obtainable for a trifle. So I visited all the numerous piano ware-houses in Florence, and in one was told that they were just expecting such an instrument as I wanted, and would I call to-morrow, when it would probably arrive, as the person at present hiring it did not wish to retain it longer, as he was going to Rome, and his term of rentage was just expiring. It was the same in every instance; somebody was just on the point of going to Rome in every case.

At last, after three days' indefatigable search, I made a bargain that was the very thing! A piano-forte, that had just been returned to the proprietor by the previous hirer, (who had left only a day or two ago, and started for Rome) was offered to any one desiring it for the low price of six francesconi a month, a francescono being about equal to an American dollar. Of course the proprietor meant only three francesconi, and

expected to be beaten down, as everybody that vends anything whatever in Italy does. I was not remiss in this duty, and offered three francs, which the man accepted with an alacrity which proved to me he would have been satisfied with two, or one. I paid him, took a receipt, and he promised to send the piano in the course of an hour.

"Cara Signora Padrona," said I to my landlady, as I hurried back breathless with haste to my lodgings, "Cara Padrona, the piano will be here in a few minutes." Then I seated myself in my room to await the arrival of the welcome guest.

But I waited in vain. It did not come during that morning, nor in the afternoon, and towards evening I called on the proprietor to learn the cause of the delay. He was very sorry, but some gentleman who had one of his pianos had sent him word that he was just going to Rome, and he had to send his men to get the instrument; but he would attend to mine to-morrow without fail. So the next morning I said to the Padrona:

"Padrona, we will have the piano to-day without fail." Then I fell to thinking that three dollars a month was not so dear after all, and that certainly I should get pleasure to that amount out of the instrument. I would not have paid four dollars, I said to myself, but three dollars is quite reasonable—quite so."

To shorten a long story, I will merely say that the piano did not come that day either—that the next day I went twice, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing it moved and of preceding it a few steps to the house. Entering, I told La Cara Padrona that the piano was actually coming, and that it was even now at hand; indeed, as I spoke, a great crowd of men appeared bearing the expected instrument, while others hovered about, regarding the proceedings with intense interest, and talking volubly. Whether it was the stupidity of the men or some innate obstinacy in the instrument, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that no piano ever made before such preposterous resistance to going into a house. It thumped its corners against the outside door-posts, it nicked out a piece of the plaster on the entry wall, and its behaviour on the stair-case was really outrageous. The men talked vehemently, the passageway was quite blocked up by the excited crowd, and had not the Padrona appeared at that moment and quelled the tumult by ordering out a number of the men, and closing the front door, I don't know what might have been the consequence. However, at last the refractory piano was safely deposited in my little room, and four different men having yielded up the four different legs, which they had been clasping to their bosoms with ardor, a fifth man appeared with the pedals, they were all attached to the cases and the instrument turned right side up with care, and much talking.

Then it was that I was surprised by demands for incalculable sums of money from each of the worthies present! In vain did I assure them that I had paid everything to the proprietor—they were obdurate. They said they must be paid for bringing the instrument. Four men wanted sums of money for bringing the case—a fifth man wanted a sum of money for bringing a leg—a sixth man wanted a sum of money for bringing another leg—the two remaining legs were encumbered by similar claims, and the pedal was mortgaged to a fearful amount. Besides all these there was

a tuner to pay, there was the return portorage of the instrument to pay in advance, and there were two indefinite men to satisfy who joined in the general clamor for money, without, as far as I could see, any possible right; but I believe they rested their demands on voluntary assistance given upon the stair-case.

Of course I blustered a little, and after much vehement talking, in which I could not understand what the men said, nor could they understand what I said, we obtained the assistance of the Cara Padrona, who acted as mediator. A compromise was effected, and at last the assailants withdrew, leaving me alone in my glory to count up my dead and wounded. I made out a specification of my losses, and find that my cheap piano—my wonderful bargain, that was to cost me only thirty paoli, or three dollars a month, was not such a remarkable success after all. I have translated the document into English, to serve as a warning to any one who may be inclined to hire a piano in Florence "at a bargain."

<i>Trovator to Proprietor of Refractory Piano,</i>	<i>Dr.</i>
To Hiring for one month,.....	30 paoli.
" Tuning,.....	5. "
" Removal,.....	5. "
" Man No. 1, for carrying leg No. 1,	1. "
" do No. 2, do do No. 2,	1. "
" do No. 3, do do No. 3,	1. "
" do No. 4, do do No. 4,	1. "
" do No. 5, do do pedals,	2. "
" Return portorage, [in advance].....	5. "
" Two indefinite men for assistance rendered on the stair-case, at 1 paolo,	2. "
" Buona Mano,.....	2. "
" Cara Padrona, to repair damages done to entry wall and stair-case,	3. "
Total,.....	58 paoli.

After this distressing result, it is not to be expected that my first performance upon the unlucky instrument—this Pandora's box that brought so many evils on my head—would be of a triumphant or joyous nature. On the contrary, I could not but feel that nothing would be as dismally appropriate to my miserable condition as the *Miserere* from "TROVATOR(E)."

HINGHAM, MASS. FEB. 2.—An attempt to get up a course of concerts in our village this winter has proved unsuccessful. But few persons are aware of the obstacles to be overcome in canvassing for a series of intellectual entertainments, until, with subscription list in hand, they try their eloquence in soliciting patronage, with the view of securing pecuniary success. The pressure of the times is a ready apology with many, and will scarcely admit of argument; and then there is such a diversity of opinion in relation to musical matters.

A., to appearances is favorably disposed, and seems pleased that we are to have something going on in town, but gives as his opinion that the — "Bards," or — "Æolians" would "take" far better than the —.

B., is for having the — Band, and pictures in glowing terms the number of *Drums* and new *Brass* instruments that this association have recently procured.

C., says he has music enough at home, and don't believe in all this outside gammon about big fiddles, and flutes, but goes in for "home music," which, being interpreted, means "Dog Tray"—"Nelly Bly" and "Pop goes the weazel." C. also informs me, that he has a nephew, an immense *basso* whose *low tones* are prodigious.

D. thinks he will subscribe, but wants to know the history of each member of the —, how long they have been in this country, whether they make a good living or no, and if they excel in such *sterling productions* as "Fisher's hornpipe" or "Money musk."

Such, Mr. Editor, are some of the objections with which we have to contend, and then to be defeated after all, is discouraging. Quite a number of our citizens who usually patronize concerts, have removed to the city for the winter months, so that the only hope for us is, that another attempt may be made next August, or when our town is full of summer visitors.

Truly yours, SQUANTO.

CINCINNATI, O. FEB. 1, 1858.—Here is the programme of the last Private Concert of our Cæcilia Society. It speaks for itself. The orchestra consists of amateurs entirely, with the exception of a couple of musicians at the clarinet, and bassoons. The Piano Solos were exquisitely played by Mr. WERNER-STEINBRECHER. Beethoven's Scotch Song was quite charming. This was the fifth concert of the season. The society is preparing to bring out the "Seasons" publicly. It is quite refreshing to see this German society flourish so well, notwithstanding the rather high kind of music which it cultivates exclusively. We subjoin the aforesaid programme:

PART I.	
1—Symphony in D.....	A. Romberg
Adagio and Allegro—Minuet—Adagio—Finale.	
2— <i>a.</i> "A walk,".....	St. Heller
<i>b.</i> "Spring Song,".....	Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
For Pianoforte.	
3—Vintagers' Chorus from the "Seasons,"	Haydn
PART II.	
4—Overture.....	Kalliwoda
5—Scotch Song.....	L. v. Beethoven
For Soprano and Alto with accompaniment of Violin, Violoncello and Pianoforte.	
6—Sonata in C minor.....	L. v. Beethoven
Adagio—Scherzo—Presto.	
7—Hunting Chorus from the "Seasons,"	Haydn

CINCINNATI, FEB. 6.—There has been no correspondence from our city in your Journal for several months, and therefore I will give you at least a sketch of what has been done here in our favorite art. We have had no concerts of travelling artists this winter, but the lovers of good music do not lose much by it, and fare a good deal better with our home societies, who give us almost always *fine compositions* in quite a creditable manner. The Cæcilia Society give a private concert for their passive members once a month, and usually have audiences of some 400 persons. They have studied, this winter, the "Seasons" by Haydn, and have given us several lively choruses from them. The amateur orchestra of the Society does also quite well and keeps improving; with the addition of a few professional musicians they perform Symphonies by Haydn and Romberg very pleasantly. The Philharmonic Society adhere to their programme of six Concerts and six Afternoon Rehearsals for the winter, and we thus far have had three of each. They had small audiences at the beginning of the season in consequence of the hard times, but at their last concert a few days ago the hall was better filled than at any concert of last season. At length people seem to have waked up and to begin to perceive the beauty and charm, which lies in the performance of the Symphonies of the great masters by a good orchestra. We have had the "Jupiter" Symphony by Mozart, and the glorious "Fifth" by Beethoven. The orchestra appears greatly improved since the first season, they

have better performers now, and altogether there is more certainty and rounding off. Easy compositions go off swimmingly, and the difficulties of a Beethoven Symphony are overcome more smoothly. The last programme embraced two male choruses sung by the "Mænner-Chor," with the orchestra. The general effect of them was very good. The combination of male voices with the orchestra impressed me this time as remarkably fine—it produced great fullness and richness of sound without the flightiness(?) which the female voices add. Male voices might sometimes be an improvement to the orchestra, but with a chorus of mixed voices the orchestra becomes entirely second, and serves merely to help the chorists. Liszt, at the end of his *Faust* Symphony, introduces a "mysterious" Chorus by male voices, and distributes the latter in a complete semi-circle all the way round the orchestra. The effect of this seems very fine, and a telling improvement. We have the prospect of a great deal more of fine music this winter.

What is done in music in other western cities? Very little in the right direction, I am afraid, else some one, I should think, would report to you.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 13, 1858.

Dr. Zopff and his Critics.

Our readers probably have not forgotten a couple of original and quite peculiar articles upon the Characteristics of WEBER and of MENDELSSOHN, contributed some months since to our columns by Dr. HERMANN ZOPFF, of Berlin. Thinking it profitable sometimes to present what may be said on both sides of a mooted question, we gladly gave place to some strictures on the former written by an ardent admirer of Weber's genius in this city; and we copied from the London *Musical World*, which swears by Mendelssohn, another article, conceived in a far other and more truculent spirit, on the Dr.'s well-meant attempt to give a discriminating estimate of the merits and the limitations of that great composer. Because our Berlin friend, like most of the thinking portion of the musical world in Germany, while admiring Mendelssohn, cannot place him in so high a category as Beethoven and Mozart in respect to true creative genius, the Englishman denounces him as one of the veriest "Sepoys" of the "Music of the Future." Dr. Zopff claims a few words in reply, which we here cheerfully insert, promising, however, that he has strangely confounded our own Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn.

A Word in Conclusion to the Characteristics of Weber and Mendelssohn.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

My characterization of these two genial men has been twice of late the subject of animadversion in this Journal (see Nos. 285 and 289): the second time in an article taken from the London *Musical World*.

The anonymous author of the two essays has led me to read them in the hope that I should find a thorough refutation of my judgments therein; and such an one I would have received with sincere thanks in the interests of Art and of our readers. But how sadly did I find myself deceived, when I sought in vain in his essays for such a refutation; instead of this, in his words about Mendelssohn, I found the most violent, and what is much worse, in parts most superficial attacks, which one might pardon to a dilettante, but which surely cannot be worthy of the true artist!

The singular malignity with which the writer, especially in his defence of Mendelssohn, tries to ascribe to me base, petty, narrow-minded motives, is in striking contrast to the *high respect and veneration* with which I in my articles have signalized the noble traits of both composers. This my opponent seems in his excitement to have quite overlooked; and while on the one hand I must gratefully acknowledge that he *completes my elucidation of Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner*, I must the more decidedly protest upon the other hand against the superficiality with which he dismisses with the utmost contempt opinions which are in fact the collective verdict of our greatest critics, of a Marx, a Schumann, a Rellstab, &c. In short, not only my agreement with the utterances of men so highly respected (at least with us), but also the fact that those bitter attacks attempt no refutation of my criticism, must decide me all the more to re-assert and most unalterably stand by all my judgments (saving perhaps a few unimportant incompletenesses), and above all just that part which my opponent pleases to call "nonsense." I have been most pained to observe, however, that in his article on Mendelssohn he does not hesitate to twist round and pervert my statements, or at least to push them to unnatural extremes.

Reserving for another time a fuller defence of the views attacked, I confine myself at present to a distinct denial of one assertion of my unknown opponent, namely, that "such investigations are of no use." The critic's highest duty to the public is, by impartial elucidation to form the taste, to guide and educate the artistic consciousness, so that we may once more approximate nearer and nearer to the much praised epoch of the ancient Greeks, where this artistic sense and culture were so thoroughly alive in the whole people, that all exercised an independent judgment. Woe to the actor or the orator, with them, who was guilty of any faults! Hence the ancient artists did not seek the approbation of princes, nor of reviewers; for them, the only judgment that had value was that of the people, the most cultivated that has ever yet existed.

Our present public, on the contrary, has so little self-reliance, is so sadly wanting in artistic judgment and perception, that it is easily frightened and believes most in the man whose judgment is the harshest. Such want of feeling and perception has in all times had for a sad consequence, that the aberrations of our most genial artists have been the most blindly worshipped by their hosts of followers, and often carried to a pitch of absurdity, which has operated most injuriously to taste and to the interests of Art.

In short the critic must not let his judgments be controlled solely by his own subjective feeling,—above all, not by on-sidedness or side interests. That may be pardoned only in the dilettante. No, let him test and try all with the freshest consciousness; let him in a right honest, candid spirit, according to his best knowledge and conscience, without envy or concealment, strengthen the *discriminative faculty* alike with artists and with public; let him praise what is strong and warn against what is weak. In this way will he instruct, and promote true culture in the whole people, and thus effectually resist every step in a retrograde direction.

CONCERTS.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The interest in these delightful concerts did not seem at all abated at the third and last on Saturday evening, when, in spite of the chilly temperature of the Melodcon, the large audience listened to the end of the fine programme announced in our last. The performance, if not in all points as faultless, was on the whole as interesting as any. First in beauty and impressiveness we must again place the double chorus from Mendelssohn's music to the Greek tragedy "*Edipus Coloneus*," which opened the concert. Its intrinsic musical charm is felt even in the want of orchestra and stage effect. Its

idea is so simply and clearly stated in unison first by one, and then by the other side of the chorus, and then with such a perfect symmetry it grows and widens to a climax and rounds to a conclusion, that it leaves the impression of a fair and finished whole;—at least it does, when sung with such truth and unity of tone, such fine light and shade, and with such masterly piano accompaniment (by Messrs. DRESEL and LEONHARD) as it was then. Mr. KREISSMANN has trained his voices to a beautiful, subdued richness, which makes the louder bursts the more effective. Next to the "*Edipus*" again, we place the stirring "*Bacchus*" chorus from the "*Antigone*," a splendid blaze of contrapuntal harmony. This closed the first part of the concert.

Between these came: first, a fresh and unique little Soprano solo, with chorus, by Ferdinand Hiller, which made us long to know more of the music of a composer of such sterling fame. *Lebenslust*, or delightful sense of existence, was the title; Miss DOANE, in the foreground, seemed, in bright voice and person, quite the Muse of that idea, relieved against the rich and mellow background of a well subdued accompaniment of male voices. The same lady sang with Mr. Kreissmann the charming duet: "*Crudel perché finora*," from Mozart's "*Figaro*," which always gives delight and has to be repeated. It was finely sung, of course, and finely accompanied by Dresel. Mendelssohn's dreamy, melancholy part-song, called *Wasserfahrt* (The Voyage), renewed its fine impression; only the ear seemed to crave a more palpable sufficiency of bass; it sounded too much all tenor,—partly perhaps from the peculiarly pungent quality of average German tenors. Yet we did not feel this so much in other pieces.

In both the first and second parts Mr. HUGO LEONHARD appeared as solo pianist. His pieces were a singularly genial, brilliant, and difficult *Capriccio* by Mendelssohn, which was new to us, and Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat major. We enjoyed both highly, and are glad to recognize the decided improvement of the young pianist in neatness, vigor, delicacy and finish of execution. The reverberations may have obscured some of the rapid and close-woven passages to those in some parts of the hall; but it was the fault of the place, and not of the pianist, who was plainly master of his music.

An unfortunate selection for Miss Doane was the Aria with chorus (in Italian) from Bellini's "*Romeo and Juliet*." If the "*Orpheus*" put an Italian piece in their programme, it is highly desirable that it should be well sung. But to the high bravura requirements of this Aria our charming soprano was not equal; it was only in the simpler and more tender passages that we found the usual pleasure in her singing. The concluding chorus, too, was disally confused and out of joint. An easier, but quite Italian sounding Trio, with chorus, by Kücken, by Miss Doane and the brothers SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, fared better. The same tuneful brothers, with Herr LANGERFELDT, gave us again, with fine effect, the Trio and chorus from *Euryanthe*,—thoroughly Weberish music. It remains only to speak of that droll but graceful vocal freak, the set of Waltzes by Vogl, which were sung this time with much more grace and balance than before, and of the "*Turkish Drinking Song*," one of the most capital of Mendelssohn's part-songs, a fine protest against the grim and gloomy in favor of the genial and rosy,

and quite imaginatively colored, which takes right hold of one's sympathies.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The last two Wednesday Afternoon Concerts have really drawn crowds to the Music Hall, and revived the gay, animated scene of old times. The third programme led off with the lovely Symphony by Mozart in G minor, which was nicely rendered. At every one of these occasions you may hear one of the lighter, yet most choice and not over-familiar Symphonies of the great masters. Next came a set of Waltzes ("*Aquidnek Taenze*"), full of life and richly instrumented, by Mr. KOPITZ, who is flutist in the orchestra. The remainder of the bill of fare (we did not think it necessary to partake of every article in course, like the country member at his first dinner in a fashionable city hotel) included a Romanza from *Don Sebastian*; an overture by Kreutzer ("*The Night Camp at Granada*"); a Strauss Polka; a two-part Song of Mendelssohn, with cornets for the singers; and a "*Coronation March*" by Strauss.

Of the fourth concert (last Wednesday) here is the programme:

- 1—First Symphony. (Consisting of 4 parts). Beethoven
- Introduction, Allegro con brio—Minuetto—Andante—Finale.
- 2—Scherzo, waltz. Original Styrian Laender. Lanner
- 3—Concert Overture. Kalliwoda
- 4—Serenade, for Trumpet, Oboe and Violoncello. Schubert
- 5—Polka: (Spring). Herzog
- 6—Finale to "*Macbeth*" Chelard
- 7—Grand March: (Souvenir of Amsterdam) Vahlkamp

We quote this as on the whole a good example of a "light" programme in a good sense:—a programme at once captivating to the young, the many, and yet with something in it that may educate the taste, and create a love and a desire for music of the higher order. That first Beethoven Symphony, a product of the composer's fresh and genial youth, is certainly light and captivating enough, while it is classical and of high tendency. At all events where will you find a finer playfulness, a more exquisite and airy grace, yet simple and appreciable to all, than in its Finale, which was played with rare *gusto* and precision. Such a Symphony has in itself, between its four movements, all that contrast and variety for which there is so much demand in concerts. Such a Finale, or a Minuet, or Scherzo is none the less "light" music, because it happens to be also good, because it has imagination and artistic structure.

The Styrian Ländler was a delicious moreau of its kind; with the flavor of a sweet national melody, cunningly worked up with luscious instrumentation—only a little too long, perhaps, for its quantity of idea. It was played to a charm. We can thank Mr. ZERRAHN, too, for letting us hear an overture (not the very hacknied one in F) by a composer of so much cleverness and fame, albeit it not one of the geniuses, as Kalliwoda. This opened with a lively effervescence that reminded us of Weber's "*Jubilee*," and proved a spirited and interesting affair throughout,—at least for once.

So far all excellent for such an audience. The rest we did not hear. We own to having long since become weary of such things as Schubert's "*Serenade*" arranged for orchestra with solos; most persons who have heard much good music sympathize with us. But it must be remembered that there are many younger, fresher ears and souls, for which such a song, even when "arranged," is a revelation of beauty and a first beckoning upward, a first hint not to be contented with the lowest sphere of pleasant sounds, with what is not Art and has not inspiration.

DEATH OF HENRY AUNER. This gentleman, well known as the first-trumpet player in the old Germania Musical Society, died on Wednesday, 3d inst. in Chicago, where he has resided for the past two years, and has been the leader in all good musical enterprises. He came to this country in 1848, from Saxony, his native country; and after some residence in Richmond, Va. joined the Germanians. He is the first of that long united fraternity who has died in this country. After their dissolution he established himself in Providence, R. I. for a season, but soon joined a number of his old associates in Chicago, where he "speedily won for himself a host of warm and appreciative friends and a great and deserved popularity as a musician." The accounts which have from time to time appeared in our columns of his many concerts in Chicago, have shown that his efforts have been animated by a high aim; that he has labored, not without success, for the cultivation of a correct and refined taste among its citizens.

Mr. Auner was "an accomplished and unobtrusive gentleman," greatly esteemed by his many acquaintances. He was singularly kind, obliging and warm hearted. He died of pneumonia. He had been afflicted for some time with bronchial difficulties, and not exercising due precaution, the disease assumed a malignant form, and he failed rapidly for ten days, when he expired. He was about thirty years of age. The writer of a letter from Chicago to the *Providence Journal*, says of him:

It may with perfect truth be said that no man in the northwest has contributed more towards cultivating a taste for music of the highest order than Henry Auner. As a teacher, he was eminently successful, and no pupil that received his instruction was ever dissatisfied with his progress in the art. No man ever labored more faithfully and ardently in his profession, or better deserved success. About a year since he inaugurated his "Saturday Afternoon Concerts" here, and they were eminently successful, affording him a fair pecuniary reward. On the strength of that success he expended a considerable amount in New York, last spring, in the purchase of new music, instruments, &c., for this winter's use. In November these afternoon concerts were resumed, but his hopeful expectations were not realized. The crushing effects of the financial revulsion, and the persistent unpleasant weather on concert days, was disastrous, and the close of the series left him a poorer, but, I am sure, a better man. In his last illness he received the kindest attention from his host of friends in Chicago, who deeply deplore his untimely death.

The funeral of Mr. Auner was solemnized this afternoon at St. Paul's Church, where an eloquent tribute was paid to the deceased by Mr. King, the Pastor. His remains were then escorted to the grave by a large concourse of mourning friends and citizens, accompanied by two bands of music, who played a solemn dirge, the composition of the deceased gentleman.

Musical Chat.

TAKE NOTICE!—We must make one last appeal to the consideration and the honor of a large number of our subscribers and advertisers, who owe us for periods of from one to four years, and to whom reminders have been sent repeatedly without eliciting the least sign of reply. A musical editor's task is not so delightful that he can afford to keep on making an organ for the interests of music and musicians at his own expense of cash as well as brain and nerve. We have no taste or skill for dunning, but here we find our sentiments expressed by an exchange paper:

We want our dues. If you cannot pay—all right—but please be good enough to write word immediately that you are short. We say IMMEDIATELY, because it is our intention to take certain measures to secure our rights. We will try, as gracefully as possible, to do without our money, if you will say you cannot "walk to the Captain's office."

To-night we have another of ZERRAHN'S Orchestral Concerts. And this time his bill is filled with attractions for the true lover of the noblest music, while at the same time we are much mistaken if the general public do not enjoy the programme as a whole with a far keener relish than they have shown upon occasions where their alleged "unclassicality"

has been catered for with anxious avoidance of things supposed to be too good. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony has made its mark in Boston and is a pure card; we will risk it against any "Carnival" or flashy overture for satisfying the larger percentage of the largest audience that ever goes to an orchestral concert. The exquisite sunshine of the Allegretto from the 8th Symphony is welcome in all concerts. The overtures to *Tannhäuser* and to *Der Freyschütz* never fail of their effect, when well played, as of course they will be. Then there will be solos of the kind that do not bore one, solos in which the composition counts for something and not the performer merely. Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, with orchestra, is a sterling work, and Mr. COOPER, if we may trust the half that we have read of him in connection with the Philharmonic and other concerts of London, is a man eminently able to do it justice. Miss MILNER, too, has chosen a noble song, the *Non mi dir*, which so few sopranos dare attempt, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; we will not ask that she shall sing it as well as Jenny Lind or as Lagrange, but we are confident we shall enjoy it. For lighter refreshment there will be an English song by Saloman and a duet for voice and violin; but in the whole programme we see nothing ominous of clap-trap or of aught offensive. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB give another Chamber Concert next Tuesday evening. We are glad to see that they will again repeat that E minor Quartet of Beethoven; its charm will grow with every hearing. Mr. LANG will play again, in a new piece by Mozart, a Trio for piano, clarinet and violin. Mendelssohn's brilliant Quintet in B flat, too, will be welcome. There is a prospect that Mrs. WENTWORTH will sing; it depends on her recovery from a cold. (By the way, types made dire confusion in our notice of the Club last week. It occurred in the hurry of "making up" and cutting down to measure. "Zeal," for instance, is quite a different word from *real*.)

Dropping into the amphitheatre beneath the Music Hall in the midst of a Handel and Haydn rehearsal Sunday evening, we were rewarded by finding them engaged upon a couple of the very best choruses in the "Messiah," which are too commonly omitted in the public performances of that fine oratorio, and than which the trumpet song and several solos could be better spared in view of the artistic unity of the whole work. We mean the connected choruses: *Surely he hath borne*, &c. and: *And with his stripes*. We were glad to find the Society devoting one or two evenings to the study of these neglected pieces, and to the perfecting of themselves on several choruses which never did go quite right, as the final *Amen*, &c. This they do to keep prepared, against they should be called upon for a more perfect rendering of the "Messiah" than they have given yet. Meanwhile "Israel in Egypt," as we understand, will not be suffered to lie long upon the shelf; it will be rehearsed to the end, even if the present season offer no inducement for its public bringing out. . . . A select chorus of about a hundred voices commenced the study of Mendelssohn's "Song of Praise," under the conductorship of Mr. HERMANN ECKHARDT, last Saturday evening, at the Piano rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis and Co. . . . GUSTAV SATTER informs us that he leaves next month for New York, where the Philharmonic Society, having elected him an Honorary Member, will produce a Symphony in E which he has written for piano-forte and orchestra.

Visitors of Nathan Richardson's Musical Exchange, from its first opening, will have a pleasant remembrance of the obliging and courteous manners of the gentleman who so long presided over its department of foreign music, Mr. ALFRED HILL. This gentleman is about to leave us, and his friends have organized a complimentary concert for him, which will be found announced below. There will be a combination of our best vocal talent and a select

orchestra, made up from the best musicians, led by CARL ZERRAHN. . . . OLIVER DITSON has issued during the last five years no less than 529,700 volumes of music in book form, i.e. instruction books, psalm books, operas, oratorios, Sonatas, &c. &c.

The London *Musical Gazette* (July 18, 1857) tells us the antecedents of Mr. H. C. COOPER, the violinist, who is to play Mendelssohn's Concerto in the Music Hall this evening. Before he was eight years old he played the concertos of Viotti, Rode and Kreutzer. He then took lessons of Spagnoletti, conductor of the Italian Opera in London, and at the age of nine or ten, in April, 1830, made his first public appearance as solo violinist in the oratorios held at the theatres during Lent, and played Meyerbeer's variations with great élan. Soon after, Paganini became much interested in his talent. In 1833-4 he made a tour of the provinces, and was received everywhere with enthusiasm. He became leader of the sacred performances of the Bristol and Clifton Philharmonic Society, and conductor of the operas at Bristol. The *Gazette* proceeds:

Mr. Cooper thus pursued his professional duties at Bristol till 1847, when Jenny Lind, accompanied by Balfe and other eminent artists, made a tour of the principal towns in the West of England, and amongst other places visited that city. Mr. Cooper was engaged as solo violinist for those concerts, and so struck was Mr. Balfe with his mastery of his instrument, that he at once engaged him as one of the principal violins in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, of which he was at that time conductor. In the succeeding year, 1848, Mr. Cooper, to the great grief of his numerous admirers in the West of England, left Bristol, and took up his residence in London. It was not likely that talent like his would be long neglected in the great metropolis, and he was engaged in nearly all the principal orchestras. The first year of his return to London, he played one of Maurer's concertos at the Philharmonic Society's concert. His success was again great, and he was lauded by the whole of the metropolitan press as the best violinist that England had ever produced. Since that time he has had the honor of performing at the same society's concerts in 1852, Mendelssohn's violin concerto in 1854, Spohr's ninth concerto in 1856, the dramatic concerto, by the same composer, and, lastly, on the 29th June, 1857, Beethoven's concerto. It was in 1856 that Mr. Cooper was appointed principal violin of the Philharmonic Society conjointly with Signor Sivori, each leading three concerts. He was also principal violin at the Sacred Harmonic Society for three years, during the greater part of which time Mr. Costa was conductor. He was engaged in the celebrated Beethoven Quartet Society, first as second violin, but afterwards to share the first violin with the other great artists engaged at its performances. Subsequently, Mr. Cooper established, with Messrs. Piatti, Sainton, and Hill, the Quartet Association, whose *matinees* were, in a musical sense, successful beyond precedent, and whose performances were regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of finished execution. Mr. Cooper was also leader of the band known as the Orchestral Union, and his services during his London sojourn were also repeatedly called into requisition at the musical festivals and classical concerts held in the great provincial towns.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed for the first time in Philadelphia by the Harmonic Society, and before a crowded audience, on the same night that other crowds were witnessing the debut of FORMES at the opera. Fitzgerald pronounces Formes "the best actor on the Italian stage, and the best vocalist we have had in America, without the least exception." The piece at the Academy, on Saturday before the last, was Rossini's *L'Italienne in Algeri*, with D'Angri, Cairoli, Labocetta, Gassier and Rocco. Then came the great *Don Giovanni*, with the great east and west en scene, as before in New York, which was repeated once or twice. On Saturday one of Mr. Udman's "Monster Festivals," in four parts. This, we read, was a failure, the audience not exceeding twelve hundred. The *Troatore* in the afternoon was well performed, but for the rest, hear Fitzgerald:

In the evening the great C minor Symphony of Beethoven was played by an orchestra of over sixty musicians; many parts were excellently done, others required much more rehearsal. The difficult passages for the Contrabassi, in the Scherzo, were about as confused as possible, and almost unintelligible. Formes did not sing; an apology for him being inserted on the programmes, as well as one for the absence of the

expected additional chorus in the *Stabat Mater*. The concert went off tamely. Miss Milner sang an Aria from *Der Freyschütz*; Mr. Perring a love song in English; and Mr. Cooper, the newly arrived violinist, did a parcel of Scotch tunes, with variations. Madame D'Angri sang "In Questo Semplice, &c. &c."

The *Stabat Mater* broke down; the chorus came to a dead stop, to the confusion of Rocco, who was singing with them in the *Eia Mater*, and to the discredit of Anschütz, who had evidently never rehearsed them. The audience maintained a dismal silence, and fully one half of those present rose from their places and quitted the house. The only respectable portions of the performance were the *Faci tu portum* of D'Angri and the *Cujus Animam* of Tiberini, both of which were excellently sung, but negligently accompanied. Instead of trying to show off, by leading Symphonies without a score, Herr Anschütz had better attend to his duties as conductor, and not have the effrontery to stand up before a Philadelphia audience without having drilled either orchestra or chorus.

On Monday the cloying melodies of Rossini's *Otello* were revived, with Lagrange as Desdemona, Tiberini as Otello, and Formes, Gassier and Labocetta in minor characters. Tuesday, *Ermioni* was withdrawn for *Troisvire*. On Wednesday night the season closed with a repetition of *Robert*. The manager's receipts have been enormous, the profits for the first ten nights exceeding, it is said, \$12,000. This success is ascribed chiefly to the enthusiasm of the Germans and the West-end fashionables; "the first class attracted by the great basso Formes, and the second by their fondness for showing their splendid opera toilets." Of the performance of *Robert* the writer above quoted says:

Considering the haste with which the opera was mounted, the performance was more than respectable, but the score was well cut—even more than in New York,—and the chorus and ballet were meagre in number as well as in ability. The unaccompanied trio in the second act made such an impression that the audience would not be quiet until it was recommenced, the repetition being even more enthusiastically received than the original rendering. Formes was the grand centre of attraction; everything seemed to depend on him—the plot, the effect, the interest, all rested with him, and we are entirely at a loss for words to describe his unequalled excellence, in impersonation as well as in singing. No one, who has not seen him perform Bertram, has the slightest conception of his amazing dramatic power. Every inflection of his noble voice, every glance of his eye, every change of his expression, every gesture, every motion were peculiar to the part he assumed, and bore no resemblance to his acting either as Leporello or Plunkett.

Four new oratorios have appeared in Germany: one by FERDINAND HILLER, "Saul," noticed in our last; one by REINTHALER, "Jephtha," to be produced at Amsterdam; one by HERR MANGOLD of Darmstadt, with the title of "Frithioff;" and one by RUBINSTEIN, "Paradise Lost," to be brought out this month at Weimar, under the auspices of Liszt. We have no doubt that Hiller's is a good one.

In New Orleans the "Classic Musical Society" have given another excellent programme: two Symphonies (Beethoven's in C Minor and Mozart's No. 4); two overtures Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille* and Weber's "Jubilee"; and two vocal pieces (Rossini's *Pro peccatis*, and *La Calunnia*) by M. JENCA of the French opera. At the Opera they have had *Les Huguenots*, and Halevy's "Charles VI" and "Jaguarita."

At this present time there are in Cuba three Italian opera companies, "all succeeding to their hearts' content." MAX MARETZKE's company in Havana, with the prima donna GAZZANIGA and FREZZOLINI and RONCONI, the VESTALI company at Maranzas, and a company, with PARODI as prima donna, at St. Jago de Cuba.

Gazzaniga appears to be a prodigious favorite with the Habanese. Maretzek, they say, has reaped golden harvests and will soon return with his company to delight the Philadelphians (who claim this troupe as theirs, particularly Gazzaniga) and also the New Yorkers;—minus RONCONI, though, who breaks his engagement to become a lotus-eater in the soft and witching clime of Cuba. FREZZOLINI, too, appears to have deserted, inasmuch as she announces a grand

operatic concert for this week in New Orleans, under the direction of STRAKOSCH. VIOLETTES likewise was announced for a first concert between the 5th and 10th of this month in New Orleans, and THALBERG was lingering his way along toward the same point, giving concerts in the Carolinas and the Southern States. . . . PAUL JULIEN, the young violinist, has lately arrived in New York, after an extended professional tour in Venezuela and elsewhere on the western coast of South America, where he received the warmest commendations from the public and press. After remaining in New York for a short time, Mr. Julien will proceed to Brazil.

From the following clever *jeu d'esprit* we are glad to learn that a poor little street-wanderer, whose face bears unmistakable signs of an illustrious parentage, has found house and shelter in the *Boston Courier*:

A REJECTED CRITICISM.—The following notice of Mozart's Requiem, written for the New York *Tribune*, a few weeks ago, was duly submitted to Mr. Greeley, the editor-in-chief of that establishment. Mr. Greeley, having successfully demolished the poets in a recent lecture, is now deeply engaged in musical reading, with a view to another lecture, and considers himself pretty well up in matters of melody. The criticism not exactly meeting his views, he threw it out of the window. It was picked up in Spruce street by our careful correspondent "Guisbro" and forwarded to this office. We publish it for the benefit of the musical world at large:—

"MOZART'S REQUIEM."

"Last evening Mozart's Requiem Mass was given at the Academy of Music, a multitudinous and swelling array of auditors filling the ample and splendid edifice. Mozart's genius was essentially tender, at times partaking of the sublime intangibilities, but on the whole smoothly serene and plaintive. The comic element not being in his nature, comedy fails of adequate expression in his hands; but as comic music is not an essential quality of Requiem Masses, the want is here less severely felt than in some of his other works, for example, the opera of "Don Giovanni," which utterly lacks in high-tuned glee, and falls dead in comparison with the newer and fresher "Barber." Rossini standing now, as ever, at the head of this department. Respecting Requiem Masses generally, we may utter in brief that they are all bad. The attempt to combine didactic classicism with musical expression has always proved impracticable. Even the colligant harmonies and melodies of Mozart's mellifluous muse still fail to accomplish this end. All similar works by other composers are simply torpescence;—it is unnecessary to specify instances. What we want in a requiem is the ecstatic outpouring of ineffable agony; soul-sobbing plaints of measureless woe; and large dramatic phrasing, indicative of profound intensity of lamentation. Mozart's Requiem affords good specimens of writing, according to the fugalistic theory, and much contrapuntal skill—that is, ingenious interwoven composite colludations of distinct subjects tending to one grand effect of unity—but counterpoint alone never melted heart of hearer, or roused his soul; needing the refocillating influences of melodic sweetness or sublimity. Mozart's Requiem is less destitute of the true sympathetic sentiment than most works of its class, but we have yet to see a requiem written from the true standpoint of music-dramatic effect, with all its coincident requirements of harrowing, heart-wringing grief and transcendent aspiration."

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The Great European Violinist.

PROGRAMME

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- 1—Symphony in A major (No. 7). Beethoven
- 2—Song from Don Giovanni. "Non mi dir." Mozart
MISS MILNER.
- 3—Concerto for Violin, with orchestra accompaniment. . . . Mendelssohn
MR. COOPER.

PART II.

- 4—Overture: "Tannhäuser." R. Wagner
- 5—Serenade: "La Vie tra i Dreams of thee." Salaman
MISS MILNER.
- 6—Allegretto Scherzando from the 8th Symphony. . . . Beethoven
- 7—Duetto for Violin and Voice.
MR. COOPER and MISS MILNER.
- 8—Overture: "Der Freischütz." C. M. de Weber

Single tickets, 50 cents each, and packages of four tickets, good for any of the remaining concerts, at Two Dollars, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance.

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THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB'S Fifth Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 16, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist.

The E minor Razoumoufky Quartette will be repeated, by request,—Mendelssohn's B flat Quintette.—Mr. Long will play in Mozart's beautiful Trio for Piano, Clarinette and Viola, &c. &c.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Half Package of Four Tickets, Two Dollars. Single tickets, 75 cents each.

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The Hungarian Pianist, from England, begs to announce that his FIRST CONCERT will take place at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 24th, at 8 o'clock. He will be assisted by Mrs. HARWOOD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—Sona quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2.
(Moonlight Sonata). Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto and Trio—Presto Agitato.
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 2—Aria: "Non so più" from *Nosse di Figaro*. Mozart
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 3—Il Lamento et La Consolazione. No. 2. Chopin
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

PART II.

- 4—Aria: "Ah non credi" from *Sonnambula*. Bellini
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 5—Der Wanderer: Song by Schubert, arranged by Liszt
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 6—Aria and Cabaletta from "Traviata." Verdi
Sung by Mrs. Harwood.
- 7—Grand Fantasia from the "Huguenots." Thalberg
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had, as well as the programme, at the Music Stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and Mr. Ditson, Washington St.

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FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

(Concluded from last week.)

"When he began a jest was expected; but as he proceeded, his voice became solemn, and its tones touching as if they came from his heart of hearts. When he paused, all bent silently over their work—in the eyes of two or three quivered the tears. He waited a moment, and then, overcoming the feelings which for an instant had mastered him, he laughingly added:—

"Now you are so very anxious that I should marry, and as I know no more eligible young women than you all are,—as I am not in fact particular nor hard to please, I propose to take my 1200 dollars—for that is in truth the extent of the "handsome property" of which Miss Lily speaks—and lay it at the feet of any one of you, save and except Miss Lily, who says she can "hoe her own row"—Miss Lily's eyes flashed—'who consents to form a copartnership with me before the parson—for I dare not call it a marriage in such a case—with the proviso that the money be spent in Europe, trusting to providence when it is exhausted. If you really are so very desirous of having me marry, now is your chance.'

"No one spoke. He cast a glance half serious, half comic around the circle, lingering a moment upon each, and finally upon me.

"Well," said he at length, "I think you hardly have the right hereafter to make me the mark of your wits, my ladies; for thus to refuse and then make fun of me would be a decided case of adding insult to injury. Perhaps I have carried the joke far enough already; but I put the question once more—who bids for an old bachelor?"

"Again no one for the minute spoke.

"Oh, if nobody else, I do," said I in a careless tone.

"He fixed his eyes upon me as if he would read my very thoughts.

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" said I.

"He started up, seized his hat, and with a hasty 'good afternoon' left us. How the girls did talk about him and to me! I treated the matter as a jest and laughed as loudly as any of them; but I must confess that when my mind's eye saw that look of his—and that was almost constantly—it caused a fluttering in my bosom more powerful than agreeable. The next morning the stage coach carried Mr. Johnson and his easel back to the city.

"Time passed on. I saw nothing of him, I received not a line from his hand, and began to really conceive of the affair as a mere joke. The story went the rounds of the village,—yes, all over town—and 'Mary White, the deserted bride,' heard it from all quarters; but as Mary White had the reputation of being 'up to anything,' the result on the whole was in her favor, and the laugh told against him, whom she had so summarily put to flight by accepting his proffered 'copartnership.'

"In the fourth week after the scene at widow Bedloe's, when I had finished a lesson in the other village, Mrs. Bacon told me with a smile, that Mr. Johnson had been waiting for me some time in the other room. Her smile vanished when she saw how I paled and trembled. I soon recovered myself and went to him. A kind smile lighted a grave face, as he bade me good morning. He put me at once at my ease by inquiring the news in Hildale, after his sudden departure, and by chatting upon indifferent matters. He asked permission to walk with me to the other village, which, of course, I granted, and we took the lane and cart path, which leads by the Deacon's hill, and through the berry pastures. When we reached the rock, under the great oak, where we look down into the valley of the river, he said, 'Mary, will you sit a moment?'

"I mechanically obeyed. He sat silent for some time, and then spoke in a sad and sorrowful tone, which went to my heart:

"I have not come up, Mary, to claim the "bid" which you made the other day at widow Bedloe's. I told you the sober truth about myself then; and it is a solemn verity that I have nothing—nothing worthy to offer you in exchange for your youth and beauty and wealth of refinement, culture and affection. I feel, oh, how deeply! that it would be throwing away your young life to join your fate to mine. The pros-

pect is not good, that I shall ever attain more than a barely respectable position in my art—perhaps not even that—and yet I have so long been wedded to the idea, that nothing can divert me from it. But my lone heart yearns for something to love. I think I can promise some three or four years of moderate happiness to one who should join her fate to mine—but in truth all beyond that is dark. That this one should be my sometime pet—my little Mary White—is a thought that never until that day entered my mind. But knowing as I do your love for music, your desire to visit Germany, and what a new era of delight and rapture in your divine art would there open to you—I have hardly thought of anything but you during my absence, and it has come to seem possible that you might have spoken seriously, as you said. And now, having made all my preparations for departure, I have come once more to Hildale, not to claim your hand—God forbid!—not to urge a suit—but simply to satisfy myself whether you could possibly have been in earnest, and could possibly find it in your heart to form such a—such a—copartnership? If so, with what joy and delight do I offer it!"

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "the question is a serious one, but I have thought of it seriously. I feel the force of the objections to an acceptance by me of your proposals. But I know not why I should refuse them, just because the old ladies of the village may think it imprudent and absurd to marry a man so much older than myself, and one who has not made the gathering together of dollars the grand object of his existence. Whither you go, I will go—and God protect us!"

"You see, Brown, that you did waste your childish sympathies, and that after all I have no story to tell."

"So it appears; but, Mrs. Johnson, what was the result?"

"A very few words will relate that. Sister Peters, though strongly doubting the wisdom of my decision, aided me in making preparations for my departure. She went with me to Boston, where he received us, and took us to Providence, where we were married. Thence we went together to New York, and my sister gave me her parting kiss and blessing as the vessel left the wharf. You already know much of my history abroad, at least so far as it concerns music. But much of the varied experience of those years in other respects you do not know. We lived successively in Antwerp, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Vienna, and I look back with especial pleasure to two summers spent upon the Rhine. We were sometimes sadly straitened in our finances and had occasionally very gloomy hours. One winter remains impressed upon my memory as a period of

sadness. Both his art and his health called my husband to Italy, and our means did not allow us both to go. He made every sacrifice for my comfort during his absence, and, thank God, he never knew by what exertion and toil and sacrifice, as a teacher of English at Bonn, I was able to send him some portion of the funds which he left for me. There was always something very touching in his demeanor towards me. He seemed to feel as if I had sacrificed myself to him, and he had no real right to call me his; and yet this was not at all the case—I may say, that I have never for an instant regretted the ‘copartnership.’ At length our resources were exhausted and we were forced to come home. We settled ourselves in New York, and my husband took a very fair rank among the artists there. But he had judged rightly in regard to his health. His constitution gave way. A long and exceedingly painful illness ensued. None of his great things had been accomplished. His small pictures and sketches sold well so long as he had strength for labor. Fortunately we had no children, and the cost of living was comparatively small. But a time came, when my piano-forte lessons were our only resource. It proved sufficient, but cost me constant and wearying labor. At length the ‘copartnership’ ended. He lies in his father’s tomb at Roxbury. A few years later I came home to Hildale and joined my small savings to those of my sister, and we put up this cottage—where—added she after a moment’s hesitation with a smile—“we are always happy to see Mr. Brown, unless we can have the greater happiness—as at this moment, for here comes Lizzy Smith, daughter of Miss Lily—of seeing instead of him, a pupil at \$15 per quarter!”

There had been something in the tone in which Mrs. Johnson had related her history, which jarred upon my feelings. It was too light—too careless. It did not accord at all with her character as I understood it. It haunted me the whole week. I could not believe she was so heartless as she made herself appear.

Last evening, I lingered a moment at the door, as I was leaving the house, after having chatted for some time without alluding at all to her story, and suddenly turned and said abruptly: “But, Mrs. Johnson, I have been thinking and thinking of your narrative, and yet, I must confess, I cannot understand from it how you should have married as you did!”

The smile left her lip. The whole expression of her countenance changed. She raised her dark eyes to mine, and I saw them fill with tears. A slight flush spread over her cheek. She clasped her hands, pressed them to her bosom, and in a voice scarce audible said: “I loved him!”

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Boston Public Library Building.

A building has been completed for the use of the citizens of Boston, devoted to the purposes of a Free Public Library for all time. The exercises appropriate to the dedication of an edifice of this nature have been held, and the congratulations of the friends and well-wishers of so admirable an enterprise have been exchanged on the first day of a new year. The melodious voices of orators and choristers have died away—the earnest and graceful words then spoken are recorded, to be read with an ever new delight by the future beneficiaries of this noble institution—

the new building has been thrown open for the inspection of an interested public, and, after remaining closed for a season, will be again opened for the use and instruction and enjoyment of its many thousand owners. The public will have a spacious, a comfortable, a convenient and a permanent public library.

Is this quite enough?—In a building erected as this has been, carefully, thoughtfully, for so worthy an object—the *most* public of all public buildings—the culmination of our New England, nineteenth century civilization—might we not reasonably look for somewhat more than space—somewhat more than comfort—somewhat more than convenience? If we are to have permanence, might we not also ask a little *beauty*? We do not forget the careful disclaimer put, if we remember rightly, into the first report of the Commissioners on the erection of the building—in which it was hoped that, without any attempt at ostentatious display, the effect of the edifice would be found in its adaptation to its uses, and in which convenience, safety and the like practical advantages were very justly named as the objects to be mainly sought. But we must think that it would not have been ill to have added beauty to the list of desirable qualities. This building is for culture—surely beauty cultivates. It is for education—good Architecture educates, perhaps more than any other art; surely then it should in no wise be refused the fair and graceful aspect which befits its use. Where is Architecture legitimate if not in a Public Library? We can have no palaces in republican America,—we can have no cathedrals in Protestant New England—private houses twenty-five feet wide offer small opportunity for the display of the nobler qualities of Architecture—they are inadmissible in stores and warehouses, and if admitted, would be worthless when exhibited above those shining basements of plate glass,—railway stations are laid under the pitiless and inevitable ban of the great architectural autocrat of England—there remains but a small list of public buildings in which the once noble and respected *Art of Architecture* may find grateful and appropriate recognition. Should we turn our back upon it when we build a Library? No expense is grudged which goes to secure solidity, convenience, security from fire; why should beauty be ignored? It is clear from the disclaimer above alluded to, that the Commissioners did not seek it—if it exist in the new building, it has crept in unawares.

Now the task of the critic, whether of books, manners, dress, or Art, is at all times an ungracious one, and one which should be distasteful to a generous mind. It is particularly so in an instance like the present, when a general feeling of satisfaction and gratulation is so prevalent—arising from the successful operation and firm establishment of an institution so useful and every way excellent as this of which we speak. But we think it is due to the people of Boston, that some sober words should be spoken of the building in which just now they are taking so much pride and pleasure—that some attempt should be made to arrest the tide of blind admiration into which men unthinkingly fall as often as any public edifice is thrown open, new, bright and decorative. If one had mingled with the admiring crowd of men, women and children which filled the spacious rooms and halls of the

new building on Saturday evening, the second of January, and listened carefully to the exclamations which burst forth from each party or group as it entered successively the vestibule—the reading-rooms—the library hall, he would have heard on all sides expressions of lively and unqualified approval. This in one sense was delightful to observe. Apart from the size and height of the rooms, the gay colors of walls and ceilings, the columns and arches and cornices and panels and pendants—the marble, the gilding, the ironwork—were quite sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the contented citizens, and to prove that the matter-of-fact determination of the Commissioners had yielded in some degree to the temptations of ornament. But any careful observer will at once admit that all this popular admiration is entirely independent of the real merit of the building, and is far from implying any excellence or beauty in the architecture. What a library should be, it is not our purpose to inquire; but let those of our readers who can, call up in their minds the stately, solemn apartments of the Vatican, the simple hall of the Laurentian at Florence, the sculptured arcades of that library of St. Mark, which stands by the Ducal Palace and looks across the Venetian Lagoon—let them open their memories to the “fair and solemn company” of structures that hold the great collections of Vienna, of Munich, of Dresden, of Berlin, of London; and then set beside them this latest offspring of American architecture, no less inferior to these in simplicity and effect than it is superior to them in the uses to which it is devoted.

Let us glance for a moment at this new edifice and give it a hasty and unprofessional examination. We take it that no one in standing before the Public Library in its unsurpassed position, has ever felt any real or thoughtful admiration of the exterior design. The material in the first place is unfavorable to a good effect, though by no means a fatal obstacle. But that heavy door-way, those clumsily arched windows of the second story with their awkward caps, those empty niches with their ill-flavored brackets, together with the broad opening on each side of the building disclosing the long perspective of blank arched wall, must surely have failed to inspire the most careless or the most prejudiced observer with feelings of approval. Enter the low door-way, and what do we find? A vestibule, in which a passage of ten feet leads between the two halves of the principal stairway to the delivery-room, which connects itself by three broad doors with the circulating library room beyond. And here we should be disposed to go farthest in our approbation—simply because here, in these two rooms, a manifest convenience of arrangement is combined with an absence of ambition. No special effect is aimed at, no pretence made. Of scarcely another portion of the building above ground can the same be said. From the delivery-room open the two reading-rooms, which are lofty and large, but whose spaciousness of effect is essentially destroyed by the double rows of iron columns, tall and attenuated,—resting on octagonal iron pedestals and supporting inverted cones of elaborately frescoed plaster. Return to the vestibule. The staircase, as we have said, commences in two portions. At mid height these two unite behind a blank screen wall, whence one broad flight conducts to the middle of the upper hall. All the walls of the staircase below the level of the

middle landing are finished in plain stucco, spaced off in the wretched imitation of stone-work so common in renovated churches of this region. Above this is a panelling of plaster arches on scagliola pilasters, — the ceiling above these being panelled in cast-iron. We ascend the stair-way — so provokingly deprived of the grand effect to which this feature is of right entitled in every public building, by the division of its lower half and the concealment of its upper, — and we reach the main hall of the library. This it is natural to suppose was intended to make the climax of excellence and effect — and accordingly we find that, notwithstanding the distinct abnegation of all architectural pretension at the outset, there is a manifest assumption of dignity in this hall, and an equally manifest attempt at splendor. The architecture is somewhat gigantic, and consists of an arcade running round the four sides of the hall in front of the alcoves, — composed of three-quarter engaged Corinthian columns in plaster, resting on very large pedestals of bluish marble of rather inferior quality (constructed of jointed slabs) and supporting arches, which in their turn bear a Corinthian entablature. From this entablature springs a gracefully coved ceiling, — through the coving of which are pierced the windows which principally give light to the hall. Two ranges of galleries cut each arch into three distinct portions and effectually destroy whatever simplicity of outline the arcade might otherwise have possessed.

We have said enough of the architecture of this building. We wish now briefly to look at it in two other lights. First in respect to its arrangement, secondly in regard to its materials and workmanship.

We have spoken of the delivery-room and the lower, or circulating library room and the connection between them as simple and convenient; and we still regard this portion of the building as the least open to severity of criticism. The two reading-rooms are, as we have said, spacious, well lighted and comfortable, as well as properly connected with the delivery-room. The upper hall is simply a copy of the Astor Library in every essential respect of arrangement, except in the manner of lighting, which is here very perfect and excellent, and a great advance upon its New York model. The one peculiarity in the constructive arrangement of the building appears to exist in the zigzag side walls. This was the original point in the design, and must have contributed largely to its adoption. We do not profess to understand its utility or the manner in which it enhances the convenience or elegance of the building, but we suppose that the nominal aim of this arrangement was two-fold — to furnish additional light to the reading rooms, and to give a novel form to the alcoves of the upper hall. The way in which the first aim is accomplished is calculated to inspire wonder. A small triangular horizontal light of thick ground glass is introduced directly over each of the large side windows, and we presume that under no circumstances would the additional light obtained from these openings be in the least degree appreciable. In any position the illumination from such lights would be exceedingly limited; but at the bottom of a triangular well, as it were, and immediately above so lofty and broad windows as these of the side-walls, their contribution is as a drop in a river. In the main hall, the zigzag arrangement has certainly given a

novel form to the alcoves — which may be a good or a bad form; but the change seems to us to consist in the sacrifice of a considerable amount of valuable shelving room. We have never heard square alcoves objected to as at all inconvenient, and we must think, at least until some object is suggested for the introduction of this new form more reasonable than the avoidance of dark corners in a hall so thoroughly lighted as this — that it originated in that restless desire for novelty, that dissatisfaction with all old forms, which is so noted a trait in the American character. To us the form of the alcoves seems awkward without and uncomfortable within — it has certainly occasioned a very material extra expenditure, and we can think of only one argument for it — *it is new*.

With a brief glance at the materials and workmanship of the new Library building we will take our leave of it. And here let us specially remark that the mason's and joiner's work seems to be admirable throughout, though the designs which they followed are open to criticism like all the rest. The same may be said of most of the minor branches of mechanical art. But the taste which dictated the use of plaster in such profusion, and especially that which permitted so large a proportion of the ornamentation to be made in cast-iron, deserves the most emphatic reprobation. And setting aside all taste, — the leniency, or carelessness, or ignorance (we know not which to call it,) of the Superintendent, who after the latter material was once determined upon, admitted such shameful specimens of it into an edifice of this character, deserves to be known by all and the results to be thoroughly examined by all before such general admiration is allowed to prevail. Where else but in the Boston Library shall we find the main staircase in an expensive public edifice, surrounded by an iron fence, which in design and execution would disgrace the cheapest house-front in the obscurest street? Where else but in our own boasted new Library Building shall we find the ornamental columns which support the ceiling of a spacious and costly reading room, disfigured with blotches and protruding screws, and defects in the casting so abominable that no builder who regarded his professional reputation, would admit them into his commonest shop-front? Let the reader who doubts, go and examine for himself — let him particularly notice the guilloche band-moulding which runs around all three divisions of the main staircase, and then let him ask the public if they are content that a building which has cost them a quarter of a million dollars,* and which should be their pride, should present beauties such as these. The use of cast-iron as an ornamental material is bad enough anywhere; but to use it in a building like this, and above all to use *such* cast-iron as we have pointed out, is to insult the judgment and the taste of a community which has hitherto, (with what justness we will not pretend to determine) prided itself on the possession of a large share of those qualities. Had the Commissioners adhered to their original purpose to make a building which should be solid

* Were the items of expense, at once unnecessary to practical use and injudicious to architectural effect, to be estimated, it could easily be demonstrated that \$150,000 could have been saved for books which are the true interior ornaments; and with this saving we could have had a building with all the uses and conveniences of the one we are considering, with a simplicity and dignity of architectural effect to which it can make no pretension.

and comfortable and convenient and respectable, without any attempt at decoration, we might have regretted, but we could not have censured their course. But here is a building filled from top to bottom with ambitious ornament, every wall and ceiling painted elaborately in fresco, every opportunity seized for the introduction of ornament, and throughout this whole interior, the most legitimate materials we can find are plaster and cast-iron. Listen a moment to the opinion of one, who, whatever may be his occasional extravagances, is at least entitled to respect for his keenness to perceive and his power to express the distinction between beauty and ugliness — between propriety of ornament and tasteless display:

"..... But I believe no cause to have been more active in the degradation of our national feeling for beauty than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments. The common iron-work of the middle ages was as simple as it was effective, composed of leafage cut flat out of sheet-iron, and twisted at the workman's will. No ornaments on the contrary are so cold, clumsy and vulgar, so essentially incapable of a fine line or shadow, as those of cast-iron; and while on the score of truth we can hardly allege anything against them, since they are always distinguishable at a glance from wrought and hammered work, and stand only for what they are, yet I feel very strongly that there is no hope of the progress of the arts of nation which indulges in these vulgar and cheap substitutes for real decoration. Their inefficiency and paltriness I shall endeavor to show more fully in another place, enforcing only at present the general conclusion, that if even honest or allowable, they are things in which we can never take just pride or pleasure, and must never be employed in any place wherein they might either themselves obtain the credit of being other and better than they are, or be associated with the thoroughly downright work to which it would be a disgrace to be found in their company." [Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, p. 51.]

No, those large plaster columns, those heavy arches, those carelessly jointed pedestals, those wretched shapes of cast-iron which meet us at every turn — are not Architecture, and ought not to be admired as such. We will not speak of the distortions of form noticeable throughout the building — of the protrusion of a stairway into the delivery-room, of the dwarfing of arches in the landing of the main staircase — distortions so conspicuous as to be patent to the most unobservant eye. The building is built and will not be altered at least for the present; but it may nevertheless be well to give it a thoughtful scrutiny and perhaps gain a little wisdom to govern ourselves withal, when the next opportunity occurs for erecting a building that shall be a pleasure as well as a profit.

We have said nothing thus far of the fresco-painting so freely employed in all the apartments. It is generally good — particularly so in the ceiling of the main hall, but it may be questioned whether the bright and festive effect of this style of decoration be precisely that which is most appropriate in a Library building. Certainly it has never been considered so. In the Reading Rooms an argument is found against it, that it is likely to become very speedily defaced by the constant and indiscriminate use of the rooms; not to mention the various other probabilities of dampness, dust, smoke from gas-burners, &c. &c.

Indeed when the building was thrown open on Saturday evening, the effects of an imperfectly dried plastering or some other disturbing cause were plainly visible on the frescoed surfaces of the Eastern Reading Room.

We have made this brief and hasty examination in no spirit of captious fault-finding, but from a sincere wish to say something, however informal, which should make our people think good architecture worthy of a careful and thoughtful consideration; which should induce them to regard it with the interest which belongs to the art, and which in other days it never failed to inspire. It is a part of the province of this journal to record the achievements and examine the failings of all earnest efforts which are made among us towards realizing the standard of good taste in Art; and if by means of such record or such examination we can act in any way to restore Architecture, whether public or private, to the estimation in which it was once held, we shall feel that our efforts have been by no means idle or unprofitable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

III.

The true Amateur of music is never unmindful of the fact, that his first steps are the regulators of future excellence. Therefore he is content to begin at the beginning, and having nothing less than absolute perfection as his goal, is always a student.

The old proverb: "Step by step, one goes a great way," should be the motto of the musician, side by side with the equally true saying: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

It should then be your care, at all times and places, when you are requested to play, to lay aside all false modesty, and do your best. Never play carelessly, because only your friends are within hearing, or you are alone.

Try also to play every note as neatly as possible—don't slur over the keys in such haste that you are obliged to leave out half the notes, in aiming for what is so often miscalled a *brilliant execution*. We are aware that to many, this last sentence will seem somewhat heretical; yet we venture to say a "brilliant executionist" may be a very poor musician, if we take this last term as indicating one who makes *music*. A truly great artist scorns the idea of simply "showing off," or "playing for effect," as it is sometimes called—everything in fact, which detracts in any degree from the beauty of the music, in order to display a real or fancied power of execution in himself.

There are some people who, the instant they are sufficiently advanced in their studies to take regular tunes, make it a rule to select difficult pieces, quite beyond their power to render correctly, and thrum away, to the infinite discomfort of all lovers of Art. To such as these it is the greatest compliment to notice the difficult passages in the pieces—the greatest insult to request them to perform a simple composition of any kind. They will allow their vanity to run away with what little judgment they possess, in an inordinate desire to attract attention.

Above all, we would remind you that one month of steady application is worth six of irregular, inattentive practice. If, therefore, you do not feel inclined to give such attention to your

lessons, you had better use your spare time for subjects of improvement more congenial to your tastes than the study of music.

It has become a sort of fashion for persons who stand as it were yet on the threshold of the Temple of Knowledge, to set themselves up as teachers, and models, by the side of those who have already devoted their lives to the study of Art. With no idea of the rules of composition, or any guide except their own imagination, they will write and publish pieces which have not even the merit of brevity; generally consisting of four or five pages, written in most unmusical style. To these pages is affixed some rare title—sometimes a vignette in high colors, and the young author of this absurdity thus lays the foundation of fame as a composer!

Do not, we beg of you, attempt to write; at least not till you have thoroughly learned the rules and principles of composition. You need not fear that the world will grow weary of the old masters, or that without your aid we can have no good modern productions of Art.

As an Amateur of Music, you can best show your devotion to it by keeping within the legitimate sphere of *interpretation*, leaving those who are by nature more gifted than you, to the task of supplying materials for your studies. Apply yourself with diligence and perseverance, and you need have no doubt of ultimate success.

VISIBLE RE-PRODUCTION OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—M. Leon Scott, a corrector of the press, has imagined an ingenious method for obtaining the vibrations of the human voice expressed in signs, written, so to say, *by the voice itself*. If we examine the human ear, we find it chiefly composed of a tube ending in the tympanum, an inclined vibrating membrane. It is well known that sound is transmitted with extraordinary purity and rapidity through tubular conduits, and it would appear that, if there were no disturbing causes, the transmission might be continued to an indefinite distance without any diminution of intensity. There is an experiment on record, tried about fifty years ago by M. Biot, who, placing himself at one of the extremities of a tubular aqueduct nine hundred and fifty metres in length, carried on a conversation in a low voice with another person situated at the opposite extremity. These facts have been turned to account by M. Scott in the following manner:

A tubular conduit receives the vibrations of the human voice at one of its extremities, shaped like a funnel; at the other extremity there is a vibrating membrane, to which a very light pencil or stylus is attached. This stylus rests upon a slip of paper, covered with a coating of lamp-black, and is made, by the aid of clock-work, to unroll from a cylinder while the person whose voice is to be experimented upon is speaking. The stylus, in receiving the vibrations of the voice through the tube, marks the paper with undulating lines expressing the different inflexions. A somewhat similar process had been employed some time ago by Mr. Wertheim, to obtain the graphic representation of the vibrations of a tuning-fork; but M. Scott is the first who has attempted anything of the kind with the human voice. The contrivance, though still in infancy, has already led to a curious result, viz: that the clearer and purer a sound is, the more regular is the curve described by the stylus.

VIVE LA CLAQUE!—Mlle. Rachel, having imagined that her reception in a new play was less warm than it should have been, complained that those hired to applaud her, did not do their duty, whereupon she received from the head of that illustrious body the following epistle: "Mad-

emoiselle, I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation I led the attack in person no less than 35 times. We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out *a la porte*. My men were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and, after having profoundly studied the piece, I was obliged to make up my mind for the second representation, to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, applied them only to MM. — and, if the *ad interim* office, which I hold, affords me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal; and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me.

"I am, Mademoiselle, &c."

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 3.—The Carnival season has fairly commenced, and all Italy is given over to mirth, music and Verdi. The operas of this composer monopolize almost all the lyric stages of the country, *Troatore* taking the lead. Next to *Troatore*, his most popular opera is *Rigoletto*, and then comes *Attila*. *Simone Boccanegra* and *Luisa Miller* are being played at Rome, and his latest work, *Aroldo*, at Parma. Here in Florence we have *Ernani*, *Attila*, and *I Lombardi*, at the different opera houses, and at all public concerts his music chiefly composes the programmes.

Rossini seems to be quite shelved. His *Barbiere* is announced for performance at some out-of-the-way place, the name of which I forget: and of Donizetti the *Favorita* and *Lucrezia* are the only operas we hear of. Bellini's glorious triad, *Norma*, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani*, however, still retain a position and are not quite eclipsed by Verdi.

Now if I have a hobby it is Verdi, and accustomed as I have been to the sneers and thrusts of the American and English press in regard to his works, the lively and spontaneous appreciation he receives in Italy is the more grateful to me. It is not my intention to dilate upon his merits or attempt to proselytize into Verdiism those ferocious musical classicists who would abominate *Don Giovanni* itself and call it "brassy and Verdi-ish" if they thought it had emanated from Italia's greatest living composer instead of a Mozart; but I merely wish to show by the number of his works now being performed, how justly this great man is appreciated in his native country. At this moment, they are playing in various theatres in Italy the following of his operas: *Ernani*, *Troatore*, *Traviata*, *Attila*, *Simone Boccanegra*, *Luisa Miller*, *I Lombardi*, *Nabuco*, *Machebeth*, *L'epre Sicilienne*, *Aroldo*, *Rigoletto*—there may be others, but as regards these I am certain, if the official announcements by the operatic Impresarios in various towns may be relied on. Probably there was never before an instance of such astonishing popularity—*Troatore* being played in over a dozen theatres.

Among the operatic performers in Europe, many of the most noted have appeared in the Uni-

ted States, and it may not be uninteresting to those who have enjoyed their musical performances there, to learn the present whereabouts of their old operatic friends. ROSA DEVRIES, and MORELLI, the baritone, have just appeared at La Scala, Milan, in *Nabuco*. Mme. TEDESCO and NERI BERALDI (tenor), are at Lisbon, where they have made a great success in *Favorita*, the *Prophète* and *Lucrezia*. MIRATE, the tenor, is engaged for the Carnival of 1858-9 at Turin. LORINI is at La Pergola, Florence. ELISA BISCACCIANTI is engaged at St. Petersburg. BETTINI, the tenor, who sang here with BOSIO, years ago, is at Madrid. Miss HENSLEER has opened the season at the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, having appeared in *Traviata*; she was indisposed, and this is probably the reason the Genoese critics complain of her lack of energy, which they doubly regret, as she has otherwise so many elements to ensure success in her sweet and cultivated voice, and her prepossessing personal appearance. —Miss Hensler now enjoys an enviable position as *prima donna* of one of the first opera houses of Italy, and, if she "will make an effort" (as Mrs. Chick said to poor Mrs. Dombey) her professional success is ensured. The only thing her auditors complain of, is her cold, unimpassioned style of acting; otherwise they are loud in her praise. LABORDE is off at Rio Janeiro,—and at Paris is a vast army of our former operatic friends, including GRISI, MARIO, DE WILHORST, STEFFANONE, DIDIER, ALBONI and GRAZIANI.—And talking about Paris, I have come across in a French paper, fresh from the French capital, some twaddle—it is worthy of no better name—relating to these latter well known artists. The writer is celebrating New Year's day, by congratulating the various members of the Italian opera troupe on the auspicious day, and seizing the opportunity to make a series of impertinent personal remarks; he is particularly severe on Alboni, and thus congratulates that portly dame.

"We congratulate Madame Alboni on being freed from the presence of Mme. Didier, for we well comprehend that two of a trade cannot agree, and that between the two ladies the unlucky Impresario would be exceedingly embarrassed; especially when one of them is so fastidious as Madame Alboni.

"For in the first place, you know, Alboni, that you have recently decided not to appear in male characters. Very well! very well indeed—Mad. Didier will willingly invest herself with the pantalons, and sing the *Brindisi* (which you have almost created) and in a style, too, that will make her fickle auditors almost forget you yourself.

"Alboni will not take the rôle of Orsini!

"Very well! Madame Didier will take it!

"Again, Madame Alboni cannot dance a certain rôle!

"Very well! Madame Didier will dance it!"

Now this last passage needs a short explanation. Here it is.

There are in the *Martha* opera of M. Flotow, which they are now rehearsing at the Italiens, two female rôles—a soprano and contralto; but this latter rôle is amphibious—that is to say it partakes both of dance and song. Now Alboni in the rehearsals performed such remarkable terpsichorean feats, that M. Calzado, the manager, rubbed his hands with delight, exclaiming: "Ah! that will bring me crowded houses if any-

thing will!" But M. de Saint-Salvi, the agent of the owners of the building, protested against Alboni's continuing therein to trip upon the light fantastic toe, stating that it would certainly result in the most disastrous circumstances to the solidity of the theatre. Under different circumstances this unexpected opposition would have seriously embarrassed the management. But M. Calzado received the intelligence very philosophically, merely exclaiming: "*Eh bien!* There is Nautier Didier, who can dance the rôle as well as sing it. We will have her—it will do just as well—everybody will be satisfied, excepting perhaps Madame Al—, but that's not my affair."

Now Alboni, seeing the range of her repertoire becoming more and more limited, began to make renewed incursions into the rôles of the *soprani*, and has appeared in *Gazza Ladra*, in the part of Ninette instead of the contralto rôle of Pippo. We do not observe, however, that this event has done much good either to Art or the treasury of the management.

The writer next congratulates Nautier Didier on being freed from Alboni: "For," he says, "this fortunate event will relieve the former from the rivalry of her professional sister. Madame Didier possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of extensive compass and sympathetic tone. She really knows how to sing, and can act well the rôles of her repertoire."

Then follows a tribute to our old friend Steffanone, the first to introduce the most successful of modern operas, Verdi's *Trovatore*, in New York. The writer says in very big capitals that she is "THE VERY BEST LEONORA IN EUROPE," referring to her performance of that rôle in *Trovatore*.

With regard to Grisi, the writer wishes, she could appear once more with Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, while Bellini should solemnize the event with an opera written expressly for the occasion. Then he launches off into a French rhapsody:

"You ask that which is impossible. How impossible? has it not been already done! Did not Bellini write *Puritani* expressly for those four grand artistes? But unfortunately Bellini and Rubini are dead, and Tamburini and Lablache have retired from the stage. But why have they retired! Alas! they are old! And has the beautiful and *spirituelle* Giulia Grisi also become old? It must be so! Oh! despair! The common fate must overtake even Giulia Grisi * * * * * But why then does she return thus alone to the scene of her triumphs? Does she return to sadly contemplate the ravages which years have made upon her old auditors? Or does she come to remind us of our happy youthful days long passed, and fill us with melancholy remembrances? But I will not go to see her. I will preserve intact the early souvenirs of this beautiful ideal, this wondrous artiste, who with no other guide than her own genius, knows how to be so lovely yet tender in Juliette, so majestic in Anna Bolena, so grand in Ninetta, so sympathetic and spirited in Rosina, so passionate in Desdemona, so poetically beautiful and sweetly unhappy in Elvira, so dramatic in Semiramide, so impetuous in the terrible rôle of Norma, her most admirable creation. No. I will not see her.

"Ah! I have just awakened from a dream, during which I have been against my will to see Grisi at the *Italiens*; but instead of the glorious

young *Diva* entering upon the scene with the noble assurance of an artiste, knowing herself to be adored by the public, and to merit that adoration, I saw her enter a *prima donna*, yet beautiful, with a queenly presence, but with an agitated and timid air, as though she felt herself to be an intruder! I beheld her suppliant expression which seemed to say to the public: 'Ungrateful ones, and is this the cold, unmoved manner in which you receive me! Ah! you applaud. Thanks! many, many thanks.' I could not bear it: 'Do not thank them, sovereign of my heart,' I cried, 'thy humiliation will break my heart,' and then my sobs choked my words and—I awoke and lo! it was a dream—only a dream! Oh what delight! and Giulia Grisi is as much adored now as she was twenty years ago. She is still *La Diva*!"

The writer further goes on to wish all sorts of Frenchy things to the other artist, and then gives an item you may not be prepared to hear—it is this. Mario is about to appear in the rôle of Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera. The great tenor has been studying the part a long time and is quite enamored of it. The opera is to be produced at Les Italiens with the most remarkable distribution of characters ever known, being as follows:

Don Giovanni,	Mario
Leporello,	Zucchini
Ottavio,	Belart
Donna Anna,	Grisi
Zerlina,	St. Urbain
Elvira,	Steffanone

The writer from whom I have made such copious quotations prophesies a "SOLEMN FIASCO," and he puts in capital letters to make it the more impressive. In my next I hope to say something about the opera houses of Florence.

TROVATOR.

Twight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1858.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—If the universal gratification of a large audience, warmly, unmistakeably and frequently expressed, during a concert and the whole week after it, can be any pleasure to the concert-giver, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN has reason to feel pleased, and certainly in one way well rewarded, for the feast of noble music which he had the good taste and the enterprise to provide for us last Saturday evening. We cannot doubt, too, that such meritorious effort and such faith in the appreciation of his public met with something like a fair material reward; for the assemblage was much larger than that of the first night, and far larger than that of the second,—as much in contrast with it in all true signs of success, as it was in intrinsic musical excellence, particularly as regards the subject matter, or the programme of the concert. It was in truth an admirable programme. If it contained nothing new, yet all was sterling, and most of the selections of the very highest order. It was plain to sight and feeling that by the audience in general it was infinitely more enjoyed than any "light" and unartistic programmes of late years. And here was a good point settled: namely, that in the search for what is popular, it is well to remember that the highest often is the most so, provided it has once come to be familiar.

Is not the *Freysschütz* overture more popular than any clap-trap? and what is there more excellent, more classical? Nay, the great Seventh Symphony itself (Beethoven's in A), which opened the concert, and which a few years since was thought to be the type of all that is "scientific," hyper-classical, profound and "transcendental,"—the work most cited as the incomprehensible antipodes to the melodious Italian opera, &c.—what other instrumental work (unless it be the Fifth) offers such sure attraction now to any audience that seeks orchestral music, or is absorbed into the listening soul with such profound attention, such delight and exaltation?

That was proved at the Festival in May. Saturday night proved it once more. We verily believe we speak the feeling of the mass of that great audience when we say, that we were too happily and deeply interested in the Symphony itself, to be thinking very critically of the mere performance. The thoughts, the spirit, of Beethoven, in one of his sublimest and most rapturous seasons, conveyed their electric spark through and in spite of such materials as we had. It was not the great orchestra of May; there were by no means strings enough (excellent as the first violins all are); no one could expect Zerrahn to give us more, until the public made him safe in doing so. We might recall, too, a few roughnesses in execution, brass out of tune, the oboe often a little flat (our friend must be more careful). It was not the best, nor by any means the worst interpretation we have had of the Seventh Symphony; but the spirit was not wanting, it took effect, and each who heard it felt it to be real gain to the best part of him.

The genial, Juno-like Allegretto Scherzando from the Eighth Symphony was delicious as ever, though, for a wonder, not encored. The *Tannhäuser* overture was made as effective as it could be without a larger orchestra, and proved to have lost none of its virtue in the time that it has been laid aside; and the *Freysschütz* made of course a spirited conclusion. Next to the Symphony, however, the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn was the feature of the most artistic interest. We had it entire; most commonly one hears only the Andante and Finale. In beauty, vigor and originality of ideas, in nobility of treatment, fine contrast of naturally connected movements, and in richest wealth and beauty of orchestral accompaniments, it is worthy to be called a Symphony. Indeed, after the "Scotch" Symphony, we know no instrumental work of Mendelssohn's more interesting. And Mr. COOPER, from London, proved himself an admirable violinist,—one of the two or three very best by whom we ever heard a classical work interpreted. His tone is purity itself,—never the slightest swerving from true pitch even in the highest notes. Phrasing, accentuation, finish and expression as near perfect as one can well conceive. It was finely intellectual playing; and the melodious slow movement sang itself upon the strings with most pure and beautiful expression. His only disadvantage, as compared with other violinists of the Music Hall, seemed to be want of power; the orchestra sometimes covered him up, swallowed his fine vibrations into theirs. Perhaps he has not been used to playing in so large a hall; it were a treat indeed to hear him in a Quartet of Beethoven; there his mastery could not fail of recognition.

Miss ANNIE MILNER, the English soprano,

grows upon us. We were hardly prepared for so fine, so enjoyable a rendering of Mozart's *Non mi dir* as she gave us. Only Lind and Lagrange have attempted that song here before. Miss Milner conceives and executes it like an artist; her voice, though worn in the middle notes, is very sweet and clear in the highest, very flexible and of a rich and pleasing quality. Her second piece, the Serenade by Salaman, an English song in German style, serious, with interesting piano accompaniment, well played by Mr. TRENKLE, was sung with feeling, and made a good impression. In the florid Duo for violin and voice the lady showed a remarkable ease and brilliancy in passage singing, and the thing itself was better than the common run of such things. In person and in manner she is simple and attractive. Could Mr. Zerrahn be always so fortunate in his engagements, we should think better of the solo element in programmes. But observe, the charm that did not fail here was—not *good performance* merely—but *good performance of good music*.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Fifth Chamber Concert, Tuesday evening, Feb. 16. A bitter cold night, and audience somewhat thinned out; yet a goodly number braved the blast rather than lose this programme:

- 1—Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 2 of the Three Razoumofsky Quartets..... Beethoven
- 2—Trio in E flat, for Piano, Clarinet and Viola..... Mozart
- Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
- 3—Adagio and Variations from the D minor Posthumous Quartet..... F. Schubert
- 4—Andante (Convalescenza) and Finale (Gnarigiose) from the Descriptive Quintet in C minor, No. 16, op. 38..... Onslow
- 5—Romanza for Violoncello..... Franchomme
- 6—Second Quintet, in B flat, op. 87..... Mendelssohn
- Allegro Vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro Vivace.

For the third time that Quartet of Beethoven!—the biggest and the finest lump of gold picked up this season, and worth turning over and admiring many times. We could be glad to hear it once a week. The strings were not so happy in the rendering as the last time; in the quick movements there were high notes out of tune, some scraping, and now and then in the first part rapid figures covered up and scarce appreciable to the ear. We question the wisdom of attacking such a work the first thing in the evening; a little previous exercise seems necessary to establish the *entente cordiale* between the strings and blend them sympathetically. Yet we did enjoy the Quartet deeply, and especially the Adagio, which went more smoothly, and which is as perfect in point of beauty as it is profound and heavenly in meaning and in feeling.

The Mozart Trio is full of the peculiar beauties of that never-failing genius; and yet, perhaps, for its great length, too little relieved by any individuality of its own as distinct from that of its author. It sounded strangely familiar to us, though we cannot possibly have heard it before, at least in that form. Mr. B. J. LANG played the piano part with conscientious purity and neatness, well supported by the clarinet of Mr. RYAN and the viola of Mr. KREBS. The combination is agreeable.

That solemn, heroic dirge-like Adagio of Schubert, with its imaginative variations, was finely played. The Onslow piece we had to lose. WULF FRIES played his solo with exquisite taste and feeling. We have spoken above of two of the greatest instrumental works of Mendelssohn; we can hardly think of a worthier candidate for the third place among them than the Quintet in B flat; at least among single movements that Adagio leaves the impression of one of the very noblest and profoundest. Then the old ballad-like quaintness of the Allegretto, and the fire and vigor of the first and last movements take right hold of one. It was far more fortunate in the rendering than the Beethoven Quartet, though not entirely exempt from the same blemishes.

ROXBURY.—A very pleasant concert was given at the City Hall in Roxbury, on Wednesday evening of last week, by Mrs. ELLEN B. FOWLE and Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, assisted by Mrs. COVERLY, Misses HAZELTINE and HUMPHREY, Mr. LOW, and Mr. A. BAUMBACH, pianist. The Hall was well filled and the performances received with evident satisfaction. The programme contained little that was new, but the selections were from the most agreeable of the standard concert pieces. Mrs. Fowle was very successful in "With Verdure Clad;" the exquisite melody never came with more welcome to our ears. In the *Inflammatus* (from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*) she obtained an encore. We wish sincerely that the public might have more frequent opportunities of hearing this really charming singer. We hardly remember a voice that has given us more delight.

Mr. Wright has a ponderous bass voice full and musical, and with due care and cultivation he will become a fine singer. We could but question his taste in following Formes so closely in "Rolling in foaming billows." To be sure he reached the final E flat—but it was not the firm tone we heard at the Music Hall. Miss Hazeltine sang "Rejoice Greatly" with good effect, and in the second portion of the concert an air from *La Traviata*. Miss Humphrey sang "O rest in the Lord," by Mendelssohn, with great feeling, though with a voice rather tremulous. We were best pleased with the trio from the "Creation:" "On Thee each living soul awaits," sung by Mrs. Fowle, Mr. Low and Mr. Wright; the blending of tone was perfect, and the style was such as to satisfy the most critical. The accompaniments, also two solos, were played by Mr. Baumbach with his accustomed neatness and brilliancy.

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening two concerts. The GERMAN TRIO, at Chickering's, offer a rare programme, including: Beethoven's Quartet in F, op. 59, (being the first of that "Rasoumowski set," of which we heard the second last Tuesday night), a Quartet by Mozart, and another by Haydn.... There is a good subscription to the Complimentary Concert for Mr. ALFRED HILL, at Mercantile Hall, which offers an attractive variety. Mrs. LONG will sing *Ah! mon fils*, and Rossini's duet: *Mira la bianca luna*, with Mr. C. R. ADAMS. Mrs. HARWOOD will sing airs from *Figaro* and *Robert le Diable*; Miss TWICHELL, a cavatina from *La Donna del Lago* and "The Fishermiden;" Mr. ADAMS, an aria from *Luisa Miller*; and Mr. POWERS, a bass cavatina from the *Favorita*. Mr. LANG accompanies, and a select orchestra, under ZERRAHN, will play overtures, &c.

The Wednesday Afternoon Concert will be omitted next week, in consequence of other engagements of the Music Hall.

We would ask attention to the concert announced for next Wednesday evening, by Mr. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian pianist, from England, who has come to make his home in Boston. He is an earnest and accomplished artist, and withal a gentleman of high general culture and refinement. Read his excellent programme; in the first piece you have the purest poetry, in the last piece the grandest bravura of the piano, and the English journals describe Mr. Z. as fully adequate to both.... ZERRAHN's programme is out for his last concert, and it is a grand one. Read below.... The musical world of Boston will feel the loss of an important member in the departure of Mr. EDWARD A. GRATTAN, the gentleman who has so long resided as British Consul at this port and is now transferred to Antwerp. We wish him joy there in the nearness of his family and in the gratification of his artistic taste in that old famous city of Rubens. But he had become almost a Bostonian. Society will miss the amiable and accomplished gentleman; musicians will miss an ever active friend. He will be missed in all our concert rooms of classic music, and there will be no more of those nice and frequent Quartet parties, in which he himself sometimes drew a bow. Mr. Grattan carries with him the good will of all he leaves behind.

We are glad to announce that Mr. R. W. EMERSON will read six lectures, in Boston, upon Memory, Powers of Thought, Country Life, and other subjects—commencing on Wednesday evening, March 3d.

Mr. Ullman advertises a new season of Italian Opera at the Academy, to commence next Monday night, the 22d, with "I Puritani"—Lagrange, Gasier, Tiberini, Fornes in the chief parts.... The following operas have been added to the repertory during his unparalleled successful performances in Philadelphia: Otello, Ernani and La Figlia di Regimento. L'Italiana in Algeri will be repeated.... Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be presented "in extraordinary style about the 15th of March;" and then Fry's "Leonora," "in a style worthy the occasion, as being the first grand opera by an American composer given at the Academy of Music."

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. From Dec. 1, 1856 to Dec. 1, 1857, there have been 99 performances at the Stadt theatre, besides three representations of the *Loceley* finale and two of the *Dorfbairier*. Of the 99 evenings Mozart has had 5, Weber 2, Wagner 3, Lortzing 5, Hiller 2, Kreutzer and Marschner 1 each, Flotow 7, Spontini 2, Bellini 5, Donizetti 9, Rossini 9, Meyerbeer 5, Halevy 3, Boieldieu 4, Herold 1,—but Auber 37 evenings. This might be flattering to the man, but for the fact that his operas serve as a foil to spectacles and ballets in Leipzig.

VIENNA.—A historical concert was given by Carl Haslinger on the 6th of January. Compositions of Stralella, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt were given in chronological order.... Rubinstein is creating a *furor* here; his new Trio in B flat is pronounced his greatest work. But the Cologne *Musik Zeitung* says: "With the exception of the ingenious and original Scherzo, and some clever touches in the finale, it is altogether an insignificant work, in which a whirlwind of rapid passages conceals the nothingness of the original idea."

BERLIN.—The celebrated Dom Chor at one of their soirées presented this remarkable programme: *Gloria*, by Palestrina; *Adoramus*, by Orlando Lasso; an Offertory, by Anerio; *Misericordias*, by Durante; a Choral, by J. S. Bach; a Motet, by Franck (1628); a Christmas song, by Calvisius; a Fugue for piano, by Bach; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 110.

SCHWERIN.—Von Flotow, who is kapellmeister at the court theatre here, has composed a new one-act opera, "Pianella," which was received with great applause.

DRESDEN.—A biography of Robert Schumann, by Joseph W. von Wasielewski, has just been published here.

COLOGNE.—A new comic opera: *Scherz, List und Rache* ("Jest, Cunning and Revenge") by Max Bruch, was brought out Dec. 30th.... The third Gesellschaft's Concert had the following programme:

PART I.—Symphony in C, Mozart. Recitative and Aria of Jono (from *Semele*), Handel—Mlle Jenny Meyer. "Ave verum" (for chorus and stringed instruments), Mozart. Aria, "Dove sono (*Figura*), Mozart—Mlle. Fensold. Second concerto, in E minor, for piano-forte and orchestra, Chopin—Herr Ferdinand Brennung. Aria, "Quid placent," Rossini—Mlle. Jenny Meyer.
PART II.—Overture and introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini.

At the third Soirée for Chamber Music, Ferdinand Hiller played a piano-forte Sonata of his own composition, consisting of *Andante agitato*, *Scherzo* and *Finale*; also the piano part in a Trio by Haydn.

HALLE.—The performance of the "Messiah" in aid of the Handel monument, in the birth-place of the composer, yielded 1920 thalers. It was originated by Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and she sang in it. There is a report (which looks not very credible) that she is about to make a concert tour to Russia.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—(Corr. *Lon. Musical World*).—The fifth Museum Concert, on the 8th January, was crowded. The patronage bestowed by amateurs on these concerts is deserved, for not only are performed old and new first-class works, symphonies,

overtures, grand vocal pieces, with orchestral accompaniments, *lieder*, &c., but *virtuosi* who visit our town on their artistic tours are introduced, and rising talent brought forward, so that the institution deserves protection. The conductor, Herr Franz Messer, directs the performances with ability. On the above-mentioned evening we heard—besides a symphony of Mendelssohn, an overture by Robert Schumann, and a new (to us) *scena* and *aria* of C. M. von Weber, introduced in the opera *Lodoiska*—a triple concerto of Beethoven, played by Herr Heinkel, (piano-forte), Heinrich Wolf (violin), and George Hausmann, from London (violincello). This gave unqualified satisfaction.

PARIS.—Stephen Heller has issued a new set of *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, which find great favor with artists and amateurs, who love the poetry of music. They are larger pieces than the former ones.... Herr Koenig, Julien's famous cornet player, died here recently.

Il Bruschino has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbieri* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschino*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Baciocchi, Prince Poniatowski, Madame Fould, Madame de Breteuil, the Princess Trobelskoi, and other fashionables, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Murtha*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavored to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them he replied: "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly farce—*farza tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *noceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschino*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, but M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the florid music. Mlle. Dalmont, whom the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* terms "La Soutag du Passage Choisenl," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient. At the Opera-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived. At the Theatre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Mestépès and Kauffmann.

The rehearsals of "La Magicienne," in the Rue Lepelletier, at present exclusively occupy the attention of the theatre. It is stated that M. Halevy has entirely changed the style of his music in the composition of this opera, upon the success of which the administration place the greatest reliance. A new ballet is said to be also in the hands of the librettist and the composer, M. Théophile Gannier for the first, and M. Reber for the second. The latter, it will be recollected, was the composer of "Maitre Wolfgram," which enjoyed a certain degree of popularity.

M. Flotow's opera at the Italians, Paris, is on the same subject as M. St. George's ballet, brought out some years since at the Grand Opera, called "Lady Henriette." The parts are confided to Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mmes. St. Urbain and Nantier Didier.

Not less than five new operas have been given lately in Paris. Of course, they are very small. One of these trifles, *Les Dames Capitaines*, is by Reber, a composer who tried for some time to keep up the traditional beauties of the old French masters, until he became also a victim to the necessities of the day. Another opera is called *Le Clef des Champs*, and represents an episode from the life of the famous Dame Dubarry. The music is by M. Doffes.

The theatre Lyrique is thriving on the consummate singing of Madame Miolan Carvalho.

The works that please at the opera Comique are the revivals of French comic operas fifty years old.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, (Moonlight Sonata), Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto and Trio—Presto Agitato.
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 2—Aria: "Se crudel," Donizetti
Sung by Mrs. Long.
- 3—Il Lamento et La Consolazione. Two Nocturnos, .. Chopin
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

PART II.

- 4—Scena and Aria from "Omano," L. H. Southard
Sung by Mrs. Long.
- 5—Der Wanderer: Song by Schubert, arranged by Liszt
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.
- 6—Serenade: "Hark, the Lark," Schubert
Sung by Mrs. Long.
- 7—Grand Fantasia from the "Huguenots," Thalberg
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

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Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

- 1—Symphony in C minor (No. 5), Beethoven
- 2—Recitative and Romanza from "William Tell," Rossini
Mrs. LONG.
- 3—Concerto (in D minor) for the Piano-Forte, with Orchestral accompaniment, Mendelssohn
Mr. LANG

PART II.

- 4—Overture: "Jessonda," Spohr
- 5—Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, for the Violin, Molique
Mr. SCHULTZE.
- 6—Andante and Minuetto from the Symphony in E flat, Mozart
- 7—"Come into the garden, Maid," Balfe
Mrs. LONG.
- 8—Overture: "Jubilee," Weber

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THE BELLS OF SPIER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OER.

In Spire, where yon last chimneys rise,
A grey-beard in his death-pangs lies;
His garb is poor, his bed is hard,
And many a tear runs down his beard.

None helps him, gasping for his breath,
None—none but grim and bitter Death!
And, to his heart as Death draws near,
A wild and wondrous tone men hear.

The Imperial bell, till now long dumb,
Booms out a slow and hollow hum,
And all the bells, with solemn din,
Both great and small, come pealing in.

The news through Spire flies far and wide:
The Emperor to-day has died!
The Emperor's dead—can no one say
Where died the Emperor to-day?

In Spire, the old Imperial town,
On golden couch and bed of down,
With wasted hand and fading eye,
Henry the Fifth lies down to die.

The servants hurry to and fro,
The Emperor's rattling breath grows low;—
And, to his heart when Death draws near,
A wild and wondrous tone men hear.

The little bell, till now long dumb,
The wretch's doom-bell low doth hum;
No bell chimes in to swell the tone,
That single bell hums on alone.

The word through Spire flies far and wide:
What criminal to-day has died?
Who may the wretched sinner be?
Who'll tell us, where's the gallows-tree?

C. T. N.

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 16.—There are three opera houses in this lovely city, and like the bundles of hay and the—no! that's not a good simile; so I will bring in a French phrase, which, besides being expressive, is calculated to impress the reader with a profound idea of my extensive linguistic acquirements, and inform you that in consequence of these triple attractions I am suffering under an *embarras de richesses*. I am every night torn by conflicting emotions as to whether I shall patronize La Pergola, the Ferdinando, or the Goldoni.

To the Goldoni I go so often that I am quite a *habitué*, and always occupy a particular seat, near the orchestra, on the side where brass predominates—for I confess to a fondness for the harmonious roar of the trombone, the peal of the trump and the miscellaneous quackings of the other brazen instruments. My idea of perfect ecstasy is a position in the centre of a large brass band, with the yawning mouths of the instruments circling my head at a distance of not more than three feet; a large freezer full of ice-cream to be placed between my knees, a bushel basket of June strawberries by my side, a saucer in my left hand, while my right brandishes with triumph a huge spoon. Then let the moment when I taste the first spoonful of cream be the signal for the band to strike up *fortissimo*, one of the noisiest finales of any one of Verdi's operas—no matter which, for they are all alike in respect of noise,—and at the moment when they came to that climax which in Verdi's concerted pieces is always accompanied by a vehement clashing of cymbals, at that moment I would be tempted to lean back in my chair, wave the spoon, as it were a banner above my head, and exclaim in the language of Mr. Turveydrop: "This is happiness! This is bliss! This is immortality!"

Now all this, *minus* the cream and berries, I enjoy at the Goldoni. My position in the parquet, close to the stage, giving me the full advantage of the brass, it is not to be supposed that a constant frequenter of this locality, like myself, should not form some slight acquaintance with the members of the orchestra. They are all very young men, as indeed are the majority of the vast clouds of musicians that are met with in Florence, and as they appear to be a lively, jolly set, I have fraternized with a few. The trombone and myself are on speaking terms, and the ophicleide nods when we meet in the street. The cornet-a-piston has professed for me an undying friendship, and the cymbals recognize me with a smile. I have even wandered into the domain of wood, and a very long instrument whose name I am ignorant of, says "Buona sera, Signore," every evening.

The oboe yet remains a stranger, but the flute has made overtures (I use the word now in a social, not musical, sense), though I have not received these advances with favor, for I deem the flute to be an effeminate instrument beside brass. It is true there was a time when I considered my own flute performances—but I will not recede to that remote period—I have abandoned the flute, I have locked it up in a drawer, and having thus forsaken my Desdemona, I now, like Othello, pant for the "shrill trumpet."

Two, or at the most three operas, form the repertoire of an Italian lyric theatre during the Carnival of six weeks; and at the Goldoni they have so far devoted themselves exclusively to Verdi's *Attila*, an opera almost unknown in America as yet. As a musical composition it is worthy of taking a high place among modern operas, for though far inferior to the *Trovatore*, it is yet replete with striking melodies, and one concerted piece, a trio in the last act, is frequently introduced in concert programmes; this trio and the aria *E gettata la mia sorte*, which Signor Badioli sang with great success at one of the Philharmonic concerts in New York, years ago, are the only selections from this excellent opera that I have heard in America, and probably the only ones that have ever been produced there.* As an artistical paper here devotes one of its pages each week to a series of articles entitled "Studies on the Operas of Maestro Verdi," I have a precedent in making a "study"—a very little study—a study-ling—a study-cule as it were for you, on "ATTILA."

In the first place, the plot is an excellent one. Attila, king of the Huns, in his march to Rome, is met by Ezio, a Roman ambassador, who proposes by treachery to admit him within the Roman walls, a proposition which Attila spurns as unworthy a true warrior, but he permits the faithless ambassador to remain in his camp. Among the crimes of Attila, he has slain the father of Oldabella, the prima donna of the piece, who, in revenge, has sworn to act the part of Judith of old and slay the hated king. She pretends, at a feast, by dashing down the goblet from which Attila is about to drink, to have saved his life from a poisoned draught. He, in gratitude, announces, that to-morrow she shall be—*la sposa del re*. The tenor, Foresto, is a character thrown in because of the operative necessity of a tenor, and though he has little to do with the action of the piece, considerable music, and of a very excellent character, has been allotted to his rôle. Of course he is the real lover of the *prima donna*, and of course is greatly perturbed in mind at the

* *Attila* was performed entire in Boston by the old Havana troupe; Sig. Marini was the Attila. Ed.

idea of the young lady becoming the spouse of Attila.

The climax of the story is in the last act, where Ezio, Foresto and Oldabella having successfully conspired against the king, he discovers their plot, but not in time to save himself. It forms a very fine dramatic situation. There is Attila surrounded by the three persons whom he has benefited, just discovering that they have incited the populace (whose threatening shouts may be heard in the distance) to his destruction, and he addresses them individually in accents broken with anger:

Thou, royal lady, yesterday my slave, now my queen!
Thou, felon, whose life I have too generously spared!
Thou, Roman, for Rome only saved!
Do you all conspire against me?

Then he bursts into a threat of vengeance; while the others upbraid him with his crimes. Oldabella dashes the crown he had placed on her head at his feet; and as the excited populace burst in, with her own hand stabs him with the very sword which he had playfully given her when he made her his queen. So the opera terminates. I have not alluded to the duet between the tenor and soprano, in which there is any amount of usual lovers' quarrels, or to one of the features of the plot—the visions which Attila sees, and which forbode the tragical end of his lyric life.

The music of the opera, if not scientific, is, in many places highly effective. The work opens with a chorus, which assures us that "lamentations, rapine, sighs, blood, ruin, warfare and fire, are of Attila the joy"—information certainly not adapted to lead the hearer to place too much faith in the amiability of the worthy person to whom they refer. There is then a duo between Attila and Oldabella, and a rather brilliant aria by the latter. A common-place duo for bass and baritone (Attila and Ezio) follows, and after an intervening chorus of monks, and a rather weak orchestral imitation of a storm, we have a very beautiful aria for tenor, *Ella in poter del barbaro*, in which Foresto bewails the sad fate of Oldabella, who had been taken captive by Attila, the chorus in the meantime indulging in pump-handle gestures, and wisely remarking to themselves at intervals that Foresto should not despair, for "perhaps the unhappy maid will fly from the monster!"

The second act contains a very brilliant and effective duo between Foresto and Oldabella, one of the most original morceaux in the opera, and then follows a highly dramatic scene for the basso in which Attila recounts a vision which he has beheld in his sleep. But the vision becomes a reality; an old priest appears, and in the same words that had rung in Attila's ears in sleep, warns him not to advance towards Rome. The superstitious fears of the king are aroused, and while the other characters are performing an admirable concerted piece, he breaks in upon their rhythmical measures with his own delirious exclamations:

No! it was not a dream, that entered my soul,
There are two mighty giants hovering in the air—
Their eyes are fire! their swords are swords of flame!
The burning points, they move, they move towards me.
Spirits of vengeance, stay! man yields before ye,
And here before the gods, falls down the prostrate king.

And Attila falls prostrate before the mysterious

priest. The music of this highly dramatic scene is the finest in the opera, and will bear favorable comparison with anything Verdi has ever written.

In the third act there is a scena and aria for baritone: *E gettata la mia sorte*, in which Badiali was so successful, and the act concludes with a lengthy and effective, but a very noisy, concerted piece. A pretty little chorus for females, with *pizzicato* accompaniments, is worthy of mention. In the last act, after an insignificant romanza for tenor, and a chorus of nuns behind the scene, in which the invisible warblers request virgins to come and enter the peaceful cloisters, and emulate the lives of oysters (these are not exactly the words—only a free translation), we have an admirable trio for soprano, baritone and tenor: *Te sol, te sol quest' anima*. This, though short, is one of the most perfect things of its kind that can be found in all Verdi's works, and it is familiar in the United States from having been frequently performed at concerts. The opera concludes with the dramatic finale to which I have before alluded, and in which Verdi is fully equal to the demands of the situation.

Attila forms an exception to most operas, in the fact that the rôle of the prima donna does not absorb all the attention. The interest of the opera chiefly concentrates upon the character of Attila, thus offering a rôle to a really good basso, that few modern operas do. However, as a general thing, Verdi is very impartial in the distribution of his *morceaux* to his operatic offspring; you must at least allow him this merit. Each character of his operas has something to do. As in *Trovatore*, soprano, alto, tenor and bass, have each a character worth studying and worth performing; so in *Attila*, the soprano, tenor, bass and baritone, have each an opportunity to fairly exhibit their talents. No one is sacrificed to the other.

The Goldoni theatre being one of the smallest in Florence, and frequented by the poorer classes, the prices of admission are correspondingly low, being but one paul, or ten cents, to the parquette. The rest of the house is divided into private boxes, which are let by the season or night, at absurdly low rates. Of course the operas are not gotten up in first rate style. The scenery is falling into the sere and yellow leaf, and the artists, with the honorable exception of one CAPRILES, the basso, are mediocre. It is altogether a free-and-easy opera. Nobody dresses to go there. I do not mean to say that the audience are in a

"——— state of absolute nudity,
Like the Greek slave or the Venus di Medici."

But they do not indulge in any labored toilets. The conductor himself, instead of presenting the unimpeachable front of a Maretzek, wears a faded, shaggy overcoat—for the theatres here, not being artificially heated, and the weather being slightly arctic, overcoats are a necessity. The building is lighted only by one feeble chandelier, depending from the ceiling, and diffusing a melancholy semi-light over the auditorium; and this circumstance is invaluable for seedy and poor but respectable people who desire to attend the opera, and dread that the brilliant gas-light will make manifest worn seams and mended rents. Not that I myself am seedy or poor or respectable—quite the contrary—but should you have such friends coming to Florence, who wish to enjoy simultaneously music and obscurity, I would recommend the *Teatro Goldoni*.

* * * * *

Signor Verdi has just gone to Naples, to produce a new opera, entitled "King Lear." The maestro has a fondness for Shakspearcan subjects, and his *Macheth* now occupies the stages of several of the Italian lyric theatres. TROVATOR.

MESSINA, SICILY, JAN. 23.—Thinking you might like to hear something of music in this rather remote place, I propose to give you a few items. On the evening after my arrival here I inquired the way to the theatre, where the "Barber of Seville" was to be performed. Being insufficiently versed in the Italian tongue, I made known my wants to the ticket seller by the ingenious device of holding up one finger in grim silence. With an unusual sagacity the official divined my meaning, and presented me with an *biglietto*, for which I paid about thirty-two cents; I then made my way within, and found a large, splendidly decorated theatre, comprising a pit and five tiers of boxes. My seat was in the pit, the common resort of single gentlemen, and was roomy and comfortable. The boxes are sold entire; the price of the first tier is two dollars; of the second, two dollars and a half; of the third, one dollar and two thirds; of the fourth, one dollar and a quarter; of the fifth, two thirds of a dollar. Each box will hold four or five, sometimes more. The theatre is finely constructed for acoustic effect; owing to the want of gas and the expense of candles, there is not enough light, and the general appearance is sombre. The orchestra numbers more than fifty performers, and I understand that the nightly expense of this does not exceed twenty dollars. When extra musicians are required the regimental band is drawn upon, and, indeed, in one opera, of which I shall presently speak, a full military band is put on the stage, at the enormous expense of seven dollars! As the opera is the only public amusement at present, it is always well attended—though it seems to be a place rather for paying and receiving visits than for hearing music.

Of the performance of *Il Barbiere* little need be said; it had been presented for fifteen nights, and, naturally, both singers and audience were heartily tired of it; it was sung with spirit, though caricatured throughout. Rosina was a pretty, young contralto, GIOVANNONI by name, who is only eighteen years of age, and who really has a beautiful voice, though needing time to develop it; the tenor had a robust but not very sympathetic voice; the rest were good without being remarkable; the orchestra excellent, but too brassy and indulging to excess in the *ff*. The chorus was in appearance much like those at home, though wanting the Celtic element so apparent there. You could see the same three gestures—with the right hand, with the left, and with both together; there was the same leading chorus woman who assumes the airs of the prima donna when no greater is on the stage; and there was the same tall man with thin legs, whom one always sees. The audience amused themselves by hissing nearly every scene, to express their desire for a change of the opera. The most of the time they chatted and laughed among themselves, giving only an occasional glance towards the stage, except when Rosina had some song of her own; then they would remorselessly hiss. I found that there was a strong party against her, though the cause I did not accurately learn; I think she took the place of some rival.

It struck strangely on the ear of an American to hear hisses bestowed on an unassuming, painstaking, and really worthy young girl, merely for the purpose of annoying her. At first I thought she paid no attention to it, but after a closer observation I saw, as she turned again towards the audience, after walking up the stage, that she could not quite repress her tears, and I learned afterwards that she had been weeping throughout the evening. Once or twice during the opera she received a fair measure of applause from her friends—for she has some friends—and for this she seemed so grateful that one would have thought her enemies would have been touched; this did not seem to be the fact, though. On the whole I went back to my hotel rather disappointed.

The next night was performed a modern opera, which I think has never been sung in America—at any rate I hope not—it is called *Marco Visconti*, and was composed by ENRICO PETRELLA. It had the usual incomprehensible plot, the usual amount of grief arising from thwarted love and a jealous rival, and it wound up with the usual incident of the prima donna's death in a dungeon, just when she ought to have lived. The music is a bad imitation of Donizetti, and the whole thing is tedious in the extreme. But great was my surprise and delight to recognize in the prima donna our own townswoman, Signora LORINI (formerly VIRGINIA WHITING): it was like meeting an old friend. She has now a splendid voice, strong, of great compass, and reliable, while her execution is great, and her whole style admirable. In the first scene of *Marco Visconti* there is an air with variations, immensely difficult, which she executes brilliantly, and in which she has made quite a sensation. She is a great favorite here, and deservedly so. If we are so fortunate as to hear her again in Boston I am certain she will create a *furor*, though I am much in doubt whether she will be induced to visit our city in a professional capacity again; from some remarks which she made during an interview I subsequently had, I apprehend that the cold reception she met with when she last sang there, with Grisi, has quite disappointed her.

Last evening a concert was given at the theatre, by Signor GENNARO PERRELLI, a pianist, who has already gained a large reputation; and especially in Russia, from which country he has lately returned, he has received many honors. The concert commenced with the first act of *Il Barbiere*. The second part comprised an overture, three vocal performances, two fantasias and a concert piece for the piano. The announcement of the concert was so quiet and unpretending that I was not prepared to hear so superior a pianist. I cannot recall any one except Alfred Jaell from whose playing I have received such unmixed pleasure. The style of Signor Perrelli is remarkable for clearness, accuracy, and above all, for expression; his execution is really wonderful, though, to his praise be it said, you do not think of that till he has ceased playing. During the performance of his first piece the audience frequently burst into shouts of *Bene! Bravo!* as with one voice, and at the conclusion of it he was twice called before the curtain. With an audience so carping and critical, such a reception means a great deal. In the vocal part of the concert Signora Lorini made a great success in the well known Cavatina from *Ernani*, sung by her

in costume. With us, a song in costume is usually a dreary affair, tame and cold; but here the singer seemed to put on her enthusiasm with her dress, and had you entered the theatre at the moment, you would have supposed the whole opera was in course of representation. But the great vocal triumph of the evening was in the scena and duetto from *Norma*, sung in costume by Signora Lorini and Giovannoni. The excitement and enthusiasm which this called forth was immense; the singers were twice called out, and there was no end of shouting and cheers; truly, I never heard another operatic performance into which so much fire was infused. I was really proud to witness the success of an American artiste before such an audience, and I think that the cheers given Giovannoni must have atoned for much hissing—at any rate, she seemed pleased beyond expression. But just think of any singers being able to revivify the dry bones of *Norma*, that dear old bore which drives people away from our theatres, and causes us to objugate, with much wickedness, hand-organs and amateur vocalists! Much is due to the audience, to be sure; for this is as inflammable as spirits of wine, and a continual current of electric sympathy runs between the pit and the stage; both audience and singers seem striving to outdo each other in enthusiasm. I wish we at home could be a little less proper and cold at the opera; a little less fearful of making a noise; beyond question, an American audience is a very cold, undemonstrative thing—but they never hiss a woman!

I forgot to mention that they give opera here seven nights in the week! Not being able to afford two troupes, the singers are worked almost to death, and no voices can long stand such wear as this Shylock of an impresario puts on his unfortunate artists.

G.

LOUISVILLE, KY. FEB. 10.—The name of our City or our State I have seen rarely, if ever mentioned in your valuable journal, which by the by is hailed here by its readers with delight.

Your readers East are possibly under the impression that we live here in the West in a state of barbarism, and that Art is entirely neglected, or rather not yet known, and cannot be appreciated here. They are mistaken. We enjoy our "Mozart Society," our "Orpheus," our "Liederkrantz," as well as they do, and I have no doubt our musical societies are sometimes worthy competitors to your own. Come and hear them! They work not for world's renown, but they practice quietly and studiously, and enjoy their achievements. If we have no Formes as Elijah, we have our Mr. Collière, a worthy representative of the Prophet indeed.

But my intention is not to make personal comparisons between artists; no good can spring from that. I merely wished to inform you that Louisville had last night the pleasure to hear the first performance of a new society, the "Musical Fund Society," an association for orchestral music only. Its purposes are the enjoyment by the members, mostly dilettanti, of the best compositions of great masters, the cultivation of the musical taste of the public, and the foundation, by concerts, of a fund, out of which to assist the professional members, if sick or unable to follow their profession.

The society was called into existence by amateurs in the month of Dec. last, and our profes-

sional men and artists, such as could do good service, joined at once. The orchestra counts, all told, upwards of forty members, under the direction of Mr. GEO. ZOLLER.

Last night had been set for the first concert, Misses COLLIÈRE and SCHEIDLER, Messrs. COLLIÈRE, DOLFINGER and Dr. MASON, having consented to assist.

Yesterday morning it poured down rain in torrents, and by night the weather had become most dismal; rain, hail, snow and storm, gave a most gloomy appearance to our streets. The opinion was generally entertained that no audience whatever would greet the society. This proved to be a great mistake. The following programme was too attractive for our lovers of music, and a nearly full house in the spacious and beautiful hall of the Masonic Temple (which holds 1400 persons), listened to the performance.

PART I.

- 1—Overture—La Famille Suisse—Full Orchestra,..... Weigl
- 2—Aria—Ecco il Pegno—Gemma di Verghè,..... Donizetti
Sung by L. C. Collière.
- 3—Sinfonia—Opus 10, in D (first movement, Minuetto & Trio)
Mozart
- 4—Trio—Ferma Crudele, from Ernani,..... Verdi
Sung by Miss Scheidler, Messrs. Mason and Dolfinger.
- 5—Sinfonia—Continuation of Opus 10 (Andante & Presto)
Mozart
- 6—Polka—Najadeu,..... Gung'l

PART II.

- 1—Overture—Italiana in Algieri,..... Rossini
- 2—Scena—D'amor sull'ali Rosee—from Il Trovatore,.... Verdi
Sung by Miss Bertha Collière and Mr. Dolfinger.
- 3—Waltzes—Almaack's,..... Lanner
- 4—Comic Scene—Two Beggars,..... Vogel
Sung by Corradi Collière.
- 5—Overture—Taurcredi,..... Rossini

Without going into details, which pleasure I save for the next concert, I assure you that the rendering of all the orchestral pieces by far surpassed my anticipation and that of the audience. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and since the time of Jenny Lind no musical performance here has had such signal triumph. It has taken strong hold of the whole musical community; wherever I go I hear this concert discussed, and anxious inquiries fly from mouth to mouth about the next. No association was ever more sure of a large house than the Musical Fund Society is for the next concert. And it is astonishing that dilettanti, mostly, are able to do justice after so short a time for practice, to such pieces as above. The Mozart Symphony was rendered with precision and expression, and the Presto was delivered with vigor and style. Even in the outward appearance of the whole nothing seemed to be lacking—no tuning and scraping before the pieces—with profound silence they were off at the sign of the baton. Every one is delighted at the prospect that a good and strong orchestra will henceforth exist in Louisville.

A new era also seems to commence for the Mozart Society, as I hear it rumored that the managers of both societies intend to lend each other their assistance. If so, we shall have as fine oratorios, &c. as can anywhere be found.

I cannot conclude my remarks, although already too lengthy, without mentioning the highly creditable manner in which the singers delivered the above solos. The song from *Trocatore* bore away the palm. We never heard our highly esteemed and beloved tenor, Mr. Dolfinger, sing better. Miss Collière was in good voice and fine humor, fresh and young, and evidently showing the marks of the superior tuition of her father. More anon.

ANONYMOUS.

From my Diary, No. 24.

Jan. 26th.—Over a cup of coffee at the confectioner's. Enter Teacher of class-singing, with whom

ensues a conversation in which some things were, and others might have been said, which are herein recorded.

Diarist.—Well, and whose fault is it that your business is hardly recognized as a profession?

Teacher.—I do not know, I am sure.

D.—Perhaps we can determine the point. We know that in other countries men have attained position in society, indeed have gained fame, who have devoted their lives to the cause of teaching music to children and in schools. Nägeli, for instance, at Zurich, and Erk at Berlin. Why can it not be so here?—You have seen an article on Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, recently printed?

T.—Yes, and very interesting it is to trace his gradual rise from the lowest office connected with a colliery engine, to the position of the great Engineer of England.

D.—He owed this elevation to the one fact that he devoted himself to his business, loved it, studied his engine until he was familiar with its every part, carried his researches into engines of greater excellence, read every thing he could get about engines, and at length awoke one fine morning to find that he knew more about the subject than any other man in England. So the dirty servant became Great Britain's chief Engineer.

The story of Bowditch teaches the same lesson. Let a man love his profession, make himself master of it, not only practically but theoretically; let him learn its history; let him read all he can get upon it; let him make himself a thoroughly informed man upon all that belongs to it, and he will soon be recognized by men of intellect as one to whom they can apply for knowledge, one whose conversation is valuable. This gives him at once position and respectability. Bowditch had no thought of his future fame when he was working out problems of navigation, and making himself master of all that pertains to the sailing of a ship.

I know a man whose early education was lamentably deficient, but he loved American history, especially our political history; all his leisure was devoted to it, and a time came when men began to find out his great attainments in it. He at length reached the United States Senate. But this case is hardly to the point.

That of an apothecary's apprentice whom I knew, is. This young man sought to know more than the merely mechanical manipulations necessary in the preparation of pills, mixtures and tinctures. He had no other object in view than the gratification of his love for the knowledge which belonged to his profession; but this led him on, until now in these days when so many great names adorn the science of chemistry, he bids fair to make himself a name. He has made himself a man of most varied and extensive information in the department of chemistry, to which he was led by his business, and such knowledge always gains recognition.

But to come at once to your own calling. There is one man, who like yourself was for years a teacher of class-singing. It was his profession. He has attained no ordinary success in life, and is an object of envy, it should be emulation, to many of you.

T.—Dr. Lowell Mason?

D.—Yes. You must admit that he stands before the public—from the world-renowned professor at Andover to the dwellers in the squatters' cabins at the West—in a position held by no other musical man in the country.

You do not like his music, you say—that is a matter of taste—the public does, and purchases it. But that is not to the point. The only question is, how he, coming to Boston more than thirty years ago as a teacher of Class-Singing and leader of a choir—at a time too when this occupation was almost considered disreputable—has gained this position?

The answer is easy. When he came here—although he would now smile at the narrow range of his knowledge at that time, he was found to be far beyond his contemporaries in information upon all subjects connected with his branches of the musical art. He was called upon to lecture, by men far beyond him in literary attainments, but that was no matter, for he knew things which they did not. If you should ever go into his library, you will see there at a glance to what his success has been due. You will find that whatever came from the press bearing upon sacred music and the science of teaching it, found its way at once to his study; and the notes and marks in books and periodicals prove how carefully all was perused. There are old volumes of the "Entertainer," of the English musical periodicals of that day, rare and valuable volumes, which cannot now be purchased with money; whatever he could find that could add to his knowledge of the history of psalmody and sacred music in general, or give him hints towards the theory and practice of teaching—all is there.

The consequence was, that as time passed, his mind became so stored with information upon all these points, that he is a welcome companion to men of the highest culture in other departments of knowledge.

T.—But—

D.—We will have no argument about his music—tastes differ—the only point, I repeat, in question is, as to what has given him, starting in life as you are now starting—his position. This I assure you was nothing but his devotion to his profession, and his determination to avail himself of every means of extending his knowledge of it. When he no longer shall be able or shall choose to lecture before the common school conventions held under the auspices of our Board of Education, where will a successor be found? No doubt there are men who have mastered the mere art of teaching music in classes and schools; but where is that man who, in addition, has such a fund of various information, drawn from books, observation and foreign travel upon his subject?

T.—I never thought of the matter in this light.

D.—So I suppose. If you had, I need not have troubled myself to have presented it thus. Now you must acknowledge that in general our teachers, having acquired the routine of lesson-giving, stop there. However much pains they may take to improve themselves intellectually, they for the most part devote little time to perusal of works upon music. They do not honor their calling, and it of course cannot honor them. Even the advantages to be derived from reading musical periodicals they forego; and as to the purchase of a musical library, few think of such a thing.

T.—As to books, there are few or none which bear at all upon our duties.

D.—Perhaps so: but everything which relates to music in any form is of use for one's general musical culture; and until you as a class can be reputed as men who have attained a certain degree of this culture, your calling will not, cannot be dignified by the public at large with the title of a profession.

T.—There may be some truth in what you say, but you must admit that there are few books for us.

D.—Let publishers once see that you are willing to purchase, and you would find that the supply would soon equal the demand. Why, man, people have been writing upon music these three centuries, and all their best thoughts would be saved and poured from the press like cheap novels, if you would create a demand for them. But you do not even support the musical periodical press.

T.—And reason enough we have, too. Why should we support a paper which ignores us entirely, except now and then when it finds in us an object of ridicule?

D.—Ah, so—well, what would you like?

T.—That is not very easy to say. When I first knew you, you were giving great attention to psalmody, and to the theory and practice of teaching it. You had made a great collection of the books which have been published.

D.—Yes, since the beginning in this country, from Tufts of Newburyport and Walter of Roxbury, down. Well?

T.—And from the enthusiasm which you then exhibited in all relating to this department of music, it seems to me that you must be able, after so much study and reading, and the observations you have made in schools abroad and at home, to give us what we want; and this our musical paper does not do.

D.—Thank you for the compliment. What do you want in the premises? That I should found another journal, and devote my time and labor, and the results of reading, study, observation and experience for so many years, to such a project, and depend upon men for support, who care so little for music as many of you do? First show me some encouragement. No sir, when you see fit to encourage an established periodical, you will soon see that it will meet your demands. You complain that our paper is devoted to the tastes and wishes of a single class. Did it never occur to you that it owes its origin and support thus far to that class? "But its editor is one-sided." Did you ever see a man that was a man in any department of literature or art that was not so? All things are not unto all men. It is with an Art journal as with any other. Take a newspaper and see how it becomes general in its features. Wherever there is a single editor, it is, of necessity, the organ of his feelings, his opinions, his tastes. But as soon as a certain degree of success crowns his efforts, he calls in other talent. And by little and little the daily newspaper becomes universal in its character. There is the political editor, the commercial, the literary, the agricultural, the city, and so on. So with a journal of music. It is established by a man of known reputation as a writer. It is at first supported in the main by such as agree with him in sentiment, and for them he caters. He and they may be "classicists,"—no matter; so long as they only read and subscribe for it, whose business is it? But why throw stones at them? Rather give him your support, and in time make it worth his while, and give him the means, to call in this man to represent the Italian department, that man to look after the interests of teachers and church music, and a third to work up the general musical news. Such men may be easily found; but they cannot give their time and labor away from remunerative employments for the gratification and benefit of anybody without pay.

So far as I am personally concerned, you may be very sure that I shall not devote much time to writing upon the subjects in which you feel an interest, so long as my articles come principally only into the hands of readers, who care not at all for them. It would be useless labor. Another thing you may be equally sure of; that the long continued studies and observations for which you compliment me will produce no fruit for you, so long as you do all you can to prevent the periodical for which I write from affording me those very necessary articles—bread and butter;—and thirdly, I shall continue to act upon the principle, which I long since adopted, of recognizing no man as a teacher, in anything I write, who does not aid in supporting a musical periodical.

M. Gounod's New Opera.*

(FIRST PRODUCED ON THE 15TH FEBRUARY, 1857.)

I am not astonished that Molière attracts musicians. Where should we find characters more original and more vigorously brought out?—scenes better laid down, better drawn, more

* Translated for the London *Musical World* from *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

lively and more gay?—dialogue more natural and frank? A lyrical form is all that is wanting to render Molière's smaller pieces admirable and incomparable *libretti*. It is not, it is true, an easy task to give them this form, nor can it be done without some injury. There is a frequent necessity for cutting out something or other, and what can we cut out of Molière without regretting it? It is, also, at times necessary to add something, and this is much worse. Add to Molière! Alas! a man must love music very passionately to undertake such a task.

Is it M. Gounod, on the present occasion, who has taken this on himself, and been his own cook? Or has he found some willing scullion to do it for him? M. Gounod was named alone, at the conclusion, when the pit demanded, with loud cries and great applause, the name of the author. But, after all, this is not a question of much importance. I should not be surprised, however, if the score of *Le Médecin malgré lui* dates from a long time back, and was written, quietly, in the ten or fifteen years of silence and fruitless solicitations which the constitution of Art among us imposes on most composers.

However this may be, the score in question has obtained a very brilliant and a very legitimate success. The author has largely displayed in it those qualities which established his reputation some years ago; qualities first noticed in *Sapho*; met with again in *La Nonne Sanglante*—a serious work, in which the musician was the victim of the poet—and which, lastly, could be properly appreciated and were warmly applauded in M. Gounod's two symphonies, with which the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* has already made the public acquainted.

Such qualities are rare and valuable. They comprise elevation and seriousness of thought; precision of form; correctness, firmness, and moderation in style; harmonic elegance and neatness of instrumentation. M. Gounod is an exceedingly skilful symphonist. This is a fact which has not been denied by any one for a long time, and it will be even much more clearly established when every one shall have heard *Le Médecin malgré lui*.

Do not let my readers mistake the sense of this praise; it is not restrictive. Nearly all the pieces in the new opera, the duet between Sganarelle and Martine, for instance, which concludes with a volley of blows; Sganarelle's trio with Lucas and Valère; the sextet of the consultation: "Eh bien, charmante demoiselle," and, especially, the quintet of the third act, prove their author to possess considerable knowledge of the stage. All I wish to convey is that M. Gounod seems to be accustomed to think of the instruments before thinking of the voices; that the former are his especial favourites, and that, in a word, he frequently puts the *statue in the orchestra*, as Grétry said of Mozart.

An author should follow his impulses, make the best of the gifts he has received from Nature, and not exhaust himself in useless efforts to acquire what she has not given him. M. Gounod is more a German than an Italian, and *Fidelio* attracts him more than does *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. What matters! There are several pinnacles to Art, and glory shines round all of them.

We find, however, a few pieces where M. Gounod has placed the voice in the foreground, and where the orchestra, without ceasing to interest us, occupies only the second position. The most striking of these pieces is Sganarelle's air, the first verses of which are contributed by Molière.

"Qu'ils sont doux,
Bouteille jolie,
Qu'ils sont doux,
Vos petits glouglous," etc.

No one of the "onomatopisms" indicated, and, to a certain extent, commanded by the poet, is wanting in the accompaniment. The clarionets, the horns, the flutes, the bassoons, and the violins themselves give us, in turn, the *glouglou*, with an apparently inexhaustible variety of intonations and effects. But the vocal portion never ceases to conduct and dominate this bacchanalian sym-

phony; it is simple, expressive, elegant, and delicate, and M. Meillet brings out all the composer's intentions with a talent for detail, which is becoming more uncommon every day.

Madlle. Gérard, who wears the cap of the village girl, and the nurse's apron, has been favored with one of the pieces where the vocal part occupies the foreground. It consists of couplets, the motive for which is taken from Jacqueline's harangue to Géroste: "J'ai toujours oui dire qu'en mariage comme ailleurs contentement passe richesse." The musical motive is full of frankness, fulness, and even gaiety, combined with that heavy character which one of Molière's peasant women should never lose. Madlle. Gérard has seized the spirit of these couplets, which she renders marvellously. Amidst the general success of the work, these two airs, so well conceived, and so well executed, obtained an especial meed of flattering applause.

The first air of Léandre, which he sings with a mandoline in his hand, did not strike me as being so well appreciated. The violins in the orchestra play the part of the silent mandoline. This air, full of grace and tenderness, is written in Lull's best style, and the accompaniment marked with much more elegance than Lull could ever have imparted to it. It is very delicate and very *distingué*, and M. Froment's voice lends it a great charm.

The little pastoral, also, sung by the same person, disguised as a shepherd, in the finale to the second act, struck me as very agreeable, and the rural sonority of the oboe accompaniment admirably with the tenor voice of the artist.—Martine's couplet:

"Toute femme a sous la patte,
De quoi se venger d'un mari,"

did not, on the other hand, appear to possess any very remarkable feature, any more than the chorus of wood-cutters, which terminates the first act, or Sganarelle's air, which commences the third. The chorus of peasants coming to consult Sganarelle is, I think, worth more. It is, at least, interrupted by a charming phrase, sung by Sganarelle, who recommends his patients to bury their wives very carefully, should the latter die of the physis he has just prescribed.

In a large portion of these pieces, M. Gounod has re-produced the style of music contemporaneous with Molière, the details of which it is so easy to study in Lull. M. Gounod has done this with cleverness, moderation, and discretion, and has only taken from the seventeenth century just what he ought to take. This agrees well with Molière's language, which is not ours; adds to the general effect of the work; and does not lessen its success, on which I congratulate the author, although I have not the honor of knowing him. He has, by the way, reason to be satisfied with those of his interpreters whom I have already named, and to whom I must add Madlle. Faivre, who plays Martine's scenes remarkably well, and, likewise, M. Girardot, who, being comic everywhere, has not much trouble to be so in the character of Lucas.

It was the anniversary of Molière's birth. After the piece, the scene was changed; at the back was the crowned bust of the great comic poet. The entire company filled both sides of the stage. Mad. Carvalho advanced, dressed as a Greek muse, with a golden palm branch in her hand, and sang, with remarkable firmness of intonation, brilliancy, and purity:

"Salut, Molière, ô grand génie,
Ta muse est sœur de l'harmonie," &c.

The chorus joined, and the audience would willingly have done so, too. This cantata reminded some of the audience of the finale to the first act of *Sapho*, in which Mad. Viardot displayed such energy. Were they right or wrong? That is a question which I shall not undertake to decide.

LEON DUROCHER.

Death of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

Another of the demigods has passed away; another genuine artistic glory is extinct. On Saturday the patriarch of the Italian stage—

"notre père à tous," as his compatriots reverently styled him—died, of dropsy, at Naples. Lablache has gone to join Rachel in a better world.

The death of a great dramatic artist, whose genius and physiognomy have long been familiar to the public, leaves a void that cannot be filled up during the life-time of the actual generation. He may be replaced by another in his best parts, and even efficiently replaced; but it is not enough for those who, accustomed to the first model, have become past-worshippers out of pure affection. Which among ourselves could tolerate another Dr. Bartolo, another Don Pasquale, another Don Magnifico, after having seen Lablache, who identified himself with these characters and made them his own! What other face, what other figure, what other voice, what other talent, would be accepted by the present race of opera-frequenters as substitute, for his? Nor is there any thing unnatural or unjust in this predilection for long-established types; on the contrary, it is honorable to humanity, since it represents gratitude for favors conferred, and shows that the public, after all, is not so unfeeling and utterly heartless an animal as certain moralists have endeavoured to paint it.

Of all the lyric artists that ever came from Italy to England, Lablache was, beyond comparison, the most popular. We make no exception. By popular, of course we do not intend the most "attractive," even the uninitiated being aware that a bass, no matter what his merits, can never by any chance expect to rival a soprano or a tenor in the eyes of managers of Italian theatres, or in direct influence upon the paying public. As in a novel, or a play, so in an opera—the hero and heroine are the personages that absorb the greatest amount of interest; and the hero and heroine being, in most operatic representations, impersonated by the tenor and soprano, it is not at all surprising that they should bear away the palm in the estimation of the crowd. An indigent parent, a deep scheming villain, a deposed monarch, a rabid priest, a besotted magistrate, an eccentric charlatan, has no chance, in the long run, against the Romeo or the Juliet of the stereotyped lyric drama. And this is quite independent of the peculiar spell which the highest voices, both in the male and female register, have exercised, exercise, and must always exercise, upon the sympathy of the masses—just as, without knowing why, nine persons out of ten, who listen to a quartet for string instruments, will award all, or nearly all, the merit of the execution to the first fiddle.

The popularity which—in common with all who have watched the progress of Italian opera in this country, during the last quarter of a century—we have adjudged to Lablache is, therefore, apart from such considerations. He was a man *sui generis*, thoroughly original, a consummate artist, and endowed with an idiosyncrasy, both personal and mental, that separated him from his compeers, and enabled him to set his mark upon everything he took in hand. Early familiarity with the public grew at length into a sort of intimate confidence between the actor and his patrons; and this ultimately reached such a point, that, instead of undergoing the ordeal of criticism, in common with his fellow-artists, Lablache was accepted by the Opera-patrons as a sort of brother Aristarchus before the foot-lights, sharing with them whatever opinions, favorable or hostile, the performance might elicit. If Grisi, Sontag, or Jenny Lind sang well, Lablache and the audience would simultaneously declare their approval; if things went slovenly or ill, Lablache (invariably, and seldom otherwise than deservedly, held blameless) would convey—by a shrug, or a wink, both eloquent and unmistakable—how entirely he coincided with the audience in their mothered or openly manifested expressions of dissent.

No actor "filled the stage" more entirely than Lablache; and this not so much because his frame was colossal, as because he was born an actor, and the stage was his element. How dignified his deportment in tragedy—how easy and graceful in comedy—how unrestrained, intensely humorous, (and, even when most exaggerated, never verging on licentiousness) in farce!

The great artist expired where he first saw the light—at Naples—in his 64th (some say 62nd) year. All Naples will mourn his loss and respect his memory. In this one feeling, if in no other, Englishmen can sympathise with Neapolitans; for the death of such a man as Lablache is a blow to every country where art is recognised and cherished as an important element of civilisation.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 27, 1858.

CONCERTS.

Last Saturday the elements had all the music to themselves. It was a night in which none would venture forth to any concert room, unless a raging appetite for harmony possessed them. Mr. ALFRED HILL, in justice to himself and his subscribers, wisely postponed his Benefit Concert; he will soon announce an evening when it can take place.

The GERMAN TRIO, however, persevered in most heroic defiance of the storm. They had already postponed once, and so the valiant GAERTNER, finding his colleagues present, declared he would go on, as surely as they got three listeners. There were actually twenty-five men and women all told, besides three boys, scattered about Chickering's saloon; these all in such good humor with their bravery as to feel sharp set for music. The temptation of a Beethoven Quintet made us one of them.

But the "German Trio" was this time a German Quartet. Mr. HAUSE and piano had silently dropped out. The programme consisted of three string Quartets, no less, no more; a Quartet party *pure et simple*. The players were Messrs. C. GAERTNER, C. and J. EICHLER and H. JUNGNIKKEL, and all played as carefully and with as much enthusiasm as if the audience were legion. Had they not Beethoven and the storm-genii for listeners? and were not the twenty-five (and three quarters) full of valor and quick apprehension? We may say once for all that the Quartets generally went well. We have never seen the leader confine himself to his task with such apparent self-forgetfulness and such freedom from extravagance throughout an evening. It was well, perhaps, to have only Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven to deal with, and no clasp-trap solo exhibitions.

Part I. was the Quartet No. 6, in C, by Mozart. A short Adagio in three-four, opening on the key-note in the bass, which is at once contradicted by wild minor harmony, and indeterminate and fitful, soon finds relief in the free, joyous and flowing Allegro 4-4, in C major. The Andante *contabile* is full of beauty and feeling; the deep throbbing figure of accompaniment in the violoncello, which occurs so often, is singularly impressive. The simple, robust, playful Minuet and Trio, and the closely related Allegro molto of the finale are full of exhilaration, full of the perennial youth of Mozart, and like many of his livelier movements.

Part II. was the Quartet by Beethoven, No. 1 of Op. 59, in F, being the first of the three great ones dedicated to the Prince Rasoumofsky. (The Quintette Club have played the second of the same set this winter; they have also in past seasons played the first and third.) This was the grand feature of the concert. It was written

about the same time with the third, fourth and fifth symphonies, the *Coriolanus* overture, the *Sonata Appassionata*, &c., and like the other two is full of the most original and wonderful beauties and audacities of thought and treatment. It is one of his most imaginative creations, and reveals the master in all his moods, from the strong Titanic to the profoundly tender and religious, from the playful and fantastic to the deepest yearnings of the soul enamored of ideal beauty and full of world-wide human sympathies. But it is this fantastic humor, perhaps, which is most distinctive of these Quartets (the fantasies of a most deep and earnest nature). Written in compliment to the Russian ambassador, (in whose house was formed that famous group of Quartet players at whose hands Beethoven's works enjoyed the sympathetic rendering for which a composer can but be too grateful), two of them are remarkable for the introduction of a little Russian air, which makes the theme for quaint and ingenious variations. We cannot weary of recalling the opening theme of the first Allegro in this one in F; setting out in the violoncello, it is so broad, so growing, so full of suggestion, and leads up in the first violin to such splendid and triumphant climax, instantly and as it were necessarily answered by the curt, *staccato* chords of the countertheme; and then both grow on together and develop into the most complete and perfect whole, so full of meaning and of power. This is followed by an *Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando*, led off (a little too slow we thought) by a playful rhythmic figure of four bars on one note, a sort of challenge, by the violoncello, which is answered by the quaintest and most fascinating theme (all *sotto voce*) by the second violin; and then the working up, the episodes, the modulations into remote keys, pique the imagination with the most eager and delighted interest to the end of a very long movement. But we have not room to speak of the lovely Adagio, full of deep sentiment, which passes, by a light airy figure streaming through several bars of fine divisions in the first violin, into a trill which covers the introduction of the *Theme Russe* in the bass, nor of the extraordinary and charming novelties developed in the working of this. It is not often that we get such a feast as that Quartet. Will not the Quintet Club now revive for us the third of the set, in C?

Part III. was agreeably filled by the well known Quartet in G by Haydn. But it did sound somewhat common-place after Beethoven.

MR. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian Pianist, had a large and highly respectable audience at his Concert in the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms on Wednesday evening, and he has evidently won the cordial sympathies of not a few during his two brief residences here. He was unfortunately ill—it was too clear from his pale and feeble look—and had been ill for the fortnight before the concert. This might account for a certain lack of fire and accent in much of his performance.—Yet he played the "Moonlight Sonata" of Beethoven and two well known Nocturnes of Chopin with delicacy and with feeling; while in all he did there was great fluency and niceness of rendering, and a very brilliant touch when needed. In Schubert's "Wanderer," as "transcribed and enlarged by Liszt, the melody stood out bold and manly. In Thalberg's "Huguenots" Fantasia he displayed remarkable execution; yet as compared with Thalberg's own performance, we missed much of the power and grandeur of the piece.

Illness was not the artist's only misfortune; Mrs.

Long, too, was ill and did not sing at all; so that the whole burden of the concert fell upon one invalid. There was something in the sweet and gentlemanly manner of the man, in his air of pure-minded enthusiasm, and in the sincere tones of his voice when he read the physician's certificate of the singer's sickness, which touched his audience, who seemed on the whole well pleased with the concert.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The "Creation" was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society early in January, before an immense audience eager to witness the first appearance of Sims Reeves. He was ill, however, and Mr. Lockey took his place. Miss Vinning sang the soprano songs with measurable success; and Mr. Santley (his first appearance for this Society) was much applauded in the air "Rolling in foaming billows" (nothing said, however, of the *low D*, which with a large part of some of our audiences passes for more than the whole concert!) "The Creation" was repeated with Clara Novello, Mr. George Perren and Santley. Sims Reeves was obliged to forego his engagements. The *Athenæum* thus notices Miss Kemble's recent appearance in Oratorio:

The second part which Miss Kemble has attempted—the soprano music in "Judas Maccabæus"—was remarkably executed. We use the words advisedly, because whatever this young lady attempts, she makes a part of; and because we have never heard one so young declaim with so much polish, read Handel's lofty music with so much dignity, or execute passages so harrassing as his with more complete vocalization. Sometimes a "waft" of terror seems to come over her, and then the voice betrays her. But the terror of an accomplished person is better than the audacity of the half educated.

The State Concert given by the Queen on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal with Prince Frederic William of Prussia, in the new Ball and Concert Room, is chiefly noticeable for the selections from Richard Wagner. Novello's *Times* says:

A spacious orchestra was erected for the occasion, upwards of 50 ft. wide, rising in successive stages up to the level of the Organ Gallery. The band, nearly 80 in number, consisted of Her Majesty's Private Band, aided by the principal instrumentalists of the Philharmonic Society, Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera. The chorus comprised nearly 100 voices, selected from the operas and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. The following was the programme:

PART FIRST.

Coronation Anthem Handel
Quartet, "Placido è il mar" (Idomeneo), Mme.
Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Sig. Giuglini & Mr.
Weiss Mozart
Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" Haydn
Aria, "Dalla sua Pace," Sig. Giuglini Mozart
Choral Fantasia (Pianoforte), Mrs. Anderson Beethoven

PART SECOND.

Selections from "Lohengrin" (the words partly altered and adapted for the present occasion by Mr. Thomas Oliphant.) Bridal Procession, Wedding March, and Epithalamium R. Wagner
Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Mme. Clara Novello, Meyerbeer
Finale (Lorely), solo part by Mme. Novello Mendelssohn
Serenade, "The Dream" (composed expressly for the occasion; conducted by the Composer; the words by Mr. W. Bartholomew. The principal singers were Mme. Clara Novello, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss M. Costa
Finale, "God save the Queen"
Conductor, Mr. Anderson.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the same event was celebrated by four Festival Performances. The first was a play, "Macbeth" preceded by Spohr's overture, and with Matthew Locke's incidental music. The second was Balfe's new opera, "Rose of Castille," with Louisa Pyne, the valiant Harrison for tenor(!), &c. Then the *Sonnambula*, with Piccolomini, Giuglini and Belletti, Sig. Arditì conducting; followed by a new festival Cantata, words by Mr. John Oxenford, music (said to be "spirited and clever") by Mr. Howard Glover; and finally *Il Trovatore*. The whole affair is ridiculed as having been "great cry and little wool."

The new Covent Garden Theatre is rapidly rising from the spot where the old one was burnt, and London will next season be provided with two enormous

operatic establishments. The *Musical World* questions the necessity for two Italian operas, and does not believe in any division of labor whereby one house may give French and German operas, and the other exclusively the Italian.

Musical Chat-Chat.

We have on hand sets of the *Journal of Music* for the past six years (from its commencement), which we will furnish, bound or unbound, at reduced prices.

An awkward misprint escaped our eye in the note to the article on the Public Library building in our last; "*injurious* to architectural effect" it should have been, and not "*injudicious*."

A word in reply to Dr. Zorff is in type, but must unfortunately lie over to next week.

CARL ZERRAHN deserves a crowded audience at the fourth and last of his *Orchestral Concerts* this evening. In spite of the fine programme and large audience last time, he was unrewarded for his pains, the extra expenses eating up the receipts. To-night another capital programme. The Fifth Symphony is dear to every music-lover: the overture to *Jessonda* always pleased when played by the Germanians, and has not been heard here since their day. The piano Concerto by Mendelssohn (which will doubtless be well played by Mr. LANG), is not the familiar one in G minor, and will have the charm of novelty as well as beauty. Then there will be the Andante and Minuet (that one which Satter plays so often) by Mozart, and Weber's stirring "Jubilee" overture. Mrs. LONG will sing the beautiful romance from "Tell" and Mr. Balfe's version of "Maud," and the ever popular violinist SCHULTZE has a solo on Hungarian melodies. It is hard to be cut off with four concerts. The musical public craves more, and Zerrahn himself deserves a brimming benefit after sacrificing himself for us. We trust the artists will volunteer to give him one.... Mrs. J. H. LONG has her Annual Concert on Monday evening, at Mercantile Hall, which surely will be filled. The programme presents a choice variety of German classical, Italian operatic, and English melody. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will contribute some movements from Quintets by Beethoven and Mendelssohn and a Scena (arranged) from *Robert le Diable*; Mr. LANG with the brothers FRIES will play part of Beethoven's fine Trio in C minor. Mr. ADAMS will sing some good Italian pieces; and Mrs. LONG herself offers for her grand selection the famous Scena and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, by Beethoven. She also sings an English song, Verdi's *Non fu sogno*, and in a duet with Mr. Adams.... The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB give their sixth concert next Tuesday evening. Mr. W. R. BABCOCK, well known as an organist and a sound classical musician, will appear as the pianist, in Beethoven's E flat Trio. Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER will sing the beautiful but too much neglected air: *Dalla sua pace* from "Don Juan;" and the Club will play the best of Mozart's Quintets (that in G minor), and the Quartet by Mendelssohn in C minor.... The Afternoon Concerts will be resumed next Wednesday.—So with all we have enumerated in this paragraph, we have a good musical week before us.

MR. CARL ECKHARDT, it will be seen, announces a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," to take place in a few weeks. The Handel and Haydn Society are also rehearsing it for performance during the season. We hope this feature of their winter's programme will prove less a dream than "Israel in Egypt."

MR. T. P. GROVES, the young Bostonian, who received the first prize for violin playing at the Conservatoire in Brussels, where he had recently given a concert, to which LITOLFF the composer-pianist came on purpose, from Brunswick, to

conduct it. Litolf takes a great interest in young Groves and has thoughts of accompanying him to this country. Mr. Groves played a violin concerto by Litolf, displaying "a firm, sure bowing, a full tone, pure intonation, and a certain noble calmness of manner, which however did not prevent him from exhibiting warmth of feeling."... Dr. LOUIS SPOHR, who must now be over seventy, has met with an accident; on descending the stairs of the reading room of the Cassel Museum, he fell and broke his arm. He has lately retired from public life, after serving as Kapellmeister in Cassel for twenty-five years.

His last appearance as conductor in the orchestra was marked by honorable testimonials to his well-earned popularity. The theatre was crowded on Sunday, the 22d of November (St. Cecilia's day), the evening appointed for the farewell of the Kapellmeister, and *Jessonda* had been chosen for the opera. Spohr was greeted with long and loud applause as he entered the orchestra, his desk and chair were beautifully wreathed with flowers, and as the curtain fell he was loudly called for; the stage was filled with the *corps diplomatique*, and when the great master appeared amongst them, the principal actress pronounced a farewell address, at the close of which she presented a laurel wreath to Spohr. The orchestra played the beautiful march from the symphony "die Weihe der Töne," flowers were showered on the stage from all sides, and thus closed his life of public usefulness.

In New York the Opera was recommenced successfully last Monday evening. So far the pieces have been; for Monday, *I Puritani*; Wednesday, *Don Giovanni*, with Lagrange, D'Angri, Caradori, Gassier, Formes as Leporello, Labocetta, Rocco, &c., and the usual stupendous announcement, of which the London *Musical World* makes much fun; Friday, *Robert le Diable*; this evening, *Ernani*.... MARETZKE prefers the plentiful dollars of Havana to new risks in Philadelphia, New York or Boston, for the present, and by last reports had commenced a new month there. It is stated that our ADELAIDE PHILLIPS had a benefit there, which netted \$2,000. We hope it goes to her.... Dr. GUILMETTE, who sang Elijah here last May, appears in the New York papers with the following extraordinary announcement:

The first Classical Chamber Concert in America, on Thursday evening, Feb. 25, 1858. Guilmette, the classical Baritone is the beneficiary; Guilmette will have Fry's 11th Quartette; Guilmette will have Henry Cooper to conduct; Guilmette will have Annie Milner to sing; Guilmette will have Charlotte Bird to make her debut; Guilmette will sing Goldbeck's "Mary's Dream;" Guilmette will have the author to accompany it; Guilmette will have three performers from "Eisfeld's Quartette party;" Guilmette will have Wm. A. King to accompany the songs; Guilmette will only charge one dollar, and Guilmette invites all his friends, pupils and admirers at Dodworth's Room, No. 806 Broadway.

If this was the "first classical Chamber Concert in America," may it also be the last!

The American Music Association, established some three years ago in New York, for the encouragement of American composers, has disbanded. It is but a fortnight since it gave a concert, highly praised in the *Tribune*, at which Mr. Cooper, the violinist, assisted, and a list of original compositions, not all by Americans, but by musicians residing in this country, were produced. These included an Anthem: "Hide not thy face," for quartet and chorus, by S. P. Tuckerman, Mus. Doc., ("extremely well written, rigidly within the sanctions of English ecclesiastical music, in good, sober, orthodox harmonies," says Fry); a "Reverie, Twilight," and a "Marche Funebre," for piano, by Richard Hoffmann, (the latter "worthy of any composer in Europe"); an *Ave Maria* by M. Bassini; a Grand Scena and Aria by Labarre, a French composer, ("passionately delivered by Dr. Guilmette"); and a Drinking Chorus, by Thomas Ward.... The "American Musical Fund Society" met in New York on the 17th inst., and chose the following officers:—President, U. C. Hill; Ist Vice Pres., Louis Ernst; 2d Vice Pres., J. P. Cooke; Trustees, C. Breusing, A. Reiffen, J. Burke; Directors, D. L. Downing, S. Lasar, B. J. Deane, Geo. Stenz, Ch. Wels; Treasurer, C. Pazzaglia; Register, H. Tissington; Librarian, Thos. Goodwin; Secretary, L. Spier; Honorary Physicians, Dr. J. M. Quinn, Dr. A. Gescheidt.

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On Saturday Evening, February 27th,

On which occasion he will be assisted by

Mrs. J. H. LONG, Soprano,

Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist, and

Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Symphony in C minor (No. 5),..... Beethoven
2—Recitative and Romanza from "William Tell,"..... Rossini
Mrs. LONG.

3—Concerto (in D minor) for the Piano-Forte, with Orchestral accompaniment,..... Mendelssohn
Mr. LANG.

PART II.

4—Overture: "Jessonda,"..... Spohr
5—Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, for the Violin,..... Molique
Mr. SCHULTZE.

6—Andante and Minuetto from the Symphony in E flat,..... Mozart

7—"Come into the garden, Maud,"..... Balfe
Mrs. LONG.

8—Overture: "Jubilee,"..... Weber

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Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

MRS. J. H. LONG'S

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At Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer St.,

On Monday Evening, March 1st, at 7½ o'clock.

On which occasion she will be assisted by

Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Tenor,

Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist, and the

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Quintette in C, op. 29,..... Beethoven
First movement, Allegro moderato.

2—Scena and Aria: "Ah! perfido,"..... Beethoven
Mrs. Long.

3—Allegro Scherzando and Adagio,..... Mendelssohn
From the Quintette in B flat, No. 2.

4—Cavatina: "L'amor tuesco," with Violoncello obbligato,..... Donizetti
Mr. Adams.

5—English Song,..... Horn
Mrs. Long.

PART II.

6—Trio, for Piano-forte, Violin and Violoncello, in C minor, op. 1, No. 3,..... Beethoven
Theme with Variations and Scherzo.

Messrs. Lang, A. and W. Fries.

7—Cavatina: "Non fu sogno,"..... Verdi
Mrs. Long.

8—Grand Scena and Aria from "Robert le Diable," for Quintette,..... Meyerbeer

9—Duetto: "Ah! morir potessi adesso,"..... Verdi
Mrs. Long and Mr. Adams.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, at the Music Stores and at the door.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

NINTH SEASON.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Sixth Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Mar. 2d, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Vocalist, and Mr. W. R. BABCOCK, Pianist. Mozart's G minor Quintette; E minor Quartette, by Mendelssohn. Mr. Babcock will play in Beethoven's E flat Trio. Mr. Schraubstadter will sing an Air by Mozart, and two German Songs.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Half Package of Four Tickets, Two Dollars. Single tickets, 75 cents each.

CONCERT.

MR. H. ECKHARDT begs leave to announce to the public of Boston and vicinity that he will give a grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert in the latter part of March or the beginning of April, when he will have the kind assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society and other vocal and instrumental aid, in the performance of the

Hymn of Praise, by Mendelssohn,

first time in Boston, entire with grand Orchestra. This has been rehearsed by the Society for several weeks (as before mentioned in Dwight's Journal of Music, Feb. 13.) Further particulars of the concert will be duly announced.

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Will read Six Lectures upon Powers of Thought, Memory, Country Life, and other Subjects, at Freeman Place Chapel, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 3d, and succeeding Wednesday evenings. Tickets to the course, \$2; Tickets to single Lectures, 50 cts: for sale at the bookstore of Ticknor & Fields.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Life of an Obscure Musician.*

II.

It has been ascertained, incredible as it may seem, that the goddess of music presided at my birth, and, as is the female fashion on such occasions, pressed a kiss upon my baby lips; but with such intense, vehement affection that she wounded me, and drops of blood were seen to fall to the floor. Whereat those standing by were frightened, and the more resolute severely reproached the goddess for being so careless, so that she took to her wings and disappeared, leaving the ceremonies unfinished. To this mishap I ascribe the innumerable obstacles with which I have continually had to contend, in the endeavor to raise myself to a prominent position in the tone-art, so that I at last succumbed, and resolved to remain in obscurity rather than to continue such *Sisyphus* labor any longer. The following will show how humbly and unfavorably my career commenced.

* Those of my readers, who are acquainted with the musical institutions of Germany, will no doubt have recognized the boarding music-school, which forms so prominent a feature in our "Obscure Musician's" life, as one of those musical workshops where music is carried on like any craft or trade, the principal or master of the establishment being called *Stadt-musikus*, *Stadt-pfeifer*, or in some of the larger cities, *Stadt-musikdirector*. These institutions date back to the Middle Age, and in their original functions had as little to do with true Art as the workshop of a sign-painter has to do with the Art of Raphael or Rubens. That they are not all in so bad a condition, especially in the larger cities, as the one mentioned here, is partly proved by the many very able musicians, now scattered over all the world, who passed through such a school; so that, for the sake of the art, one does not know whether to regret or to rejoice that in more recent times they are beginning to sink into oblivion.

But, my brethren in the art and readers in general, you need not fear that I shall overdo my story with sighs and lamentations; for I am long since resigned to my fate, and regard my past life as perfectly objective, as if it did not concern me at all. This enables me to relate the following episode from my life in a cheerful spirit; nay, I am even vain enough to hope to occasionally illumine your faces, dear perusers, with a bit of a smile. Now listen! or, as Madame El Oquenza would say, *Faites attention!*

Two of my brothers, older than myself, were unsuccessful in the attempt to prevail on my mother to let them, like my deceased father, choose music for a profession. They were now placed in a business which was supposed to yield more substantial reward than the divine art. However, fears were entertained for the third boy, who, being very headstrong, seemed determined, cost what it might, to become a musician and nothing else. This was myself. I was now advanced to that age where it is necessary to prepare for the choice of a vocation, and accordingly I was urged by our relatives and friends—my mother had long since got tired of reasoning with me about the matter—to dismiss music from my mind and say what other profession I liked best. They reminded me of the unhappy career of my father as a musician, and of the small chance the fine arts afforded one of becoming a steady citizen and father of a family. They cited our neighbor Mr. Strap as a model of a citizen, as he owned a whole house, inclusive of a smart wife and a dozen children. Or, if I did not like to become a shoemaker, there was Mr. Twist the tailor on the corner below, who was so well off that he had lately sent one of his sons to the university to study law. But the brilliant condition neither of shoemaker nor tailor was powerful enough to tempt me into their ranks, and there remained no other means for my friends but to appeal to my conscience, which they knew was very sensitive. To be sure, when I thought of my mother, and that I caused her so much grief by obstinately refusing to give up the musician, I felt very badly; and my only hope was that by continual entreaties I might yet gain her consent.

There lived at that time in the same house with us a widow lady of Spanish descent, by the name of Madame El Oquenza. She had several grown up daughters, one of whom was betrothed to a musician, a distinguished performer on the flute and composer of light music. When the time appointed for the nuptials drew near, he, with the consent of his betrothed, left for his native city, to arrange matters with his parents, but forgot to come back, and was never heard from.

Madame El Oquenza, nevertheless, had still a great fancy for music, musicians, and anything relating thereto. She was thoroughly initiated into the professional life, and loved nothing better than to talk of it whenever a neighbor could be induced to lend his ear an hour or more. She came several times during the day into our room to see what was going on in our family, and to acquaint us with the news of the day, of which she was better informed than the newspapers. After the news were duly served up, she would give us one or two of her "twice-told tales" about Paganini, Catalani, or some such musical celebrity, which she had got from the above-named flute-player and composer of light music, who probably was also the composer of these stories. It was to her that I applied in my distress, and begged her to exert her influence on my mother in my favor. She had always petted me, and it was, therefore, natural that she tranquilized and comforted me, saying she would manage the matter to my entire satisfaction, I might depend upon it. The next day, when I came home from school, I found her in our room, in the midst of an inspired discourse addressed to my mother and sister, both of whom, as usual, were sewing. She showed them with great clearness how the musical profession was superior to all others, and what riches and honors might be derived from it with only a little labor and frugality. After one year's instruction, said she, I should certainly be able to give lessons myself; and there were many among her acquaintances who had frequently spoken of buying a piano-forte and having their children learn, if they only knew a reliable teacher; these as well as others I was sure to receive for my pupils through her influence, and thus I should earn money enough not only to defray my own expenses, but even to aid those dear to me. At this part of her speech I suddenly interposed, by throwing my arms around my mother's neck, crying: "Yes, mother, surely I will aid you, so that you need not sew another stitch; we will fling all the old needles and twist out of the window, with which you plague yourself from morning till night. And then, how I shall rejoice to accompany, one day, both yourself and Lizzie in a splendid carriage to my own concert, when I shall conduct you up to a front seat, close by the orchestra, expressly prepared and decorated for you with gold and crimson! And how you will feel flattered, seeing me so applauded and honored! O what a beautiful time we shall have!"

To be short, we achieved a complete victory; and in consequence it was resolved to apply at the boarding music-school in our town to learn whether I could find admittance there, this being

thought the cheapest and most convenient way to accomplish our object. Madame El Quenza kindly offered to go in person to the principal and make a contract as advantageous as might be expected from her knowledge and eloquence; which offer, we of course, accepted gratefully. She returned from the mission with a triumphant air to tell us it was all right. At first the principal had made objections, as, according to his statement the number of pupils was complete, and he had no room for any more; but on Madame El Quenza telling him that I was the smartest boy she ever saw, and that when I was a small child she had observed me frequently to take a sheet of paper, roll it up and play on it as on a clarinet, which looked so funny that she could not help laughing, he finally consented to take me. He wanted me to call on him as soon as possible, that he might find out for what instruments I was best fitted. So I went immediately.

It was with a kind of awe that I approached the house, out of every window of which, from the basement to the roof, were heard the sounds of some instrument practiced by the pupils. High from the topmost story came the shrill tones of clarinets, and flutes, and violins, while from the cellar rose the ponderous sounds of the double-bass and trombone basso. The middle stories resounded with a mixture of tenors, violoncellos, bassoons, horns, and so forth, which strongly resembled a kind of music technically called "cat-music," i. e. music made by the cats at their nocturnal meetings. To me, however, the building as well as the music that emanated from it had a magic charm, because I was so full of anticipation of the time before me, when I myself should occupy a window in the gable and emit strains from my violin or flute into the wide world. I had reflected long before I found myself in the principal's room. He had several gentlemen with him, all of whom were smoking long pipes, so that the room was completely filled with a blue smoke. He asked me first whether it was really my earnest wish to become a musician; which question I of course answered in the affirmative, in the most glowing terms I could command. He then said with emphasis: "If you believe our institution a good place in which to idle away the time, you are greatly mistaken. You will have to practice five or six hours daily, and besides, you are bound to copy music and do some household work, as I may order." This theme was more fully developed by saying that the three youngest pupils had to attend on his person; each having a special office entrusted to him. One was to superintend the pipes: keeping them clean, polished and in good smoking order. Another had the care of the master's wardrobe, to brush the clothes and black the boots every morning, also to sew up small holes and replace a button gone. The third was to attend the horse, the principal taking great delight in equestrian sports. Being myself extremely fond of horseback riding at that time, I asked him if he would be so kind as to appoint me for the steed; but he answered I was too small, he should rather give me the pipes.

This unmusical topic he suddenly dropped, asking me what instrument I liked best.

"I love the violin and flute the best," was my reply.

"Well," he resumed, "you may choose them

both, and perhaps you will have to learn others too, according as the arrangement of our orchestra shall require. But one of these instruments you must consider your principal one, and to perfect yourself on that must be your chief care."

One of the gentlemen present, noticing my small stature and childlike appearance, cried out laughingly: "Give him the doublebass, he is just the man for it; ha, ha, ha!" and then asked me to pass him the spittoon.

The conversation ended with my being informed that I should remain still a year with my mother till I was above fourteen. In the meantime I should receive instruction from one of the most advanced pupils, so that, when I entered the institution as a regular member, I might be able to take part at once in the orchestral performances. The principal condescended to teach me the notes himself. For this purpose he gave me a large written book, which commenced with the system of notation and ended with a goodly number of waltzes, Ecossaises, etc., and some old tunes, among which, that favorite one: "Sweet moon, thou walkest so silently," was uppermost. He told me to come every Sunday morning, before church, to his house, when he would spend fifteen minutes with me in the explanation of those characters and signs which till then seemed hieroglyphics to me. I wondered how those crotchets and quavers, those sharps and flats, encircled by innumerable dots, strokes, squares and angles, looking like a flock of wild geese in the clouds on a picture, could ever represent such sweet, harmonious music as the player drew out from them, and I was delighted that the time had now come when this all should be as clear to me as sunlight.

When, therefore, Sunday came, I put on my best jacket, combed my hair finely, and made everything as nice as if I were going to a birth-day party; then I took that ominous big book under my arm and went to receive the first lesson in music. The first lesson in music! What hopes, what ex—, but I shall not stop to indulge in reflections, tempting as the occasion may be.

As I walked over the streets in the stillness of that Sunday morning, it seemed to me as if the whole town had become changed since yesterday; as if it had washed and dressed itself as nicely as myself. Presently the bells of one church began to toll, then of another, and so on, till all the streets resounded with their silvery music. Between the houses I got a peep at the blue sky, and I wished that I had wings to fly up for a moment to bathe my head a little in those sunbeams which played so quietly on the roofs of the houses. I continued my way absorbed in this sweet reverie, when I beheld my playmate and bosom friend, Tom Cryer, unwashed and uncombed, coming up the street in great haste, and with much noise, to meet me. But as soon as he approached I cast an indignant look at him, sharp enough to pierce his very soul, and then walked on with a proud and solemn step. He stopped and followed me with his eyes for a distance, and finally I heard him laugh outright, which, in the exalted state of mind I was in, appeared very disturbing and entirely out of place. I felt greatly inclined to throw my book down, run after him, and rub his ears a little; but solemn as the occasion was, I deemed it more proper to scorn his laughter; and, to vex him, walked still a little more erect.

A few Sundays sufficed to become thoroughly acquainted with the notes, signs of rest, and so forth. I was now consigned to the care of one of the pupils, who was to give me instruction on the violin, two lessons a week, on days and at hours always to be appointed by him, as his school and household duties might permit. But Carl Sting was by no means a faithful teacher to me. He knew perfectly well that he could do as he pleased, since the principal, being what the French call a *bon vivant*, was the whole long day after his pleasures, and never cared for the pupils, unless he wanted them for his business. So, when I came in the afternoon, at the appointed hour, to take my lesson, I generally found my worthy instructor stretched at full length on the bed, and snoring like a bassoon. Being afraid to encounter his anger by rousing him, I used to ask one of the other boys, a special friend of mine, to come in with the trumpet, and blow Carl Sting up. My friend was never slow to comply with my request, and putting his trumpet close to the sleeper's ear, would play a flourish with such force as made one think the instrument must burst like an overloaded gun. This always had the effect that Carl jumped instantaneously on his feet, but in such a rage that he would have broken both the player and his trumpet to pieces, had the other not been stronger than himself. Thus disturbed in his favorite recreation, he continued to be morose and angry during the lesson, and it may be supposed that he did not handle me very gently.

In spite of this irregular, bad instruction I made rapid progress, so that, when my year of probation was finished, and I entered the institution as a regular pupil, I was considered one of the best players in the house. I became, however, soon aware that this was no place for me; and had it not been for the infinite love I bore to music, I would have run away at the earliest convenience. Not only that little or no instruction was given, but there were not even places enough where we could practice. Especially during the winter season, when it was too cold in the entries, garrets, cellars, and similar holes, of which we availed ourselves in mild weather, we were all crowded into one room, the only one we had. We then divided the day equally amongst us, so that each received an hour, or less, for practice. Rather a scanty allowance for those who, like myself, were burning with the desire for progress! Fortunately, or unfortunately, there were some for whom this short time, even, was too much, and I availed myself of their indolence, and copied music for them, or blacked their boots, for which they cheerfully relinquished their time to me, so that on many a day I obtained three to four hours in this way.

I have to remark that in our school only orchestral instruments were learned; however, we were permitted the use of the principal's piano-forte for practice early in the morning, before any one of his family rose, if we had money to take instruction elsewhere, or were clever enough to teach ourselves. There was no one who made use of this privilege, except myself. Before five o'clock in the morning, when my fellow pupils still dreamed of hearty dinners—a phantom which day and night floated before their mind—I played, myself, at the piano-forte, with scales and exercises; and I am glad to this day that I did.

Before I quit the music school altogether, in

which I remained five years, exclusive of the year of probation, I will relate an incident illustrative of that envy and jealousy which is said to be inseparable from the musical profession, be the sphere ever so humble wherein the artists move.

Some years after I entered the institution as a regular member, I noticed that Carl Sting, who as stated above, gave me the first lessons on the violin, cherished ill feelings towards me. The cause could easily be guessed. Ambitious as he was, it troubled him that one several years his junior had so soon overtaken him, not only on the violin, but on other instruments, and in the theory of music. Especially did he envy me my talent for composition, in which he himself was entirely wanting. The amateur club in our town had at several times publicly performed little pieces of mine, so that I felt encouraged to try my hand on higher forms. An overture for small orchestra was next finished. The parts were copied from the score, and safely deposited in my port-folio, when the long wished-for rehearsal, where it should be tried, was at last to take place. I took my port-folio under my arm and hastily started, as was already a little behind time. On the haste I made a misstep and fell, which opened the port-folio so that the parts of my overture were scattered all over the floor. I immediately collected them and glancing with my eyes over the first violin-part found that it was full of ink-spots made in the attempt to scratch out the right, genuine notes, and to substitute counterfeit ones. My consternation was indescribable, when on further examination I found all the parts thus deformed, which, had the piece been played in this state, would have sounded horribly. I at once knew the author of this mischief, and my anger was so great that I could not restrain my tears. However, I resolved to keep the whole occurrence a secret till I had repaired the damage. This could be done, as meanwhile word arrived that the rehearsal was postponed to the next day. So, if I remained up all night I had sufficient time to copy the parts once more.

Several pieces were already tried when I was told to distribute my Overture. Carl Sting, who played first violin with me, stood there full of anticipation of the pleasure he should soon enjoy when the horrible harmonies with which he had disfigured my piece, should make their appearance. However, unable to master my indignation any longer, I addressed the members of the orchestra, before we commenced, in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, you are perhaps not aware that the fiend has come amongst us in the shape of a musician. Look at him—there he stands, fiddle in hand! True to his nature, he delights in heart-and ear-rending harmonies; wherefore he has transformed my inoffensive overture into a piece of music mad enough to excite the stern features of his famous grandpapa himself to a broad grin. But my good genius gave me warning in time. His black design of holding me up to ridicule and mockery has been frustrated, though it has cost me the hard labor of copying all the parts anew. Verily I say there is retribution. One vice begets another. Let him continue his path and he will soon reap the fruits of his iniquity."

Sting endeavored to smile, plainly betraying the anger he felt at the ill success of his mean

trick, which dashed him into the very pit he had dug for me. A scornful laughter from the whole orchestra greeted him instantly, and some members of the club proposed to go in person to the principal and see to it that he was deservedly punished; which offer I, however, declined, knowing the brutality our master was likely to give way to when once incensed. Thus the German proverb was strikingly illustrated in this case, which says: *Wer Andern eine Grube gräbt, fällt selbst hinein* (He who digs a pit for others, falls into it himself).

ADOLAR.

A Managerial "Message."

Mr. Ullman's frank and intimate communications to the dear public, since he has managed Operatic matters in New York, are pleasant enough sometimes to stand on record. Here is the last, which appears this week:

Academy of Music—The "Huguenots"—A Few Words to the Public.

I have given you the longest and most brilliant season of grand opera that has ever taken place in America. I have had to struggle against greater obstacles than any other manager. I allude to the late financial revulsion. The direction of the opera has always involved great risks under the most prosperous circumstances; you can, therefore, easily imagine how much I had to work to achieve the gratifying result I have obtained, in spite of a monthly outlay of over \$25,000, occasioned through the production of so many grand and comparatively new operas by a company so numerous and costly.

In bringing out the "Huguenots" in the style which will distinguish the work, I have taxed my resources to the utmost. The new scenery and dresses alone cost over \$6,000, and the general expenses of extra chorus, extra orchestra and extra rehearsals will swell this amount to fully \$10,000. This exceeds, by many thousands of dollars, the largest sum ever expended on any opera given in this country.

From present appearances, and the actual inquiries for seats and boxes, even before the day of the first performance is definitely fixed, there is no doubt that this opera will attract immense audiences for many nights; but however full the houses may be, I cannot make my expenses at present prices, and I cannot but lose by my attempt to bring out a celebrated opera in a style fully equalling that of the first opera house in Europe.

Will you permit this? Assuredly not, or I am greatly mistaken in the proverbial liberality of the New Yorkers.

Every manager has been in the habit of taking one or more benefits during the season. For reasons, which it would be too long to detail, I consider this custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. I intend appealing to the public in another, and what I believe to be a more rational shape.

I request the public to pay, on such nights when the "Huguenots" is given, \$1.50 for the admission ticket, instead of \$1, as on other nights. This is a mere trifle to every individual person, but it will be a substantial assistance to me, which must bring me, in the aggregate, a clear gain of \$5,000.

Do you think I have some claim upon you? Will you pay the price, and will you do so cheerfully? You have done so for Sontag, Alboni, Mario and Grisi, and the old and worn out operas they have appeared in.

The price for a decent place to see the "Huguenots" in Paris is \$3, in London \$5. Those who go to see the "Huguenots" at the Academy will perhaps find a superior performance.

I shall risk the experiment, at all events, on the first night. Should this moderate increase of prices, for this occasion only, prove objectionable, I shall abandon it, and bow to your decision.

To those who know me, I need not assure that every cent thus obtained will be faithfully em-

ployed by me towards making next winter's season still more brilliant than that which will expire in a few weeks. I have been honored by an unanimous vote of the directors and stockholders of the Academy of Music with an extension of my present lease of one year to one of four years, and thus encouraged, I can safely promise you for next winter a succession of brilliant operas, got up in a style fully equalling that which can only be found in an European opera house enjoying a large subvention by government.

B. ULLMAN.

MUSIC IN NEW ORLEANS.—It is so rare a thing to see, in the Northern papers, and in particular the musical press of the North, any recognition of the fact that we have any thing in the way of music, here in New Orleans, worth noticing, that when we do find an allusion of the kind, we deem it sufficiently notable to acknowledge it.

Dwight's Journal of Music, (Boston,) of the 30th ult., says, "while in other cities the opera has but a flitting existence—in New Orleans it seems to have attained quite a permanent foothold. In looking over the musical notices of the *Picayune*, for the last three months, we are struck with the variety, excellence and number of works, which have been performed at the Theatre d'Orleans." The list given by Dwight is quite incomplete. Besides the eight thereon, (and, by the by, the *Les Amours du diable*, we would state is by Grisar, a cotemporary composer,) the following operas have been given, already, this season: Adam's *Chalet* and *Si j'étais roi*; Halévy's *Juive*; Donizetti's *Fille du Regiment* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, and Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*; and within a few days we are to have Verdi's *Ernani*; Rossini's *Moise*, and Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*—making in all, seventeen operas, (besides dramatic performances once a week,) and the season not half complete.

Our Boston cotemporary notices the fact, too, that in addition to its opera, New Orleans has a "Classical Music Society," and calls the performances with which it commenced its season's series of concerts an "almost unrivaled programme."

So, now that we are officially and complimentarily recognized as having some pretensions in a musical way, we may "go on our way rejoicing."
—*Picayune*, Feb. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A word in reply to Dr. Zopff's Protest.

In the number of this Journal dated Feb. 13, appeared: "A word in conclusion to the Characteristics of Weber and Mendelssohn," by Dr. Zopff, in which he protests against the tenor of two articles in Nos. 285 and 289, the latter copied from the London *Musical World*. The editor in introducing the Doctor's concluding word has already called his attention to the strange mistake he made by confounding the Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn. This at least, if not the articles themselves, so widely different in style and expression, would be sufficient testimony, that the undersigned, who is known by some to be the author of the essay on Weber, has no concern whatever with the other article, wherein Dr. Zopff's "Characteristics of Mendelssohn" are attacked. The Dr's. business is, accordingly, with the London *Musical World*, and I should not have considered myself called upon to take up the pen, but for some observations which he makes with reference to my essay on Weber.

Dr. Zopff says he has sought in vain for a refutation of his judgments in my article;—and later, that it "completed his elucidation on Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner." To this I reply, that I had no intention either to refute his judgments, or to complete his elucidation. If I have done the latter, it has been unconsciously, and the Dr. may take it as he likes; but to presume the former to have been my purpose is what I must protest

against. History has long since assigned to Weber his due place. The period to which he belongs is passed; and whatever may be said about him is of little consequence. It is different with Mendelssohn, who may be said to have founded a school of his own, and who still is the object of contention and party strife; so that Heaven knows when he will be placed where he justly belongs and be suffered to rest quietly. But there are many more reasons for which I deemed it superfluous to undertake a refutation of Dr. Zopff's judgments, which reasons, however, it is unnecessary to state here.

Dr. Zopff further protests against an assertion which he has found in my article, namely: "*such investigations are of no use*," and proceeds, at some length, to show the necessity to form and guide, by sound criticism, the taste and artistic consciousness of the public. I do not know whether the Dr. reads English well; if so, he has in this instance, read somewhat carelessly. My language literally was: "*Such investigations may sometimes prove useful, but in the present case I do not believe that much is gained by trying one's magnifying glasses on a composer who, etc.*" No one can be more convinced than myself, that criticism is indispensable; and he who performs this function with due regard to the responsibility he has taken upon himself, is justly entitled to the gratitude both of the artists and the public.

ADOLPH KIELELOCK.

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 18.—Before I proceed to say anything about the Teatro Ferdinando, the grandest opera house in Florence, I must inform you of the lamentable circumstance, which has called down upon me the wrath (but temporary, I trust), of the Cara Padrona, to whom I have alluded in a previous letter. You must know that it is customary for lodgers at the different houses to buy a key, if they wish to be out late in the evening, or pay a trifle extra for the inconvenience they cause in keeping some one up to let them in. As I wished to be out to the opera almost every night, a mis-directed economy induced me to buy a key. Alas! on what slight events depend weighty consequences!

I bought the key and used it with success for three consecutive nights, each time congratulating myself on my far-seeing economy. One night in particular, on returning from the Goldoni, my self-complacent thoughts found vent in words, and I said to myself, (I had nobody else to say it to,) that whatever might be my faults, no one could accuse me of not exhibiting a prudent foresight, that eminently fitted me for the post of Secretary of the Treasury on the resignation of the present incumbent. Indeed I was so satisfied with my own penetration and economical polity, that it was some time before I could get asleep, and at last I was fain to have recourse to a copy of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, containing a long letter signed "Trovator." I carry this with me as a narcotic, and when I find it difficult to throw myself into the arms of the balmy, as Swiveller would say, I peruse this communication. I need not assure you that it never fails to have a mesmerizing effect, and on this occasion, as on others, I was fast asleep before I had read half of the article.

The next morning a curious—a very curious circumstance occurred. I could not find my key. I looked high and low for it, but in vain. I turned over the bed, and looked between mattresses. I searched under the stove. I examined drawers

that I had never before thought of opening in my life. I inspected the interior of the Refractory Piano. I groped wildly about in dark corners; the key was nowhere to be found. So when the Padrona appeared with my breakfast, in the morning, I said to my excellent Ganymede:—

"Cara Padrona, have you seen my night-key?"

The Cara Padrona had not seen my night-key, and added that she hoped I had not lost it.

I scouted the idea. To lose a night-key! That would be a curious notion indeed; and then I added playfully, that I would be in a pretty pickle if I *had* lost my night-key, though the Lord only knows how wretched and guilty I felt all the time. The Padrona then asked me quietly if I was *sure* I had not lost it. I replied with alacrity that I could n't possibly have lost the key, you know, but that somehow or other it was—I did not know—yes, it was not—I couldn't exactly lay my hand on it just then.

At this the gentle countenance of the Padrona assumed a shade of severity, and she asked me where I had it last. At this question I put my finger on the side of my nose, and pondered, and then moved my finger to my forehead, and pondered again, in the attitude which Washington Irving assumes in the prints we see in book-stores, and then I took my finger again to the side of my nose, and after a third attack of pondering, I said slowly:—

"I think, Cara Padrona—yes, Mia Cara Padrona—I am quite certain, La Mia Cara Padrona—that I had the key late last night when I came home from the opera."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Padrona, in a voice that startled me, "I hope you did not leave it in the key-hole on the outside of the door when you came in!"

"Cara, Cara Padrona," I replied, with anguish depicted upon my countenance, "do not agitate yourself. It is hardly probable a person of sense would leave his night-key in the key-hole on the outside of the door. Now is it? I ask you as a Christian and a brother, is it probable?" Then I treated the affair as a facetious sally of the Padrona's, and I laughed and said, Ha! Ha! Ha! He! He! He! Ho! Ho! Ho! and declared that it was really *too* funny—to leave a key in the outer key-hole! Who ever heard of such a thing?

The Cara Padrona had heard of just such a thing. She had a lodger, she said—an *American*, she added, with bitter emphasis—in the fall of 1849—was it 1849, or was it 1850, she was not quite sure, and it might have been '48, but whenever it was, he left his key outside of the door one night, and, sir, he was obliged at his own expense to have an entire new lock put upon the great front door, and provide a new set of keys for all the lodgers, sixteen in number. And after saying this, the Padrona sailed majestically out of the apartment, leaving me petrified with horror.

I will not dilate upon the particulars of that awful day. A general search was made in my apartment by the Padrona, aided by two Italian maid-servants, but the key was not forthcoming. To add to my misery, I suffered from twinges of conscience, for after much reflection in the Washington Irving attitude, I had come to the conclusion that the supposition of the Padrona had been founded on fact, and that I had really left the key

on the outside of the door. Indeed, I as much as confessed it to the Padrona. She was human, and proud of her own shrewdness in having first suspected the facts of the case. She was so pleased at finding her opinions coincided in, that the fierceness of her wrath subsided, and she became melancholy and plaintive, and related an anecdote about a family in a neighboring street, who were recently awakened from their sleep by hearing a voice, and on rising they found four men in masks packing up the goods and chattels of the said family, previously to abducting the said goods and chattels, and appropriating them to their own use. As it was, they made their escape, carrying with them the cover of an iron pot, three coffee-cups, one pewter spoon, and a gridiron. These and other lamentable histories so worked upon my imagination that I assured the Padrona I would immediately follow the example of my American predecessor, and have a new lock and keys procured. The Padrona was very sorry I should be put to the expense, but every moment was of importance, and she knew, she said, no peace of mind until it was done, for under the present state of circumstances a whole army of men in masks could be admitted by the finder of the key, and they would perhaps take off her choicest plants.

Now if the Padrona has a weakness, it is her collection of plants. She has in her little back yard an assortment of the most remarkable objects in flower-pots that you ever beheld. Geraniums, cacti, rose-bushes, lilacs, are there, but all in the most decrepit and forlorn state that it is possible for them to be in. Indeed, the whole yard seems only like an hospital for aged, indigent, and infirm plants. Yet on these arboriferous and floral Calvin Edsons the Padrona bestows the most unremitting care, frequently wrapping them up in cloths, in bits of carpets, in cushions, in old pillows, etc., to preserve them from the winter's cold, which even in Florence is quite severe. I have discovered a mode of appeasing her on those rare occasions when she is wrathful, by making votive offerings of the cushions of my sofa, and sacrificing at the shrine of these dilapidated plants my table-cloths and my superannuated woolen stockings. The Padrona is to be won through her hobby, though at the time of the key catastrophe I was not aware of this fact.

The Padrona offered to send for a locksmith, but my principles of far-seeing economy prevailing, I decided to engage that functionary myself; for I argued inwardly that the Padrona, not having a direct pecuniary interest in the matter, would not take pains to explain to the locksmith that it was necessary for him to do the job at a very reasonable price, or she would engage some one else. So I called on the locksmith myself, but I not being an adept at the Italian tongue, that personage could not exactly grasp my meaning. But he assured me that he would do the work so reasonably that I should want to pay him double, and we separated with only this indefinite arrangement.

I will not dwell upon the sequel of this melancholy history. Suffice it to say that the work was done, the new keys, eight in number, (I had expected there would be sixteen,) provided, and then the locksmith brought me a bill that was beyond all reason. I remonstrated and appealed to the Padrona, but as she had not engaged the

locksmith she was powerless, and I was obliged to pay what I knew to be double the usual charge. The Padrona also cast a barbed arrow into my bosom by assuring me that, had I allowed her to make the arrangements, I should have saved half my money.

But on returning to my room in no enviable frame of mind, I felt a gloomy thirst for vengeance, and, having with my usual close observation of men and manners, noticed that the heroes in operas, when actuated by a similar motive, cry at the top of the staff—"Ah! mia vendetta!" I repeated this phrase several times, and in different keys, with a gratifying effect. I also seated myself at the Refractory Piano, and performed an extempore bravura aria on the word *vendetta*. My modesty only allows me to say that this production was startling; but the effect was somewhat marred by my singing in A flat, to an accompaniment in G major. Yet this was not enough. So I seized an opera libretto, and glanced over its pages for a suitable vehicle by which to express the ire that raged within. Now it is a remarkable fact that, take any libretto of any modern Italian opera, and you will find on every page a string of ejaculations, expressive of hate, rage, scorn, vengeance, ire, and similar pleasant emotions. I had taken up *Attila*, and almost the first thing my eyes fell upon was the phrase of the King—"Oh! mia rabbia! Oh! mio scorno!" It was the very thing I wanted. If the locksmith had a human heart he would feel my sting. So I rushed to the window and called to the Padrona, who was in the yard below, engaged in wrapping a bolster around the stem of an invalid geranium.

"Padrona!" I cried, "will you have the goodness to tell the Signor Locksmith that the only sentiments I entertain towards him are those of *rabbia* and *scorno*!"

The Padrona promised to convey my message, and my wrath having escaped through this safety-valve, I gradually subsided into that mild and amiable nature that you know under the signature of

TROVATOR.

P. S. NOTA BENE. It was my intention in the foregoing letter to describe the chief opera house of Florence. If I have allowed the recital of my private woes to interfere with public weal, and sacrificed the Teatro Ferdinando to the Story of a Night-Key, I trust the afflicting circumstances of my position will atone for the course I have taken.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. FEB. 23.—While so much is being said and written on the subject of Church Music, so many admirable theories advanced, so much grumbling among church committees and church choirs, it is really cheering to be able to point to one living, active, tangible example of what all will agree to be genuine church music. It is the aim of all those who rightly understand the matter, to make the singing in our places of worship on the Sabbath, as much a *part* of the worship as the prayer or sermon. I know of no place where this has been so satisfactorily accomplished as in the Society of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church.

If any one doubts the efficiency or the practicability of Congregational singing, let them attend Mr. Beecher's church one day, and their doubts will vanish. I have repeatedly heard persons not particularly susceptible to musical im-

pressions, express themselves greatly pleased, and in some cases they would be deeply moved while listening to the singing in Plymouth Church. It is emphatically *Congregational singing*. You can hear voices from every part of the house. Some of the tunes selected are much more generally known than others, and consequently more will be found to sing these, than others less known, but Mr. Beecher makes his selections with reference to all his congregation singing, so that no tunes are selected which the majority cannot sing.

The regular choir consists of about twenty members, led by Professor Raymond of the Polytechnic Institute. Their voices lead off in good time, and never allow the time to drag, though the congregation have now become so used to the tunes and the manner of singing, that the services of the choir might almost be dispensed with. The book used is of course the Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes, which I suppose may be considered the best book of the kind yet published, but it is far from being all that such a book ought to be. Dr. Mason is now engaged in preparing a Congregational Hymn and Tune Book, which will be published next Fall or latter part of the Summer, and no doubt it will be just what is wanted. Certainly no man in this country is more competent both from experience and the ample resources at his command, than Dr. Mason, to produce such a book. But those who think that all will be done that need be done when they get a book containing the hymns and tunes for the congregation to use, or a choir to lead, and that then of course they will have congregational singing, will probably find that but a small part of the labor is done. This, of course, applies more specially to those churches where quartet choirs have prevailed. I do not believe it possible to introduce congregational singing into but a small proportion of our churches, but let us do all we can to accomplish a result so much to be desired, however few the number may be.

In New York the Academy of Music is open again, and the season has commenced auspiciously. Among the novelties we are to have W. H. Fry's *Leonora*, which is looked for with much interest, as it is so long since it has been given in this country, that it is quite new to the present public.

BELLINI.

MANCHESTER, N. H. FEB. 25.—We have not been favored this winter with a visit from any of the stars from the musical firmament, but we have had some good concerts from our home talent. The Cornet Band has given three public concerts, which were very satisfactory and well attended. Mr. E. T. Baldwin has also given four Chamber Concerts, the music being mostly classical. These soirées of Mr. Baldwin's have been a source of more gratification to me, musically, than I supposed I could enjoy this side of Boston. The programme for last Tuesday evening was a rich one, and, for the most part, well performed. The entertainment opened brilliantly with an overture from Auber, which was followed by selections, vocal and instrumental, from Beethoven, Mozart, Donizetti, Balfe, Bishop, and a very few pieces of a lighter character. A quartet by Mozart (in D, No. 5, for piano, violin, viola and violoncello,) was very well executed, though some parts might have been improved; the second movement

gave excellent satisfaction. A quintet by Bishop, "Daughter of Error," was beautifully sung, and received a hearty *encore*. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" was exquisitely rendered, and I am confident would have been considered so by a Boston audience.

These soirées of classical music have been highly appreciated by a small audience, and though they have not been remunerative, we hope Mr. Baldwin will be encouraged to continue his efforts to introduce a high order of music. The fact that such a programme was performed mostly by his own pupils, speaks well of his ability and success as a teacher.

N. M. J.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 6, 1858.

CONCERTS.

ORCHESTRAL.—Another capital concert from CARL ZERRAHN! It was the fourth and last of his subscription series, and more nearly filled the Music Hall with listeners on Saturday evening, than either of the three preceding. It opened with that Symphony by which most among our music-lovers were first awakened (many of us twenty years ago) to a sense of the glories of the wondrous world of instrumental music, and which still remains one of the two or three most dear and ever fresh and wonderful of any, notwithstanding that we have heard it scores of times and grown familiar in the mean time with all the other Symphonies of its composer, as well as with the best of Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Gade and the rest—the inspired and all-inspiring Symphony in C minor (No. 5) by Beethoven. We have nothing new to say about it, except that its most familiar strains were still found pregnant with new beauties, and that the perfect unity and power and progress of the whole, making each successive movement follow by an inward poetic necessity, till the whole is crowned in glory with the sublime march in the Finale, thus typifying the struggle and the triumph of an earnest life,—are of course more and more apparent with each new hearing under favorable conditions. The orchestra of thirty was too small for the full realization of such grand conceptions, as we all know; but no one blames the concert-giver; he will be too happy to provide as many players as the public calls for by signs unequivocal. But we cannot agree with those who say give us a grand orchestra, with full complement of strings, or let the Symphonies alone until you can. We sincerely wish such criticism may hasten the arrival of the orchestra of sixty; but meanwhile we much prefer to hear the Symphonies revived as frequently as possible, even by a small orchestra, rather than go without them. We do not see the philosophy of lying down to starve to death, because the feast cannot be furnished forth upon so grand a scale as the imagination craves. Besides it is a truth, found in the experience of many, that great tone-poems like the Fifth Symphony, reveal their intentions marvellously well sometimes even when scantily embodied in material sound, and that a small orchestra may at any rate recall very vividly the mind's impression of the essential features of a composition. For in all delights of hearing does not

the *mind* meet the intention of the music half way? and is not that poor music, devoid of the poetic life and soul of music, which does not quicken the mind's apprehension in thus to meet it? Besides, an earnest lover will make every imperfect representation, every hint or suggestion of a great work of music help him towards a more and more perfect acquaintance with the whole; or, if he already knows it well, if he has had its full meaning flashed upon him in the broad sunshine of a grand performance, then the less perfect rendering serves at least the end of a review; and without occasional reviews these fine spiritual possessions do take wings and fly away.

The Symphony, for such an orchestra, was well performed. We could have wished tones truer and more sympathetic sometimes in the brass, and a more clear and certain utterance of the theme at the first start. Those three notes (of "Fate knocking at the door," as Beethoven said) had not, the first time, quite the right accent, nor were the instruments perfectly together. Schindler says that Beethoven, in explaining the tempo of those first five bars, required that they should be played much more slowly than had been (or still is) usual. We have always felt that there was reason in this. The little theme—or rather *motive*—scarcely arrests the ear at first unless enunciated with a certain deliberate emphasis, and that precision of accent (such that the phrase cannot be taken for a triplet) which is more easily secured in a moderate tempo. Then, when the mind has once fairly seized the theme, and after the hold on the last note and the pause, the *Allegro con brio* can start off at unbridled speed, repeating and re-echoing the little phrase, which is the key to the whole movement, without danger of its importance being under-estimated. This treatment, to be sure, involves one awkwardness when we come to the repeat; but we should like to hear it tried.

While listening to the Scherzo, following its wild movement through that wonderful, mysterious transition out into the full blaze of the triumphal march, we could not but smile to be reminded of a criticism upon that passage which we read in a recent work on Beethoven by Onlibichieff, the Russian biographer of Mozart, who knows Mozart so well and writes of him so glowingly and truly, but who does not know Beethoven, and resolves the mysteries (to him) of all but his earlier works, not even excepting the fifth Symphony, into insanity! He cites this very passage from the Scherzo to the March, this wonderful and most expressive passage, which so excites the mind with expectation of great things to come, as an example to his purpose. He takes the passage out of its connection, out of all poetic relations with the whole thought and progress of the music, and tells us here are forty-four bars of mere un-music, indefinite and aimless sounds; "forty-four measures destitute of aught that can in the remotest degree remind one of any melody, any harmony or any rhythm!" And then he asks us: "Is this music? Yes or no?" What says a Boston audience?—But we must pass to other features of the programme.

The Andante and Minuet from Mozart's E flat Symphony were in charming contrast with other things, and highly relished. For these the orchestra was not too small. Spohr's fresh, ingenious and sparkling overture to *Jessonda* was a pleasant

reminiscence of old "Germania" times; and Weber's "Jubilee" overture made a superb close. Mendelssohn's piano-forte Concerto in D minor is full of beauty and artistic merit, but not so striking and so interesting in its ideas as the more familiar Concerto in G minor. It opens with simple grandeur in the orchestra, but the leading theme of the first movement seems a little tame and sickly; the treatment, however, of the whole is masterly; and the way in which the three last notes of the as it were impromptu cadenza, with which the Allegro ends, are then deliberately adopted for an entering phrase to the Andante, is quite felicitous. The Andante is lovely, and reminds one, where the piano-forte comes in, both in melody, in the accompaniment, and in the key itself, of Beethoven's *Adelaide*—only a passing suggestion, though. The Presto Finale is the most original and witching movement of the whole. The piano part was played with great artistic neatness and facility by Mr. B. J. LANG; his chief want seemed to be that of power of tone; many of the rapid figures we could not distinctly hear; especially of some passages for the left hand we were not sure that we heard them at all; but it was on the whole a graceful, a conscientious and most praise-worthy performance for so young a player, placed for the first time in so formidable a position.

Mr. SCHULTZE's Violin fantasia on some of those piquant Hungarian melodies, was beautifully executed and encored furiously, but in vain. Mrs. J. H. LONG never appears to more advantage than in that beautiful recitative and romanza from "William Tell;" and this time, although recent illness impaired something of the freshness of her voice, she rendered the broad and noble periods of the melody with true and beautiful expression, while an occasional high tone was sustained with exquisite purity and sweetness. Nor did the rich and suggestive instrumentation suffer. Her second piece, Balfe's song: "Come into the garden, Maud," is too Balfe-ish, too *maud-lin*, in its sweetishness to be worthy of Tennyson. And by a strange coincidence the singer's voice and style seemed somehow to have parted with their finer qualities in parting with the finer music. But a ballad is the thing to take the crowd, and cruelly this time, considering the condition of the lady, was the right of the encore enforced.

Mrs. LONG's ANNUAL CONCERT drew out the largest audience that Mercantile Hall could hold, in spite of stormy weather. The occasion but confirmed the popularity of perhaps the most accomplished vocalist who lives among us. The hall is not very good for sound; a certain lack of resonance and deadness could not be quite overcome. The excellent selections by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, although finely rendered, suffered from this cause: especially the first (which is also the best) movement from Beethoven's Quintet in C, and the most pathetic Adagio and the half ballad-like, half elfin Allegro Scherzando from Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat. Their *arranged* Quintet, with flute and clarinet taking the melody, from a Scene and Aria in *Robert le Diable*, was more effective and very pleasing of its kind. Mr. LANG with the brothers FRIES renewed the delightful impression of a part of Beethoven's early Trio in C minor, namely the Theme with variations and Scherzo. The same young pianist also proved his skill and tact in the nice matter of accompanying some of the vocal pieces.

Mrs. LONG placed us under obligation by the pro-

duction of so famous a piece, so full of dramatic fire and contrast, as Beethoven's Italian Scene and Aria: *Ah! perfido*, which she delivered with great power and with finished style. She seemed to sing it with a will, as if she had added a real treasure to her repertoire; and we must place it among her happiest efforts. The lovely cantabile: *Per pietà, non dir mi addio* was sung with beautiful expression (and how finely its melody suited the clarinet in the very effective Quintet accompaniment they had arranged for it!), while the impassioned parts before and after gave full scope to her dramatic energy. A certain hardness in some tones must have been owing in great part to the afore-said deadening influence of the room. With this conspired a strangely talkative and restless disposition of a portion of the audience, who came in late—evidently concert-goers of the class who like the singers and care little for the music.

We do not think the true forte of Mrs. Long lies in the singing of English songs and ballads, though she gave much pleasure by her singing of "Cherry Ripe" by Horn, and of "Napolitaine, I am dreaming of thee," in answer to a recall. She seems more herself in larger music. Verdi's *Non fu sogno* displayed her bravura execution to advantage. In the "Ernani" duet: *Ah! morir*, her voice blended very sweetly with the tenor of Mr. ADAMS, and it was most delicately sung. Mr. Adams, in his cavatina: *L'amor funesto*, sang sweetly as usual, but with less than his usual firmness of tone; we trust the *tremolo* is not becoming chronic, for such a tenor is a treasure.

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MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The sixth concert was a fine one and consisted of the following selections:

- 1—Quartet in G minor, No. 3, Mozart
- Allegretto—Minuetto—Adagio—Finale, Adagio and Allegro.
- 2—Aria from Don Giovanni, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart
- Mr. Schraubsstaedter.
- 3—Piano Trio, in E flat, No. 1, op. 1, Beethoven
- Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
- Messrs. Babcock, Meisel and Wulf Fries.
- 4—Fantasia and Variations for Clarinet on a Theme by
- Dauzi, op. 81, L. Spohr
- Thos. Ryan.
- 5—Songs: "Die Rose," from "Zemir and Azor," Spohr
- "Good-bye Soog," Lindner
- Mr. Schraubsstaedter.
- 6—Quartet, in E minor, No. 2, op. 44, Mendelssohn
- Allegro appassionato—Scherzo—Andante—Finale, Presto
- agitato.

The strings blended well this time, and did good justice to the admirable compositions which commenced and closed the entertainment. That Quintet in G minor is one of the finest creations of Mozart's genius. What heavenly depth of feeling, what exquisite beauty in that Adagio with muted strings! And what rare invention, which could successfully follow up one long Adagio with another, introductory to the last Allegro! The pianist announced for the evening, Mr. BANCOCK, having sprained his hand, could not appear, and Mr. J. C. D. PARKER kindly volunteered at the last hour to play the Trio, which he did in a most artistic and acceptable manner. He is continually improving. Mr. SCHAUBSTAEDTER sang the beautiful tenor air from "Don Juan," almost never heard upon the stage, with excellent expression, only marred by the hardness of his voice in certain notes. The little German songs were beautiful and very nicely rendered.

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ORCHESTRAL UNION. The last two Afternoon Concerts have been very largely attended, and the music gives good satisfaction. The programmes were these:

(Fifth Concert, Feb. 17.)

- 1—Symphony No. 1, Haydn
- 2—Waltz, "Kroll's Ball Klänge," By request, Lumbye
- 3—Overture: "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart
- 4—Romance, for Violin, (G minor), Beethoven
- Performed by Mr. Suck.
- 5—The Dream of the Savoyard. Grand Fantasia for the
- Orchestra, with Solos, Lumbye
- 6—Ave Maria, for Flute, Clarinette, Violoncello and Corno
- Anglais, Schubert
- 7—Traviata Quadrille, Zerrahn

(Sixth Concert, March 3.)

- 1—Symphony in D, No. 2, Beethoven
 2—Waltz: "Geistes Schwinger," Lanner
 3—Overture: "Felsenmühle," Reissiger
 4—Adagio and Rondo, for Clarinets, E. M. V. Weber
 Performed by T. Schulz
 5—Polka: "Papageno," Oo melodies from the "Magie
 Flute," Stangny
 6—Cavatina from "Nabucco," for Cornet obligato, Verdi
 7—Arenza Quadrille, (Manuscript), Gartner

That Symphony by Haydn is one of his richest works,—especially the Andante, with its ingenious and striking variations; the violin solo in one of them was made admirably effective by the combined forces of Messrs. Suck and Gaertner. The Symphony in D was another added to this winter's revivals of the ever fresh and welcome Symphonies of Beethoven. We had already had this season the first, the third (*Eroica*), the fifth, the seventh, a portion of the eighth, and now we had the second, which is only less beautiful than the miracles of harmony which followed it. It was quite well played. Mr. Suck's playing of Beethoven's romanza for the violin was an agreeable feature; so was the solo by Mr. SCHULTZE, the rich, warm tone of whose clarinet, so true and so expressive, always charms us in the orchestra whenever it has a bit of solo. His themes from Weber were well-known airs from *Frey-schütz*.

Next week there will be no Concert, as the Music Hall will be occupied by the great Fair for the Provident Association, which we hope all our readers hereabouts will not fail to attend. On Wednesday, March 17th, a new series of the Afternoon Concerts will commence.

From my Diary, No. 25.

FEB. 20.—"Trovator," in Dwight's Journal of to-day, risks, in regard to Verdi, the following opinion:—"Probably there was never before an instance of such astonishing popularity!" He gives a list of twelve operas now performing in various theatres in Italy—the *Trovatore* alone in over a dozen.

Looking into the Harmonicon, Jan. 1826, I find reported thirteen operas of Rossini as being then upon twelve of the Italian stages alone. Upon how many others, is not given. Three theatres in Milan and three in Naples, were performing his operas at the same time.

My impression—which may be a mistaken one—although derived from a somewhat extensive perusal of works hearing upon the point, is, that in proportion to the number of operas which they composed, an equally strong proof of popularity in Italy may be found in regard to the works of Hasse, a century since—of Paer, of Cimarosa, Pacini, Bellini, Mercadante, Donizetti, and, at one time, possibly Meyerbeer.

The fact seems to be, that in the search after novelty, as soon as an opera succeeds upon an Italian stage, it is immediately introduced all over Italy; some two or three, not yet worn out, of the last novelties being kept on hand in case of failure. But the novelties soon disappear, and generally that is the last of them.

MARCH 1.—A friend speaking to me about the Handel and Haydn Society, intimated that it is now rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," in order to "crush out" the performance of that work by other parties. I can state from personal knowledge that last summer the Government of the Society, in arranging the programme for this winter, placed Mozart's *Requiem* and this work upon it, as performances for a single evening. It was imported at the same time with "Israel in Egypt," and was not sooner rehearsed on account of the engagement of Formes, which compelled a departure from the arrangements for the winter.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

It surely can need no appeal to public gratitude, in either of its two forms of a lively sense of favors past or of favors to come, to induce a general turn-out

this evening at CARL ZERRAHN's benefit concert. No lover of orchestral music needs to be reminded of the debt he owes this indefatigable conductor. It is enough to know the fact, that his four Concerts have benefited every one except himself; we all feel, of course, that they have benefited *him*, by still confirming his good character as a musician and a man of public spirit: then let us show our feeling this very night, and follow up the moral by a material reward. It will be but a slight return at best, considering all we have received. The programme is attractive. Spohr's descriptive Symphony has not been heard here for a long time. The Festival Overture on the "Rhine-wine Song," by Robert Schumann will be a novelty. He wrote it for the Dusseldorf Festival in 1853. It brings in voices: a male chorus, to be sung by the "ORPHEUS," and tenor song by Mr. KREISSMANN. Mrs. HARWOOD's fresh voice, too, will lend a feature. For the rest see announcement below.

In consequence of moving our office, this number of the Journal is printed earlier than usual, which obliges us to defer an interesting letter from our New York correspondent.... We cannot altogether sympathize with our Brooklyn correspondent's enthusiasm about "Congregational Singing"—at least as he puts it—still less about the merits of the "Plymouth Collection" which seemed to us from a hasty glance to contain rather large doses of something not very far removed from the "Lilla Linden" style of sacred minstrelsy. But of this perhaps hereafter.

Mr. Ullman announces the engagement, for the Spring or Summer delectation of the New Yorkers, of Mons. MUSARD, conductor of the famous Musard Concerts and the Bals Masqués in Paris. At the Academy this week they have performed two operas of Rossini, *Otello*, and *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and *Robert le Diable*.... THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS have been creating a protracted *furor* in New Orleans, repeating there the multifarious programme of all sorts of Concerts, Soirées, Matinées, free concerts for the public schools, &c., &c.... The third Annual Concert for the Poor, given in Albany, last month, by that generous and devoted musician, GEORGE W. WARREN, seems to have been a brilliant affair. It was attended two successive evenings by 2,000 persons, and the scene is described as fairy-like, what with the floral decorations and the "100 beautiful children" assembled on the stage. The music seems to have given unbounded satisfaction.

The death of Signor Lablache took place at Naples on the 23d of January. It was generally known that he had been for some time suffering under severe indisposition, and that since his last professional visit to St. Petersburg he has been compelled to desist from the exercise of his public avocations. But the medicinal springs of Germany, and the society of his distinguished friend and compatriot, Rossini, it was said and believed, had in a great degree restored him. Naples in the winter, and Torre del Greco in the spring, were to effect the rest. Signor Lablache was considered so far convalescent, indeed, that his name was advertised in the prospectus of the French Italian Theatre for the actual season; and the aid of his colossal talent was confidently anticipated by the conductors of the Royal Italian Opera, for the opening of the new theatre in Bow street.

The artistic career of Louis Lablache was from the outset one of unchequered success. The son of a French refugee, he was born at Naples on the 6th of December, 1794, and at the age of 12 was placed in the "Conservatorio," to be instructed in the various branches of music. For music in the abstract, however, he did not in his early youth evince any predilection. His passion was the stage; and it is related of him that on several occasions he ran away from the academy, to fulfil engagements in the smaller Neapolitan theatres. Lablache's introduction to London, if we remember correctly, occurred immediately after his return to Paris, in 1834. He was one of the celebrated four (the others being the late Rubini, the retired Tamburini, and the still active, hearty, and universally popular Grisi, who rehearsed her "farewell" to the English public in 1854) for whom Bellini composed, at Paris, his famous opera, *I Puritani*; and subsequently the comic opera of *Don Pasquale* was written for him, in the same capital, by his compatriot Donizetti.

Perhaps not one of the Italian artists—the imperishable Grisi herself not excepted—who have reaped honor and fortune in this country, ever became a more fixed and prominent idea in the public mind than Lablache. His geniality was infectious—none could resist it; and to such a point of familiarity had he arrived with his audience that, if anything was going ill, Lablache would seem to be admitted into their confidence, just as though he had been one of themselves, and—grand artist as all Europe acknowledged him—conscious, like themselves, that whatever was wrong could not be on account of, but in spite of, him. Although lately Signor Lablache suffered intense anguish from the effects of his malady—which we believe was dropsy—not only were there no fears of his immediate decease, but, on the contrary, hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery, and schemes had been projected for removing him to Naples to some place more favorable to his convalescence. The blow, however, has been struck unexpectedly; the world has been deprived of an artist of the highest gifts; and the large circle of relatives and friends who are left to deplore his loss must rest satisfied with the consolation that his memory will be cherished as that of one who alike reflected honor on public and private life.—*London Times*.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- 1—The Consecration of Tones, Dr. L. Spohr
 Characteristic Symphony, from a Poem by Carl Pfeiffer.
 2—Aria: "Ab mon fils," from the "Prophet," Meyerbeer
 Mrs. Harwood.
 3—Andante and Variations for the Flute, on Themes from
 "Sonambula," Carl Zerrahn.

PART II.

- 4—Festival Overture on the "Rhine-Wine-Song," (first time,) R. Schumann
 For Orchestra, with Solos and Chorus, sung by the Orpheus
 Glee Club.
 5—Aria: "Qui la voce," from "I Puritani," Bellini
 Mrs. Harwood.
 6—Serenade, (Orpheus Glee Club,) Marschner
 7—Fantasia for the Flute, on Themes from "La Fille du
 Regiment," Briccialdi
 Carl Zerrahn.
 8—Overture: "Oberon," Weber

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Hymn of Praise, by Mendelssohn,

first time in Boston, entire with grand Orchestra. This has been rehearsed by the Society for several weeks (as before mentioned in Dwight's Journal of Music, Feb. 13.) Further particulars of the concert will be duly announced.

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Wm. H. Fry's Quartet.

At Dr. Guilmette's concert in New York last week—the "First Classical Chamber Concert in America"(!)—Mr. Fry appeared in the character of a violin Quartet writer. His Quartet No. 11 was performed; and here is the way in which some of the critics talk about it.

The *Courier & Enquirer* says:

Mr. Fry is known to the public as the composer of some fine concert overtures (so-called) performed by Jullien's orchestra, and of an opera, *Leonora*, performed several years ago with success in Philadelphia, some of the melodies of which have won enduring popularity, and are heard from such bands as Dodworth's and the Seventh Regiment's. He has written much beside; and has published a *Stabat Mater*, in which there are passages the appropriate tenderness and poignancy of which have not been surpassed by the strains of any composer of this generation, except, perhaps, Schubert. The quartet in question is Mr. Fry's eleventh composition of that kind, and it awakens in us a strong desire to hear the ten which have preceded it. It would not be a just expression of Mr. Fry's moral and mental idiosyncrasy if it were not eccentric, and vigorous, with a current of deep human tenderness; and it has all these characteristics. As to the eccentricity, we let that pass on a first hearing. We let it pass on the first hearing of a composition by BEETHOVEN or CHOPIN, why not as well in other cases. Eccentricity, when it has the power to justify itself, becomes originality. Of the four movements in Mr. Fry's quartet, we prefer the *Adagio*, not merely because of its square melody, the leading idea of which is nobly pathetic, but because it is, or appeared to us, more clearly thought out and more highly finished, while at the same time it is less ambitious of novelty in mere treatment. Mr. Fry is too good a contrapuntist to require lessons at our hands; but we suggest to him that what is grammatical and well looking on paper may not be pleasing when put

into sound, that it is possible to make the inner parts of a quartet too elaborate as well as too difficult, and that it is best in writing melodic movements for the bass, (except when the theme itself is given to the violoncello) to let them, nevertheless, decidedly mark the fundamental harmony of the passage. No elaboration or grace of movement can compensate for weakness in this regard. Mr. Fry's composition abounds in thought and in learning, which are perhaps most apparent in the opening movement, an *allegro agitato* in C minor. The instruments seemed to us a little overburdened; but that may have been our want of acquaintance with the work, or even of sufficient quickness of apprehension. The melodic ideas themselves were fine, original, and full of character, and the two subjects were well worked out. Instead of a *Minuetto* or a *Scherzo*, Mr. Fry wrote a fantastic movement in 2-4 time. This we think an error of judgment. In a composition consisting of four parts, two of which are sure to be in quadruple time, the ear craves the rhythm of a movement in quick triple time; and this is best obtained in the old *Minuetto* or in the *Scherzo* with which BEETHOVEN replaced it. We congratulate the composer on the impression which his quartet made on all who heard it; and trust that other compositions may soon be produced from the same gifted pen.

Richard Willis writes, in his *Musical World*:—

Fry is a bundle of genius and waywardness. He does not know, himself, whether he likes better to do the brilliant and clever thing, or the wayward and eccentric thing. When he takes pen in hand, pen-musical or pen-literary, what seer can foretell where he is going to bring up?—and how should any body know?—he does not know himself. For this reason, Fry is immensely exciting and interesting to everybody. If you get astride of his Pegasus with him, he may soar with you to the stars—or he may lodge you in a turnip-field: and one result is about as amusing and satisfactory to the mad rider as another. He likes, apparently, to upset his own conclusions, turn pathos into bathos, and—like Halleck's music-ceasing-when-it-rains-on-Scudder's-balcony,—perch a mocking rooster upon the steeple-point of a fine lyric.

Here is a quartet, for instance, which, from all accounts (for we were most reluctantly called out from the concert-room before we had reached this point in the programme and had to hear with other, but judicious, ears) has a first movement which is a veritable nest of snakes—the instruments coiling and squirming and intertwining in the most labyrinthian confusion: and yet a succeeding, slow movement, which is a square, consecutive, beautiful piece of writing, as though a man had come to his senses from previous champagne, and now were talking coherent and charming sense to you.

Long live Fry!—He is full of "youth and juice"—enthusiasm for Art and glorious charity and kindness for all artists—with a fire in his brain, (though smoke sometimes envelope it,) which makes him luminous when it does clearly break forth, and stamps him as a man of genius.

The father of Fanny Ellsler was for many years copyist to Prince Esterhazy, for whom he copied most of the works of Haydn.

Sketch of the Life of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

Lamentation for the loss of a great artist is too frequently accompanied with regret that his place may never be supplied. Within our own recollection how many actors and singers have quitted the scene without the remotest chance of leaving a successor behind them! Time was, when on the lyric and dramatic stage the disappearance of one star was followed invariably by the advent of another. The chronicles of the Italian Opera and our own theatres will show this. The line of eminent tragedians was kept up in one unbroken series from Betterton to Macready. The list of renowned singers at the Italian Opera, from Pacchierotti and Banti, down to Mario and Grisi, indicates no interruption. But here it would seem to come to a full stop. What tenor or soprano at present on the lyric stage is likely to fill the seat occupied by Mario or Grisi? Have we any barytone left worthy to supply Tamburini's place? Is not Alboni the last of the great race of contraltos who figured so conspicuously in Rossini's operas? Above all, does it lie within the bounds of probability that a bass singer like Lablache will in our time adorn the boards of the Italian stage? Everybody will answer these interrogatories without hesitation in the negative, and will deplore with us the lamentable and unaccountable deterioration of the modern stage.

Louis Lablache was born at Naples on the 6th of December, 1794. He was, as his name indicates, of French extraction. His father, Nicolas Lablache, had been a merchant at Marseilles, but removed to Naples in 1791. He was one of the victims of the persecutions exercised against the French by the Italians in 1799. Afterwards, when the Neapolitan kingdom was subjected to French domination, Napoleon, whose policy inclined him to conciliate all parties, to make atonement for the ill-treatment offered to his family, had the young Lablache placed as a pupil in the Conservatoire of *La Pietà dei Turchini*, at Naples. He was twelve years old when he was admitted. He commenced studying, at the same time singing and playing on several instruments, but appeared to have little taste or inclination for music. He was negligent in his practice, and was not cited among his companions for the regularity of his conduct. An unforeseen occurrence took place a few years after he entered the Academy, which revealed the natural bent of his mind, concealed up to that time. One of his comrades, on a certain occasion, was engaged to play the contrabasso at a concert. He fell ill three days before the performance, and a substitute had to be sought. Lablache had never played the contrabasso; he nevertheless offered to supply the place of his sick companion, and three days' practice sufficed to enable him to undertake his part. His success did not increase his inclination to become an instrumental performer. He felt that his vocation was the stage. Five times he fled from the Conservatoire to seek an engagement at the minor theatres of the capital. It was during these escapades of the young Lablache, if not in consequence of them, that a royal ordinance was issued, interdicting managers of theatres from engaging a pupil of the Conservatoire without special authority, under penalty of a fine of two

thousand ducats, and the closing of the theatre for fifteen days.

Having at length terminated his studies at the Conservatoire, and being free to follow the bent of his own mind without fear of superiors or royal denouncements, Lablache accepted an engagement, in 1812, at the San Carlino, one of the minor theatres of Naples, as *buffo Napolitano*—a specimen of which character was presented for the first time, a few weeks since, at the St. James's Theatre, in the person of Signor Carrione. Lablache was only in his eighteenth year, when he entered upon his first engagement at a theatre. Soon afterwards, however, he married a daughter of Sig. Pinotti, an Italian actor of great reputation in his own country. The following year he went to Messina, and appeared again as *buffo Napolitano*. But this line of characters he was not long destined to fill. While at Messina he received an offer to sing at Palermo as *primo basso cantante*, with which he at once closed, and made his *début* in an opera by Pavesi, *Ser Marc Antonio*. His success was so decided as to induce him to remain at Palermo for five years. Although removed far from the centre of Italy, Lablache was not unknown. Insensibly his reputation extended, and the administration of the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, engaged him in 1817. He made his appearance as Dandini in Rossini's *Cenerentola*, written a short time previously for De Begnis, and was received with the utmost transports. Soon afterwards Mercadante wrote *Elisa è Claudio* for him. The renown of the young artist now in reality spread throughout all Italy. From Milan he proceeded to Turin, where he performed Alberto in Paer's *Agnese* with great success. He also appeared in his favorite parts in other cities of less note, and in 1822 returned to Milan. Thence he proceeded to Venice, where he remained some time, and in 1824 accepted an engagement at Vienna. Here he eclipsed all his compatriots, and the public journals were never tired eulogising the grandeur and quality of his voice, his profound intelligence, and the truthfulness of his acting. The Viennese carried their admiration so far as to have a medal struck in his honor.

After the Congress of Laybach, Lablache obtained at Vienna an audience of Ferdinand the First, King of Naples, who received him with infinite kindness, appointed him singer to his chapel, and gave him an engagement for the grand theatre San Carlo. After an absence of twelve years Lablache returned to Naples, a different person altogether in regard to accomplishments and acquirements from the youth who hurried away from his native city to Messina to accept an engagement as *buffo Napolitano*. He was now the accomplished singer, the finished actor; and all first-rate parts, whether bass or barytone, were his by right. He made his first appearance at the San Carlo as Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which, although the music was composed for Filippo Galli, a singer remarkable for the flexibility of his voice, he produced a deep impression. He stayed two years at the great opera-house of Naples, and was not only increasing his fame, but making rapid strides in his art. He next appeared at Parma, in an early opera called *Zaira*, by Bellini, whose star was just beginning to glimmer on the musical horizon.

In the year 1830 Lablache first appeared at Paris, and created a powerful impression. His talent at once conciliated all grades and all tastes of the musical *cognoscenti*—more especially as it had not passed the ordeal of a London examination. Certainly an artist like Lablache had not hitherto adorned the brilliant stage of the Italians. The critics were divided as to the superiority of his comic and tragic powers, but there was no second opinion about the beauty, grandeur and majesty of his voice, his admirable singing, his musical instinct, and his noble and striking appearance. The first comic parts in which he performed at Paris were Geronimo in Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, the Podestà in Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, Dandini and the Baron in *Cenerentola*, and the old manager in *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*. His serious characters were Henry the Eighth in *Anna Bolena*, and Oroveso

in *Norma*. His success could not fail to cross the Channel, and a London engagement being offered to him, we find him making his *entrée* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the 13th of May, in the same year (1830), as Geronimo in the *Matrimonio Segreto*—the first of the "glorious quarter" who appeared in this country, Rubini coming to London in 1831, Tamburini in 1832, and Grisi in 1833. He returned to London the two following seasons, adding each year new characters to his *répertoire*, but for some cause unknown, or unexplained, most probably prevented by his engagements in Italy, he did not appear at the King's Theatre in 1833. In the season of 1834, Lablache, Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini, united their talents for the first time, if we mistake not, in *La Gazza Ladra*, which was the favorite opera of that and the two subsequent years. In 1833, he returned to Naples, and in the autumn, appeared for the first time as Dulcamara, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, written especially for him, with prodigious success. He returned to Paris in 1834, and thence to London in the same year, from which time up to the disastrous closing of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852 he was one of the greatest ornaments and staunchest supporters of the opera in the Haymarket. For many years Lablache's time was fully occupied between the London and Parisian operas and his engagements at the Festival Concerts in the provinces. In the season 1850, he succeeded Tamburini in the direction of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, and remained at the head of the administration for five years. It would have been well, however, for the art if neither Tamburini nor Lablache had ever been tempted to the city of snows. It is nearly certain that the former lost his voice there, and the death of the latter was in all probability accelerated by the rigour of the climate.

In 1854, Her Majesty's Theatre still continuing closed, Lablache made his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, on the 9th of May, in his famous part of Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, Mario being the Count, Ronconi the barber, and Mad. Bosio making her first appearance as Rosina.

For two seasons, Lablache did eminent service to the cause of the Royal Italian Opera, during which time he played the round of nearly all his great parts, and appeared in one new character, the Tartar Corporal, Gritzenko, in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, the music of which was altered, and the recitatives written for him. Perhaps the most interesting event in the history of his career at the Royal Italian Opera was resuming the character of Don Pasquale, in Donizetti's popular opera of that name, with Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, the original cast, as it was first represented in Paris, in 1843. This was performed on Thursday, June the 28th. Although announced in the prospectus, he was unable the following year, from ill-health, to join the Royal Italian Opera *troupe*, when the disastrous burning of Covent Garden Theatre drove them to the smaller house in the Strand. Lablache's final appearance on the Italian stage took place on Thursday, August 9th, in *L'Etoile du Nord*, the last night of the season of the Royal Italian Opera.

Lablache was one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian Opera in this or any other age. His voice was perhaps the grandest and most powerful ever heard. In depth and extent it certainly has been surpassed; but for volume and quality combined has never been approached. Such an organ, indeed, was as effective and capable as twenty singers in a chorus. Who does not remember how it pealed in the finales and concert-ed pieces like thunder in the tempest? No strength of band and choir was able to drown the echoes of those tremendous tones. The quality was no less admirable than the power was stupendous. Open, clear, and produced directly from the chest, without, we may say, one head note, Lablache's voice differed essentially from all the basses we ever heard. His was, in fact, a purely natural voice, and did not seem to include one made note. Hence it retained nearly all its force and fulness to the last; and at sixty years

of age Lablache, in many respects, sang as powerfully as in his best days. Flexibility and facility in the voice have never yet been united with volume and weight, and Lablache constituted no exception to this rule. How he sang the music of Assur (*Semiramide*), or even Figaro (*Barbiere*), we cannot say, never having heard him in any one of the parts. We can only suppose his amazing rapidity and distinctness in enunciating the words made amends for his deficiency in execution. Rapid articulation was one of the special merits of his comic singing. The celerity, ease, and distinctness with which he uttered a quantity of syllables in a breath was truly amazing. For this reason, if for no other, his "Largo al factotum," which we once heard him sing at a concert, was incomparable. On the other hand, to slow and grave passages, the grandeur, breadth, and majesty of his voice gave immense effect. As an instance, we may cite the exquisite phrase, "Nella bionda," in Leporello's song, "Madamina," in *Don Giovanni*; the grand air, "La Vendetta," from the *Nozze di Figaro*; the Grand Prayer in *Mosè in Egitto*; the song previous to shooting the arrow in *Guillaume Tell*; and sundry passages in *Puritani*, all familiar to the modern frequenter of the opera. In pure abstract singing, both from his voice and a judgment that never led him into extravagance, Lablache had no equal as a bass singer. His style and method were founded on the best models, and his own admirable instincts supplied all else that was required. Lablache possessed one advantage which few singers can boast of. He was a good musician. It is strange how many of the most renowned Italian vocalists were, and are, utterly deficient in musical education. When we hear and see such artists as Catalani, Pasta, Grisi, Rubini, Donzelli, Tamburini, Mario, and others, almost incapable of distinguishing one chord from another, we are compelled to believe that musical instruction beyond the art of vocalization is not necessary to become a great singer. Lablache, however, was an honorable exception. He was in reality a good musician, which was entirely owing to his having undergone his earliest course of education as an instrumental performer.

(Conclusion next week.)

Opera in Havana.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* (Feb. 2.) writes:

Mme. Gazzaniga had her benefit last Saturday night, which far surpassed anything of the kind in enthusiasm that I ever saw in Havana. The theatre was so full that the authorities forbade the further sale of tickets. Her appearance on the stage was the signal for immense cheering, and the presentation of a gold cup with hundreds of bouquets, pigeons, doves, canaries, &c. During the whole opera, particularly in *Gran Dio! morir si jorene!* she was peculiarly happy. Some barbarian, however, threw her a garlic crown. Great efforts were made to ascertain the author of the insult, but in vain. After the opera was over, the stage was illuminated, and she was crowned amidst a shower of fire-works. The presents she received and the tickets sold netted the handsome sum of \$6,000. In addition to all this she was conveyed to her hotel in the private carriage of one of our titled families, and serenaded by the artillery band, the whole winding up with a grand supper.

Mme. Frezzolini's benefit comes off next Wednesday, and promises to be almost as enthusiastic a demonstration as Mme. Gazzaniga's. Each prima donna is defended by a tri-weekly sheet dedicated to the exclusive task of praising the one and criticising the other. As the articles are spicy, and accompanied with good caricatures, these papers sell well, and the excitement is kept up. The consequence is that these rival parties lose sight of the merit of the different operas in the eagerness to applaud or censure one or the other of the two "donnas." In the meantime, Max Maretzek laughs in his sleeve at this folly, and fills his pockets.

The *Herald's* correspondent (Feb. 22) writes:

Max Maretzek concluded his engagement with the Havana opera public last night with a most brilliant display of operatic talent to a full house. Brignoli surpassed himself; Amodio was often called out by plaudits long and earnest; Signora Frezzolini was enthusiastically cheered, and our own Miss Phillips

was greeted to the very echo of the dome. Half of the engagement for the last *abous* was remitted in favor of the opera troupe by the public and government, for reason of the affliction of Gazzaniga in the loss of her husband, the Marquis of Mulaspina, which put out the light of that brilliant star of the operatic drama. Max Maretzek has the title from the Havana public of *Le Grand Empresario*, and he goes from us flush in cash and our best God speed for his future success. The company leave for Charleston, per steamer Isabel, on the 25th, and will play a short engagement in that city.

MUSICAL LEGISLATION.—The Maine Legislature has instituted the novel and very pleasant feature of morning concerts in Legislative sessions. The *Kennebec Journal* says:

The veteran Messenger of the House, Mr. Thomas of Newburgh, has a taste for music, and he has discovered an unusual amount and variety of musical talent among the members. This united talent has been brought out in a series of impromptu morning concerts before the hour of calling the House to order, until, at length, morning singing has become a regular institution in the Representatives' Hall, for the fifteen minutes before the Speaker takes his seat. At times the spirit of harmony becomes pervading, when the singing is specially marked by simple melody, and grave Senators and members of the House in large numbers gather round the centre of the Hall and join the singing of familiar tunes in true Congregational style, and the music rises and floats and echoes through the Hall with fine effect. It partakes, at times, of a truly devotional character, and is regarded as a most acceptable exercise to all in attendance at the State House during the session, and highly satisfactory to strangers who happen to be present.

From my Diary, No. 26.

MARCH 2.—Mr. Ullman announces an increase of prices on account of the great cost in putting the "Huguenots" upon the stage, which will be some \$10,000. True, he has no assistance from government, and must depend upon filling the three or four thousand seats, which the New York Academy is said to hold.

At the Grand Opera in Paris, where the prices were, in 1854, \$2 25 to the first boxes, and \$1. for parterre, and where \$200,000 per annum must be taken at the door, in addition to governmental aid to meet the annual receipts, the "Prophet" was put upon the stage at an expense of \$18,000. The house holds at highest prices, \$2,335.

At Berlin, where the aid of government is some \$250 to \$300 to each performance, and where the house, at highest prices, can hold but \$1,350, we find the following in a list of operas put upon the stage:

Nourmahal,.....	\$12,500
Alcador,.....	12,500
Prophet,.....	13,675
Undine (ballet),.....	14,250
Camp of Silesia,.....	19,950

If the "Huguenots" in New York draw full houses, I should think, considering the comparatively small number of persons who are in Mr. Ullman's employment, that it might pay!

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 19.—The largest theatre in Florence is the Teatro Ferdinando, or Paliano, as it is commonly called. The building itself occupies a square plot of ground in one of the principal streets, and is entirely used for the purposes of the theatre, with the exception of a few stores and offices on the ground floor.

The prices of admission are one liro (twenty cents) to the parquette, ten soldi (about seven cents) to the gallery, and the remainder of the house is portioned off into private boxes, one

hundred and eighty-eight in number, including the two upper rows which constitute the gallery. The price of admission to subscribers by the season, to the parquette, is very much lower, and, attracted by the cheapness of the article, I entered my name among the list of *Signori Abbonati*, as the subscribers are called, and for a sum equal to one dollar and sixty cents, I am entitled to an admission to the twenty-four performances, and to the masked ball at the close of the season. This theatre is far more aristocratic than the delightfully shabby little Goldoni Theatre, where you can eat roast chestnuts during the cadenza of the prima donna, without feeling that you are a loafer—a luxurious freedom, I assure you. Here, in the parquette, the respectable middling classes of Florence are to be seen. The seats are comfortable and handsomely cushioned, and the performances the best that are given in Florence. One might naturally suppose that when the article is given at such a price it would be of an inferior quality. But this is not the case. The operas are given here in a style I have never seen surpassed, and with much more completeness than in the more famed theatre of the *Pergola*, of which I shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

The performances at the Goldoni take place four times in the week, on the nights of Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, the latter being the great gala night when the building is crowded an hour before the commencement of the performance. The Carnival season of 1857-8 opened on Tuesday, the 26th of November, with *Elisa Velasco*, a superb opera by Pacini, and one that for a time made me stagger in my Verdi faith.

This *Elisa Velasco* was first produced at Venice in 1845, under the title of *Lorenzo Medici*. It is so fresh, so original, and combines musical science so well with ear-baunting and simple melody, that it appears to me astonishing that it has not obtained a reputation out of Italy. Even here it does not seem to be fully appreciated, for it is only performed during the present Carnival at Pisa and Florence, while *Trovatore* and *Traviata* occupy each over a dozen of the Italian lyric stages. The story turns on paternal love, but is so confused and poorly worked out, that I can give you no idea of it, except to observe that it affords some fine dramatic situations. The opera opens with a delicious prelude rather than overture, followed by a brilliant yet simple chorus to the accompaniment of a band behind the scenes. The principal feature of the first act is a duo for tenor and baritone, which is so different in style, and so superior to the duos in ordinary Italian operas, that of itself, it ought to stamp the composer as a musician of the very highest order of merit. In the second act the soprano appears, opening with a grand scena and aria, followed by a duo by soprano and baritone. A concerted piece in the style of the favorite quintet in *Lucia*, only vastly superior to this master-piece of Donizetti, closes the act. The third act commences with a striking air for tenor: *Del lungo fingere*, and then follows the grand feature of the opera, the prison scene, where is music that once heard can never be forgotten. Of course no idea of it can be given in words, but I can picture to you the scene and the emotions delineated, and your imagination must fill up the rest.

Imagine, then, the interior of a Moorish prison,

sustained by massive columns and heavy Moriscan arches, and illuminated by a lamp depending from the ceiling. The walls are partially covered with mosaic work, while in other portions prisoners have scrawled their names. The scene is at first deserted, but soon enter a company of men, with chains on their hands, who have been imprisoned with Ferdinand Velasco (the baritone of the opera), for supporting the claims of their rightful prince, Alfonso, against the usurper, who now occupies his throne. After a short prelude by the orchestra, the bassi sing in unison to a slow minor movement, the tenors responding:

Perchè si lenti passano
Gli istanti del dolore!
Quella che sempre celere
Fredda a' mortali il core,
La morte inesorabile,
Tarda per noi si fa.

After repeating this solemn strain, they turn to the walls, and write their own names under those of former prisoners, and then returning, burst forth into a loyal strain in honor of their prince, and invoke the Lord to defend their cause. Ferdinand now appears, and then follows some grand music for baritone and chorus, which is, in my opinion, only excelled in Italian opera by the wonderful chorus writing in *Guillaume Tell*. Elisa Velasco now enters to take a sad farewell of her father; she beseeches his blessing:

Bless, oh! father, bless thy orphan child,
In this sad hour of grief and woe,
And thy last, dying accents, will infuse
New courage in my heart.

Then, martyred parent,
Then in my breast will ever live thy honor.

And then a hush comes over the audience, and to the *obligato* accompaniment of the violoncello, Ferdinand blesses his child:

Protect, oh! God, this orphan, that in thy hands I
now confide;
Through the troubled sea of life, guide her, O Lord
Most High!

Bless her, thou Father of orphans.

And the chorus respond:

Oh God, who art of orphans the Father and Eternal
Comfort,
Into Thy hands alone our children we confide;
Bless them, thou Father of orphans.

This scene is unparalleled. Again, the aria of Ferdinand bears a resemblance to the blessing of Albert by William Tell, before he lets fly the doubtful shaft. In these instances both Pacini and Rossini have made use of the violoncello, than which no instrument in the entire orchestra can, under the hands of a skilled and expressive player, emit more sweetly melancholy sounds. The last act of *Elisa Velasco* contains a grand scena for soprano, a "tremendous" trio finale for soprano, bass and tenor. The opera has been excellently performed in Florence. The prima donna TORTOLINI is a polished and elegant singer, not without expression. The baritone CRESCI is superior to Corsi of the *Italiens*, at Paris, who is superior to our old friend Amodio, though they all three possess a peculiar richness of voice, which forms a striking resemblance between them. The palm must, however, be given to Cresci; his rendition of the benediction scene was wonderful. The only baritone we have had in America to come any where near this Cresci was Badiali. Then in the tenor LIMBERTI there is another wonderful artist, with an immensely high *tenore robusto* voice, and a fervidness of style and intensity of expression that makes him a singer of the first rank, and deserving a more ex-

tended fame than that lazy and much overrated individual, Mario. The chorus is numerous, and every member of it acts, as well as sings. In the prison scene, there were thirty male choristers—and thirty well-trained male voices are capable of producing thrilling effects.

But *Elisa Velasco* has been withdrawn to make room for *I Lombardi*, and Pacini is forced to yield before Verdi. It must be said the latter shines but poorly in comparison, for this *Lombardi* is most decidedly what I should call a *brown sugar opera*:—that is, there is a constant striving after effect, and a vehemence of noise, and a repeated bolstering up of puny melodies by resorting to effects of brass, of bands behind the scenes, that have a corresponding effect on the ear to that of very sweet, brown, second quality sugar on the palate. It is in only one or two instances in this opera that Verdi comes up to white sugar mark, and then we will give to him the credit of producing the most refined kind of musical white sugar, that contrasts vividly with the surrounding brown. One of these instances is the trio at the close of the third act, with the solo violin accompaniment and prelude. The story of the *Lombardi* is a fine one, and there are many opportunities for grandiose effects that one would suppose Verdi would have improved. What could be a finer subject than the arrival of the Crusaders before the walls of Jerusalem, and their cry of religious triumph as they beheld the sacred city! But here Verdi only gives as common-place a little chorus as can possibly be found in any of his works. It seems to me the man must have been asleep half the time when he composed the *Lombardi*; during the waking moments, he produced the grand trio, the opening baritone air, the tenor air, and the tenor and soprano duo of the second act, and the "vision scene" and polacca of the last. All the rest of the time he was fast asleep, and snoring so hard that he did not know how blatant yet insignificant was the music he was writing. In one scene he attempts to depict a battle between the Christians and Saracens, working in snatches of the different war-songs of each; but when we consider this attempt in comparison with the effects which Meyerbeer has produced in corresponding situations in his *Huguenots* and in the *Etoile du Nord*, poor Verdi appears small, nay, minute and microscopic. However, as *I Lombardi* has already been produced in the United States by Maretzek, and may be familiar to many of your readers, I will waste no more time on it. Let me, however, say that ELISA KENNET, a young English woman, with a rich, thrilling voice and an impassioned method, has appeared as Giselda in *I Lombardi*, with decided and deserved success. She is a first class prima donna.

The Ferdinando Theatre on the whole may vie with almost any on the continent. The building is large and comfortable, the walls handsomely frescoed, and containing portraits of all the modern great composers, poets and dramatists of Italy, while the prices of admission are so low that it is emphatically a "people's theatre."

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1.—For several weeks there has been such a lull in our musical atmosphere, that I have not thought it worth while to give you intelligence which could only be negative. It would hardly have interested you or

your readers, to hear what concerts had *not* taken place; that the opera had *not* returned, etc. But Dame Music was only taking a nap, it seems, and awoke last week to renewed and increased activity. From Monday to Saturday, every day brought some musical attraction. Monday night the opera re-opened with *Puritani*; Tuesday morning there was *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and for the evening, EISELDE's concert. Wednesday, *Don Giovanni* was given; Thursday, Dr. GUILMETTE's concert, (which, besides being "the first classical concert in America," was pronounced by the profound critic of the *New York Times*, to have been "the most interesting of the season"); Friday, *Robert*, and Saturday morning, MASON's Matinée.

From this galaxy, I will select such stars as are worthy of particular notice, and begin with EISELDE's Soirée. The programme promised us quartets of Onslow and Beethoven, an *Andante* and *Rondo Gioioso*, by Mendelssohn, and a couple of vocal pieces to be sung by Mrs. ANNA WARREN, a debutante in the New York music world—under that name at least. Of this last feature, as usual, the least said the better. Mrs. Warren has a very fine mezzo-soprano voice, but, in spite of having studied in Italy, not the slightest idea of managing it. Her instruction is very uncertain, and her notes waver most painfully. Besides this, there was a certain want of refinement in her singing, which made the morceaux, which she had chosen, a canzonetta, by Donizetti, and a very insignificant German song by Truber, appear still more commonplace than they really were. Again, to quote the above mentioned critic of the *Times*, with a slight alteration: "Mr. Eisfeld is always very (un) fortunate in the vocal contributions to his concerts."

Mr. HOFFMANX, in the piano part of Mendelssohn's composition, played with his usual excellence, which places him, in my opinion, first in the ranks of our resident pianists. The style of the piece, however, (which was not in Mendelssohn's happiest vein) was not calculated to bring out his more characteristic powers. He lacked the fire and spirit which distinguishes his rendering of Chopin, for instance. He was deservedly encored, and played a little composition of his own, of less value than others which I have heard from him. Of the two Quartets, that of Onslow (op. 4, No. 1), hardly bears mention beside the other. The *Andante* and the *Minuet*, were the most attractive movements. The whole, however, was so well rendered, that, as the first piece of the programme, and with three other numbers between it and its nobler relative, it proved quite satisfactory. The quartet of Beethoven was indisputably the queen of the evening. It was the lovely No. 5, of the op. 18 set, in which Mozart-like freshness and simplicity are already so intermingled with the master's wondrous depth and wealth of harmony, as to form the most exquisite whole. The Allegro might pass for Mozart's, with its quaint melody in triple time, so charmingly worked up. In the minuet, the beautiful transitions and changes already speak of a higher spirit, which in the *Andante*, with its heavenly melody, its wondrous harmonies, and its loveliest of all variations, gains the mastery completely. The *Finale* is the least attractive of the four parts, but we need something to bring us to earth again after the celestial strains of the *Andante*.

MASON's Matinée was, in point of programme, superior to Eisfeld's concert; but, although the players in the former manifest great improvement every time, they need considerable practice yet before they can equal the other quartet. They gave us, this time, only three pieces, but these were all of sterling value. A charming quartet by Haydn, in B flat, which we heard last winter, I think, from the Eisfeld party; Beethoven's D major Trio; and a novelty (for this country) in the shape of Mendelssohn's Octet. Mr. Mason's rendering of his share in the Trio was very fine; but there was, again, as at the last time, a great drawback to its effectiveness in the piano. This was, again, one of Steinway's, and, though better than the one used at the previous Matinée, it was still quite harsh, and too loud for the stringed instruments. The Octet is a very brilliant composition for a double quartet, i. e. four violins, two violas, and two 'celli.—a small symphony in fact. It is very rich in coloring, and exceedingly Mendelssohnish in character. Altogether, this concert was a most satisfactory one, and might furnish an example to Mr. Eisfeld in one particular, i. e. the absence of any singing. Vocal performances certainly vary the entertainment a little, but unless they are particularly attractive, the variety is not a pleasant one, and had better be dispensed with.

In connection with these two quartet concerts, I cannot refrain from mentioning a private entertainment of a similar nature, which took place one evening last week, at the house of one of our musical amateurs. The mistress of the family is a fine pianist, and frequently plays concerted music with some of our resident musicians. On the occasion in question, BURKE, EISELDE, and BERGNER, had promised their coöperation for some quartets and quintets. I had the good fortune to be one of three or four listeners invited. But, as at the last moment two of the musical gentlemen disappointed us, the programme was changed *a la impromptu*. An old viola and 'cello were brought down from the garret, furnished with strings, the rubbish which had settled in them shaken out, and found to be very useful. We had a Trio of Mozart, for piano, violin and viola, in which the latter was played by an amateur violinist, while Mr. Burke retained his rightful instrument. Then the ever-obliging artist made his *wife* (as he has christened his violin), sing for us, in two parts of Mendelssohn's exquisite concerto, in the piano accompaniment of which the orchestra was ably supplied by Mrs. ——. And lastly, we had the pleasure of hearing a Trio of Beethoven, (No. 2 of his first) set, in which Mr. Burke came out in a new character, i. e. as a violoncellist, and acquitted himself most admirably. So, after all, we lost nothing by the failure of the first plan.

The representation of *Don Giovanni*, last Wednesday, was one of the best, in all its components, which I have ever witnessed. FORMES, irresistibly funny in the first part of his Leporello-career, rouses one's full admiration by his noble conception of the later phases of the character; D'ANGRI, exquisite in her singing and perfect in her action; CARADORI, making a more pains-taking and dignified Elvira than any I have ever seen; LAGRANGE, though growing sadly deficient in voice and delivery, yet always the earnest truthful actress; LABOSETTA, with his sweet voice, making the most of his rather tame part;

and GASSIER, with only a trifle too much dignity marring the perfection of his Don Juan, all these made a most enjoyable *ensemble*. I hope you will have the opera in Boston before long, so as to hear for yourself the attractions it presents.

Mr. ULLMANN is certainly an indefatigable impresario, and the public owes him much. During the last season, he brought out Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*, and last week he gave us *Otello*. Soon the *Huguenots* are to be produced, with so much extra expense and show, that Mr. Ullmann, in a touching appeal, throws himself upon the public and asks permission to increase the prices of admission. How the plan will work, can hardly be foreseen.

NEW YORK, MAR. 9.—Of our last Philharmonic Concert, there is not much to be said that is favorable. I never was present at any performance which, like this, was without being at all inferior, so absolutely unexciting. There was but one feature in it calculated to rouse enthusiasm (which it did), and that was Mme. D'ANGRI's singing. We have never had anything like it at these concerts. Earnest and artistic in everything she does, Mme. d'Angri was so fully appreciated on this occasion as to be *encored* after both numbers. The first of these was the delicious *Foi chi sapete*, from Mozart's "Figaro," than which nothing were suited better for her smooth, luscious voice. It seemed to be even fitter for it than *L'edra carino*, which assumed the *encore*, and which was not quite as fortunately delivered as in the opera. The lady's other aria was *Ah! mon fils*, from the "Prophet," which was so admirably rendered in every respect, that it made me long to hear her in the whole rôle of Fidès. This she repeated in full when *encored*.

The great novelty of the evening was the Symphony, which was by Ferdinand Hiller, and has been, as the programme told us, "performed with great success in Germany." From the same source we learn, too, that it was lent (in manuscript) to the N. Y. Philharmonic Society by the composer. I must confess that it rather disappointed me, after the idea of Hiller's compositions, which his reputation had given me. It appeared, also, to fall dead upon the audience. The chief impression which it left upon me was that of its tameness. The only movement in which any spirit is to be discovered, is the last. In this, too, the melodic element is better represented than in its predecessors. In these, in fact, it is sadly deficient; nor are the harmonic combinations and effects striking enough to supply the other deficiency. It is, altogether, an uninteresting work, and one in which you will discover but little more at the fourth or fifth hearing, than at the first; a pretty good proof that there is not much in it to be discovered. Very different this from a Symphony by Beethoven or Mozart, where the twentieth, or even fiftieth hearing will bring out new beauties, hidden before. The Overtures were a "Faust" by Lind paintner a noisy, rather common-place affair, and Beethoven's ever beautiful "Coriolanus," which was, however, greatly marred by the want of spirit which, emanating apparently from the Symphony, characterized the performance of the orchestra during the whole evening. The instrumental solos were in the hands (and mouth) of Messrs. MASON and KIEFER, the latter a most skilful performer on the clarinet. He played a very

pleasing, melodious composition by Mr. Eisfeld, which we heard from him a few years ago. Mr. Mason rendered with his usual excellence, two movements from a Concerto for piano and orchestra by Henselt, and interesting work, but well adapted to the spirit of the occasion by being singularly quiet and calm.

On that evening, for the first time, I remounted Olympus, and mingled with the "gods." My experience leads me to think that they have decidedly the advantage, in our Academy, over the rest of the audience; for not only does the orchestral music reach them in such a blended volume as to produce an entirely different effect from that it has below, but every note of a solo instrument (even the piano), and every breath of the voice is heard as distinctly as if you were within two feet of the stage, instead of perhaps two hundred. One has a queer feeling in looking down from there, however, and I would hardly advise any one inclined to dizziness, to venture up there.

The "Huguenots" was brought out with great splendor last night, and, in spite of the increased prices and a severe snow storm, the house was quite full. The daily papers, however, can give you a better account thereof than I can, as I was not present.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 13, 1858.

Our Journal—New Arrangements.

We are about to be emancipated. We have found a publisher. Henceforth we shall be what for six years we have longed to be, simply the Editor and not the Business Manager of our Journal. Ever since we started it we have united all the functions of editor, business manager, clerk, collector and pay-master in our own person. This has been a heavy weight, full of untold annoyances, and sadly interfering with the full and free carrying out of those very editorial ideals which we had most at heart. Neither in the high sense nor in the popular sense, neither to the exacting few nor to the many who require "milk for babes" in Art, has our paper been all it would have been, had cares of business left us more free hours for thinking out and serving up all the right varieties of matter. Of this short-coming no one has been more conscious than ourselves; our main reliance meanwhile has been in the evidence of true intention, in the spirit of impartial loyalty to Art, which we are assured has first and last shone clearly through these columns, and in such not altogether hopeless approximation to our design as, with the aid of noble helpers and contributors, we have in spite of all been enabled to make. Now we shake off the business chains, and shall be more free to think and feel and write and seek welcome and instructive access to the sympathies of a much larger circle of readers.

On the third of April DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon its *Sixth Year* and *Thirteenth Volume*, under the auspices as business managers and publishers of Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co., well known as the most extensive music-publishers in the United States. They have abundant means of adding to it many desirable elements which we alone could not. They

will double its number of pages, without increasing its subscription price. They have agencies by which largely to expand its circulation everywhere and make it widely sought and read. But it will be "Dwight's Journal of Music" still; with the same Editor; the same pledges of a high, impartial, independent tone; the same contributors, and more; the same title, form and general beauty of external style; and with the addition of new claims to a more general regard. What we have done that was useful, we shall still do better, we trust, than before; old friends shall still know where to find us without turning aside from that true and upward way in Art in which they have kept us company, or led us while they seemed to follow us; and new friends we hope will welcome us when they find that we have words and sympathies for them more than they have hitherto perhaps supposed.

We hope, therefore, that all our old friends and subscribers will stand by us, and will enter with us upon this new era of our musical journalism. Let your good cheer conduct us through the change; continue to "assist" in the experiment, and so help it, spiritually and materially, to a good issue. We, on our hand, are confident that we shall stand in a much better position than ever heretofore to serve the truest interests of Art and Music in this country.

SPECIAL REQUEST.—Not quite yet can we shake off all the chains of business,—especially not the galling, thankless duties of collector. That is the fault of many of our Subscribers and Advertisers, who are delinquent in their duty to us. It is all important to us, and we most respectfully and earnestly request, that those who owe us for the current year (ending this March 27th), and for years before this, will instantly remit the amount of the bills sent them to the address of J. S. DWIGHT.

Congregational Singing.

On the principle of *Audi alteram partem*, we cheerfully give place to the following, in which we think there must be some truth.

Brooklyn, March, 8, 1858.

J. S. Dwight, Esq.,—Dear Sir: I desire to offer my earnest protest against the position taken by your Brooklyn correspondent of last week upon the subject of congregational singing. More especially do I repudiate the laudation of the musical performances in Plymouth Church. As a *victim* to torments only to be appreciated by one who has in his temperament some sensitiveness to chords and discords, I cannot patiently hear such a panegyric pronounced upon the authors of my misery. I am not whimsically sensitive nor over-expectant when I attend public service; but when spiritual songs become, as in this instance, a Babel of noise—when to an organ constitutionally afflicted with the rickets and forever possessed of a quinsy in every one of its throats, is added a stentorian alto in which quantity is exemplified and quality ignored—said also resolutely keeping some few seconds below the pitch; some collapsed basses, and a few straining tenors who never attain the summit of their ambition, nor the pitch, and into the mouths of this motley choir is put a tune which seems a compromise between "We'll not go home till morning!" and "Down among the dead men," I am in utter misery, and welcome the confused *bourdonnement* of the congregation as a grateful screen between my ear and the horrible, excruciating sound. It is not much short of amusing to cast a glance of the eye around during the distressing performance, and notice here and there faces which you perhaps recognize as habitués of the Philharmonic, now wrought up to the frenzy of despair. One can-

not but think of insects with pins run through them. Sir, the grating of a comb or the sensation of a flannel blanket between the teeth, would be sweet and soothing after the performances of Plymouth Church choir. There is much similarity between the "time" mentioned and the precision with which raw recruits perform their evolutions. Most assuredly to sing in such style, such music is 'little short of blasphemy. Surely no one would think of such an offertorium to a man of distinction—how much less to Him who embodies in himself all harmonies. Sir, I beg of you, by the obligations incumbent on you as in some sort a leader of the public notions upon this subject, to rebuke such retrograde ideas—to show the higher, sublimer standard of church worship through music, and utterly confound those who prate of choirs led by "professors" (of chemistry or geology) and the vast noise of congregational singing. Ah, what a day shall that be for mankind, when in temples suited for the worship of the Soul of Beauty there shall go up from concordant voices songs of devotion which shall exalt every sense! Then, when man has learned that it is not volume alone which constitutes devotion, we shall have music truly exercising its appropriate influence upon mankind. Avast, then, upon those who would retard that day by callousing themselves to such distorted efforts as are weekly witnessed in Plymouth Church.

MALACCINCIO.

Mr. Zerrahn's Benefit Concert.

There was a large assembly at the Music Hall last Saturday night, and had the weather not been so inclement we doubt not the hall would have been filled completely. As it was, it was quite an enthusiastic and successful entertainment, and the excellent conductor reaped from it some substantial benefit. The selections did not average of so high a character as at the last two concerts, but they were generally fine and quite acceptable. Of course variety was more sought on a benefit occasion. Spohr's Picture Symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne* ("The Consecration of Tones") has been often heard here in past years, but not recently. A translation by C. B. Burckhardt of Pfeiffer's Poem, gave the listeners the thread followed in the musical allusions, and aided much the general understanding and enjoyment of the music. We do not think it a great Symphony, but it is full of artistic and poetic beauties, and is one of the best works of a masterly musician. There is certainly something very charming in the flowing, graceful melody with which sounds as it were first melt into music in the first movement, waking up all the songs of birds, and streams, as it flows on; the labyrinthine interweaving of the parts is most artistic. Very noble, too, and solemn, are the religious Chorales introduced; and that military march is one so captivating that we wonder all the bands have not got hold of it:—spare us, however, from hearing it reduced to the monotony of mere brass!

Robert Schumann's Festival Overture on the *Rhein-Wein Lied*, was the novelty of the occasion. Composed for the Düsseldorf Festival of the Männerchor Societies of the Rhine region, its idea was to form an overture to a festival, to all the music that would follow, instead of to an opera. Hence for a pervading theme, he takes the popular old "Rhine-Wine Song," and after sufficient introduction, and less and less remote allusion, and contrapuntal working up among the instruments, he brings in a male chorus and a tenor voice, who sing it, somewhat after the manner of the "Choral Symphony." There was much that was beautiful and grand in it on first hearing, and we were greatly interested, but should not call it one of Schumann's happiest inspirations. In its strength it was, nevertheless, refreshing after Spohr. The solo was well sung by Mr. SCHRAUBSTADTER, and the choruses by the "Or-

pheus Club," led by Mr. KREISSMANN, whose voices blended far more beautifully in the Music Hall than in the Melodeon. The same was observable in their singing of Marschner's Serenade, and of that much nobler, richer strain of harmony, the *Wanderers Nachtlied* by Lentz. Never have the "Orpheus" done themselves more credit.—But to return to the orchestral pieces, the ever welcome "Oberon" overture, which closed the concert, was the most delightful feature, the one thing perfect, of the evening. Like all the orchestral pieces it was finely rendered, with more subdued and sympathetic tone in the brass instruments than usual.

Mrs. HARWOOD sang *Ah! mon fils* with admirable effect. Her fresh, true, firm and penetrating voice seemed to convey just the right color of every note, whether in the soprano or contralto region; phrasing and dramatic accent excellent. *Qui la voce* was less perfect, yet indicated rare powers of execution.

Mr. ZERRAHN, in honor to the occasion, appeared for once, after five years' suspension, in his old character of a flutist. (What a charm his flute always used to lend to the old Germania Orchestra!) In two elaborate solos, with orchestra, one an Andante and variations from *La Sonnambula*, the other a Fantasia on themes from *La Fille du Regiment*, he proved himself still as perfect a master of his instrument as we have had among us, and both his appearance and withdrawal after each piece were the signals for most hearty and prolonged applause.

The Ladies' Fair.

Never has the beautiful Music Hall looked more beautifully than this week. The Ladies have taken possession of it for their Charity Fair, and under the tasteful superintendence of Mr. Snell, the architect of the Hall, it has been transformed. The long rows of seats have disappeared, and in their places have risen graceful pavilions of colored, striped awnings, such as we see in Venetian and Oriental scenes upon the stage and in pictures. A pyramid of fragrant flowers rises in the centre of the hall, and the stage is bowered in evergreens, over which looks the statue of Beethoven, the noblest ornament of the hall. Two bowers rise, pagoda-like, on either side, one enshrining the Post-mistresses, whom no administration could have the heart to rotate out of office: the other, a Temple of Flora, where surely the goddess presides in her own person over the flowery treasures, and the eye of the buyer forgets to watch the safety of his fragrant purchase, lost in admiration of the presiding genius of this fairy-like pavilion.

At the feet of Beethoven is an aquarium, full of little monsters of the deep, crawling and swimming in their transparent dwelling, and looking quite happy in the illusive glare of gas-light.

The floor, the balconies, every seat, every available foot of standing room is crowded in the evening to excess, and the scene is as gay and picturesque as can be imagined. No end of pretty and costly things crowd the tables, but we cannot tell anything about them, for you look at the vendors, and not at their stock in trade. For there they sit, elegant matrons, fascinating the crowd scarcely less by their alluring tongues than the beautiful wives and lovely maidens over whose heads fewer summers have passed. We might perhaps, after the fashion of newspapers, go through the alphabet of fair names, but we doubt whether we could get beyond the letter C, nor dare to say whether Mrs. or Miss should bear away the palm of beauty.

On Thursday evening Miss FAY delighted the vast audience with her exquisite vocalism. The unwonted sound roused from slumber the feathered warblers in their gilded cages, who raised their heads from beneath their wings, and were fired to emulous rivalry by the sound. The higher the voice of the silk-clad singer rose, the more bird-like her runs and trills, the louder rose the clear responses of the feathered chorus, beginning always when the lady had a few bars rest, ringing out in full chorus and subsiding into

an approving silence as she began again. (An example worthy of imitation by all people who go to concerts. The birds understand what is due to the singer.) The audience was equally delighted with the lady and the birds. The former was recalled from her cage as often as she retired, to receive the applause of the listeners, and the birds are there in permanent session.

But we forbear,—and in the name of sweet Charity adjure all our readers to go before it is too late, and help the good work.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Concerts are few in Boston for a week or two to come; while of Opera there is none, and as yet no speck upon the far horizon, so big as a man's hand, of approaching rain. This week our noble Music Hall reveals one of its finest capabilities, and serves Art and Charity at once, both day and evening, by the Ladies' Fair. It is the loveliest spectacle of the kind, the most artistic and fairy-like, that we ever beheld. From the balcony, free from the presence of the crowd, you can feast your eyes and soul upon it for hours. All forms of living, growing, artificial beauty there combine in richest, sweetest harmony. And there is music every evening; sometimes a band, sometimes singers; once Miss FAY, accompanied at the piano, by Sig. BENDELARI, sang to the dense standing crowd of upturned faces, to the delight of all. To-night there will be music of some kind (there are hints of an orchestra), and this most beautiful and fruitful Festival will close.... Next Tuesday is the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB's night at Chickering's, holding out choice attractions to the lovers of true classical music, for which, see announcement below.... The Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION are to be resumed next Wednesday afternoon, with a good Symphony, overture and sparkling varieties, as usual.... Mr. ALFRED HILL's Complimentary Concert, so mercilessly scattered by the storm a few weeks since, is now fixed for next Saturday evening, and will lose no interest by the postponement.... Mr. ECKHARDT's first public production here of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise," is announced for Saturday, the 27th, at the Tremont Temple. His choir will be composed of members of the Mendelssohn Choral Society.... The GERMAN TRIO's fourth Concert takes place to-night.

The hot months are coming, with dog-days and brass music, and our readers will be glad to learn that a movement is on foot to furnish Boston with a genuine old-fashioned Band, with reeds, French horns, &c., instead of the usual coarse monotony of cornets and Sax-tubas. The "Germania Military Band" propose to increase their number to thirty instruments, and were to organize this week for practice with seven clarinets, two flutes, two bassoons, four French horns, four trumpets, &c., &c., to the end of keeping themselves in readiness for any calls for band music of a better order than mere brass; such as evening concerts on the Common, serenades, civic processions, festivals, promenade concerts in the Music Hall, as well as military parades. This involves for them a large expense for new uniforms, instruments, &c., which the Band are not able to incur in anticipation of engagements; and to meet this they will soon give a Grand Military Concert in the Music Hall, which it will become all who are weary of the age of brass to patronize.

Mr. BARRY, a young artist of decided talent, has just executed a capital and most speaking crayon portrait of our "Diarrist," which all the readers of these pages must be interested to see. They should know how "Brown" looks, after so long tasting the flavor of his quaint and charming fancies, reminiscences and pertinent opinions and suggestions with regard to all things musical. The picture may be

seen at Mr. Barry's studio in Liberty Tree Block, corner of Washington and Essex streets.... Our German "Orphens Club" are preparing soon to give a Concert of Sacred Music, including some of the Chorals by Bach, which ought to be sung more or less by all our Choral Societies, by way of holding up a higher standard in the general wash and deluge of bad psalmody.... The "Orchestral Union" improved their occasion last Wednesday by giving orchestral concerts, afternoon and evening, in Worcester. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was played entire—the first time, fancy, that any entire Symphony has been heard in the "rural districts."... A "Grand Opera Concert" was given at Manchester, N. H. this week, by Mr. G. W. SLRATTON, the music consisting of eleven of the principal pieces from his new American Opera, "The Buccaneer." The words and sketch of the libretto, written by Mr. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS, as given on the programme are pathetic and romantic in the extreme, and are founded on the adventures of the famous Captain Kidd. The Manchester critics seem delighted with the music.

The "Huguenots" has been a great success at the New York Academy. Fry's "Leonora" will come next.—MARETZKE, fresh from Charleston and Havana, opens at the Philadelphia Academy on Monday, with GAZZANIGA in *La Favorita*.

The following is a list of the additions to the Library of the Harvard Musical Association, during the past year.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL. By Victor Schœleher. pp. 444. London, 1857.

DON GIOVANNI. (Score.) Leipzig.

A SELECTION OF ANCIENT PSALM MELODIES, by F. E. Oliver. pp. 42.

(Presented by Dr. F. E. Oliver.)

BACH'S WERKE. Vol. vi.

(Presented by Nathan Richardson.)

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Vols. ix., x. THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS. (George Sand.)

ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE Sacred Harmonic Society, London, from 1837 to 1855, inclusive.

CATALOGUE (and Supplement) of the Library of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

PROSPECTUS OF THE Grand Handel Musical Festival at the Crystal Palace in 1857.

ANALYSES OF THE ORATORIOS, the Messiah and the Creation, Mozart's Requiem, and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, written for the Sacred Harmonic Society, by G. A. Macfarren.

(Presented by Dr. J. B. Upham.)

CECILIA, eine Zeitschrift für die Musikalische Welt. Gottfried Weber & S. W. Dehn. Berlin. 13 vols. COLLECTION des Septuors, Sextuors, Quintetti, Quatuors et Trios pour Instruments à Cordes, de Beethoven. Réduits pour Piano Seul. 21 Nos.

Boston, Jan. 18, 1858.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—There is something rotten in the state of the administration of the Théâtre-Italien. With such artists as Mario and Alboni, if properly managed, no establishment should fall off in its attraction. M. Calzado seems to have wearied his public with his ventures on new prima donnas, not one of whom has been a success; and yet he persists in adhering to his faith in *débutantes*. Flotow's *Martha* is in rehearsal, for Mademoiselle Saint-Urbain, and will be shortly brought out. Madame Nantier-Didié has a part in it. Grisi is expected next month, and a new impetus will be given to the performance. The theatre will remain open during the whole of the month of April. *La Gazza Ladra*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Giuramento* are in rehearsal.—Mr. Ambrose Thomas' lively opera, *Le Caïd*, has been revived at the Opéra-Comique with success. The principal parts are sustained by Mlle. Héritier, Mad. Decroix, MM. Faure, Sainte-Foy, Ponchard, and Nathan. *Fra Diavolo* is performing three times a-week without any decrease of attraction. One of the great features of the performance, on the occasion of Madame Ugalde's benefit, will be the appearance of that accomplished danseuse and great favorite of the public, Mlle. Fanny Cerito.—The mother of M. Gounod, composer of the new opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, lately brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique, died the day following its produc-

tion.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived in Paris, having been engaged, it is said, to bring out *Tannhäuser* at the Grand-Opéra.

LONDON.—*La Zingara* is the title given to the Italian version of Mr. M. W. Balfe's popular opera of the Bohemian Girl produced in its new form for the first time in this country, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday Feb. 6. The cast was as follows:—Count Arubcim, Signor Belletti; Devils-hoof, Signor Violetti; Florestein, Signor Mercuriali; Thaddeus, Signor Giuglini; Arline, Mlle. Piccolomini; Queen of the Gipsies, Mlle. Saunier.

In the last ten years the Sacred Harmonic Society has given 196 concerts, more than one fourth of which have been devoted to *Elijah*. The *Messiah* has been given 48 times within the same period. Handel's *Samson* was to be given on the 3d inst., Sims Reeves sustaining the tenor part.

The following was the programme of one of the last Crystal Palace Concerts, and is a fair specimen of the programmes which have been given every Saturday for months:

Overture (Athalie)—Mendelssohn; Aria, "Ah, perfido," Madame Borchardt—Beethoven; Fantasia for violin, Mr. Watson—Perry; Song, "Fruitings Toaste," Herr Deck—Lachner; Symphony No. 4—R. Schumann; Duet, "O lieto momento!" Madame Borchardt and Herr Deck—Boieldieu; Scherzo from Symphony No. 1—Mendelssohn; Song, "I dreamt that I dwelt," Madame Borchardt—Balfe; Bacchanalian Song, Herr Deck—Dorn; Triumphal March from the tragedy of *Tarpée* (first time of performance)—Beethoven. Conductor—Mr. A. Manns.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD is again reaping fame by her performances of classical music. Her programme for Feb. 2, was as follows:

Sonata in F major, Pianoforte and Violin..... Haydn
Grand Sonata in G minor, "Didone Abbandonata."
(Scena Tragica), Op. 50..... Clementi
Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (à la Tarentella), from
Book 9 of F. C. Gripenkerl's "Complete Col-
lection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach"..... J. S. Bach
Grand Sonata in E major, Op. 24..... Weber
Grand Trio in C flat, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello
Beethoven

Haydn's sonata (says the *Mus. World*) was played to perfection by Miss Goddard and M. Sainton, one of the most consummate masters of the classical style now living. The freshness and vigor of this work—which, though it has no *minuet* and *trio*, is on an extended plan—are remarkable, and the wonder is that it should have been so long neglected. The sonata of Clementi is the grandest and most largely developed of all the pianoforte compositions of that very eminent master. Each of the three movements is in the minor key, and yet the sonata, as a whole, exhibits an extraordinary variety.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO.

FOURTH SEASON.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the FOURTH Musical Soirée will take place at Messrs Chickering's Rooms, THIS EVENING, March 6th, assisted by Miss HARDWICK, and Messrs. T. H. HINTON and C. RICHLE.

Beethoven's C minor Trio for Violin, Viola and Violoncello, and Trio by Fesca, will be performed.

See programmes at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3. Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

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THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB'S Seventh Concert will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Mar. 16, at Messrs. CHICKERING'S Rooms. They will be assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, Pianist.

Beethoven's No. 3, in C, of the Razoumofsky Quartettes—Grand Piano Trio in E flat, by Schubert—Mendelssohn's Piano Variations in E flat, etc., will be performed.

See programme at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Half Package of Four Tickets, Two Dollars. Single tickets, 75 cents each.

TO PUBLISHERS.

The undersigned, in consequence of a change of publishers, will relinquish the printing of the Journal of Music after the 1st of April. He is now prepared to contract for the printing of a paper of similar size and style, on very favorable terms.

He would take this opportunity to return his thanks to the Musical Profession for the liberal patronage extended to him in years past, and would be happy to see them, and any others who may have occasion for his services, at his NEW AND BEAUTIFUL OFFICE, Savings Bank Building, 34 School St. where he has every requisite for FINE JOB PRINTING.

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Sketch of the Life of Lablache.

From the London Musical World.

(Concluded from page 394)

Lablache proved himself a consummate vocalist in every school of music, from Mozart down to Bellini. Whether in Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Doctor Bartolo in *Il Barbiere*, the old wife-seeker in *Don Pasquale*, Geronimo in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, or the Corporal in *L'Etoile du Nord*—embracing all the principal modern operatic schools excepting one—he was equally admirable. Verdi alone he avoided, or perhaps was not called upon to attempt; and indeed it is questionable if Lablache could have sung Verdi's music at any time, and in all probability would not if he could. It is curious that neither he nor Tamburini ever played a part in any of the operas of the modern maestro, whose works are now laid hold of by all singers, sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones and basses, as if there existed only one kind of dramatic music worthy to be designated good, and adapted to display the powers of the singers to advantage. Lablache's *répertoire* belonged legitimately to the pre-Verdiite composers, and stopped with Donizetti and Bellini.

Perhaps in no branch of the vocal art did Lablache so triumphantly declare his genius as in recitative, whether accompanied or *parlante*. In the former he was always forcible and impressive—in the latter, he had the peculiar skill of half intoning the notes, which was neither speaking nor singing, but seemed wonderfully to coalesce with the spare chords of the violoncello, always, as it seemed to us, out of keeping with the perfect enunciation of the tones of the voice. But, withal, he gave you no idea of tune, and his time was as correct as that of a metronome. In fact, if Lablache only made a motion with a limb, or a grimace with one of his features, he never broke his time. He sang in time—he acted in time—he thought in time. What a splendid example such a singer might have afforded the modern race of vocalists, if they could only have followed him.

All the renowned Italian singers have been

remarkable for their power of sustaining notes, which can only be attributed to capaciousness and expansibility of the lungs, in which a large supply of air can be obtained at a breath. Lablache was perhaps more extraordinary than other Italians in this respect. While singing the loudest, or articulating the most rapid passages, unless you paid the most earnest attention, you could not ascertain when he took breath.

As an actor Lablache has hardly enjoyed less reputation than as a singer. The name of "great comedian" and "great tragedian" have been almost universally coupled with that of "great vocalist." Lablache, beyond all dispute, was one of the most original, powerful, and varied comic actors that ever trod the boards of the opera. High comedy, middle comedy, low comedy, were equally native to his genius. None who ever saw him will deny this. The universality and force of his humor were seen and felt in one performance. Other artists you were compelled to see frequently, to consider thoughtfully, to compare with others, to sift in your judgment, to hesitate before pronouncing a verdict upon, or fear the influence of prejudice when weighing their merits. With Lablache you were immediately and for ever satisfied; you were assailed by no conflicts of reasoning; you utterly rejected hesitation, and felt satisfied with your judgment; you dreaded no results from prejudice; and bounded from safe and sure premises to a consolidated conclusion, as an Alpine chamois leaps from a series of rocky heights to *terra firma*.

Lablache was the most original as well as the greatest of comic actors. He possessed no stage conventionalities; subscribed to no tricks of the scene; smelt not of the foot lights. In playing old men he did not deem it necessary, as is the invariable custom, to crook his knees into an acute angle, open his legs wide apart, and shake his head as though he was troubled with the palsy. He had seen many old men with straight knees and perpendicular legs, who displayed very steadfast heads on firm shoulders. He preferred copying what he observed outside to what he witnessed inside the theatre, or, in all probability, when he acted, like Dudu—

"He never thought about himself at all,"

but was governed by his instinct. His natural gifts were prodigious. His walk was wonderfully easy and life-like. How he filled up the stage—not with his size but with his intellect! Every action had its propriety—every movement its meaning—every look its significance. No artist ever took greater liberties with his audience; but in all his freedom and "gagings" there was no extravagance or caricature. The very absurdities in which he indulged became intrinsic qualities of the character as soon as Lablache created them. In his hands alteration suffered no change. Nay, new-model it as often as he might, the character lost neither force nor vitality. The mould alone was broken—the clay remained the same.

A great many of Lablache's comic characters would furnish matter for lengthy essays. What a world of genial fun and racy humor, for instance, was comprised in his performance of Doctor Bartolo—certainly one of his most striking impersonations! The very spirit of Beaumarchais seemed incorporated in him, and Rossini's

spirituel music acquired new force and character from his interpretation. As we think of this wondrous personification, what looks, and tones, and attitudes, and gestures come back to us and fill our hearts with merriment once more! We again behold the amorous old guardian, with mincing step and slightly-shaking head, play the gallant before his tender ward, leering at her as his huge shadow walks into the light of her loveliness. Now with Basilio his jealousy is fired, and he whispers him aside and consoles himself with his sage adviser, and, as he listens to the tempter—"La Calunnia"—rubs his hand at the prospect of the gigantic plot laid for the discomfiture of his rival. Figaro enters, and a severe look of cunning is assumed, and he perambulates the stage, sunning himself before the spectators, saying as plainly as is possible without words—"See how wise and cunning I am! But this rascal here is more wise and more cunning, and I must become his victim! Behold how I make myself a martyr!" And straight he sits down in an arm-chair, and the barber proceeds to lather him forthwith. Lablache, with instinctive genius, perceived that in Rossini's opera, whatever necessity might have existed in Beaumarchais's comedy to carry out the contrary, the character of Doctor Bartolo should not be played precisely with a view to rendering it real and natural. The actual guardian of the comedy is not intrinsically a comic part, and the more closely it is allied to truth in the performance the further removed will it be from creating that effect which is the direct end of all comic acting. Had Lablache preserved the verisimilitude of the part, Doctor Bartolo would have resolved himself into an amorous, jealous, and disappointed old man, whose sudden forgiveness at the end of the piece would have been utterly unaccountable. He did not assume the natural or real side of the character, but the comic and effective. From the earliest scene in the opera it was plain that Lablache took the audience into his confidence, and, as it were, exclaimed to them, aside—"They think me an old fool! Well, I know I am, but I'll plague them before I have done with them. If you stand by me, I'm a match for a dozen rascally Figaros and twenty intriguing Counts!" And so he went through his part, and appealed to the audience in every dilemma and strait, and pretended to receive consolation from their laughter and approval. In the last scene, when the Doctor's long hopes of happiness are blasted by the very rival he hated and the servant he fostered, would it not have been the most natural act in the world for the man to have gone mad in despair, or at least have fled the scene in wrath, and not have braved the gibes and sneers of all the lookers-on by remaining. Lablache knew all this, and could have interpreted it so had there been a necessity. But he went beyond the poet and musician, and realized more fun in the character than ever was contemplated by either.

In short, when he played Doctor Bartolo the spectators became as much a part of the performance as Figaro or Rosina, and his exaggerations were consequently the result of the intimacy between audience and actor. How if these exaggerations had been dispensed with? The world would have lost some of the most exquisite displays of comic fancy ever beheld or recorded.

Every scene was full of them, and they alone who have witnessed the performance of Doctor Bartolo by Lablache can imagine how capable such a part is of being translated into the highest regions of comedy.

Of Lablache's tragic powers we do not hold as lofty an opinion as many of his admirers, and believe that the celebrated saying of Dr. Johnson respecting Shakspeare's genius might, with far greater propriety, be applied to him—namely, that "his comedy was instinct, and his tragedy skill." In such parts as Oroveso in *Norma*, Elmiro in *Otello*, Giorgio in *Puritani*, the Doge in *Marino Faliero*, Henry Eighth in *Anna Bolena*, and others, he certainly was grand and imposing, but these did not require the purely tragic element so much as a commanding look and figure, power of voice, and an amount of feeling and pathos which as often appertains to comedy as tragedy. In the higher walks of passion, Lablache did not feel at his ease. He had "no laughing devil in his sneer," to give seeming and force to the terrible Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia*, nor could he invest such a part as Enrico in *Maria di Rohan* with that concentrated fire and energy so necessary to endow it with vitality on the stage. So grand a singer, with so magnificent a voice, so perfect an artist, so experienced an actor, gifted with such splendid personal qualifications, could not fail to render any part attractive and important; nevertheless, upon examination, it will be found that none of the serious parts with which his name is identified contains the real tragic element. Lablache has played first-rate tragic parts both in London and Paris—Assur in Rossini's *Semiramide*, and the father in Paer's *Agnese*, for instance—but has left behind him no reputation in their assumption. The Doge in Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*, written expressly for him, may be cited as an example to the contrary, as exhibiting him in a tragic character of the loftiest kind. The fact, however, that the opera, although one of the composer's most masterly, had no success in England or France, and has now been laid on the shelf for a number of years, is some proof, at all events, that the performance of the leading character was not supereminent. How different the fortune of other operas written for him—*L'Elisir d'Amore*, *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., &c. In *I Puritani*, Count Popoli and Bellini measured to the greatest nicety the serious capabilities of Lablache, and consequently the Giorgio of the artist was a consummate performance—grave, earnest, solemn, tender, pathetic, and powerful in the extreme. Like our own Charles Kemble, Lablache rose to a certain height in tragedy, and then stopped short. He was no more a Tamburini or a Ronconi, than Charles Kemble was a Kean or Macready. But this is not depriving him of any praise. Every great artist has his speciality and his limitation, and of him who plays everything well it may be predicated that he plays nothing transcendently. Genius—to start an old metaphor—like the solar beam, requires concentration to give it its greatest force, and when the rays are separated its power is lost. Lablache's genius was concentrated and burned in the focus of comedy. It is his just and deserved eulogy, that he was one of the greatest comic artists that ever adorned the operatic stage.

Imagination.

From the "Democrat of the Tea Table," of the Transcript.

Washington Allston, beyond all reasonable question, had far more genius than any other American painter, and though it was not limited to landscape painting, one almost wishes that he had confined himself to it. He seems to me to have been the only truly imaginative landscape painter this country has given to Art. He had not that dramatic imagination which a great historical painter must have. One turns from his Jeremiah to the scribe at his feet, and would have turned, (I cannot doubt) in looking at the Belshazzar's Feast, had it been completed, from the Daniel and the Belshazzar to the Hebrew girl and the still life. His genius lay in the contem-

plative and dreamy rather than in the personal and constitutional direction. What a beauty and what a charm it threw over the man and over his works! How he must have seemed to his friend Coleridge, as if just stepped out of a dream to listen! How thankful all who really knew him here were, that there was one man among hurrying, nervous Yankees, whose character lacked will and self-assertion, whose life to them seemed objectless, and before whose mind the visions of boyhood grew nearer, clearer and more constant as they trooped with him through this world towards heaven! See how that pensive and self-absorbing imagination looks at you from the faces of his women, whom one grows to cherish as his near and necessary friends. How like him they are—and apart from all other faces ever painted in America—in unconsciousness and dreamy immersion of thought! Faithful and exact studying and copying of nature are as indispensable to a landscape painter as a thorough mastery of the more purely technical processes of his art. How far he can go beyond these, if at all, is a question of imaginative capacity in at least one healthy direction.

We go to *Man* to find absolute superiority to Shakspeare's men and women, as we do to *Nature* for the same absolute superiority to a perfect artistic landscape, itself excelling—because completing (in artistic integrity,) the piece of nature it embodies.

Imagination is an informing, shaping and executive faculty, working, when paramount in a great and balanced nature, through the understanding, and bringing it up to its potential capacity—making common sense profound,—making Burke a greater statesman than Fox,—Bacon greater than any English philosopher,—and not necessarily showing itself, (as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton,) in a single, original, imaginative expression in language. The creative imagination in this country has developed itself almost entirely in other than literary and artistic directions.

The simplest and best illustration which ever occurred to me of the creative action of a mind like Shakspeare's is what we all have in dreams. We "enact spectatordom" and look upon the procession of characters and events woven by our own brain, as we should at an unexpected pageant passing before our waking eyes. In other words, the characters are as "objective" to our minds—as free from our own peculiarities of personal character as are Ophelia and Lear from Shakspeare's. Whereas, "subjective" writers, like Byron and Bulwer, reproduce themselves in their characters. We detect Shakspeare by his sweet and supreme power and by his manipulative treatment; we detect Byron by his Byronizing everything he touched.

The creative faculty, vitally considered, gave Shakspeare Hamlet as instantaneously as Minerva was given to Jove—gave, at last, in that creative flash, thorough illumination, congruity and completeness—the soul to the body. Writing Hamlet out was a subsequent thing—those imaginative dips into the work and perpetually recurring and voluntary withdrawals (like the elder Booth's joking one minute at a side-scene, and in the next having the big tears of a realized Lear running down his cheeks) are as far away from the vital original creation of Hamlet as they are from the (miscalled) "transcendental" nonsense of unconsciousness. Just so it was when combination after combination and theory after theory had swept, ghostlike, by the shaping, unsatisfied, and rejecting brain of Newton, that he at last flashed the relating and vitalizing soul of the true principle; and what followed was only deducing statement and bridging process for tenth-rate mathematicians. In illustration of this, even in music, is this "piece of testimony" from Mozart's famous letter to the Baron:

Provided I am not disturbed, the subject enlarges itself, becomes methodical and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it like a fine picture or a beautiful statue at a glance. Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. The committing

to paper is done quickly enough, for everything, as I said before, is already finished.

This capacity for the highest creation implies such a precedent growth and exercise of a great nature as is given in these remarkable words of Coleridge:

Shakspeare—no mere child of nature: no *automaton* of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration; possessed by the spirit, not possessing it—first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and finally gave birth to that stupendous power by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class.

So this instantaneousness of conception implies vast precedent imaginative labors, in the assimilation, rejection and mastery of resources.

The true "unconsciousness" of consummate genius is this—that it cannot, while creating, see, objectively and critically, the law of the birth and growth of the creation; because full genius only becomes supreme when completely and joyously occupied and merged in its work—though there must be the most sensitive consciousness within *this limit* which separates man from omniscience. Thus truth and nature can pass unimpeded and unalloyed through the mind of the true poet, himself all alive with executive consciousness. Shakspeare's creations are as characterless as he was full of character—only in so far as and because they are free from his own individuality. As we are sure that Hamlet, *where a duty was simple and sufficient*, and the work to be done vast and complex, would have had greater conceiving and executive power than Richard or Macbeth, so we are, that in any given direction where personal character was necessary, Shakspeare would have overborne Ben Jonson or Milton.

Fresh Impressions of Old Themes.

Thalberg, Vieuxtemps and the rest must have been amused by the following criticism, which appeared in a Mobile paper (the *Mercury*), when they were passing there a few weeks since. We agree with the friend who cut it out for us, that the author ought to have *carte blanche* to all the concerts given in his town, during his natural life. Says he:

Next came a 'fantasia,' from Norma. (my left hand neighbor inquired of me where that town was situated.) by the miraculous Thalberg, who sat down to the piano as if he had made up his mind to polish off Norma to its heart's content—which he proceeded to do, and did do. It was thrashed out of that piano till the instrument quivered with rage; it was banged into it, jerked through it, and dragged over it, as it were, by the hair of the head, until the very wires groaned again. After being thus brayed in a mortar, 'so to speak,' Norma was taken gently and led trippingly up the scale, as if walking on eggs, and there made to dance and frisk about like a fairy spirit, while a deep rumbling down among the bass notes showed a vivid remembrance of the violence which had been just been done to their feelings.

The sparkling melody then subsided into sadness, into mellowness, into melting sweetness, and then into almost an 'echo of soft silence,' at which time you might have heard a pin drop—a rolling pin, for example, had any body have so far forgotten the proprieties of the occasion as to bring to such a place that useful culinary implement. Suddenly recovering itself, the piece started off afresh, this time into hysterics, warbling incoherently like an insane cockatoo, the notes tumbling over one another like boys let out of school, each outscreeching the other, when, finally gathering up all his energies, the performer suddenly finished by a stunning blow at all the keys together, which closed the business at once for that piece, and settled Mr. Norma forever."

The writer's feelings having somewhat recovered from the stunning blows of Thalberg, he is prepared to appreciate the great violinist:

"The performance by Vieuxtemps of Lucia was so enthusiastically applauded as to bring him out again, and the audience fairly exploded when he commenced the national air of 'Yankee Doodle,' but silence was imposed at once by the ravishing notes with which that inspiring tune was rendered. It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such an ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by this king of violinists. He played it 'low down,' and then high up on the E string—with all four parts at once—with the bow up against the bridge—without any bow at all; he played it backwards and forwards, and I believe sideways and crossways—began at the end, and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar, growled it like a bass-viol. ('a base violation of the time,' quoth my neighbor,) squeaked it like a fife, warbled it like a flute, and 'picked' it out like a banjo. It was Yankee Doodle all the time, however—sometimes solus, like a boy whistling; anon as a duet, like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the 'variations,' all of which displayed and set off the original air, as a multitudinous array of jewels adorns and enhances the beauty of the fair wearer."

Finally, and in conclusion, Madame Johanssen claims a place, and of her he thus speaks:

"At last quiet was achieved, and Madame Johanssen sang the popular 'Ricee Song'—brief, but saccharine—and on being called out again, gave the beautiful German air, accompanying herself on the piano, adapted to the words, 'We've met by chance'—scarcely appropriate to the occasion, as that can hardly be said to be a chance meeting, where tickets are secured two days in advance, at the sacrifice of three dollars each, for the privilege of being present."

"The Huguenots" at the N. Y. Academy.

[From the Tribune (W. H. FAY), March 9.]

..... All the European States at this moment furnish but one dramatic composer who may be relied upon for a constant and steady supply of operas, intended for the Italian stage or stage for all countries, and having a reasonable chance of world-wide success. In speaking thus casually, we do not forget the charms of Meyerbeer as a composer, who is yet occupied seriously and devotedly with musical composition. But as M. Meyerbeer produces only one opera about every ten years, his fecundity does not keep pace at all with public requirement. Hence Verdi has the field all his own. But when Meyerbeer does make an opera, it is generally one to endure. It has breadth and strength. The intellectual nature of his designs and the religious, historic and transcendental quality of his musical paintings, rightly viewed, and estimated as products of brain-power and as noble human achievement, will give to operatic representations a meaning not dreamt of by those who only consider them as amusements. Indeed, in regard to M. Meyerbeer, it must be remembered that one of the most eminent dramatists of this or any other period, Scribe, is his collaborator in the work of operamaking. Scribe and he work together. And look at the great and ingenious scenes they produce. Regard the grand historical pictures they summon up. Not going beyond the drama immediately in hand, what grander, more terrible, or more sublime event in history is there than that hell-inspired massacre of some 200,000 Protestants—sacrificed by one of those fierce delusions of the human intellect, by which it attempts to play the part of the Almighty, fix faith and creed by mathematical rule, and decides that the eternal soul must soar or sink, so and so, as though it were physical matter, capable of man's handling and graduations. A truly sublime subject for historic painting; and at the risk of being misunderstood, we do not hesitate to say that no other medium of presenting it vividly to the human imagi-

nation can be found equal to that of the opera-house. We may read Luther; we may study his square-cut, solemn countenance; but let the vitalities of his hymns be heard on the stage in character and set forth with the resources of scenery and costume, and it is as though the stern old reformer again lived and breathed, and sang the praise of his Creator.

But not to dwell too long on the abstract, let us look a moment at the music of Meyerbeer, in proof of this intellectuality of music. Let us take the full score, as it is called, containing the notes played by all the instruments placed one under another in due proportion of simultaneous utterance, and divided by common lines into measures; hence the scoring down the page from top to bottom. As a new evidence of human labor, viewed apart from every other consideration, an operatic score can claim its respectabilities. For it covers a thousand pages, each page containing from five to ten times as much as ordinary music pages printed for popular use. As to the power of combination—the chromatic or coloristic quality—a full score presents upon every page a mass of combinations fitting an historical painting on canvas; the masses of light and shade and color, the foreground and the background, the solid central figures and the retreating accessories, the bold front projections and the aerial perspective of the canvas, all being found, in their peculiar expression, equally in the full score. The musical work under consideration opens with an instrumental prelude, the curtain being down. Let us look at the artistic skill and appropriate meetings of this. First, the very dark-toned kettle-drums strike a few ill-boding notes. Then comes a piece of actual history—the Luther's Hymn, as much intensifying the Reformation history beyond all else, as did the Marseilles Hymn that of the French Revolution. This hymn is heard on the clarionets and bassoons, and the cor anglais, wooden reed instruments, which at once recall the church organ, and all church psalmody of the period. Then come the brass instruments—typical through all ages of the thunders of war; and the idea of the Cromwellian-like heroes, the Huguenots, fighting against the Pope and the Devil, is incontinently vivified. This dies away, as the violinish instruments, with pieces of wood acting as mutes, and placed over the strings, giving a mysterious temper to the sound. Then the hymn dies away, as a few notes are played on the latter instruments, harp-fashion, by the player pinching the strings. Then come smooth, soft passages on the violins, suggesting the soft, feminine element which runs through the opera, and being in rhetorical contradistinction to the stalwart temper of the reformer's lyric. Then this sweet fluent passage is mixed up with this direction on the score: Half the stringed instruments played with fingers, the other half with the bows, a minute effect worth the amateur's study. Sequent come little bits of dialoguery, in which the instruments may be supposed to be interchanging courtesies as to health; and talk becoming more general, we may imagine ladies in hair powder, chattering in sweet, courtly French. To this succeed a number of measures exactly marked by four notes each in the bass, while are above heard snatches of the old canticle, mixed up with nice little dames d'honneur frivolities on the violins. But now the musical sky darkens, and the composer makes the violin firmament darken with rage, and doubling as to quickness of time some of the elephantine accents of Luther's Hymn, we are led to an allegro where the old 72-pounder is hammered on in its rushing and crushing plenitudes of theological ecstasy—a very awakening of Zion—a camp-meeting frenzy of olden time. And here we may insist that music—music in its connection with the opera, and purely instrumental music alone, aiming at dramatic expression—is one of the best historians. It speaks out more than the silent page or picture. Painting and sculpture are quiet and particular. Music is living, as it comes from the throat or hand, and generalizes facts by association in a manner all its own; but to see into its logical and aesthetic cupboard, we must have the key. The music where we left off is succeed-

ed by a short storm of syncopations—the same word as taken from the Greek and applied to certain conditions of the human body; and indeed, the gasping of the orchestra, syncopationally treated, merits the appellation. Now we have short passages in 12-8 time, or that formed of four groups of notes in a measure or bar, each group having three notes—the passage being formed on that black musical uncertainty, the diminished seventh, a chord belonging to every, and hence, to no scale or key in particular; a chord composed of lugubrious, angry minor thirds, (the intervals which the winds use in their mournful howlings,) one added to another, down, down, to the lower deep of infernal harmony.

Here endeth the first chapter, for the curtain is raised on Act I, Scene 1.

PASSING REMARK.—Life is short, and Meyerbeer is long. He is very rich and liresurely, though furiously and abominably industrious. (A man of genius must "loaf" extensively.) Being so well off, and having so much time on his hands to doubly sugar-up his periods, he mosaics away his details up to the fuzz on the animalcula's wing (which often does not improve it.) In addition to this, he has the disposition to be colossal in length, and has the "Imperial" Academy of Music in Paris, with its latitude of rehearsals and huge patience of its auditors, to back him up. So he deals in length. Time is the succession of ideas, but his are so long that eternity is included in hearing one of his words. When a people are very busy, like our own, they must cut down Meyerbeer vastly (they do so even in Paris), to bring one of his works into reasonable compass. And probably the unkindest cut of all, was done in the Italian version played last night, the descriptive music which opens the first act. But the Ullman had, Hamlet-like, to be cruel in order to be kind, and he began with the scalpel, excising a musical discourse reaching from page 16 to page 46—a discourse on all that the nobles did in the scene marked A, B, C, (the subdivisions of the scene,) and began on D—an "orgie" where the nobles sit down to supper and sing a good rousing bacchanalian—subject, also, by way of adding insult to injury, to two "judicious cuts." A recitative leads to a romance, beautifully colored, in the orchestra. This romance reveals one of those curiosities of musical literature for which Meyerbeer is remarkable. For example: it is given to a single alto-violin, (a la viol d'amour of the olden days) to accompany the sentiment. A change, certainly, from the hurricane of multitudinous orchestral sounds preceding it. This accompaniment opens with some new chords, harmonic-wise. It is a remarkable fact that every sound taken within, say, the limits of the human voice, generates sounds millions of octaves above it, one of which is appreciable by the human ear. We say millions of octaves, because, as there is no end to the extension or divisibility of matter, and it can be mathematically proven that two lines may approach each other forever, and never meet, so by the same operation of psychological transcendentalism it is evident that there can be no beginning to the lowest bass note, or end to the highest treble note of the universe. Wherever there is light there is sound, and music exists in all creation. That is, there must be an eternal song—literally musical chords, the perfect major—harmoniously playing by the undying spontaneities of erotic nature; and this music is only rendered evident to the limited human sense through vibrations caused by bodies moving on earth by physical and natural means—by the act of the singer or players, the hymn of nature as exhibited in the waterfall, the thunder, the lion's double bass, the cupiding utterance of birds, the sweet complainings of the æolian harp. But to come back to first principles: this higher heaven of sound, this harmonic quality, is used by Meyerbeer most poetically in the symphony on the single alto violin in question, which accompanies the words sung, "*Ah, quel spectacle enchanter vient souffrir à mes yeux.*" Then in the *Andante cantabile* (slow singing, in contradistinction to vigorous declamation, or ornate many-note strains) the alto violin takes its "position neutre," and descending from the cerulean harmonics, discours-

es in flowing groups of three and then four notes to a very sweetly contented strain, having the following words:

Plus blanche que la blanche hermine,
Plus pure qu'un jour de printemps,
Un ange, une vierge divine,
De sa vue éblouit mes sens;
Vierge immortelle, qu'elle était belle, &c.

The merest hint of feminine chorus is heard afterward. The power of coincident musical allusion, without the poverty of a twice-told tale, is remarkable. No literature, no painting bears its broad statements over again, there must be new forms and facts. But music has its *da capo*, its encore; and the auditor, if much pleased with a melody when given in the first portion of a composition, will be more pleased at its repetition.—Indeed, the whole theory of classical instrumentation is based upon such repetition (developments) and much of successful vocal music, though not to an equal extent.

Let us next mark the song of the old Huguenot where he describes the Protestant triumph at the siege of Rochelle. The fife, the drum, the crash of encounter, the whizz of bullets, the rampant joy of military triumph, connected with religious faith—such faith as people had a few centuries back—undiluted by doubts, speculations, or individuality in theological apprehension—there all are clearly rendered in the coloring and tones of this remarkable song.

It would surpass our limits at this late hour to treat extensively of the qualities of the pieces of this colossal work. A good sized book might be written. But we would point especial attention to the conspiracy scene, the duet between the lovers which follows, as models of great musical design and treatment. Unquestionably, the thundering rhapsody of the Catholic monks, nobles, and crowd, surpass in grandeur anything heard on the operatic stage. It is superb in every vital requisite of art. The duet is not less grand in its character, and had Meyerbeer never written anything else but these two pieces, he would have taken the highest place in musical—and hence in expressive, spiritual art.

Mr. Ullman cannot be too strongly congratulated for the manner in which he has put this work on the stage. We have at last, an orchestra in the opera which is sufficiently large. One with body, fulness, soul. The minimum of a good orchestra in a house of the size of the Academy, is sixty performers. With that all the interstices which lie between the instruments under reduced numbers are filled out, and the ear is satisfied with a full repast of sounds. The chorus was magnificent. The German addition to it was especially voluble, certain and powerful.

We have seen this opera many times in Paris, but never so well done as regards the principal singers. Never at the Imperial Academy of Paris did we hear a singer equal in the part to Madame LaGrange; never one equal to Madame D'Angri; never one equal to Formes; never one better than Gassier; none superior to Tiberini, except Duprez; none so good in his part as Tafarielli.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17.—Last week brought us two very fine concerts. The first one, given by Mr. SATTER, was, I am glad to say, very well attended, and is said to have proved satisfactory in every respect. It seems that our public have not forgotten that this artist roused their enthusiasm some years ago. My recollections of the enjoyment received from his playing at that time were so vivid, that I doubly regretted being unable to be present at this concert. On another occasion, I hope to give you my personal impressions. MASON and THOMAS's third Matinée on Saturday, was not quite as interesting as the previous one. A Sonata by Schubert, for violin and piano, very finely rendered by the concert-givers

themselves, disappointed me, after what I had been led to expect of these compositions. Beethoven's ever-beautiful Quartet, op. 59, was of course acceptable, and showed better than anything previously played, the manifest improvement of the performers. Among these, by the way, we gladly welcomed Mr. BERGMANN back to his old place, he having been absent from the city until now, and Mr. BRANNES having taken his part only until his return. After this great work of the great master, a dashing, brilliant Italian Trio of Louis Wolff did not appear to great advantage. Had this been placed first on the programme, it would have pleased better, and have had such credit given to its merits as they deserve.

I regret that I have been obliged to delay my letter until the last moment, and so that it may reach you in time for this week's issue, must leave unsaid several things, which, however, will bear delaying till my next. I cannot, however, refrain from a dire complaint with regard to the cruelty of your printers, who have mutilated my last letters to a most unconscionable degree.—Fortunately, their misprints make such nonsense, that their being mere misprints is evident. One ridiculous mistake of my own, however, caused by haste in writing, I must rectify. I did not mean by any means that the "rubbish shaken out of the old viola and 'cello" at my friend's, was "found to be very useful," but that this was the case with the instruments. —t—

LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 7.—Enclosed I send you the programmes of the three Concerts, (Public Rehearsals, as we call them,) which have been given by the "Mozart Society." From them you will perceive that we have not been idle.—

FIRST REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Chorus: How bright and fair the morn is breaking, Rossini.—2. Duet, Sopranos: I would that my love, Mendelssohn.—3. Air, Soprano: Long I've watched beneath the willow, Weber.—4. Chorus: Hail to thee, Liberty! Rossini.—5. Duet, Soprano and Baritone: From the Barber of Seville, Rossini.—6. Cavatina: Una Voce poco fa, Rossini.—7. Chorus: Softly treading, silence keep, Meyerbeer.—8. Duet, Sopranos: Dark day of horror, Rossini.—Duet, Tenor and Soprano: Parigi o cara, Verdi.—10. Phantom Chorus: From Samnambula, Bellini.

PART SECOND.—1. Duet for two Pianos: Themes from Norma, Thalberg.—2. Chorus: Kyrie Eleison—from Mass in C, Beethoven.—3. Oratorio of Elijah, Part First, Mendelssohn.

SECOND REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Chorus, from Semiramide: Hail to thee, Liberty, Rossini.—2. Solo, Soprano: Ah! sure he'll ne'er deceive me, Donizetti.—3. Chorus: Kyrie—from Mass in C, Beethoven.—Duet, for Piano-Forte, 4 hands: Overture to William Tell, Rossini.—5. Solo, Soprano: Sonno cielo, Ricci.—6. Solo, Baritone: Arm, arm, ye brave, Handel.—7. Chorus from Elijah: He, watching over Israel, Mendelssohn.—8. Scene, Soprano, Der Freyschutz: Before my eyes beheld him, Von Weber.—9. Solo and Chorus: from Elijah, Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.—1. Duet and Chorus, Soprano and Baritone: from the Creation, Haydn.—2. Trio, Sopranos: Like as a Father pieth his children, Cherubini.—3. Hunter's Chorus: from Cinderella, Rossini.—4. Duet, Soprano and Baritone: from Ivanhoe, Concone.—5. Chorus: from the Gipsy's Warning, Benedict.

THIRD REHEARSAL.

PART FIRST.—1. Oratorio of Elijah, Part First, Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.—1. Chorus: Joy! Joy! freedom to-day, Benedict.—2. Romanza, Soprano: The brightest eyes, F. Abt.—3. Chorus: Night shades no longer, Rossini.—4. Aria, Soprano: Vedrai carino, Mozart.—5. Solo and Chorus: Crowned with the Teutpe, Verdi.

The last Programme the members of the "Mozart" look upon with considerable pride, especially when they consider that, outside of Boston and New York, "Elijah" has never been given in this country, as a whole. Although we did not perform the whole of it, but only the first part entire, (excepting the dreaded double Quartet), it was only from considerations of policy that the second part of the work was omitted. We believe that our audience were not yet quite prepared for all of it in one evening; for the success

of our enterprise depends in a measure upon their co-operation, as we do not give public Concerts, but derive our revenue exclusively from subscription.

Our Chorus consisted of the following force:—Soprani 20, Alt 16, Tenors 12, Bassi 22:—rather a small number for such choruses, you will say. But, if small in numbers, yet they were all animated with a determination to do their duty to the best of their ability, and their whole soul was in the work before them. The choruses were performed admirably. From the beginning, to the last note of the "Rain" Chorus, all passed off smoothly, with the exception of the commencement of the "Fire" chorus, where the Basses and Tenors made "the fire descend from heaven" in not a very satisfactory manner, and for a moment threatened utter annihilation to our hopes. It was only momentary, however. Nobly did the Sopranos restore order and confidence by the prompt and energetic manner with which they attacked the F natural, immediately after the response to the Basses and Tenors. The "Baal" chorus, the lovely chorus after the Duet of the widow and Elijah, (the second part of which reminds one so forcibly of "For unto us a child is born," of Handel's Messiah), and the chorus "Thanks be to God," were given with great spirit. The responses to Elijah in the latter chorus, as well as those in the "Baal" chorus, were rendered absolutely perfect, and the fury, vehemence and wrath, which the chorists poured into the Presto movement of the Baal chorus, when driven to desperation by the taunts of the Prophet, told with wonderful effect.

Now allow me to say a few words about the Solos. This part of Elijah was undertaken by our much esteemed townsman, CORRADI COLLIERE, and a most worthy representative of the Prophet did he prove himself. Not only does he look the character of Elijah, (as was universally remarked), but what is of far greater importance, he sang Mendelssohn's inspiration, as, (I venture to say without fear of contradiction,) very few indeed, in this country, can sing it. This gentleman has lately removed to our city, from Cincinnati, where he resided for a number of years; but, (to the shame of our sister city, be it spoken), so little was he appreciated by our good friends across the river, that he was unable to support himself by his profession. Possessing a voice of great compass, most extraordinary flexibility and great purity of intonation, he combines these qualities with true devotion to his profession. The moment he uttered the solemn words of prophecy in the opening Recitative, conviction seized every hearer, that the voice of the character was in safe hands. The Duet with the widow, the Recitatives in the Baal and Rain choruses, and especially that grand, almost terrible Bass Solo, "Is not his word like a fire?" all told how carefully and conscientiously his part had been studied.—Greatest, perhaps, was his rendering of the Baal Recitative and the one introducing the chorus, "Thanks be to God." The commanding and prophetic tone with which he commenced the former, the withering taunts which he addressed to the Priests of Baal, and the religious fervor of the Adagio, "Lord, God of Abraham," left nothing to be desired. But his performance of the closing scene pleased me most. With the utmost devotion did he render that beautiful prayer for rain, rising higher and higher in sublimity, when

he sang the words, "Unto Thee will I cry, Lord my rock, be not silent to me;" and the joyous, grateful thanks which he afterwards poured forth with the utmost power and volume of his magnificent voice, seemed to inspire all; for never did our choir sing with so much fire and animation, as in the following chorus.

The other Solo parts were well sustained by our principal amateurs. The rich, silvery, ringing tones of the voice that sang the part of the widow, never fail to afford the utmost pleasure, and certainly, never did the lady sing more truly artistically, never did her magnificent voice appear to greater advantage than in the Duet with Elijah. The Duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands," was sung well, but a little too timidly, it being the first attempt at singing in public by the young ladies. That truly lovely Solo for Tenor, "If with all your hearts ye seek Him," was given with much feeling and expression, as was, also, the Alto Solo of the angel, notwithstanding a very severe hoarseness under which the lady labored.

Forgive this long notice, my dear Mr. Dwight, but I must tell you privately, we all feel a little proud of this performance, which I trust will lead to greater and more extended exertions in the Mozart Society. Considering that nearly all our singers are amateurs, that we were compelled to do without an Orchestra, and that this difficult Oratorio, so far as we know, has never been given in the West, we ought to be excused for this little honest feeling of pride. Besides, the interest which you ever take in anything that may lead to a better appreciation of really good music, leads me to hope,—not only, that you will excuse this long epistle, but that you will rejoice with us in our success. G.

FLORENCE, JAN. 23.—I have won the heart of the Cara Padrona—in a maternal way I mean—by assisting her to envelope various invalid geraniums and rose-bushes, and above all by taking her two little children to the opera. For this purpose I hired a private box, (your imagination will never be able to grasp the idea of the small amount of funds required for such a luxury here,) and attended the representation in solemn state. The children were delighted at first, and bore up manfully during the second act, but in the third, exhausted nature gave way, and they both succumbed, and peacefully slumbered till the close of the opera.

It was not at the Pergola that I appeared in this paternal, or clever-country-uncle role. For, to tell the truth, I have only once attended this famed opera-house, and then the performances were so bad that I felt no inclination to go again. You must know that the Pergola is this season suffering under an accumulation of ill-luck. The tenor BELART was engaged for the Carnival, but being offered a more lucrative engagement in Paris, he coolly broke his Florentine contract, and is now playing at the Parisian capital. He did not notify the Pergola manager in time for the latter to obtain a suitable substitute, and so the season opened with *Ernani*, Signor LORINI in the tenor role, which he sang as well as he could, but he was not successful in pleasing the public. The management then made an engagement with one PUGET, a tenor of fair rank; but Puget, the day he arrived in Florence, was taken sick with a fever, and has been in bed ever since. So the management attempted *Lucia*, but it was

played only once, and that was just once too often, according to the critics. Since then *Ernani* (omitting the second act,) has occupied the stage, with the ballet of *Hulda*.

The *La Pergola* theatre stands in an obscure street, which in American cities would be thought only worthy the name of alley-way. The front, of yellowish stone, has a stable-like appearance, but is distinguished from the neighboring buildings, by the arms of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany upon the pediment. A wooden shed overhangs the side-walk, and the entire external appearance of the building is very indifferent. It is not shabby or dirty, for the street is kept wonderfully clean and neat; but it is not at all calculated to strike the stranger with admiration.

Entering the vestibule, the first object that met my eye was a painted placard, evidently for the benefit of English and American visitors. I copy *verbatim* the inscription:

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Tiket of Entrance,.....3 Paols.
Stalls of Orchestre [besides *tiket of Entrance*, 5 "

It should be borne in mind that this is not a temporary notice, hastily scribbled with a pen, but a handsomely printed placard, permanently and conspicuously posted up, in the most fashionable theatre of Florence, in one of the most celebrated in Italy, and where nightly gathers as highly educated an audience as can anywhere be found. When there are so many English people in Florence, this original method of English orthography seems more surprising.

The interior of *La Pergola* is much more elegant than the exterior would lead one to suppose. The vestibule is supported by superb columns of polished marble, of various colors, and connects with the auditorium by means of doors of huge plate glass. The interior decorations are very tasteful, consisting as usual, of gold and crimson, the Royal Box being fitted with a richness that adds greatly to the appearance of the house. It is customary in the continental theatres to have two Royal Boxes, one for State occasions, in the centre of the tiers directly opposite the stage, and the other at the right of the proscenium, only distinguished from the ordinary proscenium boxes by its additional decorations and the large gilded crown above it. The Pergola contains one hundred and two private boxes, exclusive of the grand Royal box, which of itself occupies the place of a dozen. The Parquette is the only part of the building accessible to the general public, and the "tikets" to this part of the house are sold at three paoli, or 30 cents each. The first few rows of seats near the orchestra are kept as reserved seats—*posti distinti*, as they call them here—and are attainable at an additional charge of 50 cents. *La Pergola* being an aristocratic theatre, there are no elevated accommodations for the "gods." The upper boxes, if not all engaged for the season, can be hired by the night; but if you want a box, you never ask for the box itself, but say you want to buy "a key", and offices for the sale of the *chiavi dei palchi* may be found in various parts of the city. The Pergola is much smaller than I had expected. It is not more than half the size of the Teatro Ferdinando. The scenic decorations are fair, and, as usual in Italian theatres, are drop scenes instead of slides, in the style copied by the Academy of Music, in New York.

During the performance of *Ernani*, which was

as badly rendered as ever I heard it, there was a constant murmur of talking throughout the house. Very few paid any attention to what was going on upon the stage, excepting perhaps during some favorite aria or cadenza of the prima donna, one GOLDBERG ROSSI, a second rate artist. There was none of that vehement applause, that excited enthusiasm, that are so frequently met with in Italian theatres; as far as the Opera was concerned, everything went off coldly and flatly. But when the ballet commenced there was a change which showed at once, that dancing, not music, Terpsichore, not Euterpe, was the chief attraction of *La Pergola*. The ballet was *Hulda*, an incomprehensible affair of knights, and Turks, and demons, and ever pervaded by a ferocious personage with a magic sword. The star of the ballet was LUISA TAGLIONI, and her dancing was such exquisite poetry of motion as I never before beheld. She was, of course, most liberally applauded, and after the ballet had concluded, about three-fourths of the audience left, not caring to wait for the last act of *Ernani*.

TROVATOR.

From my Diary, No. 27.

MARCH 17.—When I first became interested in musical literature, it was the fashion to seek an explanation of the fact that in our country good voices are rare, and very fine ones not to be found—while all the really great ones come from Italy. As my reading extended, a doubt arose, whether Italy alone did furnish these extraordinary vocal organs. I found that within a hundred and fifty years as many singers born North of the Alps have obtained a European reputation, as were born South of them,—both men and women. Statistics prove that no European country has a monopoly of this kind. In time, a doubt arose whether it would not be well before trying to explain the fact that American voices are inferior, to enquire, whether it be a fact? And this is a matter upon which I have bestowed no small attention during the last ten years, arriving at the result that the average goodness of American voices is equal to that of any country. The trouble is that there is little opportunity for their proper culture, and where the talent is given it is usually buried in a napkin. Had we, in every town of twelve thousand inhabitants, a huge church in which a musical service like the Catholic Mass was a part of every Sunday's ceremonies, we should have such a school of musical culture as would necessarily elevate the vocal talent, which now is a useless gift of Providence. The musical Conventions which for some years have been so much the fashion, I look upon with great favor, as doing something towards awakening an interest in something higher than the village singing school, with its infinite repetitions of easy psalm tunes and sing-song anthems. But something further than what may thus be gained, seems to be within easy reach.

Why cannot singing clubs be formed in our cities and large towns which shall all take up the "Creation" or the "Messiah", and study the choruses thoroughly, and in the pleasant autumn weather have a grand convocation somewhere, which shall be a real Musical Festival? Who can tell how great an influence might thus be exerted, and how many might form for the first time an idea of a really high standard of vocal music? For at such a gathering it would be a matter of pride and pleasure, and mediatel of profit, to our best solo singers to appear.

In our larger cities and towns, we have already many a singer of far more than average ability. The trouble with most of them is, that they have begun too late to acquire the highest excellence, and that

they are impressed with the idea that great execution is great singing. But in fact, the greatest singing is that which causes the greatest music to have the greatest effect upon the heart of the auditor.

I suppose no person at all acquainted with musical history would deny that, from 1750 to 1850, the four women, who stand out as above and beyond all other songstresses, are M^ARA, CATALANI, MALIBRAN and LIND; and yet many might be named, who in execution surpassed them all.

Certain voices are nothing if not capable of great execution; others, which might be made to move the hearts of thousands, are ruined by the effort to acquire it. Talk as much as you will about the musical advantages, which we can have in Boston or New York,—the fact is patent to every one, who has carried an observant eye to Europe, that these advantages are after all, but small. The opportunity for really high musical culture is *not* given here.—Hence the absolute necessity—just as with painters and sculptors—of going to Europe. But where to go? Jenny Lind ought to know; read that capital letter of hers, published in *Dwight's Journal*, Oct. 6, 1855.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 20, 1858.

CONCERTS.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave us a programme of uncommon interest last Tuesday evening, to wit:

- PART I.
- 1—Quartet in D minor, No. 76,.....Haydn
Moderato—Andante—Minuetto.
 - 2—Grand Trio in E flat, op. 100,.....Franz Schubert
Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Allegro moderato—
Finale, Moderato.
- PART II.
- 3—Quartet in C, No. 3, op. 59,.....Beethoven
Introduction and Allegro—Andante—Scherzo, and
Finale, Presto.
 - 4—Andante with Variations for Piano, in E flat, op. 82,
Mendelssohn
 - 5—Tema con variazioni and Finale, Andante and Allegro
Vivace, from the Quintet in B flat, No. 6,.....Mozart

The Quartet in D minor was new to us, and in some respects presented a new phase of Haydn. It had something quite peculiar and original, especially in the Andante; a certain individuality of its own, apart from the characteristic charm of Haydn's manner; a variation from his usual circle of ideas.

The Beethoven Quarter, after what this Club and the 'German Trio' have done this season, made the Rasoumofsky set complete. This No. 3 is certainly the most eccentric, and perhaps the most interesting of the three. What a riddle is the introduction—those thirty measures of ambiguous chords, giving no hint of any key-note, creeping through mysterious modulations, now loud, now in a whisper, and anon pausing altogether! It is all twilight of mystery and expectation. But the last cloud-chord resolves; out shines the sun, C major, *Allegro vivace*. Its first phrase of two chords seems to say: Now hear! and the theme, a strangely interesting one, is recited solo by the violin, and then the whole develops gloriously, as always do the pregnant thoughts of Beethoven. There is an episode of marvellous beauty in the second part of this first movement, which has the rhythm and the spirit of some of the most exalted passages in the "Joy" Symphony (the Choral), where the music seems to step on tip-toe with delicious sense of mystery and excitement. It is a splendid movement and a very difficult. The second movement, in A minor, six-eight, has an almost Mendelssohnian romance-like character,—very beautiful. The Minuetto, fresh and vigorous and graceful, leads right into the rapid fugue theme, which, as softly echoed and repeated, has a hum and flutter as of fairy wings, that may remind one of Mendelssohn, at the same time that it is very unlike

him. This very complicated, evenly sustained and rapid fugue was quite well rendered.

The Trio by Schubert was very finely played by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, and the brothers FRIES.—The young pianist has made decided improvement, and is always master of his music. To the first movement of this Trio we had been introduced some time ago by OTTO DRESEL. It is one of the best of its author, and one of the most perfect of first movements of this kind, both in vigor and imaginative beauty of ideas, and in clear, concise, exhaustive treatment. After the strong, downright leading subject, what an exquisite surprise awaits you in the second theme! The Andante, also, is delicious. And the Finale contains a thought too dangerously beautiful to the brain from which it sprang, for it seems as if he could not let it go; this movement is anything but concise; it is indeed, very, very long; yet we enjoyed it all. The Mendelssohn Variations were beautiful and very nicely played.—The selection from Mozart would have been keenly relished, had not the senses got already cloyed by excess of beauty.

The Eighth and last Concert of the Quintette Club will be given a week earlier than usual, namely next Tuesday evening, to make up for the week that was dropped some time since.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The Music Hall looked bright and gay last Wednesday, with a large audience of adults and juveniles, for the commencement of a new series of Afternoon Concerts. CARL ZERRAHN and orchestra were welcomed as old friends.—The programme furnished enough for either class,—for those who like the very best, and those whose highest heaven is whipped syllabuh. Here it is.

- 1—Symphony No. 4, (in Eb),.....Beethoven
Adagio and Allegro—Adagio Cantabile—Scherzo—Finale.
- 2—Waltz. Juristeu Ball Taenze. (1st time),.....Strauss
- 3—Overture. "Freyschutz",.....Weber
- 4—Cantabile, for Violoncello,.....F. Suck
Performed by A. Suck.
- 5—Duet, from "Jessonda",.....L. Spohr
- 6—Wecker Polka.....Faust
- 7—Song Without Words, for Trumpet,.....Nutzer
Performed by Anton Heinicke.
- 8—Trovatore Quadrille.....Zerrahn

The Symphony in B flat makes six Beethoven Symphonies that Zerrahn has given us this winter,—this poverty stricken, "panic" season, in which there was to be no music! This Symphony, somehow, is almost always happy in the rendering. It was indeed beautifully played; it does not actually need so large an orchestra as some, although more strings would certainly improve it. And is it not one of the loveliest of the tribe? Perhaps the loveliest (if we confine ourselves to that epithet), of all the nine. It is a delicate, delicious, Keats-like poem of love, and alternating ecstasy and sadness, and purple summer sunsets. Nowhere is the warmth and tenderness of that great heart of Beethoven more purely and confidently confessed. The *Freyschutz* overture went well of course. What an overture that is! Shall we ever hear it with indifference? Is it not more immortality to have written that one overture, than all the learned, clever, dull, or brilliant things that Spohr or Hummel ever did? to say nothing of much smaller fry.

Congregational Singing Again.

Our Brooklyn correspondent returns compliments to him of the ill-sounding name. We hear both sides, and shall soon take occasion, leaving us the local issue, to present our own views on the general question.

BROOKLYN, March 16, 1858.

Your correspondent "Malaccincio" is evidently much exercised in relation to what he considers my "laudation" of the musical performances in Plymouth Church. No doubt your readers will be as much surprised as I was, and find it as difficult to discover anything in the article allud-

ed to, that can be tortured into anything like "laudation." Speaking of what I consider to be the true aim and object of music as a part of worship on the Sabbath—namely, Congregational Singing, I said, "I know of no place where this has been so satisfactorily accomplished, as in the Society of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church." All the "laudation" is compassed in this sentence.

But the trouble with your correspondent is, not so much that he is so intolerably tortured with the singing at Plymouth Church, as with the very *idea* of the congregation all singing, or, as he has it, "the vast noise of Congregational Singing." The issue is fairly stated in the first paragraph of your correspondent's letter. He says: "I desire to offer my earnest protest against the position taken by your Brooklyn correspondent of last week, upon the subject of Congregational Singing." This reduces the thing at once into a tangible shape, and renders it quite easy of solution. Your correspondent is a "*habitué*" of the Philharmonic Societies; is accustomed to hear the choicest, most delicious melodies and harmonies, most exquisitely given; how *can* any one, under such circumstances, endure "such horrible, excruciating sounds," as the "vast noise of Congregational singing?"

But seriously, it would be trespassing too much on the allotted space for your Brooklyn correspondent in your valuable *Journal*, to discuss this matter at length. I would recommend to the earnest consideration and careful perusal of "Malaccincio" some one or two of the very able articles, that have appeared in the *Journal* and other musical papers, at different times during the past five years, on the subject of "Congregational Singing" and music in our churches on the Sabbath.

And now a word in conclusion, on the music of Plymouth Church. Every statement contained in my letter is strictly correct, and not in the least exaggerated. I am only an occasional attendant at Plymouth Church, and whenever I have been there, the selection of the tunes has been exceedingly good in *every case*. There are many tunes in the "Plymouth Collection" which never should have found a place in any book designed for the worship of God; others totally unfit for the purpose intended may also be found in the book, but whenever I have attended Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher has selected such tunes as every one, yes, *every one*, will admit to be most excellent. For instance, the last time I attended this church, the old tune "Savannah," 10's metre, was given out and sung very well indeed, and the services were closed by singing that old melody found in many church music books, and known as "Fading, still fading;" and if any one could listen to those beautiful words, sung by that immense audience, to that simple, plaintive melody, and not feel deeply moved, he must not only be destitute of musical feeling, but possess a soul fit only for "treason, stratagem and spoils;" and no doubt is much more at home while flirting or coquetting with some young Miss at a Philharmonic Rehearsal or Concert. The attempt at ridicule towards Professor Raymond is in exceedingly bad taste, at least. Mr. Raymond is a gentleman of excellent musical acquirements, and very active in all matters relating to the advancement or growth of musical taste in this city. On the formation of our Philharmonic Society, Mr. Raymond was

elected its Secretary, and by his assiduity and enterprise in the management, has contributed very much to its prosperity. I would recommend to your correspondent "Malaccino," that he would cultivate the acquaintance of the "Professor;" I am sure it will improve his temper, if it does not modify his very extravagant ideas about Congregational Singing. BELLINI.

Musical Chat-Chat.

OLDER THAN WE THOUGHT. In our announcement last week of the great change that awaits our Journal, (which has been kindly copied by many of our brethren of the press,) we were so careless as to say: "On the 3d of April DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon its Sixth Year and Thirteenth Volume." We should have said *Seventh* Year.

Another delightful concert was given last Monday evening to a Chickering room full of friends by that admirable private Club of singers under the direction of OTTO DRESEL. Again we must own that we hear nowhere else such choice selections or such perfect execution. This time the balance of the parts, and the euphonious blending of the thirty voices seemed even more perfect than before. Mr. Dresel's piano accompaniments are always masterly. The programme contained a fresh and beautiful movement of a Cantata by Bach—chiefly instrumental, for violin, viola, flute and piano, with voices coming in occasionally; the *Ave Verum* of Mozart; a Hymn for Soprano and Chorus: "O for the wings of a dove," by Mendelssohn; Schubert's "Miriam" Cantata; Mendelssohn's *Laudi Sion*, and for lighter desert, the elfin chorus from "Oberon," and bright part-songs by Franz and Mendelssohn. We must refer to it at more length when we enlarge our boundaries.

MR. ALFRED HILL'S Complimentary Concert will come off to-night at the Meisonaon. The change of place is occasioned by the large demand for tickets—a very pleasant reason. The programme is but slightly changed from that before announced. Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. POWERS, Mr. LANG, pianist, and the Mendelssohn Quintette, all have volunteered their services; for all cherish a grateful recollection of Mr. Hill's obliging courtesy when he was connected with the Musical Exchange.... The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are busily rehearsing with orchestra for four oratorio performances, to be given in the evenings of April 3d, 4th, 10th, and 11th, with the aid of FORMES, D'ANGRI, CARADORI, Miss MILLNER and Mr. PERRING. The pieces will be "Elijah," the "Messiah," "Eli," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." As the last work is new to our public, we shall in the *Journal* for April 3d and 10th, copy a careful analysis of the composition, written by Mr. Macfarren for the London Sacred Harmonic Society.... By a card below, it will be seen that Mr. ECKHARDT is compelled to postpone for the present, his performance of the "Hymn of Praise."

The *Huguenots* is still drawing immense audiences at the New York Academy. The Ullman troupe will not come to Boston. Will Maretzek's? Not very soon, at all events. At present they are reviving the enthusiasm at their old home and starting-point, the Philadelphia Academy, where they commenced in *La Favorita*, with GAZZANIGA, Miss PHILLIPS, BRIGNOLI, and AMODIO. Among the operas looked forward to are "William Tell," the "Prophet," "Beatrice di Tenda," and others. Gazzaniga's bust has been placed in the Academy, where she still reigns Queen. FREZZOLINI has left the company, and is giving concerts in New Orleans. RAMOS and RONCONI, too, have left it.

"Stella" of the "Palladium" is enthusiastic about the performance of the Fifth Symphony in Worcester, last week, and attributes its intelligent reception by the audience partly to the distribution of printed

copies of an analysis of the work taken from the *Journal*. The first hearing of the Fifth Symphony! how we envy that audience!

Apropos of Verdi: The *Tronatore* was produced recently in the city of Hanover, Germany, and was thus "written down" by the critic of the "*Zeitung für Norddeutschland*":

"It is one of the most lamentable works ever produced in the history of music. We have long ceased to wonder why true art goes a-begging, and mediocrity is surfeited with praise; but that a production like this of Verdi—alike execrable in libretto and music—should for so long a time draw crowded houses in Paris and London—that, we must confess, surpasses our understanding."

This will do to offset our correspondent "Trova-tor," who, by the way, already wavers in his Verdi faith.

We find the following details about the last hours and burial of LABLACHE:

He died of a bronchitis, contracted in Russia during his last engagement. He was attended in his last illness by an old comrade he found in Naples, under the habit of a Dominican friar. This opera singer, who had sung frequently with Lablache, quitted the world in despair upon losing his whole family in a few days' time by the cholera. During the last crisis Lablache found his voice suddenly fail him. He called his daughter to him and said: "Ceochinis, my voice is gone, I'm dying." He was soon afterwards a corpse. The artists of Naples bore his coffin from the chamber to the hearse, and from the hearse to the vault where it was temporarily placed, that no mercenary hands might touch it. The coffin was opened at the grave-yard, and remained open while the last offices of the Church were performed. Just before it was placed in the vault, Mercadante laid a crown of amaranths upon it.

Lablache, whose remains were brought to Paris from Naples, was buried Feb. 20th. A grand funeral service was performed at the Madeleine, which was entirely filled with mourners and spectators. Rossini was present.

The Requiem of Mozart was performed in accordance with the wish expressed by Lablache shortly before he died—a wish recorded, it is said, in his will. The orchestra and chorus of the Italian Opera, reinforced by a number of choristers from the Grand Opera, under the direction of M. Dietsch, had assembled to perform the master piece of the immortal German. The *sol* were sung by Mario, Tamburini, Angelini, Bclart, and Mesdames Giulia Grisi, Alboni, Nantier-Didiée and Wilhorst.

It was remarked that the Requiem of Mozart had not been performed in Paris since the day of the obsequies of Chopin, the celebrated pianist, were performed, in the same church, in November, of 1849, on which occasion Lablache sang, for the last time, the part of *hasso-solo*. M. l'Abbé Deguerry alluded to this circumstance in the funeral oration which he pronounced over the remains of the lamented singer, adding the following interesting particulars: "The Requiem sung on that occasion (the funeral of Chopin) impressed me far more than it had ever done before; never had my heart felt so intensely the touching melancholy of that exquisite funeral prayer. I learned afterwards that the singer was Lablache, and I could not refrain from expressing to him my warm admiration and the more than usually great impression the Requiem had made on me. 'Perhaps those you had hitherto heard sing it lacked a quality I am happy to say I possess,' said Lablache, 'and that is Faith! faith, which I beg you to believe, M. Le Curé, I possess.' I have nothing to add to such a declaration, said the orator.

The chief reason of Lablache's request to have the Requiem performed at his funeral is said to have proceeded from a feeling of grateful reminiscence. It was in 1816 that Paesello died in Naples, and, to honor his memory, the artists of the theatre of San Carlo performed the requiem of Mozart at his funeral. Lablache, who had hitherto remained unknown to fame, took a part in the celebration, and in the *Tuba Mirum* his magnificent voice obtained the most complete success—a success that decided his prosperity for life. As he left the church, he was engaged by a judicious impresario, and from that day the *basso cantante*, of one-and-twenty, had but Galli and Remorini as rivals throughout Italy.

The undersigned, in consequence of a change of publishers, will relinquish the printing of the *Journal of Music* after the 1st of April. He is now prepared to contract for the printing of a paper of similar size and style, on very favorable terms.

EDWARD L. BALCH.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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The Editorial management will remain with JOHN S. DWIGHT, who is pledged to conduct the paper in the same fair and independent spirit, which has won for "DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC" its high name among Art Journals during the past six years. He will be assisted still by the same able corps of correspondents and contributors, including the "Diast," an author of the much admired "Brown Papers"; while new correspondents and reporters from all quarters will from time to time be added, thus making the *Journal* as complete and true an organ as possible of Musical Art and Musical Culture in this country, and indispensable to every family and individual of musical and artistic taste.

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A CARD.

The undersigned some time since gave notice (Feb. 27th) to the Musical public of Boston and its vicinity of his intention to give a Concert on the 27th of March, when he would bring out the

Hymn of Praise, by Mendelssohn,

with the kind assistance of the Mendelssohn Choral Society of this city, and of other friends. His last rehearsal with full orchestra was to have been on Saturday, 20th inst., but he is now obliged to postpone his rehearsal and concert in consequence of the Handel and Haydn Society (departing from its usual evenings of rehearsal) having engaged the members of the Orchestra for the very evenings which he had selected for his own rehearsal and concert.

He therefore begs the indulgence of the public and his friends for this temporary delay of his concert, which he proposes still to give, when the arrangements of the Handel and Haydn Society shall leave him free to do so.

Due notice will be given of the next rehearsal.

H. ECKHARDT.

Meisonaon, Tremont Temple.

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Mr. B. J. LANG, and the
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J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Who is the Greatest Composer?

If an unqualified answer were demanded, we should say, BEETHOVEN! But what of Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and Handel? What of Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Cherubini, Spontini, Méhul, Boieldieu, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Anber, &c., &c.? No one, it may reasonably be expected, will dispute Beethoven's superiority to these last. But the four first named are by their respective admirers considered equal, if not superior to him. We, too, are aware how much these masters have advanced the art, and how justly they are entitled to all the honor paid their memory. Truly are they great; and before attempting to establish our high claim for Beethoven, we must say a few words of his four great brethren.

MOZART, the classic, the irreproachable,—who does not profoundly admire him? Think of his Quartets and Quintets for stringed instruments; his Symphonies, especially those in C major, (which the English call "Jupiter"), and E flat major; think of any piece in *Don Giovanni*, or in *Die Zauberflöte*,—and be astonished at the genius and the learning there displayed! His instrumental compositions are models of symmetric form, models of the great art of effecting by small means, great results. The taste of the most fastidious declares them faultless, perfect. His operatic pieces command our admiration in almost a still higher degree. One always thinks on hearing the Introduction, the Quartetto, Sextetto, Finale, etc., of *Don Giovanni*, that a divine inspiration must have dictated this music, and our wonder constantly increases. How truly, how beautifully are the characters in that opera delineated by those tones! Therefore the world has justly added to the name of Mozart the title great, and raised him among the immortals.

HAYDN—the ever young and charming,—the founder of modern instrumental music,—the originator of the Symphony and stringed Quartet in their present form,—a form in which he has given to the world master works, as yet unsurpassed in classical grace and beauty,—Haydn well deserves to be called great. His "Creation," his "Seasons", contain a wealth of naïve, innocent and charming melodies, as well as of deep science, always so concealed, that it sounds as if it had

been mere child's play, and every one might do it just as well. All with him is natural, clear, symmetrical, unostentatious; and in our time, where monstrous Symphonies, deformed Quartets, unintelligible Sonatas, and the like, are the order of the day among the leading composers, it is refreshing to hear Haydn's music. Who would detract one tittle from his solid fame?

With admiration we regard the unequalled master of counterpoint and fugue, the giant among Organ players, the patriarch, the sage, among Piano-Forte players and composers, JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. His compositions are inexhaustible sources for study and learning, to which the greatest composers have borne testimony.—Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others, have repeatedly declared how much they owe to him. The ease with which he treats the most difficult contrapuntal forms, as double, triple, inverted fugues and canons, is really astonishing, so that one cannot help thinking: Will there ever be a man who has attained to the same skill and science? Can it be possible? His greatest work, the Passion, according to St. Matthew, is considered a wonder in the realm of tones. As for his compositions for the Organ, they are to this day, after nearly a century and a half, the standard works, the most remarkable phenomenon in the literature of that instrument. Wherever a solid Organ Concert takes place, Bach's compositions form, and must form, the most prominent feature of the programme. What can the world call great if not such genius and colossal learning?

And what shall we say of HANDEL, the composer of the "Messiah"? Had he composed nothing but this work, he would have been immortal. The English almost identify the "Messiah" with their religious cultus. It would be useless to say much about its mighty choruses, about the deep piety that pervades the airs. Who can estimate the comfort, the consolation and serenity which the singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," has afforded to timid and desponding minds, that tremble at the thought of death? Listening to this divine music, we forget ourselves and all about us, as if the soul were wafted on the wings of these heavenly harmonies to the other world, and we experience a foretaste of the eternal bliss promised the pure in heart. A composer, whose music has this effect, will ever be entitled to be called great.

But great and unsurpassed as these composers were in their way, there is one who stands out from among them like Mount Washington among the mountains of New Hampshire, the greatest of the great. True, BEETHOVEN is not so pure in style as Mozart; he does not delight and flatter us so cheerfully and innocently as Haydn; nor

is he as scientific as Bach, or as devout as Handel. In regard to science, commonly so called, we must concede that he is surpassed by all the four; no man has ever called him a great master of counterpoint and fugue. Yet as science should include the skill to work up a theme or motive into a large tone-picture, he is at least in this branch equal, if not more than equal, to any of his predecessors. But let us leave science aside, and regard him from that point whence a musical composer, a tone-poet, always should be viewed.

The true mission of the composer ever must be to express in tones the feelings and passions which continually agitate the human soul. Now, no one has felt so deeply, expressed so powerfully, the various throbbings of the heart, as Beethoven. The joyful and the sad, the loving and the angry, the heroic and the gentle, all find sympathy with him; all see their natures portrayed, as it were, with glowing colors in his music. There is, indeed, a peculiar power in Beethoven's creations, which it is impossible to describe to those who do not feel it. We have chanced sometimes to hear a few measures of one or the other of his pieces for the piano-forte, and not being able to trace them at once to their origin, have involuntarily exclaimed: "How wonderful! By whom can that be?" By whom *could* it be but Beethoven. These deeply expressive melodies, these striking harmonies and rhythms, though entirely new, and never before heard, yet seem as if they had always lain dormant in the depths of our soul, and were now at once awakened and brought to our consciousness; as if Nature herself were stirring up the unfathomable sea of harmony within us, from which innumerable particles of sound become crystallized and shaped to wondrous forms and images.

In expressing the whole range of emotions of which the human heart is capable, so powerfully, he consequently enlarged the musical language to an extent hardly divined before. A thorough reformer, he created melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic figures, a resemblance of which we seek in vain in the works of the other masters. In striking out his own path, obnoxious rules and prejudices, which for centuries had been accumulating, were trodden under his feet, and thus the ban was lifted that kept many a genius before his time chained. To be sure, our friends of the wig and queue fashion, who went into ecstasies at a simple Minuetto in a Symphony of Haydn, were terrified with his proceedings. They considered him an impolite, uncultivated fellow, who would do better to display his feelings in a proper, well-weighed measure, in a language correct and elegant, instead of addressing good people with

such force and native vigor. But our time has done him justice, and will do so more and more. In him the tone-art has reached its climax; we are now in the descent; and when his works shall have ceased to interest, it will be the consequence of music having assumed entirely different forms and means of expression, of whose nature we can have no idea. The time, however, when this is to take place, does not seem to be far distant, judging from the remarkable fact that there is not one great composer at the present time.

Need we enlarge on his works in particular? That has so often been done that it would seem a vain beginning. There are many very able critics and Art philosophers, who qualify his claim to the title of greatest composer by confining it to his labors in instrumental music. It is true that in this branch he excels most. Since his Symphonies, his Sonatas and Trios, the composers look hopelessly at each other, not knowing what to write, as it seems impossible that any thing in this line could awaken interest after his mighty works. But his efforts in the other branches are by no means inferior to those of his predecessors. He wrote only one opera, and history has placed it by the side of *Don Giovanni*; he wrote some sacred compositions, among which the great Mass in D is a wonder incomparable, inimitable—a giant in form and dimensions, to explore whose grandeur and manifold beauties will afford ample work alike to the present and future generations.

That his very last, as yet unintelligible works, for instance, the Quartet in C sharp minor, etc., should detract from his greatness, cannot be admitted. The question arises whether we have the necessary genius, and whether we have taken pains enough to follow him in his flight. A genius like his, whose every new work was a progress, could not but be at last a great distance in advance of his time; and have we made an effort to overtake him? The immense flood of shallow dance-music, that originated with Strauss and Lanner, on the very spot where Beethoven created his immortal works; these innumerable penny concerts, nonsensical opera performances, and the like, which characterize our time, are decidedly unfavorable to the study of such works. No one of us is so situated that he can wholly avoid the influence of these bad agencies, which like a contagious mist infect the atmosphere of true and genuine Art. However, there are besides those obtruse works—if obtruse they are—so many in which the stamp of true mastery is clearly presented, that we need not regard the former at all, to establish for Beethoven the claim of the greatest of all tone-poets. It is exclusively these latter for which we feel with enthusiasm, and for which we give him the crown.

It may be that we are partial to him, as he belongs more to our time than any of the masters with whom we have named him—and for that reason his influence is necessarily stronger. We may safely say that the younger part of the musicians of to-day are his followers, and unconditional admirers. Whatever star now rises on the musical horizon, it endeavors to move in the same orbit, still shining with his brilliant lustre—his name, his life, his works, form everywhere the highest topic. It is possible that, with increase of years, our high opinion of him will be modified, so that we shall swear by Haydn or Mozart; or, should we ever rise to the dignity of a Professor of composition at a university, that Bach will be our motto; but so long as joys and sorrows quicken and retard the beating of our heart, we shall stand up for Beethoven. AD. K.

Congregational Singing in Plymouth Church, Again.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1858.

J. S. DWIGHT, ESQ.,

Dear Sir: He of the mellifluous name (christened perhaps, by some choir leader who had an ear for music), has well advised me to peruse the *Journal of Music*, with whose opinions I am possibly more familiar than himself—since I have thoughtfully read it for the last six years; but let me advise him never to read it lest he be moved from his present very satisfactory position and opinions. In his favor of the 16th, he has in no way rebutted the statement I made in regard to the musical performances at Plymouth Church, but adverted with profound speculation to the probable character of a Philharmonie habitué, and demonstrated that a secretary of a musical society is a thorough musician. With all this I have nothing to do but remark, that the performance of a choir under the charge of any professor is certainly more positive proof of his own qualifications, than any simple assertion. The fact remains undisputed and will be authenticated by your "Diary", if his oracular presence ever comes into Plymouth Church,—that the music there performed, is usually of a style totally devoid of that element of solemnity and seriousness which constitutes its value as a medium of worship, and more than that, that its rendering is in direct violation of all the principles which organize music as an art and science, so as to make it positively annoying to those whose ears are accustomed to hear perfect harmonies.

The choir never sing in tune or balance. The organ is an instrument of itself enough to distress the ear of a sensitive person, and the ensemble, so far from fulfilling the idea which the *Journal* has held up, which I hope is the faith of "Bellini", is as I stated, congregational noise—not music. My objections were not to the union of all in the musical part of the service, for I have a deep looking forward to the day when to stand in a Christian temple, and hear the great congregation mingling their voices in choral harmony shall be almost like an illustration of the songs of another sphere,—but to the assertion that in Plymouth Church was to be found the grand exemplum fit for all to follow. From such a source as your *Journal* this would have authenticity and weight with a numerous class, who are accustomed to take their cue from the columns of your paper, and it was to controvert such an influence that I ventured my pasquinade. Let rather the idea be held up before young and old that "delicious harmonies," not of necessity elaborate, are not to be confined to the concert room or the opera—that in the house of God, where all things should be done devoutly and in order, we may have, even in this generation—pure and noble music, which shall be seriously interpreted with devotional spirit—by a choir who shall be capable of observing the proprieties of the performance artistically considered—and in which the spirit of the whole congregation shall be moved, elevated and touched with all the force of worship. Mere sound is sympathetic and psychologically potent. We see this in Plymouth Church. With what greater dignity and fitness would the whole service be invested, if the discords could be attuned and harmony made to pervade the vocal worship of such a congregation! It is not enough that they "take a part"—they should do it properly. Who goes to hear a preacher now, who is not prepared with the choicest thoughts in the choicest rhetoric? If then we require such perfection there, why may we not elevate our ideal of the choir's performance to at least the level of respectability? When your correspondent can controvert the fact I assert, or suggest any reason why the accomplishment of Congregational Singing in Plymouth Church is satisfactory, I beg we may hear from him again.

MALACCONCIO.

Musical Lions in Paris—Littolf.

From the London Musical World, Feb. 27.

We have often had occasion to state, and we have now a pretext for repeating, that the Parisians are the greatest gudgeons (*goujons*) with respect to music on the face of the earth. True, France gave birth to Méhul, Boieldieu, and Auber—three men of whom Germany or Italy might have been proud; and yet we have the intimate conviction that the greatest beauties of these great composers* are least of all appreciated by the French. The instances in which they are bewildered in their attempt to adjudicate on the claims of foreign musicians are numberless. A Paris critic is sure to set down everything German either as profound or lofty—as diving into the depths of philosophy, or aspiring to the clouds. Innately bored with German music—as Frenchmen are naturally bored with anything serious (good or bad) that is not French—they, nevertheless, affect a certain veneration, which, mingled with a faint reflex of the critical and cynical spirit of Voltaire (who—honest and outspoken Frenchman—laughed at almost everything exotic), has something akin to the ghastly frolics of the nuns, in the resuscitation scene of *Robert le Diable*. As those wretched phantoms, called up by the infernal agency of Bertram, aped the wild, licentious dances and motions of living and breathing sensualists, so French critics—just as dead to the impression of foreign beauty as the mock-animate corpses of the nuns to the attractions of positive existence—abandon themselves, under the influence of their Bertram (the fiend of hypocrisy), to a feigned enthusiasm for Beethoven, Weber, and the kings of German music. How hollow, or how shallow, is this enthusiasm, becomes apparent when anything German, not ratified by the verdict of time, is brought before them. At such periods the French connoisseurs and the French "dilettanti" are at sea, betraying a misapprehension of the actual state of art only surpassed by the easy nonchalance with which it is exhibited. Just now M. Flotow's *Martha*—an opera which has gone the rounds of the Teutonic cellars for the last ten years—is produced in Paris, and apostrophized as if it was something altogether new! Why don't they read M. Fétis? His lucubrations are commonplace enough; but so far as history goes they may be relied on; and M. Fétis writes French—the only language *bona-fide* Frenchmen think it necessary for any inhabitant of this earth to know—passably well. M. Fétis could have told them all about *Martha*, and thus have saved them from committing themselves in respect to that well-known production.

A short time preceding the advent of *Martha*, the execution of a fragment of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* afforded the French *feuilletonistes* an opportunity of explaining to admiring nations (all nations read French, as a matter of course) the origin and signification of oratorio. The "admiring nations" might just as well have explained to self-admiring France (Paris) the origin and signification of whales—which, comparing nature and art, and allowing for differences, are not much more mysterious than oratorios. Do Frenchmen (Parisians) ever look at a map? If so, cannot they picture to their ardent imaginations that France does not cover the entire globe, and that something may have been going on, time out of mind, somewhere else than in France, which would have gone on precisely in the same way if there had been no France at all?

At this very moment we have a case in point. A new Rubinstein has arisen, and driven the old Rubinstein clean out of the heads of all polite Parisians. Mr. Henry Littolf (whom, two years since, the French critics knew no better than they did M. Rubinstein) has appeared on the horizon, played his "Fourth Concerto-Symphonique," and "astonied" all Paris. "*Credat Judæus Ap' Ella!*"—many will exclaim, who, remembering Littolf in England, at the society of British Musicians, have since, with very small

* Méhul was always making "finscos;" and Gustave III.—one of Auber's finest works—is "pooh-pooh'd" by his countrymen, although popular all over Germany.

expense of trouble, followed his career in Belgium and Germany, and are aware of his precise claims and position, just as they are cognizant of those of Mr. Barnum, or general Tom Thumb. Mr. Littolf has "astonied" all Paris—not merely as a composer, but even more, as a *pianist*! A short, cadaverous looking gentleman, with light locks, long and sparse—who keeps a music-shop, quietly in the little town of Brunswick (without ever invoking the demon of the Hartz) and officiates as Kapellmeister (on continual leave of absence) to the very unassuming Duke of Saxe-Gotha—has arrived at Paris, played a so-called "*Concerto-Symphonique*," and been immediately apostrophized as "lion" of the first class. He has extinguished M. Rubinstein (the "lion" of 1857), and set the Boulevards in a ferment. The papers are mad about Mr. Littolf. The only one we have seen that ventures upon criticism is a class journal—the *Ménestrel*—which thus, with true French (Parisian) unconsciousness of the events of the last few years, apostrophizes the newly discovered prodigy:—

For us the real success of this *Concerto-symphonique* (which occupies an hour and a quarter in performance) lies in the *scherzo* and the *adagio religioso*. The first *allegro* and *finale* belong to that vast category of musical conceptions which are glorified at the present time in certain German and even French high places, and which comprise all the elements of the *School of the Future*, which, under pretext of discovering new horizons, displaces all the points of view of the past—that school in which the trees prevent us from seeing the forest, in which noise predominates, melody is ignored, and rhythm has lost its compass—in which the hearer is ill at ease, the mind distracted and the heart oppressed. Now and then a gleam appears, which allows you take breath for an instant; but such gleams are withdrawn precipitately, as if in remorse, and you re-enter chaos—unless, indeed, you are sufficiently lucid to be able to apprehend at a glance the music of future ages.

Assuredly this school does not proceed from Haydn or Mozart; its disciples even avoid it and are vain of the fact. But does it at any rate proceed from Beethoven or Weber? Not a bit more. Weber and Beethoven sing. Beethoven, and still more Weber, possess clearness.

"Be it so. Let the *School of the Future* know, however, that this concession will always be imposed upon it; since the so-called vulgar taste is *melody*; and *melody* is eternal. Without melody there is no music, past, present or future."

Is this not strange? Why, it was only two years since that the musical press of Europe was filled with anecdotes about Littolf's contempt for the school of the "Future"—his defiance of Liszt, at Weimar—his confarreation with M. Berlioz, after the rehearsal of "*Lohengrin*"—his breaking a walking stick in two, as a sign of his disaffection, &c. &c. And now we are admonished that Mr. Littolf is a disciple of the *Zukunft*! The Parisian papers themselves related the anecdote at the time—and, if we are not mistaken, the *Ménestrel* among the number.

M. Rubinstein will, no doubt, speedily return to Paris and vindicate his rights. Meantime, between the two, what is to become of Madame Szarvady-Wilhelmine Claus (the "*lionne*" of 1852), who has once more launched her fragile bark on the sea of competition, and gave her first concert a few days since? She—poor tender thing!—will be like an antelope striving to make head against two hungry tigers.

Musical Correspondence.

FOLIGNO, ITALY, FEB. 1.—The time of my departure being near at hand, I prepared to tear myself away from Florence, and exclaimed one morning to the Padrona, as she brought my breakfast: "Cara Padrona, after a few more diurnal revolutions of the orb of day, I shall be pen-

sively musing among the ruins of the palace of the Caesars! A little more sugar, please, Padrona."

The Padrona not seeming to understand the first part of my remarks, I benignantly explained that I was going to Rome. The Padrona received the information with a cough, and thought that it was very strange I should want to go to Rome in such cold weather; but her argument did not probably have the effect she intended, for I immediately assured her that it was the cold weather that hurried my departure—at which she flounced out of the room, and I shortly after heard her scolding the Italian maid-servant in very vehement Italian. Fearing that I had offended the Padrona, I rushed to my bed, seized my bolster, and hastening down to the yard, wrapped it around a fright of a cactus that I knew to be one of the Padrona's pets that she ranked amid the gems of her collection.

Ineffable Machiavelli that I am! This stroke of policy had, as I anticipated, a mollifying effect upon the Padrona, and she shortly issued forth and joined me in the yard, where I was standing lost in the admiration of the plant, as she approached. I asked where she had been so lucky as to obtain this beautiful floral specimen,—to tell the truth, it was the most horribly ugly, jagged old wretch of a cactus that ever mortal beheld, and by a few more judicious remarks, quite insinuated myself again into the good graces of the worthy lady. From that time to the day I bade her farewell, our conversation was marked by a tender shade of melancholy, caused by my approaching departure,—the coming event casting its shadow before. The Padrona wishes me to recommend her to my friends, and I take this public method of informing anybody about to visit Florence, that a more amiable and honest landlady than Cara Padrona, it would be difficult to find in any part of the Florentine capital.

Now when the time of my departure was fully come, I packed up my worldly goods in a red silk handkerchief and prepared to bid a last farewell to the excellent Padrona, whose real worth I felt I had never appreciated till that moment.—We said good-bye and then, when I arrived at the end of the entry by the front door, I did like the heroes in the Italian opera, when they take leave of ladye fayre, just before making their exit at the wings,—I raised my hands and cried in a loud voice—"Addio!" And you know, that the Padrona, being temporarily the prima donna of this extempore operatic scene, ought to have responded with a prolonged *Ad-di-oo*, (the last vowel being sounded on high A at least), and then have fallen senseless on the entry floor, while I was to rush wildly out of the front door and disappear. Instead of this however, the Padrona merely exclaimed, as she gave one of her little girls a box on the ears for spilling some milk.

"Good-bye sir, and a pleasant journey to you!"

The Padrona means well, but is not of a poetic temperament.

* * * * *

So having left Florence, I turned my face Rome-ward. Going to Rome! There was something thrilling in the idea, and I felt it would argue a sad lack of appreciation, did I not signalize the event by a little spouting. So I referred to one of my opera librettos for an appropriate quotation, and of course finding one quickly—the opera libretti are invaluable for quotations—I proudly repeated with Attila:

Gia piu rapido del vento,
Roma iniqua, io movo a te—

Having said this several times with striking effect, I felt much relieved and wound up by attempting to sing in a touching tone the duet from "*Norma*:" *Vieni in Roma, o cara*, but after a few bars I was choked by tears. "There are chords," says Mr. Guppy, and I had unwittingly struck one of them, and at that instant was reminded of the Cara Padrona.

My first resting place on my route from Florence to Rome was Arezzo, a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, where they have an opera house, named after the poet Petrarch, who was a native of this place. There had, however, been some squabble among the artists, and the season had been brought to a premature close a few nights before my arrival. At Perugia however, I found the opera going on successfully; but unluckily, it being a *fete* day when I visited the city, there was no performance that evening, and much as I wished to hear Mercadante's *Festale*, which was announced for the following evening, I could not wait. So not till I arrived at Foligno was I able to hear an opera.

This Foligno, whence I now write, is a rather bustling little town of some 8,000 inhabitants, and is built at the foot of a mountain, which is something unusual in this part of Italy, where the cities are usually perched upon the crests or sides of steep, sloping hills. Foligno is not remarkable for anything else that I know of, excepting that it once enshrined in its Cathedral Raphael's celebrated *Madonna del Foligno*, now at Rome, and which is familiar to every one from engravings.

At my inn at Foligno, I made the acquaintance of an Italian gentleman from a neighboring town, who invited me to take a seat in his box at the opera. The performances did not commence till about 9 o'clock, being specially delayed to allow the patrons of the theatre to witness a religious procession that took place the same evening, in honor of the patron saint of the city. After beholding this curious torch-light array of priests, crosses and images, we betook ourselves to the theatre, and took possession of a box in the third tier. Such a theatre—such a pigmy of a theatre and such a dirty little pigmy of a theatre, too, you never saw. The ceiling was frescoed, and the centre-piece was a representation of Time, with his sceptre and hour-glass, restrained in his onward course by Pleasure, represented as a young lady dressed in pink,—but was so blackened with smoke that, had I not been quite near the ceiling, I could not have made out the design. The theatre is lighted in the primitive style with oil, the luxury of gas being unknown in Foligno. The house is divided into tiers of boxes, the parquette being thrown open to the general public, while any party of four or five, if it include ladies, can have the use of a private box without extra charge. The building was very well filled, chiefly by the poorer classes, though there were a few handsome toilettes in the lower range of boxes.

The opera was Mercadante's *Giuramento*, which is, I believe, considered one of his best works;—but it was so wretchedly performed that I could gain no approximate idea of its real merits. I noticed particularly, however, a concerted piece, the finale to the second act, and a very fine duet for soprano and tenor in the last act. The opera has no overture whatever, or at least none was performed, and as the orchestra was very fair,

* When, according to the French correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*, "her exquisite touch and wondrous powers were manifested, more especially in that charming sonata in sol major in Beethoven's 31st symphony." We leave the *Morning Advertiser* to explain how a sonata can be in a symphony; but we must protest that Beethoven only composed nine symphonies.

there would be no very particular reason for omitting it. A tolerable brass band was also on the stage and rendered efficient service in the choruses, playing their instruments at times, and when not thus engaged, using their voices. The female part of the chorus, consisting of five ladies, could not be said to be productive of very gratifying effects. As to the principal performers, with the exception of a passable baritone, they were poor. The *prima donna* was evidently an old stager,—a very old stager in point of fact, and though she acted with intelligence and sang with some skill, yet her voice had departed and with it her glory; it was easy enough to tell that she was some superannuated artist, who perhaps in the days when Sontag and Grisi were in their prime, may have enjoyed a fair reputation in Italy, but, unlike them, she had not found in old age the elixir of youth and when years came, voice left. Once she undoubtedly had taken her part on more famous stages than that of Foligno, but now she is glad enough perhaps, to earn a livelihood by singing in obscure places like this. The salary she gets, is, I understand, fifty dollars a month, and this is considered very respectable for a provincial theatre. Is there not something saddening in this sequel to the life of a *prima donna*?

The contralto, on the other hand, is young and unfledged. She has a powerful voice but no method or execution whatever; some low notes in which she delights, and howls rather than sings, have a great effect with the pit-folks, (remember I am in a box this time, and have a right to be snobby), and bring a *bis* for her principal air.—The tenor is hopelessly mediocre and the baritone, the best of the company, receives the least applause. Yet, it is curious to notice how delighted the audience are with the efforts of these artists. The Italians are not a travelling people, and probably very few of those present have heard an opera elsewhere than in Foligno, and have perhaps never in their lives been twenty miles from their homes. So to them it is excellent; and the cry of Bravo, and Brava, and Bravi.—they make in Italy this distinction according to the sex and number of the performers,—was given with quite as much force and enthusiasm as by the habitués of San Carlo, La Scala or the Salle Ventadour. It is strange indeed, after having heard the operatic performances in the great opera houses in Europe, to attend the opera in a little town like Foligno, and I can hardly tell why,—perhaps it is because of the reminiscences of that poor old *prima donna*,—but I can never think again of my visit to the Foligno opera, without finding something affecting in the whole affair.

Between the acts we had refreshments, consisting of a *punchetta* a-piece, (which being interpreted, meaneth a little glass of punch), and confectionary brought to our box. Our party consisted of five, and the total expense of the evening's entertainment for all of us, including the opera box and the refreshments, amounted to *seventy cents*! The admission to the house is ten cents a head.

At Perugia, which is quite a provincial capital in its way, and the largest town between Florence and Rome, they are a little more aristocratic, and are this season playing Mercadante's *Vestale* and Pacini's *Elisa Velasco* at a fifteen cent admission. I notice that Mercadante is very popular in this part of Italy. At Foligno, his *Vestale* and *Giuramento* are the operas of the present season. At

Spoletto, a town some fifteen or twenty miles distant, his *Vestale* is alternating with Pacini's *Elisa Velasco*, the same as at Perugia.

It should be borne in mind that these towns are what we should consider in America, little villages. Spoletto for instance, has 6,500 inhabitants—Foligno 8,000—Perrigia 18,000—and Terni, which boasts of a really magnificent theatre, about 9,000. Operatic performances are preferred to dramatic, and almost every town in Italy, with a population of 5,000 or 6,000, enjoys an opera at least for five months of the year. Yet in America, it appears that New York and Philadelphia are the only towns able to keep up operatic performances, and they, with their half a million of inhabitants, make more failures in it than the pretty little villages of Italy. It must be said, however, that when they do have it, they have it well done, and I have heard operas produced in Florence in a style that would not be permitted in the Academies of Music of our two great cities.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24.—It is seldom that we have the good fortune to hear a concert so excellent in all its parts, as that given by Mr. EISELDT last evening. There was not one drawback to mar its enjoyment. The great attraction was Mr. SATTER, whose name was attached to Schubert's second Trio. How well I remember the first appearance of this artist, three years ago, on a like occasion; and how he raised all his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, by his wonderful playing. He gave us, then, the first of Schubert's Trios, which, until now, I have always thought the finest of the two, having heard the second repeatedly, since, from artists and amateurs. But under the hands of Mr. Satter, the latter appeared like a different thing entirely. He called to life beauties unnoticed in it before, infused the whole with an artistic glow, and gave it its truest and most perfect interpretation. A portion of his own fire, too, could not but be transmitted to his fellow-players, so that the rendering of the whole was one of the rarest excellence; for in both of these Trios of Schubert, as much depends upon the stringed instruments, as on the piano. It can therefore only heighten our opinion of Mr. Satter's artistic merit, when he chooses for performance such works as these, in which he regards their value as compositions more than the prominence which they give him in their rendering. A perfect tempest of applause recalled the artist to the instrument after the Trio, and this time he gave us a fine specimen of his peculiar powers. He played his arrangement of the Overture to "William Tell", and I think I can safely say that I never heard the like before. We seemed to be listening to a miniature orchestra, and it appeared impossible that one pair of hands could bring forth such volumes of sound. I never heard Liszt in any performance of this kind, but it is difficult to believe that he could do more. Mr. S. gives a private *Matinée* tomorrow and an evening concert on Friday. The vocal part of the entertainment was for once, entirely satisfactory, being entrusted to our general favorite, Miss MARIE BRAINERD. This young lady has appeared in public too rarely this winter. Her amiable and unpretending manner must prepossess every one in her favor. She appears to have almost too little confidence in her own merits. Her fine, pure, true voice is always the same, and agreeable in every part of its compass: she sings without effort, and with evident feeling for what she sings, and her improvement in the course of time is very evident.—She sang last night the *Vanne, vanne*, from "Robert", most satisfactorily. But it was in her second piece that she appeared to better advantage than in anything I have previously heard from her. This was

the *Ave Maria* of Franz, and Miss Brainerd sang it with a degree of truth, and feeling, and simplicity, that spoke her full appreciation of the composer. It was only to be regretted that the exciting impression still remaining of Mr. Satter's playing, prevented an encore which she richly deserved. May we not hope that the fair songstress will continue to interpret to our public the songs of the "Saele Swan" (as the poet has called him,) and win for him as high a place as he has gained with you? The little band among us who first learned to love and revere him still remains, though the friend who opened our hearts to him has long since left us to find with you a far greater number of converts. But we still hope that the day may come when this greatest of modern song-writers—than whom none has ever succeeded better in completing what the poet has left unsaid—shall gain a place in the hearts of our music-lovers.

The Quartets were quite as enjoyable as the rest of the concert. The first was the No. 1, in F, of Schumann, which Mason and Thomas gave us at their first *Matinée*, and beautiful as it seemed then, it still improves by repeated hearings. The last was Mozart's lovely gem in G, (also No. 1,) which though familiar to us all, is always heard with delight. In short, this concert was almost too perfect for us to expect to enjoy many such.

* Franz lives in Halle on the Saale.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 27, 1853.

After Tuesday next our Editorial Sarcum will be at the music store of our new publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. No. 277 Washington St. Office hours from 11 to 2 P. M.

In the mean time we shall be found at Mr. Balch's printing-office, No. 24 School St. (Room No. 17, up stairs,) where we shall be happy to receive those who have past accounts to settle with the Journal. Subscriptions for the past year, or years, and advertising bills to this date, are payable to the Editor, or to Mr. E. L. Balch, on his account. Subscriptions, &c. for the coming year (commencing April 3d) should be paid to O. Ditson & Co.

OUR JOURNAL.—With this issue our musical journalism is just six years old. On the threshold of a new year we look back with strangely mingled feelings upon our humble efforts and their results, which we will not presume to estimate save by the most material measure, as tangibly embodied in six thick double volumes, bound or ready for the binder. Our work, to say the least, has grown voluminous; and it is no vanity in us to think that these volumes, which we trust have had some influence for good, have not been read so much as they deserve. Consider how much of the best literature of musical and other Art, gathered from all sources, is now concentrated in these six volumes! The best lives and criticisms of the great composers; estimates of their works and genius; surveys of the progress of music in various periods; rare and valuable papers, like those of Liszt on Chopin, of Oulibicheff on Mozart, of Hoffmann, Schumann, Berlioz, Chorley, and others, on many subjects, are here permanently collected. Then where can be found so full a contemporary history of music, here about us, and in all the world, for six years past? What a mass of interesting records, criticisms, notices of artists, operas, and concerts, quaint "Diaries," and pleasant and instructive tales, are here brought into one heap, indexed for reference! We do not see how any intelligent musician or amateur, how any library, can well afford to be without a complete set of the JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

With this view, we are taking measures to reprint at once one or two exhausted numbers, and shall then be able to furnish at low prices full sets of the six years, bound or unbound. Many subscribers,

who commenced to take the paper in the midst of its career, will do well to obtain the earlier volumes and complete their sets before it is too late. Application should be made to the editor.

So much for the past. And now we enter upon a new era of our journalism. What we have waited and toiled to bring about is now in some sense to be realized. We are to be free to give our whole mind to the editing of our paper, leaving its outward business in ahler, that is to say, in real business hands. It will be the same Journal, the same editor and writers, the same purpose, the same spirit, but with more variety of matter and of means, and with new wings to waft its seeds of truth into wide fields and corners inaccessible before. Under the auspices of our new publishers, OLIVER DITSON & Co., we feel that we shall have a fairer field for our own cherished work than we have had before, and trust that all our old friends and subscribers will go with us in the change.

There is but one theme of regret. It grieves us to take leave of our excellent and faithful printer, to whose taste and skill the good looks, and not a small part of the welcome, of our little sheet has for five years been owing. We have assurance that our paper shall not suffer by the change; but we cannot part with our friend BALCH without expressing our gratitude to him, and recommending him most cordially as one of the most tasteful and best of printers, especially in musical matters.

CONCERTS.

Our Concert notices this week must be brief—mere record and not criticisms.

1. Mr. ALFRED HILL's Complimentary Concert at the Meisanoon was well attended and gave great pleasure. A better collection of singers, all our own, too, is rarely brought together. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice seems more and more beautiful; but its full power was too tremendous in that hall in the strong bursts of *Robert, toi que j'aime*, otherwise well sung. Her ballads, "And Robin Gray" and "Charlie is my Darling," were charming in tone and simplicity of rendering. Miss TWICHELL's contralto has gained power and extension. She sang a cavatina from Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, and a charming "Fisher-maiden" song from Meyerbeer. Mrs. LONG gave a splendid rendering of *Ah! mon fils*. The tenor of Mr. ADAMS and the basso of Mr. POWERS set airs from *Luisa Miller* and *La Favorita* in a good light. The duet *Mira la bianca luna*, (Rossini), by Mrs. Long and Mr. Adams, and Curschman's Trio: *Io prego*, (Mrs. Long, Miss Twichell, and Mr. Adams), were beautifully sung. The Mendelssohn Quintette contributed of their lighter selections, operatic "arrangements," &c.

2. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB closed their series on Tuesday night with a most crowded audience. The programme contained:

- 1—Quartet in B flat, No. 3.....Mozart
- 2—Air from *Figaro*, "Dove sono,".....Mozart
- 3—Grand Trio in E flat, op. 100.....Franz Schubert
- 4—Andante and Scherzo from the Quartet in A minor, op. 13.....Mendelssohn
- 5—Ave Maria, with Clarinet obligato.....Cherubini
- 6—Quintette No. 1. in E flat, op. 4.....Beethoven

The Schubert Trio, played by Messrs. PARKER, A. and W. FRIES, we enjoyed even more than in the first programme. Mrs. WENTWORTH's voice in these two favorite pieces was welcome after long silence, and she has lost none of her artistic excellence.

The Club announce their annual Complimentary Benefit Concert for April 6th.

CONCERTS AT HAND. There will be another chance this evening to hear the fine voice of Miss FAY, who sings at the Melodeon for the benefit of an invalid. To-morrow (Sunday) evening, our excellent German Männerchor, the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB, offer us a fine Concert of Sacred Music, at the Lowell Institute Hall. Mr. KREISSMANN

will conduct, of course; and the charm of Miss DOANE's voice and presence will not be wanting.—In fact, the Concert is for the benefit of these two artists, to whom the Club are naturally grateful for valuable and constant aid;—how could either of them be spared from an Orpheus Concert? Mr. EICHBERG, violinist, from New York, too, and Mr. JUNGNICKE, violoncellist, will contribute each a solo; and such a solo, as the Cincinna, by Bach, with Mendelssohn's accompaniment, is not heard every day in this part of the musical solar system. A Lutheran choral, Mozart's most beautiful *Ave verum corpus*, Schubert's Psalm, Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, are of the finest kind of sacred music; so too the air by Bach. But what Donizetti's *Elisir* can have to do with such high and holy company, we are at a loss to understand. Why should so beautiful a concert have one blemish?.... The GERMAN TRIO give their Fifth next Tuesday night, when we hope there will be more than twenty-five persons, (as on that last stormy night) to hear that glorious No. 1 of the "Rasoumofsky" Quartets of Beethoven. The programme also shows the best of Mozart's Quartets, that in E flat, and a Quartet by Haydn. The party consist of Messrs. GAERTNER, C. & J. EICHLER, and JUNGNICKE.... The ORCHESTRAL UNION still serve up cheap, every Wednesday afternoon, a good Symphony and Overture besides a variety of and so forth.

The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are as busy as they can be rehearsing for the four Oratorio performances with FORMES, D'ANGRI, &c. Last Sunday evening the Lecture Room of the Music Hall was packed and rammed full of sonorous harmonies; the great chorus occupying nearly all the amphitheatrical tiers of seats, and the full orchestra the pit below. The piece was "Elijah", and it made all ring again. This week there are four rehearsals of the work which is new here, the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn.

RUSSELL & RICHARDSON announce a fresh list of new publications this week. Among them we are glad to see three of a new set of twelve of the most original and unsurpassed Songs of Robert Franz.—Nothing better could be offered to those who care for the real soul and poetry of song. As specimens of musical engraving, too, especially in the artistic vignette, which is copied *pure et simple* from the German edition, these three issues are the most tasteful that have yet come from the American press. Among the lighter matters on the list many will be glad to find music to the Charity Ode of the late Fair, aptly set by Mlle. Gabriel DeLamotte.... NOVELLO's successors in his New York branch, Messrs. WEBB & ALLEN, advertise all manner of approved good music for the approaching Festivals of the Church, such as Easter Carols, hymns, anthems, &c., for Good Friday, Ascension, Whitsuntide, &c. See next page.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO.

FOURTH SEASON.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the FIFTH Musical Soirée will take place at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, next TUESDAY EVENING, March 30th, assisted by Messrs. C and J. EICHLER, on which occasion will be performed:

- 1—Beethoven's Quartet in F major, (by particular request.)
- 2—Mozart's Quartet in E flat.
- 3—Haydn's Quartet in B flat.

See programmes at music stores. Concert at 7½ precisely. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3 Half set, \$1 50. Single ticket \$1.

MELODEON.

MISS ABBY B. FAY

Will give a Concert at the MELODEON, on SATURDAY EVENING, March 27th, for the benefit of an invalid. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mr. Lang will assist. Signor Bendelari will accompany Miss Fay.

To commence at 7½ o'clock precisely. Tickets Fifty Cents each, at the Music Stores and at the door.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

The Members of the Orpheus Glee Club will give a Concert of SACRED MUSIC, at the LOWELL INSTITUTE, 231 Washington Street, on SUNDAY EVENING, March 28th, under the direction of Mr. A. KREISSMANN, on which occasion they will be assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, from New York, Violinist, and Mr. HENRY JUNGNICKE, Violoncellist.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

- 1—Choral "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,".....Luther
- 2—Ave verum.....Mozart
- 3—Duet. "Tibi omnes Angeli,".....Giordani
Miss Doane and Mr. Kreissmann.
- 4—Cincinna, for the Violin, (with Mendelssohn's Piano Accompaniment.).....Bach
Mr. Julius Eichberg.
- 5—Kyrie.....Hasslinger
- 6—Aria, for Soprano. "My heart ever faithful," with Violoncello obligato.....Bach
Miss Doane and Mr. Jungnickel
- 7—Prayer.....Weher

Part II.

- 1—Psalm XXIII. "The Lord is my Shepherd,".....Schubert
- 2—The Chapel. (Dis Kirchlein.).....Becker
- 3—Recitative and Quintet, from Psalm XLII.....Mendelssohn
- 4—Elegy at a Graveyard, for Violoncello.....Lindner
Mr. Henry Jungnickel
- 5—"This is the Lord's own Day,".....Krentzer
- 6—Reminiscences from "L'Elisir d'Amore,".....Eichberg
Mr. Julius Eichberg.
- 7—Das Felsenkreuz.....Krentzer

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores, and principal hotels, also at N. D. Cotton's, and at the door on the evening.
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

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Particulars in future Advertisements.

L. B. BARNES, SECRETARY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

ANNOUNCE

That they will issue on the 31 of April, and continue to publish every week thereafter,

Dwight's Journal of Music.

Each number will contain SIXTEEN PAGES, of the same handsome quarto form and the same beauty of external style, which have heretofore characterized the Journal of eight pages. From two to four pages each week will be filled with CHOICE MUSIC.

The literary contents will, as heretofore, relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Books, the Drama, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, &c.

The Editorial management will remain with JONAS S. DWIGHT, who is pledged to conduct the paper in the same fair and independent spirit, which has won for "Dwight's Journal of Music" its high name among Art Journals during the past six years. He will be assisted still by the same able corps of correspondents and contributors, including the "Diast" and author of the much admired "Brown Papers"; while new correspondents and reporters from all quarters will from time to time be added, thus making the Journal as complete and true an organ as possible of Musical Art and Musical Culture in this country, and indispensable to every family and individual of musical and artistic taste.

The Price of Subscription will be but \$2, per annum, (by Carrier \$2 50), payable in advance. General and Local Agents are wanted in all parts of the United States and Canada, to whom the most liberal percentage on subscriptions will be allowed.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.
 OCTOBER, 1857.

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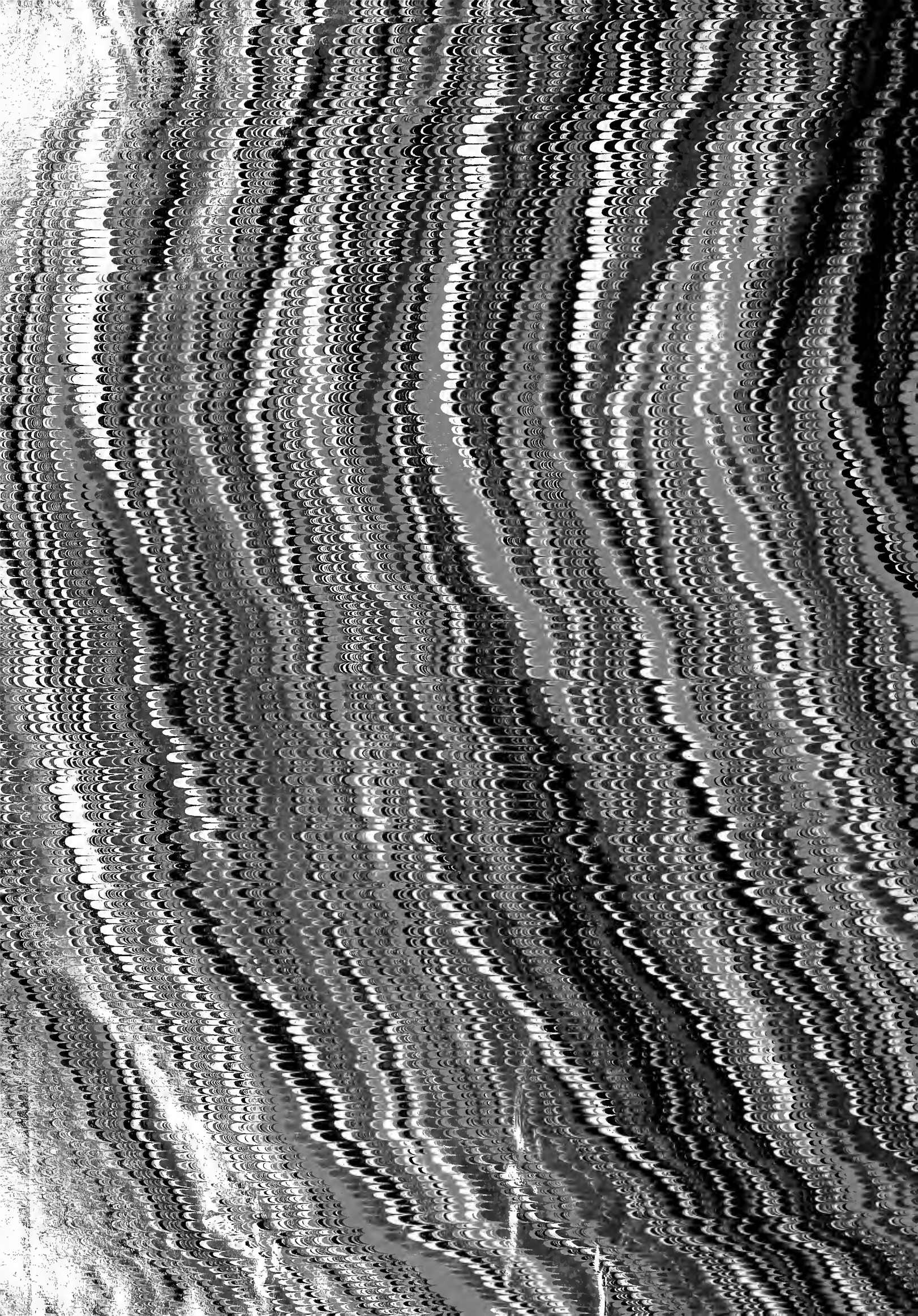
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